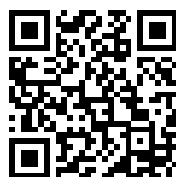

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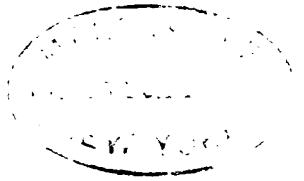
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VOLUME XLV.



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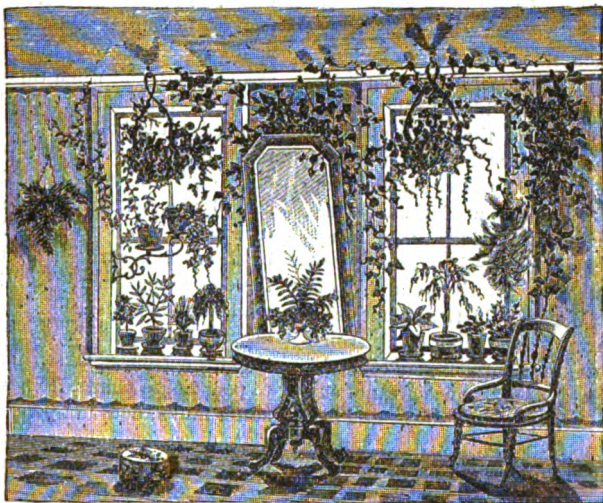
WHOLE No. 265.

FLOWERS IN WINTER.

We all love flowers; and when the whistling winds of autumn remind us that a long cold winter is coming, we look with saddened eyes upon our floral treasures, anticipating the time when we shall see only snow and leafless branches in our gardens. We gather our last bouquets with loving fingers, and arrange them with a keener appreciation of their beauty than is given even to the lavish collections of summer-time. How they brighten the rooms, we exclaim,

Winter Garden such as Mrs. Q—— has? It makes one of the prettiest sights I ever saw, and one almost forgets that it is winter while looking at it."

We hesitate. We have had a few house plants, and they have done quite well, but we have not much confidence in ourselves for undertaking anything more ambitious. To be sure, there is our new bay window, which would be a very nice place for plants, and we have been meaning to have



A WINDOW GARDEN.

with their deep bright coloring, making home seem twice as pleasant by their beautiful presence! But alas! we must give them up until another spring shall come to awaken the buds and blossoms, and make the old earth fair again. We do not rebel at the course of the seasons, or wish to change the decrees of nature, which are also the laws of God, but we do breathe a sigh as we think of our sweet flowers, and of bidding them good-by for so many months.

While we are in this state of mind perhaps some one suggests—"Why not have a

a few there. But to fill it full! could we take such an enterprise upon ourselves? Finally we conclude to try, and set about thinking what are the best plants to cultivate in the house. We find that there are a great many suitable ones, and soon make quite a selection. We have already had geraniums—the rose-scented, with its beautiful leaves, the double scarlet, pink and white; a pretty oxalis for a hanging-pot, a sweet-scented myrtle, some smilax and verbenas. The latter blossom profusely, making themselves a rarely pretty sight, but re-

quire great care to keep them free from insects. The always-to-be-included ivy, the Madeira-vine and Cobceæ-Scandens are fine graceful climbers, and are also hardy—a good recommendation for house plants, which have often to bear great heat and a too dry atmosphere. The calla-lily is not to be forgotten, nor the pots of mignonette. Sweet alyssum, too, we love and cannot bear to part with, and we sow some seeds of that, confident of a good result. The Dracena and Begonia are plants that bear house culture very well; a Dicentra is good, and the Ten-Weeks Stock blossoms finely in the winter. Then there are the bulbs, such as hyacinths, narcissus, the early tulips, etc., and the rarer kinds of lilies, which are uncommon in the house, but if well managed cannot fail to give great pleasure.

We are almost at a loss to know just what it is best to have, but make our choice at last, and are well pleased with the arrangement. But the prettiest collection of house plants will soon degenerate and cease to be pleasant to look upon if proper care is not taken of them. We have all seen plants purchased at greenhouses that were models of graceful life and beauty when first obtained; but soon, too soon, they have faded, drooped and died, to the sorrow of their owners, solely through unconscious mismanagement. The question is—how can we keep our treasures green, growing, and disposed to blossom? We are told that plants need air, light, warmth, food and drink, somewhat as we do, in their daily lives, and if these necessities of existence are not supplied they suffer, droop and die. The food to be given is, of course, the right kind of soil in the pots, and a little extra nourishment once in a while, for which purpose a tablespoonful of guano in a pail of water may be used in very moderate quantities and not too often. The very best soil for potting plants may be found in old meadows, at the corners of fences, etc., where sod has grown a long time. A pile of sod laid up to rot furnishes the best of material for plants to grow in, especially if it has been taken from a sandy soil. It is a common idea that the black muck procurable in swamps is good for pots, but the mistake in this is very great, since it is the poorest soil that can be procured.

The quantity of water given should be such as to keep the earth neither too wet nor too dry, and about this nature gives us

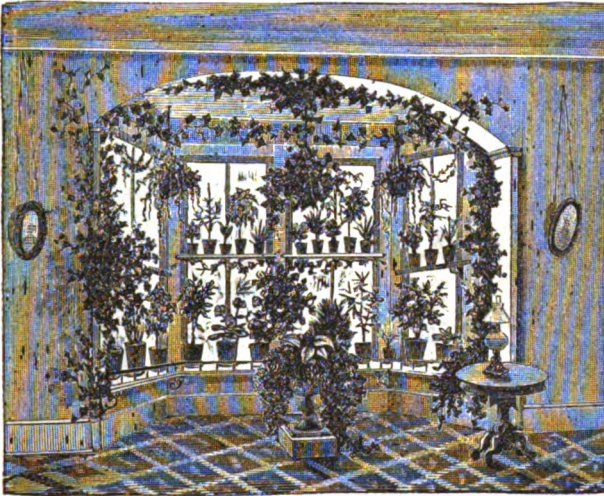
a good lesson, the state of the soil in a garden in what is called "fine growing weather" being indicative of the proper amount of moisture necessary for the welfare of plants.

There is great danger that our plants will be injured by the heat, which is so apt to rise to a higher degree in our living rooms than is conducive to vegetable growth. The best authorities say that for most house plants the temperature, as indicated by the thermometer, should not be higher than seventy degrees, and that not much above sixty-five would be still better, while at night a warmth of fifty degrees is sufficient. Each day, when the weather is pleasant, fresh air should be admitted, both for the good of the plants and for the health of their owners, and the more sunshine the better. If the atmosphere is too dry, moisture should be given to it by evaporating water. Better, however, than this, is the plan of having the plants in an apartment appropriated solely to their use, like a little greenhouse; and when this is in the power of their owner it is certainly to be recommended as the best method, and by far the most satisfactory. The apartment may be only a bay window, separated from the living room by glass doors, and inside this enclosure water can be used as freely as desired by showering, syringing, etc., thus giving the damp atmosphere that plants delight in, while the heat can be kept to a far lower degree than would be comfortable or advisable for persons. Dust, that great enemy to poor house plants, from which they often suffer much, does not penetrate behind the glass doors, and one can sit and feast one's eyes on verdant growth and lovely blossoms in midwinter.

Plenty of light is of course essential to plants, and we all know that those which grow in the shade are lacking in strength and beauty of coloring; also, if the plant has light enough and still lacks for air, it will display its natural tints, but run up slender and sickly-looking. The skilled gardener, for these reasons, takes care to bestow those blessings of nature, light and air, upon his hotbeds and greenhouses as much and as often as prudence will permit; and a pleasant sunny day in winter gives him delight, because he foresees great gain to his floral charges from the welcome admission of fresh air; yet a draught should be avoided. It will be seen, therefore, that

to have a successful window garden there must be some provision for air as well as sunshine. Another important accessory to the health of plants is cleanliness, and they should be protected from dust as much as may be, and given a frequent bath, either by washing or syringing; but in thus benefiting one class of plants—the more numerous one—care should be taken not to interfere with the well-being of some others which are not so fond of the bath. Those plants which have smooth leaves will do better for receiving showers of water, or for having the leaves washed with a piece of cloth or sponge, but the rough-leaved ones, such as the Begonia Rex, do not take so

music of the birds will add greatly to the enchantment. We have been delighted at the view of several window gardens in which the beautiful thriving plants served to make still more lovely the pretty pets whose gilded cages sparkled through their green setting. Flowers and birds! they are indeed inseparable in the minds of those who love them, and with such companions what winter day, be it ever so cold and gloomy outside, could lack in pleasure and variety? We know not which we love the best, and repeat involuntarily Mr. Caldwell's beautiful lines on the canary, so expressive of the joy birds give us in winter:



A WINTER GARDEN.

kindly to such treatment, and do not need to have the surface of the leaves moistened very often. Plants of this kind can be removed while the syringe is used, or can be omitted from the list of those that are to be washed. But by no means should the dust be allowed to accumulate upon plants; and they should always be shielded from the effects of carpet sweeping. With suitable soil, air, light, moderate regularly-sustained heat, a sufficiently moist atmosphere, regularity and moderation in watering, and protection from dust and impure gas, there is no reason why the result of an attempt at floriculture in winter should not be such as to make the enterprise a source of pride and the purest delight. If a few feathered pets be added to the scene it will appear like a vision from fairy-land; while the

“And still, when winter spreads around
The chilly covering of the snow,
And woods in dreary silence bound
No more with sounds of joy o'erflow,
Beside my hearth I sit, and hear
The same sweet music ringing clear;
And summer-time within I know.

“For look! where at the window swings
Yon blithe canary full of glee;
And answers to my call, and sings
All day his varied melody,
So that I seem to hear again
The skylark's song across the main,
Or nightingale in Thessaly.”

But we must not let our enthusiasm, excited by birds lead us too far from our subject. It would say that there are some plants whose way is will not repay the care necessary for their mere existence, and that never will, whence

in common living rooms, as they need a regular heat and a degree of moisture that are not attainable in such apartments. The success that has attended the efforts of many at window gardening is proved by the beautiful engravings given herewith to our readers. They are all *fac-similes* of windows thus adorned in winter, and show the different ways in which plants may be tastefully arranged; looking at them one is led to desire such a delight in one's own home, and the wish may lead to attempts in

If what we have said proves of any advantage to new beginners in so delightful an occupation, we shall be amply repaid. The advanced horticultural student of course needs no instructions or suggestions, but we must all learn the alphabet of every new occupation, and a few failures are natural results in most cases; the cultivation of flowers and house plants is no exception to the general rule, and it is perhaps well to begin moderately, and gradually increase the number of plants as taste and experi-



A SECOND SPECIMEN OF A WINDOW GARDEN.

the same direction, which we hope may be as successful as those depicted in the engravings. Such tastes and interests have an elevating and healthy influence on the mind and heart, and are a daily source of pleasure, for every opening leaf and flower is a sweet study, fresh from the wonder-working hand of nature. The care and observation necessary for a satisfactory result open new fields to the mind, and furnish many simple yet beneficent lessons; for in nature we find types for everything, and beautiful thoughts, that bless the soul they visit, unfold as naturally in the companionship of the flowers as do the flowers also.

ence may dictate. If some of the plants fail to meet the expectation of the owner, it will not be strange, and shows some defect in management which study will explain and care will remove. The more attention one gives to the subject the more fascinating it becomes, and we rarely find a lover of flowers willing to give them up entirely.

We have not yet alluded, except slightly, to the flowering bulbs which are so satisfactory for cultivation in the house, and which can be arranged in such a variety of ways. Hyacinths, narcissus and crocuses can be made to grow in glasses of water,

but are quite as pretty in pots, and look rather more natural in that way. The *Duc Van Thol* tulips are a decided success in pots; and many kinds of the Early Single tulips are appropriate for the house. Some people plant a variety of bulbs in baskets or boxes, and the result is such as to give a great deal of pleasure, when blossoms make their appearance. The box or basket can be of the cheapest sort, and beautified in the cheapest kind of way, by pieces of bark or sticks tacked on the sides and front; it should be filled with sandy soil, and it is a good plan to mix a little moss, finely broken up, with the soil, to keep it from becoming too compact from frequent waterings. Then plant the bulbs, such kinds as may be chosen, taking care to place those whose flower-stalks will grow the tallest in the centre, and the shorter kinds around the edge.

Another way is to have such a box prepared as we have described, and use it as a reserved stock from which to select as occasion may require. It may be filled mostly with broken-up moss, adding a very little sandy soil, and planted with *Crocuses*, *Hyacinths*, etc., setting it in a quite cool room, where the bulbs will not freeze. As soon as the blossoms begin to appear the plants may be taken up and placed in glasses of water, so adorning the parlor and sitting-room for quite a long time. The bulbs can also be placed in damp moss if it is preferred, while in bloom, and set in pots or baskets, but if used for decoration in this way the moss must be kept constantly moist, or the blossoms will soon fade and wither. The pleasure derived from the sight of these beautiful flowers in such bounteous clusters on a cold winter's day, may be easily imagined but cannot very well be overrated. A tolerably cool room is best for bulbs, and if they are kept in a living room heated, as is usually the case, to a temperature of from seventy to seventy-five degrees the flowers will come too early and soon fade. It is better to keep them in some room that is not often used, where they may not be subjected to much heat, and whence they can be brought occasionally to adorn sitting-room or dining-room to be afterward returned to their cool place, thus preserving their bloom for a long time. Most failures with bulbs would appear to result from keeping them where it is too hot and dry, provided the bulbs themselves are sound.

There are early and late *Hyacinths*, so called, but the difference in the time of flowering is only a week or two, and none of them bloom for the holidays, usually, except the small *White Roman*. The bulbs require a long rest, and do not begin to grow until near the first of December. If planted in November they will grow quite slowly, and blossom in about three months, and it is well to place them in earth as soon as convenient in autumn.

None of the Bulbous flowers equals the *Hyacinth* for beauty and fragrance, and none is so popular and generally satisfactory for house culture. It is a favorite in all northern countries, and cheers the gloom of winter as no other flower can. It will grow and thrive in a very small pot, or three or four can be planted in a larger one, and thus arranged they make a beautiful ornament in a room. The pot should be filled with light sandy soil, in which a place should be made for the bulb deep enough to have it half below the earth. It can then be pressed down until it just shows its upper surface above the soil; and all the water should be poured on that the soil will absorb. After this, the pots may be removed to a dark cool cellar for a number of weeks, in which time they will root but will not grow much at the top. One or two or more can be taken from the collection at a time, and placed in a light warm room, and in this way the blossoming can be kept up for a longer period than if all were under the influence of light and heat at the same time. A warm room for a bulb means a temperature of seventy or less.

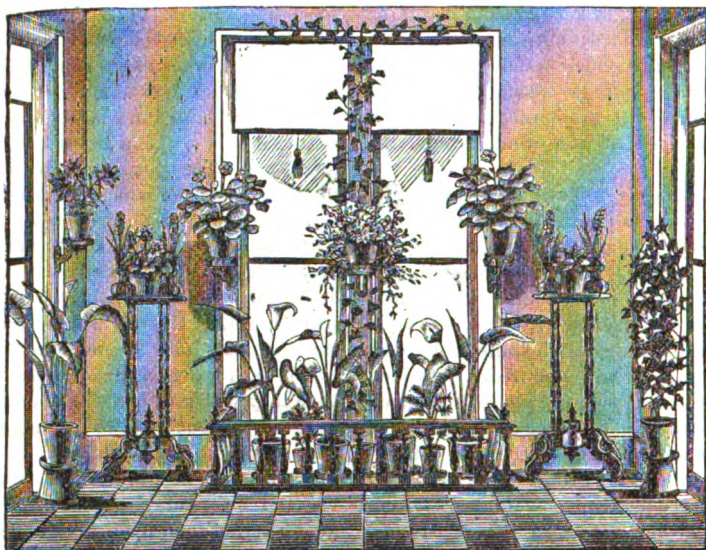
When the *hyacinth* bulbs are put in glasses to secure their blossoms for winter the base of the bulb may just touch the water, which will very soon evaporate so that it will be a little below the base of the bulb, and this is the proper arrangement. They should then be placed in a cool room, such as we have mentioned as suitable for the same bulbs in pots, and as soon as the flower buds make their appearance the leaves and buds should be sprinkled, and plenty of air should be given with as moist an atmosphere as possible. Competent authorities declare that *hyacinths* will never flower to perfection in an apartment heated to seventy-five or eighty degrees, where the air is dry as well as hot. A better way is to set a stand or table holding the collection of bulbs in a cool parlor or hall, whence

they can be removed as desired to sitting or dining-room and replaced in their colder home at night. After the season of blossoming is over, or as soon as the flowers begin to fade, the bulbs should be removed and planted in earth, from which treatment they will receive some nourishment for their future good. But the bulbs used in winter are always rendered weak and will not yield blossoms again in water, though they may be used for the garden.

September, October or November are the months for planting hyacinths in the gar-

den; and for beds of early blossoms they cannot be surpassed. One's own taste can, of course, suggest pretty arrangements, but where the beds are small and so close together that the eye can take them all in at once, they look very pretty to have each bed filled with a separate color. Hyacinths planted out of doors should be three or four inches below the surface of the earth, and if in an exposed situation where alternate freezings and thawings might affect them, they must be well covered with leaves, to a depth of five or six inches, to protect them before the severe frosts come on. The flowers can be cut as much as desired without harm to the bulbs, and all flower-stalks should be taken off as soon as the blossoms commence to fade. In about five or six weeks after flowering, when the leaves be-

come yellow, the bulbs can be taken up, dried in the shade for a few days, the tops, roots and rough skin removed, and then placed in paper bags, labelled according to the different varieties, and put in a cool place in the house until the time comes to plant them in the autumn. They may be examined occasionally through the summer, to make sure that they are safe and sound. They can also be removed to some empty corner in the garden and there planted to remain until they are ripe, or until they are required for fall planting in the beds.



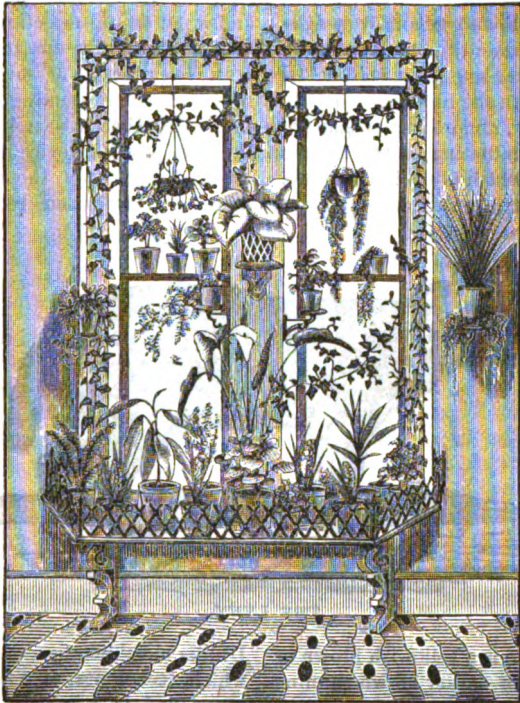
A THIRD SPECIMEN OF A WINDOW GARDEN.

den; and for beds of early blossoms they cannot be surpassed. One's own taste can, of course, suggest pretty arrangements, but where the beds are small and so close together that the eye can take them all in at once, they look very pretty to have each bed filled with a separate color. Hyacinths planted out of doors should be three or four inches below the surface of the earth, and if in an exposed situation where alternate freezings and thawings might affect them, they must be well covered with leaves, to a depth of five or six inches, to protect them before the severe frosts come on. The flowers can be cut as much as desired without harm to the bulbs, and all flower-stalks should be taken off as soon as the blossoms commence to fade. In about five or six weeks after flowering, when the leaves be-

Hyacinths generally begin to blossom by the last of April, and if specimens of both the early and late varieties are chosen the display of flowers will last for about three weeks, provided the season is favorable;—not too hot and dry. The late varieties are nearly all double, and are one or two weeks later than the early kinds. The Low sorts have a stem five or six inches high, and the clusters of flowers are compact and globular. The Tall kinds have a stem from six to ten inches or more high, with flowers hanging more loosely. The *Roman Hyacinth* is an early white variety that blossoms near the time of the holidays, and for that reason it is much prized by florists for cut flowers. The spikes are small, and the flowers rather scattering, but there are usually a number of spikes from each bulb.

The Hyacinths differ very much in their habits of growth, some of them having a strong flower-stalk, with flowers somewhat loose and standing out boldly, while others will have a short stem with a round compact mass of flowers. The stronger, taller kinds have usually larger bells, and those of a lower growth small bells in great abundance; the latter class also have very often several spikes of bloom. Those of a bright red tint

breathes from his writings on a subject of which he is a thorough master, and upon which he is so high an authority. The cheery high-toned *Guide* bespeaks a geniality and refinement well suited to the beautiful topic on which it treats, and excites in the minds of its countless readers a pure and healthy interest in the cultivation of plants and flowers, while the more substantial branch of vegetable gardening, is not



A PARLOR WINDOW GARDEN.

are all low with compact mass of flowers and more than one flower-stalk. Nothing is prettier for beds in the garden or for house culture than the hyacinth, and nothing is so brilliant as the tulip.

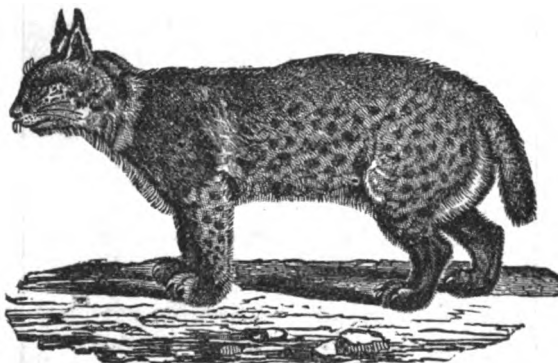
When we have a doubt about the best way to treat our flowers and plants, either in the garden or in the house, we go to the popular and really fascinating *Floral Guide* published by Mr. James Vick of Rochester, N. Y., who has made his name familiar in so many households by his fine spirit of enterprise and his pleasant friendly chats on paper about the care of our floral pets. We feel that we can rely upon what he says, and that a kindly tone of encouragement

neglected in its proper place and season. There are many enjoyments that cost time, money, strength and anxiety, and after they are over leave little but regret in the mind and heart, leading almost to the declaration that "all is vanity and vexation of spirit;" but a closer acquaintance with nature and the development and exercise of a true love and taste for the beautiful will not fail to elevate the soul, and will never awaken an after-pang of regret. Therefore we say that a just and sensible cultivation of plants and flowers, proportioned to one's time, means and strength, is a delightful occupation and will bring pleasure unmixed with pain.

SKETCHES FROM NATURAL HISTORY.

The *Lynx*, which we have selected for our first subject, and which is well represented in our engraving, exists in several varieties in America. One of these species, called the Bay Lynx, is also called the American Wild-Cat. It measures two and a half feet in length, and generally weighs a little less than twenty pounds; it has a round head, a slender body, long legs, naked soles to its feet, with the hindfeet partially webbed; large ears, almost in the shape of a triangle, and terminating at the tip in a tuft of coarse hair which is shed in summer. Around the throat is a ruff of long hair.

It displays great cunning in securing its prey, and will follow flocks of wild turkeys until it can decide in what direction they are going, when it will proceed by a shorter way to the path they are likely to take, crouch down out of sight, and when an unsuspecting turkey advances within reach, will seize it at a bound. The lynx is very shy, and shows the same cunning and almost seeming *forethought* when hunted as when in search of food, striving by every possible device to escape the hunters and dogs; but though very timid, it fights fiercely when rendered desperate.



THE LYNX.

The prevailing hue is a yellowish brown or bay, with a stripe of darker brown running from the shoulders to the tail, and stripes of the same shade upon the back; the sides are also spotted with dark brown.

This animal is distributed over a wide space of country, being an inhabitant of all the more unsettled portions of North America, from sixty degrees north latitude to the tropics. It exists in considerable numbers in the warmer regions of the United States, and is even very troublesome in some places on account of its fondness for the eggs and poultry belonging to the plantations. Its home is generally on the wooded and steep hillsides, or in dense swampy forests, and it subsists on rabbits, eggs, squirrels, rats, partridges, fish, and, in fact, nearly every quadruped it can conquer, or any bird that is attainable. Woe to the unfortunate hens, ducks, geese or turkeys of the farmyard, if they are placed within the reach of this voracious

enemy. It displays great cunning in securing its prey, and will follow flocks of wild turkeys until it can decide in what direction they are going, when it will proceed by a shorter way to the path they are likely to take, crouch down out of sight, and when an unsuspecting turkey advances within reach, will seize it at a bound. The lynx is very shy, and shows the same cunning and almost seeming *forethought* when hunted as when in search of food, striving by every possible device to escape the hunters and dogs; but though very timid, it fights fiercely when rendered desperate.

The *Canada Lynx*—the *Loup Cervier* of the French, and *Peshoo* of the Indians—has a broad round head, eyes large, teeth strong, and pointed ears tipped with long hairs. The body is stout, the legs short and clumsy, and the toes of great strength, imbedded in the fur, which has the appearance of wool, the under part being very close and soft. The prevailing color of the back is gray, the sides are gray, and underneath is a dull white. The whole body is spotted

with brown, and in length measures from thirty-three to thirty-eight inches. This northern species of lynx is most frequently found in Canada, and is of very quiet habits, feeding on squirrels, hares, rabbits, etc. Sometimes it aspires to somewhat larger prey, and young fawns often are its victims. The skin of the Canada lynx is made into cuffs and collars, and these furs are highly esteemed. Hundreds are captured every



THE ERMINE.

year by hunters and trappers, and the flesh is considered good food by the Indians. When frightened, or in flight from its pursuers, it advances by means of leaps or bounds, and when brought to bay will seek shelter in a tree. The strength of its claws is great, and it makes a determined resistance when attacked. Catlike, it can spring from a great height without harm, and it is also a good swimmer. The common lynx of Europe so closely resembles this species that they were once believed to be the same, although that idea is now held to be erroneous. An identical variety is, however, believed to exist in Northern Asia, corresponding in all particulars with the Canada Lynx.

Our second illustration, on this page, shows the Ermine, or Ermine-Weasel, called by the French *L'Hermine* and *Roselet*, by the Italians the *Armellino*, by the Germans *Hermelin*, by the Cree Indians *Seepoos*, by the Esquimaux *Terreeya*, and known among naturalists as the *P. erminia*. This little creature is remarkable for its long, flexible, wormlike form, its swift gliding motions, its bloodthirsty tastes and destructive inclinations. Its length is ten or eleven inches; its color is a reddish-brown above and white underneath; the tip of the tail black. But the fact regarded as most sin-

gular in its history is that the fur of those members of the species which inhabit northern countries changes from dark to white in winter, while that of those which are found in southern climates, as in Virginia, usually retains its summer coloring. This change in hue from brown to white takes place in October and November: that from white to brown in March, and is not caused by shedding the coat, but by alteration in the shade of the hair itself.

Although the ermine is sometimes seen in Middle Europe, it abounds only in the north, and it is scarcely necessary to say that the white are valued most highly. The best are procured in the most northern countries, in Russia, Norway, Siberia, Lapland and British America. On this continent they are found from Labrador to Georgia, but in the south are only discovered in the high inland regions, and throughout the United States are most abundant in elevated stony districts. The number of ermine skins secured every year must amount to several hundred thousand. These furs have been used for a long time to adorn the robes worn by judicial officers in England, and their stainless whiteness has been made the emblem of moral purity. Ladies and children, also, as is well known, are indebted to the ermine for articles of clothing.

One writer says of this animal: "It appears that in England, generally, the ermine is less common than the weasel; but in Scotland, even to the south of the Frith of



THE RACCOON.

Forth, it is certainly of more frequent occurrence than that species; and for one weasel I have seen at least five or six ermines. It frequents stony places and thickets, among which it finds a secure retreat, as its agility enables it to outstrip even a dog in a short race, and the slimmness of its body allows it to enter a very small aper-

ture. Patches of furze, in particular, afford it perfect security, and it sometimes takes possession of a rabbit's burrow. It preys on game and other birds, from the grouse and ptarmigan downward, sometimes attacks poultry or sucks their eggs, and is a determined enemy to rats and moles. Young rabbits and hares frequently become victims to its rapacity, and even full-grown individuals are sometimes destroyed by it. Although in general it does not appear to hunt by scent, yet it has been seen to trace its prey like a dog, following its track with certainty. Its motions are elegant, and its appearance extremely animated. It moves by leaping or bounding, and is capable of running with great speed, although it seldom trusts itself beyond the immediate vicinity of cover. Under the excitement of pursuit, however, its courage is surprising, for it will attack, seize by the throat, and cling to a grouse, hare, or other animal strong enough to carry it off, and it does not hesitate, on occasion, to betake itself to the water. Sometimes, when met with in a thicket or stony place, it will stand and gaze upon the intruder, as if conscious of security; and, although its boldness has been exaggerated in the popular stories which have made their way into books of natural history, it cannot be denied that, in proportion to its size, it is at least as courageous as the tiger or the lion."

The subject of our third illustration is that well-known animal, the raccoon. We have all been made familiar with the characteristics of the *Coon* family, and it is, indeed, quite a remarkable family in its way. The representative raccoon is about twenty-six inches long, and weighs from twenty to twenty-five pounds. The head is rather round, the nose sharp and flexible, and the expression of the face cunning, sly and foxy. The color of the fur is blackish gray, paler on the under portions of the body, while the tip of the nose and soles of the feet are black, and the eyes are black. Around the face is a circle of yellowish white hair. The tail is marked with five or six black rings; and is tipped with black. The body is stout, the back arched upward, the legs somewhat long, and the claws very strong.

The chosen home of the raccoon is in lonely forests on swampy ground, intersected by streams. He lives upon birds' eggs, the eggs of the soft-shelled turtle, frogs,

mussels, and other small animals. "Along the coast in the Southern States, he finds a species of oyster in which he delights, though we are told that he sometimes pays dear for the whistle, as he gets his paw caught by a fixed shell, and, unable to escape, he is drowned by the returning tide. Sometimes he creeps silently in the sedges like a cat, snapping up a duck that comes within his reach. He climbs trees with ease, and not unfrequently robs the nests of the woodpecker, by putting his long paws into the holes which this bird has chiselled in the limbs of a dry tree. When the corn is in the milk, he steals at night into the fields and feasts himself to satiety, reckless of the damage done to the crop, and the ire of the planter when he discovers the theft. His conical head and sharp flexible nose are not made in vain, for these enable him to pry into corners and crevices for spiders, worms, and the larvae of various insects, of which he is very fond."

It will be seen from the foregoing description, that the raccoon has many capabilities, and is, in fact, an animal of some character, whose peculiarities well repay the study of the naturalist. He (the raccoon) goes abroad in search of prey and adventure both by night and by day; he fishes, hunts, traps, reaps, or catches flies, as opportunity may offer, and is ready for all emergencies. He is as cunning as the fox, as prying and inquisitive as the monkey, has as voracious an appetite as a bear, and is as stealthy in his movements as a cat. If he lives at the north, when winter comes he retires to his home and there remains in lethargy, like a bear, till spring, or, at most, only ventures forth a few times on pleasant days. But if he is a native of the sunny south he pursues his usual round all the year. It is by no means difficult to tame him, and he quickly becomes an amusing but troublesome pet. He will use his forefeet like hands, and can pick a person's pocket with as much ease as any of the light-fingered gentry of a different order. He will not hesitate to go with his owner, even through the streets, but is never contented without making constant observations, and makes himself, at last, decidedly annoying by his inquisitive disposition. He is excessively fond of sugar, honey and everything sweet, for which he will tease till his importunity becomes quite disagreeable.

VICTOIRE:

—OR,—

THE TURNS OF FORTUNE'S WHEEL.

BY AMANDA M. HALE.

[This Story was commenced in the October Number of the Magazine.]

CHAPTER V.

LA PETITE VICTOIRE.

"To Paris! To Paris!" repeated Victoire, as she passed slowly out of Monsieur Le Grignac's presence. "Monsieur is too good. His kindness is suspicious. I dare not trust monsieur."

She went quietly out of Le Grignac's mansion by a rear door, and followed a path that led down through grounds thickly set out with lime trees, that threw the shelter of their dense foliage about her, and concealed the course that she took. Once out of the garden, she tripped lightly along the edge of the little stream that winds through the valley—past the baths and the summer hotels, past the quaint vine-covered stone dwellings that clung to the hillsides, brown and hoary, and looking as if they had grown where they stood—past gardens where a thousand sweet flowers lived their beautiful lives, and died in fragrance—through green fields lying sunny and peaceful under the golden sun—and so on and on, till the town was left far behind, and the winds blew down fresh and cool from the far-off hills that shut in the valley.

At first she met little knots of people, idlers visiting the baths, who turned to look after, and marvelled at her sweet childish beauty; but by-and-by striking to the lonely road that wound white and glistening along the hillside. At last she made an abrupt turn, pushed her way through a thicket at the roadside, and then running hastily down a green slope, came into a little wild cool glen, hidden from sight by the great trees that stretched their long leafy arms over it, and never known or suspected by the travellers along the dusty highway.

And here a queer little cottage peeped out from under the vines that clasped, and wound over and about it, and half smoth-

ered it in their strong arms. From its door the hill ran steeply down to a silvery crooning brook. By the brookside an old woman knelt upon the stones; a pile of white linen just cleansed lay upon the grass beside her, and as she worked she sang an old German love song to herself.

"Mother Julie!" cried Victoire, in a voice that rang out sweet and clear in the green stillness.

"Well, 'demoiselle!"

"How is our patient to-day?"

"Better and better, and soon to be well," cried the old woman, cheerily.

Victoire flung back some gay answer, and then, after a moment's hesitation, stepped inside the cottage door. The room was dark, for it was lighted by a single window and around it was the soft gloom of the dell. But when Victoire entered it was as if a golden sunbeam had stolen silently in. The young man sitting in the great wooden chair by the bedside rose quickly to his feet, with a sensation of vivid pleasure. He thought this was the loveliest picture he had ever seen; this girl all life and rosy beautiful youth, with a bright auroral light in her fair face, standing out against the background of the gloomy cottage walls.

"And how is monsieur to-day?" said Victoire, advancing a step.

"A great deal better, thanks to your kindness, mademoiselle, and Mother Julie's."

"O, Mother Julie is a famous nurse. It is not I at all," cried Victoire, innocently. "But what are you doing, monsieur?" she asked, glancing about at the piles of miscellaneous articles upon the table and chairs.

Ralph Willoughby reddened, but answered frankly:

"I am putting up my effects preparatory to going away. I shall be able to travel in a day or two."

"Ah, yes!" said Victoire, softly, a pen-

sive shadow crossing her face. Had he meant to go without bidding her adieu?

"I have been too much trouble to *mademoiselle*," said Ralph, gently; "and I fear I have brought you into embarrassing relations with *monsieur*."

Victoire's sweet face grew proud.

"It is true that *monsieur* is a brute, and yet I do not fear him. Besides, he is so stupid! I had only to tell him the truth."

Ralph looked at the young girl in compassion. Her innocence, and loveliness, and her forlorn condition, touched him deeply. Yet half her desolation and misery was unknown to him. Victoire could not have put it into words. It would have cost her too much pain.

"It is a hard life you have led, poor little girl," he said, gently. "Tell me all about it?"

It was a long story. She sat in one corner of the old sofa as she talked, her hands clasped together, and her eyes dreamily following the motions of the swaying green vine leaves outside the window. As she said the last words in a sad *distrain* voice, her young face grew so unutterably sad that Ralph's heart overflowed. He put his arm around her, saying, tenderly:

"Patient little Victoire! You shall go away from Le Grignac. I will take you to my friends, and they will be good to you, poor child."

The handsome face was close to hers, the silken beard swept her cheek, the bliss of being loved thrilled her heart—it was so new to her—and Victoire nestled yet closer in his arms, and did not refuse the kiss he sought to give her.

Ralph was startled by these new sensations. He did not quite understand himself—he was hardly capable of analyzing his feelings. He was, he was sure, very much in love with Rose Beauchamp, but he had not seen her for a year, and this little creature was close by him—her beauty dazzling and bewildering him, and her helplessness appealing to his sympathy and protection. If Victoire had been an artful woman she would have known how to develop his incipient liking into something stronger and tenderer, and perhaps to efface Miss Beauchamp's image from his heart.

But she was only a girl, who, in her childish *nativité* and innocence, saw only in the young American a chivalric knight, whose power would open to her I know not what

that was new and beautiful in life. She sat there very happy, listening to his plans with shining eyes.

He was going to study medicine; he should be rich, and learned, and famous; and Victoire, looking into the spirited face, thought nothing would be impossible to him.

By-and-by, in the midst of much laughing nonsense, Victoire began to help him in packing, admiring the strange things with foreign names, peeping into the writing-desk, and marvelling at its exquisite appointments.

"Just tip out that pile of rubbish, and I will make a bonfire of it," said Ralph.

Victoire gathered up a handful of waste papers, and as she did so a little miniature case slipped from between them and fell to the floor. Victoire picked it up, opened it, and uttered an exclamation of delight and surprise at the sight of the bright beautiful face whose clear eyes met hers.

Ralph looked up, startled.

"Ah, I forgot that was there!" he said, in heedless haste. Victoire's amber eyes explored his face with a look of wonder and pain. He reddened.

"Who is it?" she said, slowly.

"It is a ward of my brother's," he stammered. "Rose Beauchamp is her name. I—I haven't seen her for some time."

Ralph did not say that three years ago, meeting her at the seaside, he fell in love with her, in schoolboy fashion, and since had sworn to himself countless times that he would win her; but the thought of it all, flashing through his mind, deepened the glow in his face, and added to his embarrassment.

Victoire laid down the picture without a word. But the sunshine was gone from the day, the zest from the interview. To be sure the facts were few. Hitherto she had not reflected seriously. But her quick woman's instincts awoke to startled life. Her life had been one of singular isolation; she was incredibly ignorant of the social relations and *convenances*. But her womanly delicacy took quick alarm. Here was Ralph, who had just now held her in his arms, whose kisses yet trembled on her lips, hiding another girl's face in his desk, and coloring crimson at its discovery.

She got up presently, with a quiet gravity unlike the former childish abandon of her manner.

"I must go now," she said, soberly.

"But you will come back to-night?" said Ralph. "You are to leave old Le Grignac, you know."

"Yes. I am to leave him," she said, quietly. "Good-by."

She slipped away from his embrace out into the stillness of the green dell.

Old Julie had finished her washing, and was trudging up the hill. With a sudden impulse the girl ran towards her, and throwing her arms around her, kissed the wrinkled cheek. The old woman had been kind to her—had given her cakes and new milk when she came to see her, and comforted her under Le Grignac's tyranny. Victoire swallowed down a little sob, as she turned to catch a last glimpse of Julie disappearing under the vine-covered door.

In a moment more she was all alone in the green wood. Where would she go now? she asked herself, standing still to think. Not with Ralph, she thought, her cheek flushing hotly. Back to Le Grignac, to follow him to Paris, to be subjected to some new debasement, to live over and over again the old life that every day grew more and more intolerable?

A thousand times no! She wrung her hands and sobbed bitterly. A more forlorn, utterly desolate creature was not living on the wide earth than this girl. The sense of loneliness and helplessness grew upon her, till it silenced her sobs. It was something too terrible to weep about, and her tears stopped flowing, and her face grew still and pale.

She came out of the wood presently, and walked fast straight away from the village, seeking the open country, not with any distinct aim, but only with a wild longing to get away somewhere.

It was past mid-afternoon now, and the long shadows were beginning to fill the valleys. Under the shade of the overhanging lindens the little river ran dark and cool, singing its solemn peaceful song. She met knots of idlers returning from their afternoon strolls, who gazed at her with admiring curiosity. To be rid of these she turned into more secluded by-ways, and followed little-travelled roads, that led up and down the hills, and so at last she hoped away into the wide world—the wide, beautiful, unknown world, where thousands of men and women lived happy lives, and where perhaps there might be happiness waiting for

her. These roads ran through green farming lands, where the rank grass grew as high as Victoire's head, which was not so very high, after all, and among rich pasture lands where sleek white kine paused in nibbling the toothsome grass to greet her with a long grave look and friendly musical low; past quaint cottages where stout peasant women twirled the distaff, and children played before the door; by russet-hued mills where noisy wheels went round and round, and the water-fairies ground corn, and winnowed grain, and did other kindly service.

Victoire's spirits rose as she walked. All around her was a sweet confusion of sound; the river rippled, the birds sang, the bees hummed, the soft wind stirred a musical murmur in the branches of the lindens, the cattle lowed, and far up the mountain's side the shepherd's horn called home his flock.

A soft light was in Victoire's face, the words of a hymn parted her lips, hope began to grow strong in the fresh young heart. But now a carriage, which she did not notice earlier—for the day had gone out, and twilight come on apace—suddenly drew up at her side, and a man hobbled down the steps and seized her by the shoulder.

She turned around to gaze with horror-stricken eyes into Le Grignac's livid yellow face.

"You were going to run away from the old man, were you, you beggar?" he said, shaking her as he spoke. "You ingrate! Get in there with you, quick. Drive on, Wilhelm—drive like the deuce, or we shall be late at the station."

She was pushed in and thrust down in a corner of the carriage, so stunned, so hopeless, that she never thought of making any resistance.

"So I've got you again. I've got you!" said monsieur, between a chuckle and a growl. "I've got you," he repeated, his long teeth chattering, and the loose under lip quivering. "Didn't you think you could get away from me, didn't you, now?" he said, leaning forward and shaking his fist in her face.

This performance seemed to give him a good deal of pleasure, for he repeated it at intervals all the way to the station. Still stupefied and unresistant, Victoire was taken out at the station and transferred to a car. A day's journey by rail followed, and Victoire began to be herself again. But monsieur's vigilance was unrelaxing.

He sat on the seat opposite her, and spent most of his time reading vile-looking newspapers; but he occasionally varied this by leaning forward and surreptitiously shaking his fist in her face, and muttering in a suppressed undertone:

"Thought you were going to get away from the old man, didn't you, now?"

They reached Paris by diligence, at last, just before day. All night Victoire had been revolving plans for escape. Now surely was her time; when could she hope to elude monsieur's vigilance so easily as in the great city?

At the gate the vehicle was stopped by the officer in charge.

"*Arretez-vous, monsieur.* The papers, if you please." The carriage passed inside and stopped.

Le Grignac fumbled in his pockets, and began to swear. A paper was missing, and he searched his pockets in vain. It ended by the whole party alighting, in order that the diligence might be thoroughly searched.

With a muttered malediction monsieur leaned forward, and began poking with his hands among the straw which covered the floor of the diligence. The officer held a lantern aloft; the driver attended to his horses, and everybody else was curiously watching monsieur's movements.

Victoire saw that the time was come, and without an instant's delay, turned, and fled noiselessly and swiftly around the corner of a lofty row of buildings, still faster, gathering speed as she went, and never stopped till she was several squares off.

Once a policeman commanded her to stop, but with a bounding heart she fled on, and he, seeing it was only a young girl, did not follow. Once or twice she ran into sheltered courtyards at the approach of wheels, seeing in every vehicle the diligence containing the dreaded monsieur, seeming to hear in every shout the hateful tones of his voice.

At last, wearied and faint, she sat down to rest upon the steps of a shabby-looking building in an obscure street. She must have wandered a great way, she thought, for it was now growing light; the street lights were put out; the street sounds, which had never ceased all night, swelled in volume and in tone. Day was coming fast.

Victoire was quite worn out; she had not slept for many nights, and now, as she sat in the sheltered doorway, her head drooped,

and she went off in a drowse, from which she was presently startled by a rough but not unkind voice, which said:

"What are you doing here? If you want to sleep, there are lodgings to be had inside for a single sou, which is little enough, God knows!"

Victoire started up, rubbing her eyes.

"I didn't know it!" she stammered. "I was so sleepy."

"You are only a child!" she said. "What are you here for?"

"I came in from the country, and I hope to get work," said Victoire.

"You'd better have staid at home then. But get in if you are going. You look as if you needed sleep."

Victoire did as she was bid, and her conductor, calling a servant, bade her show her a bed.

It was a poor straw couch, but Victoire gladly threw herself down, and quickly fell into a deep sleep. The day was far on when she awoke with a frightened start to the consciousness that she was as yet undiscovered. It was midday now, and the din of the streets was at its height. She crept softly down from her room—it was up many flights, and was only reached by traversing long dark corridors—stopping on the last landing to listen to the clamor of voices below.

She went down presently, and paused a moment opposite the door of the saloon. A group of rude-looking men were there, quarrelling over their wine. She went out quickly, having paid for her lodging in advance, and sought a quiet cafe, where she counted over the contents of her purse, and tried to lay some plans for the future. The few napoleons that she turned out upon her palm, and numbered with such a wise air, would soon be spent. It was work that she wanted, and immediately. Her profession would give her an income at once, but that was not to be thought of. It was in the theatres and concert rooms that monsieur would be sure to seek for her first, longest and most perseveringly.

Victoire remembered with a thrill of gladness her proficiency in the use of the needle; thanks to Le Grignac's stinginess, she thought, she had been compelled to keep her costumes in order, and to do this she had learned to sew daintily. Now this accomplishment must stand between her and starvation.

Then began the search for work, the terrible alternations of hope and despair, the heart sickness, the unspeakable pangs of disappointment, repeated until soul and body are crushed, and life grows to be a terror and a burden; it was the old drama, presented anew every day in every large city the world over—a woman against the world!

Sometimes she would get a few days' work at starvation prices; again her occupation brought her in contact with those from whom she recoiled in loathing, and then in eager haste she would throw up the engagement, and go forth again upon her fruitless quest. And so in the struggle her health sank, her spirits died at last, and she came to hope for nothing so much as death. She was so changed now that she scarcely feared meeting monsieur. Surely he would never know this pale worn face, with the pinched sunken temples, and the great weird eyes, for the girl whose rose and lily freshness had delighted the *habitués* of the little theatre of Baden-Baden. Her clothing she had sold long ago, and dressed herself in that which was cheaper; this was tattered and soiled too, for she had no money to pay for washing. She had only a few sous left, and she pinched herself for food, and went about gaunt and wan.

And now, soon hunger and hardship began to tell fearfully upon her nerves; she would hardly have fled now, even from the terrible Le Grignac. Her mind was thronged with strange fantastic visions; incoherent dreams vexed her, asleep and awake; she would weep all day in self-pity; all day she wandered about aimlessly, now only seeking and waiting for the friendly death that was so slow in coming. In this weak pitiful state some nameless impulse led her oftentimes to the vicinity of the Rue Montmartre. For hours she would pace up and down the street before the walls of the stately old pile that had once been her home. Vague reminiscences were floating about in her mind, vague, but sweet and soothing—memories of the child who lay in her crib, and said over the simple prayer in her pretty childish speech; tender glimpses of the sweet sad woman with the Madonna face that came to visit her; gentle hands stroked her hair, and soft kisses fell upon her lips. In these days she forgot her hunger and loneliness, and all her woe and want.

One day, just at sunset, she came to the Pont de Neuf. It was a gala-day, and the boulevards had been thronged with happy gayly-dressed people; scarcely a girl so poor as not to don a fresh ribbon—rarely a child that had not its handful of bonbons. Now as the daylight faded, and the lights flashed out like stars into the dusky night, the city wore a still more festive appearance; the throng of carriages increased, the press of foot people grew greater and greater. Everybody was hilarious—everybody except poor Victoire. She had no part in all the gayety; she was as remote in thought and feeling from the laughing groups who jostled her in passing, as if she were millions of leagues away.

So hour after hour she stood leaning against the massive stone balustrade, and looking down over the coping upon the waters of the Seine which rolled dark and sullen below. Now and then some one paused to look at the white woeful face that gleamed so weirdly under the flare of the gas—and then passed on, forgetting her in a single moment.

Victoire's gaze went back and forward from the turbid river to the luminous streets, and the smiling crowd—careless at first, but soon growing fixed and awful—the delicate tremulous lips closing more closely, the mouth once so sweet, growing into the pallor and sternness of death.

A little way below was the Morgue. Once or twice in passing, Victoire had caught glimpses through the open doors of something dripping wet, stretched motionless upon a table—and once—she had thought of it often since with a shudder, but now a poor wan smile stirred her face—crossing the bridge at early dawn, she had seen men in blouses looking steadily into the water, and trying to fetch up something with their long barbed poles, and watching for what was so brought up from the black slimy depths, Victoire had seen a girl laid upon the bank—the mud and ooze of the river clinging to her fair hair and white skin—a girl fashioned as slenderly, as young, and as fair as herself.

So they would find her—so she would lie, wet and cold, and stained with slime, unrecognized, forgotten, never missed by the world that had no place for her in it; the rich, busy, happy world that with its countless wealth and love, had neither love nor help for her—woe and want done with for-

ever, lonely and suffering no more. And so, a soft auroral glow lit up the white face, and as innocently as a child creeps to his father's arms, she glided around a corner where the balustrade grew low, and the river ran swift. Now, God have mercy upon poor Victoire!

CHAPTER VI.

THE VICTIM.

"Do you think she is dead?"

Rose Beauchamp rose up with a whitening face, as she asked the question. Neither of the two or three men who had brought the body on shore answered. Dead or not dead, it was nothing to them. Ralph Wilmoughby elbowed his way through the compact group that closed around her.

"I am a physician," he said, quietly, and at that the people fell back. Ralph knelt down by the girl.

He did not recognize the pinched ghastly face, nor the wet clinging hair that fell around it. What was there to remind him of the pretty fairy face whom he saw at Baden-Baden?

"I don't think she is dead!" he said, presently, after a rapid examination. "You must instantly take measures for her recovery."

"*Mon Dieu!* where's the good?" growled one of the attendants. "'Twould be an act of benevolence to let the poor thing die."

"I am afraid so, indeed," said Ralph. "St. John, it's a sad sight."

St. John bowed gravely, and glanced at Rose. He did not regret that she should make her first acquaintance with suffering in this shape. The case was of a kind to appeal strongly to her sympathies, and he was not surprised to see her cheeks flush and her eyes grow humid. But she had seen enough at present, and he led her to the carriage from which they had alighted, and ordered it to be driven to their hotel.

Rose was silent most of the way. The illuminations and the music, and all the splendor of the festal day, had lost their charms for her.

"St. John, it is terrible," she said, at last.

"Yes," he answered quietly.

"To think what one so young must have suffered before she could nerve herself to such a deed. Are such things frequent?"

"Sadly frequent! That is only an atom in the vast aggregate of Parisian misery."

Rose was silent a little. Most of her troubles had been of a sentimental character. It was the first time that she had been brought face to face with actual suffering.

They reached the hotel, and had just finished a quiet lunch, when Ralph came rushing into their parlor. His face was quite white with excitement.

"What is it, Ralph?" asked St. John, in that quiet tone that is so soothing to overwrought impulses.

"I have brought that girl here," Ralph replied, impulsively. "It is little Victoire! St. John rose quickly.

"The little dancing-girl who helped you out of Le Grignac's clutches?"

Rose lifted her bright eyes to Ralph's face, and he reddened under the look. The affair at Baden-Baden was an episode he would gladly have forgotten. He turned away rather hastily, and gave some orders concerning Victoire that were heartily assented to by St. John.

Victoire had been tossing about on a fiery sea for she knew not how long. Its great waves had seemed forever bearing her further and further from land. Sometimes she would ride in shore, and mocking elusive hands would be stretched out to her that would presently vanish in the lurid glare that was all around her. All at once, with a start, and a wild whirl of brain and nerves, and pangs of keenest pain, she had seemed to be tossed on shore, the lurid atmosphere had faded, and she opened her eyes upon the pale light of a summer afternoon. She gazed about her vaguely for some minutes. It was a large lofty room, and no one was in it except herself. Its two long windows were partially concealed by shutters; the upper half of one was unclosed, and Victoire could see brick walls, and a strip of sky clouded by the city smoke. It was very high up, for a troop of doves who were swooping around the eaves were continually dropping into sight, and their soft cooing was the only near sound. The roar of the city was audible, but it was distant and subdued. Where could she be? Victoire wondered. The massive handsome furniture, the rich hangings, the carpet with its bright bouquets, even the coal fire which was smouldering redly in the grate, were not French. As Victoire lay quite still, trying to make it out, a slight noise arrested her attention.

"Who is there?" she said, half-rising.

For answer there was a light footfall on the carpet, the bed-curtains were drawn further aside, and a young girl appeared.

"O, you are better?" she said, brightening at once, her red cheeks glowing more redly, and her dark soft eyes smiling. She came up to the bedside, and began smoothing out the clustering curls that lay thick around the white blue-veined forehead.

Victoire put up her hand.

"Where is all my hair?" she asked, looking up with startled eyes.

"We cut it off when you were so ill of the fever."

"I have been ill, then?"

"O yes. Don't you remember?"

"No?"

Suddenly a new terror clutched Victoire's weakened nerves. She sprang up.

"Am I with monsieur? O, tell me if Monsieur Le Grignac has found me?"

Rose drew her down gently, and indeed it was not hard to do so, for the fictitious strength fled instantly, and she sank back, her face whiter than snow.

"O no, no indeed!" Rose answered. "You need not fear him any more. You are among friends."

"Friends? I have no friends! Little Victoire has no friends," she said, in a woe-ful voice. Rose bent down and kissed her softly.

"Don't you remember Ralph Willoughby and the night at Baden-Baden, and your finding a kind old woman to nurse him?"

"No, no, I remember nothing," interrupted Victoire, with the querulousness of sickness.

But afterward, in the long hours of her slow convalescence, it all came back to her. She used to watch Rose going about full of brightness and vitality, with an admiration which her expressive face constantly betrayed. All at once, one day, it flashed upon her that this was the face she saw that afternoon at the cottage. The daguerreotype had not rendered the sunny lustre of the brown hair and the bloom and beauty of the complexion, but the round proud curve of the cheek and chin and the luminous eyes were there.

Victoire sighed silently at this discovery, but said nothing. By-and-by she was well enough to join them at their meals. She had told her whole story to Rose, and Rose had repeated it to the gentlemen, so that

when she made her first appearance among them, St. John, no less than Ralph, was prepared to receive her with the greatest kindness. St. John's keen grave eyes watched her narrowly during that first interview. When she was gone out Ralph said:

"She is greatly changed. I should never know her for the girl whose piquancy and grace had so delighted me."

"Did you do her the honor to fall in love with her?" asked Rose, in rather a satirical tone.

Ralph reddened, and with suspicious haste repelled the charge.

"I thought her very sweet and charming, as who would not?" he added.

St. John looked up from his newspaper.

"She is more than that," he said, quietly, and was then silent.

A red flush leaped to Rose Beauchamp's cheeks. It burned there an hour afterward, when St. John coming in hastily, summoned her to the parlor. She went in rather proudly. He did not mind her looks, but said, quickly:

"You are to go to Torbay at once. I have at last completed my business here, and can spare time to take you there."

"And you?" she said, her color deepening.

"I shall return to Paris, and remain until Ralph completes his course. But the air is miasmatic—the town is reeking with pestilence. I am anxious to get you away. It will do that pale girl good also."

Rose suddenly grew white.

"But you will remain to incur the risk," she said, in a low passionate tone.

St. John looked at her, then got up suddenly, and walked to the other end of the room. After standing there a minute looking from the window, he turned, and said curtly:

"Will you please be ready to start to-morrow morning?"

Rose went away with a full heart. Victoire going to her, found her sobbing as if her heart would break. The girl wondered, never having guessed that Rose had any cause for grief. But Rose was proud and reticent, and presently left her.

The next morning they left Paris. Rose was stately and pale, Victoire's eyes were bright with expectation, and St. John watched her speaking face with singular pleasure.

Only Rose was in the carriage when Ralph

came up to the window. He was looking rather haggard, and Rose said:

"We thought you were not coming to bid us good-by. Were you up late?"

"I was up all night," Ralph said, with a look in his eyes that made her own falter and droop. "I was at the Academy, and feared I should not have time to say good-by to you. But Rose—" he hesitated, "there is time for me to say that and something more—three short words that are quickly said—I love you."

Rose was silent. Presently he bent forward and said, in an eager whisper, close to her ear:

"If you will accept me, Rose, I will do my best to make you the happiest wife in the world. Do you love me, dear?"

A moment more of silence. Rose was a young girl. It was very pleasant to be wooed in such fervent tones. Glancing up shyly, she could not help thinking that was a handsome face beside her. She was almost tempted to answer him kindly; but in that instant another face came between—one older, nobler, not like this one, fresh and young, but marked by the years that had not touched him lightly as they went, by the sorrows that had not spared him—not quite the face to please a young girl you would say, yet Rose worshipped it. So she said, coldly:

"I do not love you, Ralph!"

He almost staggered back, and there was anguish in his voice, as he said:

"Not love me, Rose! My God! Is there then no hope?"

"None whatever!" she said, relentlessly.

He gazed at her a moment incredulously, his handsome young face dark with pain. Perhaps it was her own heartache that made her cruel. She said, coldly:

"I thought you were in love with the little dancing girl."

"Rose you know I am not. I loved you three years ago—I have loved you ever since. If Victoire captivated my fancy, she did not touch my heart. I love only you."

"I am sorry," was all she said. But she never forgot the look he gave her, as he turned away. Years afterward it haunted her, and came between her and all hopes of peace.

St. John came out just then. Victoire was put into the carriage, and they drove off.

* * * * *

Up and down the pavement in front of the Hotel de Ville, a tall, dark, handsome man was pacing—his brow bent and moody, a satirical smile now and then crossing his face.

As the carriage rounded a corner, and this man caught sight of it, Victoire covered her face in her hands, and uttered a cry.

"What is it?" said St. John.

"It was Captain Wallace," said Victoire, "the bad man who is the friend of Monsieur Le Grignac."

St. John leaned from the window, curious to see the man who had conspired with the Baden-Baden gamester to rob Ralph, but the captain had quickly passed from sight, having learned all which he wished to know.

The carriage was soon after exchanged for a diligence, which pursued its way steadily toward the sea, crossing vineclad plains lying under the sun as goldenly clear as that of Italy.

Another carriage conveying but one passenger followed leisurely, stopping where the first had stopped, the gentleman passenger taking the trouble to make numerous inquiries, which were readily answered by the innkeepers, because he said the preceding party were friends of his, whom he was exceedingly desirous to overtake. Yet great as was his haste he did not urge his driver to any greater speed, but lay back in the carriage at his ease, lazily puffing great clouds of smoke from his meerschaum.

And so in due time both parties arrived at Torbay; St. John established himself at one hotel, and Captain Wallace established himself near by. The next morning the captain having assured himself by casual inquiries that the American gentleman had returned to Paris, strolled up and down the piazza, congratulating himself that the coast was now clear. It would go hard but he should win the prize. While he thought of this, and looked out over the white-capped breakers, yet never noticing their beauty, he saw a lady pass down the steps of the neighboring hotel.

She wore a piquant round cap, its brim swept by a plume as gorgeously crimson as the lapwing's breast. The beautiful face was half turned from him, but he could see how pearly white was her complexion, how indescribably bright and sparkling was the whole countenance. He knew it, too, for the same face he had seen in the carriage at

St. John's side, and his eye dilated a little as he muttered to himself:

"I think she will do very well for Mrs. Wallace."

He watched the movements of the stately graceful figure, as it went out seaward, stepping from rock to rock so lightly and easily. By-and-by he saw her step into a boat that swung loosely at the pier. She sat down there, and the boat rocked with

the tide. Captain Wallace still watched her, idly puffing the smoke from his meerschaum. After a little while he started up suddenly, caught up a glass that lay on a window ledge near, and put it to his eye. The next moment he said aloud:

"By Heaven, the boat is adrift!" And so saying, he sprang down the steps, and ran with his utmost speed for the beach.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE CALM OF DEATH.

BY JENNIE B. BROWNE.

I.

Hear the waves roll!
The long night is past,
But it brought me no sleep;
And the dreariness cast
Its shadows, black and deep,
Around my soul.

II.

I cannot die
When the night is so dark,
And the winds blow so cold;
Hidden is each landmark
On the way to the fold;
Hear the wind sigh!

III.

See the trees rock
In the merciless gale!
Say, do I look like death?
And has my cheek grown pale?
Or shorter grown my breath?
Was there a knock?

IV.

No, 'tis the storm;
How fearful is its wall;
How slowly dawns the day;
Do you find my pulse fail?
Shall I soon pass away?
Has the hour come?

Stony Creek, Conn., June 15, 1876.

V.

Well, you say no;
Then I think I can sleep,
Till stops the wild, wild rain;
But your watch you will keep,
And waken me again
Before I go.

VI.

Love of my soul!
Lay your hand on my head;
I feel I am going—
Going down with the dead,
Ere the wind stops blowing,
While the waves roll.

VII.

Short is my breath,
And while dawneth the day
Swiftly I am going;
Gliding gently away,
On the fleet river flowing
To the sea of death.

VIII.

I do not hear
The wild storm raging more;
But across a calm sea,
A white sail nears the shore;
It is coming for me;
I feel no fear.

"POOR POLLY!"

BY CORA CHESTER.

"Ah me! but I think in this life of ours the bitter outweighs the sweet"

The boys of Poverty Court called her "poor Polly," not because she was more impecunious than her miserable neighbors, but on account of her pitifully lonely condition. She was neither young nor pretty, this heroine of mine; would not have pleased the eye of a connoisseur with her irregular features, pale complexion and small figure; but when the veil shall be lifted from all hearts, I have no doubt such few women who have been sent to this world of sin to show us how they can suffer without complaint, can endure patiently hunger, want and misery, and master terrible temptations where many a man would fall—such patient noble women will wear a diviner beauty in the eyes of God, than the silk-robed angels of earth who give almost grudgingly from their own abundance, and reap here the reward of their ostentatious charity.

I will tell you her story and let you judge. She had lived in Poverty Court ever since she could remember. She had had no happy childhood. No pleasant memories brightened her dreams of the past. Life had been one long, long struggle. Cold biting winters, with insufficient clothing and fuel; intense burning summers, spent in the midst of baking walls and streets, with an attic room for a home—life meant simply this for her, existence merely a keeping of body and soul together.

To do this in that overcrowded city she must often work far into the night. If she had been a woman of spirit she no doubt would have contrasted her lot with that of her more favored sisters, and have grown bitter and cynical in consequence; have questioned the justice of Heaven, and even the existence of a God. Could it be possible, she would have asked, that a Father of infinite compassion and love would suffer his children to endure starvation and death, when abundance and plenty were revelling a few doors off?

In her meekness she never doubted; endured suffering and scorn as a token of

God's love, and submitted cheerfully to his will.

It was a glorious winter night, as Polly, bundle in hand, wended her way homeward, and bright windows, gay with garlands of holly, told of a Christmas season near at hand. Polly lingered in the crowded thoroughfare. She shrank somehow more than usual from the coarse oaths and drunken jeers of Poverty Court.

The sleighbells tinkled in the frosty air, richly-clad people jostled against her as she walked, and, looking upwards, she could see myriads of bright stars studding the blue heavens, telling of infinite worlds and glorious possibilities beyond the crimes and stains of this.

She was thinking of the Star of the East, that in those early days heralded the birth of a little child, when a sharp sobbing voice in the crowd attracted her attention. She sprang forward just in time to save a mite of humanity from being thrown down beneath the feet of some trampling horses.

A tardy guardian of the peace hurried up and grasped the little one rather roughly by the shoulder. His grasp relaxed as his hand touched the heavy fur and velvet of the boy's cloak.

"Take yer hands off, will yer?" screamed the boy's shrill voice. "I'll tell pa, I will. Jest let go and take me straight home!"

"Yes, yes, my little man," laughed the policeman. "Where might yer home be, now?"

"O, it's a far, far ways. I ran from cook this morning, and I didn't cry till jest now. My pa's name is Jones, and mine is Alexander De Vol Jones."

"What is yer pa's first name? and what might he be af'her doing for a living, now?" with a sly wink at Polly.

"He haint got no first name. I call him 'pa.' Pete says 'Massa Jones,' and Jinks he just says 'Jones;' and," with a superb air of scorn, "he don't do nothing for a living but drive horses."

"O, a coachman, maybe. Well, come on to the station-house and I'll inquire."

The boy's courage in the meantime had

evidently been diminishing, and he listened with curling lip. At the word station-house he set up a perfect yowl of terror, and, clinging to Polly's skirts, implored her to save him.

So Polly comforted him as best she could, gave her name and address to the policeman, and promised to either look up his home or take him to the station-house early in the morning.

In the directory she consulted there were legions of Joneses. She looked especially at the minor army of Alexander Joneses. There were brokers, bankers, bakers, and hosts of others bearing the distinguished patronymic, but only two cabmen. One resided in Poverty Court, and taking the child's hand in her own, Polly started for home.

Alexander Jones, cabman, knew nothing of the boy, and slammed the door in Polly's face before he shouted an answer to her question.

Alexander, Jr., had seated himself upon the wooden steps, and had grown strangely quiet. Bending down, Polly saw that the white lids had closed over the saucy eyes, and that the poor tired child was asleep. He was a heavy boy, but she hardly felt the burden, as she lifted him in her slight arms and toiled down the street.

No one was about the door of her home, nor on the dark landing, and she made the tour of the three flights in safety and silence, only pausing now and then to take breath and rest.

At last the little room was reached. Master Alexander supped royally off bread and milk, was bathed and arrayed in Polly's long nightdress. She laughed at his vain efforts to fight his way out of the white muslin with his chubby feet and fists, went into raptures over his long yellow curls, and kissed the fair neck and shoulders, although he protested most manfully against any such tenderness.

Sitting in her low chair, she held the tired boy in her arms and sang him to sleep.

"Wake me up before Santa Claus comes," he sighed, before resigning himself to the inevitable. "He comes jest afore twelve, you know."

The clock struck eleven, but still she sat there in the cold dark room. She could not lay the child down and seek her own bed. Thoughts of the boy, and fears that he might never find his parents, filled her

mind. Perhaps he was a deserted child, with no mother, no home, and might grow up ignorant of his birth. A tear fell upon the golden curls at the thought. Polly knew so well the bitterness of it all.

A rap at the door, but Polly heard not. Alexander sighed in his sleep, clasped a chubby arm about Polly's neck, and she, to reassure him, sang in a clear sweet voice a Christmas hymn. The door opened gently, and a figure stood there, its owner taking in in one swift glance the poverty of the place, the lonely little woman singing in that loud glad tone, and the pretty boy, with his golden head half hidden on the small shoulder.

Polly finished her song, and feeling a presence in the room, turned around.

"Pardon me, madam," said a kind voice. "You did not hear me rap. I could not wait—I was anxious—My darling!"

This was very disconnected, but there was no need to explain further. The strange gentleman had almost taken Alexander and Polly both in his arms, but he evidently intended the former only as the object of his tenderness, and Polly, slightly blushing, resigned her charge.

He stood there talking a parent's nonsense to his sleeping boy, at last laid him tenderly on Polly's bed, and walked to the window where she was standing.

"I will not try to thank you, madam," he said, in a husky voice. "You have saved my boy from a horrible fate, and words are weak. I learned of the incident at the station-house, also your address. Pardon me if I offend. I see that you are not rich, and if—"

He could not finish. Something in the bright brown eyes stopped him.

"It was nothing, sir, nothing but common humanity." Then, with a glance at his elegant appearance—he had evidently hurried from some evening entertainment—she laughed just a little.

"Well," he inquired, with a perceptible smile, "what is it?"

"I was thinking of your son's description of your business. He said that you drove horses for a living, so we looked for all the cabmen and cartmen in town by the name of Jones."

"You must have spent an eternity in the search," he laughed. "Alexander is a goose. I drive bargains, not horses, for a living. In fact, my horses are my recrea-

tion. My poor boy must think that I make hard work of my pleasures."

Polly knew so little of recreation or pleasure that she did not feel qualified to reply, so she remained silent. He read something of her thoughts perhaps in the small pinched face and pitiful mouth. Her evident youth struck him also for the first time.

"I see you are young, child. In the dark I took you for much older. I thought that only a grown woman could bear with my boy and care for him as you were doing."

Polly blushed now, and drew herself to her fullest height. Then, with simple dignity:

"Your first impression was right, sir. I am a grown woman. My age is twenty-six."

He turned away to conceal a smile. How many of his fashionable lady friends, he wondered, would have made a similar confession had they possessed her youthful form and face?

"Well, I will admit that I am glad," he said. "I am old myself."

He was barely thirty-five, but his dark hair was already silvered.

"And yet," he continued, in a more mournful tone, "I would not willingly live over even one year of my life. Wasted years they have been, full of folly, anguish and regrets. Should I be given another trial, I should probably be as great a fool!"

He had forgotten Polly, and was walking hurriedly up and down the room again. Alexander awoke with a peevish cry and called for water. Polly was beside him in a moment. He drank the water, but looked at his father with a vacant stare. The blue eyes were very bright, and a burning spot was on either cheek. Polly's heart sank within her.

"Santa Claus haint come," he whispered, "and it's time. Christmas has been and gone, and it's summer now. I can sail my boat, and shoot birds, and—"

His mind was evidently wandering. Mr. Jones seized his hat and hurriedly left the room.

After that many were the hours and days those two spent together in the sick room. Polly was the readier and more skillful nurse, but the father proved an apt pupil, and his voice took a gentler tone, and his step grew softer, as he performed little services for his boy. Polly's sewing lay un-

finished in her basket, but she never thought of the future. They watched together by the sick bed until the danger was over. A morning dawned at last when Alexander opened his eyes, lisped "papa," and, turning on his pillow, fell into a peaceful sleep. That evening a carriage came into Poverty Court, a most unusual sight, and Mr. Jones, Master Alexander Jones and Polly, to whom the latter clung with tiresome tenacity, entered it and were driven away.

Then, in a handsome uptown boarding-house, followed a brief dream of happiness for Polly, who, as Alexander's governess, accompanied that young gentleman upon drives, walks, and sometimes to evening amusements. It all seemed to her like a fleeting dream of luxury.

Happiness made her comely, almost pretty, and this happiness, to her so new and strange, was due to something she dared not confess even to herself.

She was self-distrustful and humble, and her secret, had she told it, would have seemed to her almost sacrilegious. She never knew what her starved life had lacked until one summer evening a wealth of love and devotion was offered at her feet.

"Polly," said Alexander's father, "I have lived alone many years now. My life, God knows, has been most sad and hard to bear. In my blindness I have hated and dared to doubt all women, but one little woman has come to me who is capable of self-sacrifice and devotion. She has grown very precious, very dear to me. Do you think, Polly, she will trust me without knowing my past? That past has been cursed. Have I not deserved that the curse should be removed?"

Polly heard not this last question. She only read the trouble and anguish in his eyes. Her intense love, realized for the first time, almost overcame her. It was idolatry that she felt as she raised his hand to her lips, only desiring to bestow comfort on the loved one, and hot tears fell from her eyes.

"Tears shed for me?" he murmured. "They will atone. Surely they will wash my past and make me worthy."

Then the slight form was gathered to his heart, and kisses were pressed upon her forehead. They were oblivious of past or future, of everything but each other and their love.

One evening, about a week after this, he

came in strangely excited. He clasped her in his arms, and kissed her again and again.

"Say again that you love me, Polly. Say, as you did once, that without me you would not care to live!"

So Polly, looking into his eyes, and, in her blindness, finding all the happiness there she deemed she would ever care for, whispered as he desired:

"I could not live without you. If you leave me death will be sweet. I pray for that before separation!"

"Hear her!" he exclaimed, triumphantly, as if to an invisible adversary. "Did I not know she would say so? We will be married at once, Polly; at once, and leave this horrid city forever. Where is Alexander? He must be in readiness to leave with us. We must all leave to-night."

Polly, in her love, thought nothing of his eagerness then, and so there was a quiet wedding that evening in the rectory a few doors off. Amid scenes of foreign travel she forgot her past life, or remembered it only as if it were a dream of pain.

Sometimes these memories would rise and reproach her, and she would see that her life was empty and useless.

One Sunday evening, as she sat with an open Bible in her hand, these words met her eye and stung her with a strange remorse: "Have ye suffered so many things in vain?"

The question seemed addressed to her, and written in letters of fire. Had her past sufferings been in vain? What had she done, now that her life was overflowing with happiness, to aid the forsaken ones she remembered so well in her past? She was revelling in wealth, love and happiness—and they? They had been deceived, forsaken, perhaps may have loved once. Not as *she* loved; she did not deem that possible; but still they may have loved, and have been cruelly wronged and treacherously dealt with. She closed her eyes and prayed that she might yet devote a portion of her life and wealth to aiding the unfortunate ones of earth. Loud angry voices interrupted her thoughts.

"I say I *shall* see her! I know you keep her here. I haven't followed you way from New York for nothing. It's a burning shame, Alexander Jones, and you know it. I'll have revenge! I'll tell—"

Another scuffle outside, then Polly's door flew open, and a figure stood there that she never forgot to her dying day.

A tall, gray-haired, fierce-looking woman, haggard, hollow-eyed and hideous, but with a defiant brilliant eye and an incongruous richness of toilet.

Alexander Jones held her back in his powerful arms, but when he saw Polly sitting there so white and still, he loosened his grasp and sank motionless upon the sofa, with his head buried in his hands. Polly stared, then stammered:

"What is the matter, Aleck? Who are you?" in a vague uncertain way to the hard-featured woman, who had also seated herself, and was gazing insolently at her pallid-looking victim. No pity was visible in her coarse sensual face.

"Yes, I waited to hear you ask that. Who am I? I'm Alexander Jones's *wife*, that's what I am. I'll spare your feelings and not ask you the same question. But I know what you are. You are a—"

Before the vile words could leave her mouth she was out of the door and down the stairs, but Polly never noted. Soon a weary step reascended the stairs, and the man she had loved so well stood before her. She had never moved since those cruel words, but sat still and cold, staring straight before her.

"Don't look so, Polly, don't!" gasped the man. "You'll drive me mad! O Polly, let me die here! Curse me, kill me, but don't look at me like that!"

"Is it true, Aleck, her words? What did she say? Tell me it is false. Of course I know it is, but tell me."

He was ready with a lie, but his eyes fell beneath those pure ones, and noted the look between the trembling fingers.

"O, Heaven help me, I can't, I can't! Polly, don't hate me! When I asked you to marry me I thought her dead. I never dreamed of wronging you. I will swear it on the book you hold. I loved you so well, so well."

"Did you know it when you married me?" asked the sad accusing voice.

It had not yet broken down with a realizing sense of her terrible position.

"Yes, I— Polly, I knew it that night. I couldn't give you up. No power on earth could have torn you from me. What, would they have had me give up my life for a virtuous notion? Love is stronger than that, darling. You are more to me now than my hopes of heaven."

He would have taken her in his arms,

but with a sob she escaped him. Down the long stairs she flew—out into the night—away, away, she cared not where.

She laughed a bitter laugh as men jeered her on the streets. They were not mistaken. Was she not as low as any of the fallen creatures about her? Some one followed and touched her. That aroused and frightened her. With a cry she bounded down the narrow street, and took refuge within a church portal. There the sexton found her the next morning, senseless and nearly dead. She awoke in a hospital, to find kind faces bending over her. She had been tenderly nursed and cared for by the Sisters of Mercy. They listened to her pitiful story and believed it. They taught her that her only hope of happiness lay in an utter sacrifice of self, and so she followed in their footsteps, nursed and cared for the sick in the wards of that hospital for many weary months, and was at her post when a terrible plague broke out in the hot Italian city.

One night she was called to the bedside of a newly-arrived patient. She gave one look at the changed swollen face, then uttered a cry of agony and fell upon the bed. What matter to her if contagion reigned there? Death would be too welcome to her. She forgot her present life. She kissed the lips and forehead of the sick man again and again; and he, opening his eyes and seeing her there, murmured with a radiant smile:

"Thank God! he has heard my prayer.

Polly, I don't mind dying now. Dying means being with you always; living, only a bitter separation. I don't care for heaven as I do for you, Polly!"

"O, don't say so, Aleck, don't!" whispered Polly, frightened at his idolatry. "I can't save you. My love has not proved mighty enough. There is a love that is more than satisfying, that can cleanse and save. Pray, darling, pray, for death is very near!"

Then, seeing that he was fast sinking into unconsciousness:

"Pray, for *my* sake, Aleck!"

"For your sake I pray God to forgive the bitter wrong I did you. Do *you* forgive me, darling?"

"Yes, yes," sobbed Polly. "I forgave long, long ago. Don't think of *me* now."

She held his hand, and kneeling there prayed for his salvation far into the night, prayed after his spirit had fled.

In the morning, when they came to the dead man's bed, a silent black figure still knelt there. They turned the pale face to the light, but the faint smile of perfect peace never left the sad mouth.

A Sister of Mercy had merely died at her post during the plague from over-exertion and exposure. So they, in their faith, said "that it was well," and buried her hurriedly, as all were buried in that dreadful time, by the dead man's side.

His words had proved true. Death had united where life would have separated them.

LOVE ASLEEP.

BY MARY A. ALDEN.

The winsome boy lay sleeping,
Unmindful toward his quiver;
Pale shadowy forms came creeping
As mists creep o'er the river.

Where was the heart to waken?
In slumber wrapt as well?
O cold heart, and mistaken,
Bid Love a long farewell!

For now, upon his eyelids
So rosy once, doth linger
Bridgewater, Mass., October, 1876.

An icy kiss, a chilling touch,
The weight of Death's cold finger.

Closer the shadows thronging,
Will never more depart:
They will not leave Love longing
For thee, O careless heart!

Cold are their chill embraces
As tears that thou shalt weep
For thy lost Love, thy darling,
Death stole from thee asleep.

THE STORY OF CLARE ASHCROFT.

BY FLORENCE EDWIN.

WE two, Clare Ashcroft and I, Paul Chal-deur, walked up and down the moon-lighted beach upon whose sandy shores the wind, holding high carnival, dashed the riotous foam-crested waves.

The same wind tossed Clare's golden tresses about her lovely highbred face in wild disorder. An expression of deep sadness was in the large soulful eyes questioning mine so wistfully, for I—well, I had asked Clare to marry me, and she had refused me, gently yet firmly, leaving me not the ghost of a hope that I could ever be more than a dear friend.

"I can't tell you how sorry I am for this, Paul," she was saying, in the clear musical tone characteristic of her—the tone itself assuring me of the sincerity of her regret. "I never thought you cared for me in that way. I can't tell you what a priceless boon your friendship is to me; and being three years your senior, I felt ages older than you, which must be my excuse if my manner has misled you. Now, since it is utterly impossible for me to return your love, perhaps I ought to send you away from me, but that I am sure that course would not cure a person of your disposition. Instead, I am going to take you into my confidence, and tell you the story of my life. When you have heard it, you will see how impossible it is for us to be more than friends. Perhaps you will understand how great is this proof of my friendship, when I tell you that you are the only person, except my father and one other, to whom I have confided it."

I was more touched than I cared to show by Clare's words. I looked at her gratefully, for the time incapable of speech. Other women might have thought me stupid, unfeeling; but Clare understood the glance as well as if I had spoken. She went on, speaking rapidly yet distinctly:

"You know that I am an orphan, and an heiress. My father died three years ago, when I was in my twenty-fifth year; my mother, when I was in my ninth year. Two years after my mother's death my father married again—a stately beautiful woman, who repelled all demonstrations of

affection on my part, and whom I soon came to regard as the *bete noir* of my life. Not content with this, she soon made me believe that my father's heart was estranged from me, while, on the other hand, she made him believe the same of me. Put that idea into the mind of two sensitive proud beings, and you can guess the result.

"I grew up to womanhood believing that no one in the wide world loved me, and yet how I craved that some one should! Above all loves I longed for my father's, for nothing could entirely crush out my love for him. How many time have I gone to my room, and throwing myself upon my knees, wept passionately, beseeching my Heavenly Father to take me, that I might be united to the mother who, I was sure, loved me, and whose gentle spirit could not be tranquil witnessing the daily agony I endured.

"But though my father denied me his love, I had nothing else of which to complain. All that could be done to make me educated, accomplished, in the fullest meaning of these terms, was done. I knew afterwards how great was his pride at the success I attained by close application, for who can be educated or accomplished without?

"When I was nineteen, I accepted an invitation from a school friend to pay her a visit. Fannie Leigh's family were respectable well-to-do people, but far beneath mine in birth, position and wealth, and my father at first was unwilling that I should go to them, and only consented with the greatest reluctance; nor do I think he would have done so at all had it not been for my stepmother's interrention. To my surprise, she seconded my wishes, telling my father that the country air and retirement—for Fannie's home was among the breezy New Hampshire hills—would benefit me much more than a summer at Long Branch. Would to Heaven that I had never undertaken that journey! but who can avoid the path Destiny has marked out for the soul to tread?

"Fannie's family consisted of her mother, brother and herself. Well, I had craved for love, and certainly my cravings should have been satisfied, for at that house I re-

ceived my fill. My simplest wish was a law, and I was flattered and made much of to my heart's content—petted by Fannie and Mrs. Leigh, and by Oscar. What more need I say than that he was young, handsome, fascinating—and selfish? The last-named quality, however, I did not discover till it was too late.

"I can see, now, how easy it was for him to win my love, how easy for me to think I loved him. I did not then know that some men would sell their souls cheap, their honor cheaper, for gold. Pray God few women may learn the lesson as I learned it! Thank Heaven that there are not many men like Oscar Leigh—not many women like his mother! Both, holding honorable respectable positions in society, were utterly devoid of heart, honor, religion, even. Why, even the social Pariahs on whom our sex virtuously frown from the safe haven where it is impossible to realize the dangers and temptations by which they fell—why, even they could have done no worse than to take base advantage of a young girl's innocence, trade upon her hungering for affection, and tempt her to the commission of a folly which brought to her deep suffering. You look at me with incredulous wonder. I can follow the workings of your mind, and assure you that it is not what you think. No power could induce me to relinquish my honor."

"I am sure of that," I said, warmly; "and indeed you wrong me if you believe that I for a moment doubted it. The natural consequence of your delusion flashed across my mind, that was all."

"Delusion!" she repeated, musingly; "it was indeed a delusion. Under its influence I entered into a clandestine engagement with Oscar Leigh. Would that had been all! But before I left his home to return to my father's house, I had been a wife three weeks."

"Impossible!" I cried; "my wildest imaginings—"

"Your wildest imaginings," she interrupted, calmly, "could not picture that any delusion would make a woman forget what she owed to herself, to her parent. You are not more shocked now than was I when the nefarious proposal was made. But his oily tongue subdued my angry indignation, conquered my scruples; yet I am sure that I never would have consented had it not been for Mrs. Leigh. Oscar had told me

that my father would never consent to an engagement, and would force me to marry one in my own position; whereas, if we were married, he would be utterly powerless, and rather than have a scandal, would forgive us. 'Should he not,' he said, 'I, by my love, will make your life so happy that you will never regret the sacrifice you make.'

"He talked and pleaded, and then left me, but sent Mrs. Leigh to me to induce me to consent. She represented that if anything should happen to part us, Oscar would take his life; that his blood would be on my head, etc.; and I was idiot enough to believe it all, and finally gave my consent, unconsciously signing the death-warrant to my future happiness. It was arranged that the marriage be kept private until I was twenty-one. At that time I should come into possession of my mother's fortune, and should my father then cast me off, I might still live surrounded by elegancies and luxuries which he, Oscar, declared he was far too generous to consent to deprive me of. I was only too willing to agree to this, for I feared my father's anger when he should learn the truth. Then, too, Oscar had told me—and this had been one of the most powerful inducements to my consent—that during that time should either regret the step taken, a divorce should be procured as silently and as secretly as the marriage had been consummated. At that time it seemed impossible that I should ever desire it.

"I shall not try to excuse the step I took. That I did wrong, and that my punishment for the commission of that wrong seemed harder than I could bear, is equally true. Now, it seems to me that I must have been dazzled, intoxicated, almost insane with love—a love that died a swift sure death; that was already on the wane when I reached my father's house.

"I can't tell you the principal cause. Suffice it to say, that in my father's library I read a book that opened my eyes completely. The book was a treatise on the relation between husband and wife, clearly and unmistakably pointing out what it should be, and how often and terribly it was abused. Need I say more than that Oscar Leigh had violated it in the extreme?

"And all this time that my eyes were thus being opened, I was a prey to the keenest remorse, the deepest humiliation, the bitterest self-reproach for the deception practised

toward my father. At last, I could bear it no longer, and I wrote to Oscar Leigh, telling him of the change in my feelings, and asking him to keep his promise, never dreaming my request would meet with a refusal. How fallacious were my hopes! Instead of a letter, he came down post haste to answer it in person.

"I received his card just as we were sitting down to dinner. My father, learning the name of my visitor, insisted, with his habitual courtesy, upon my asking him to share his hospitality. I entered the drawing-room, and found him pacing up and down, an insolent smile upon his face. Spare me the details of that terrible interview. I learned for the first time the true nature of the man to whom I was bound. Whatever I had suspected, I did not think him capable of so much meanness, insolence and total depravity of nature. He absolutely refused to procure a divorce, or allow me to take measures for that purpose. He declared that he would immediately acquaint my father with the truth, who would compel me to live with him.

"'Compel me!' I thought, bitterly; 'he could not, nor could any power force me to live with a man I loathe.' Aloud I said, 'You may be right, and if it be so, I would rather wait until I have received my mother's fortune, by which I may live luxuriously, if not happily.'

"He applauded me for my decision, and at last I induced him to take his departure, he little guessing that what I had said had been said to gain time, and also with the determination to be myself the one to tell my father the whole shameful story, to beg him to aid me in getting a divorce from the wretch who, in the eye of the law, was my husband.

"After Oscar Leigh's departure, I remained some time pondering deeply on the best way of communicating the story. No plan presented itself, and at last, in despair, I rang the bell, desiring the maid who answered it to ask my father to come to me. I remember that she looked at me wonderingly, and when I caught a glimpse of my white haggard face in the mirror, I was not surprised.

"My father entered the apartment looking greatly alarmed. The girl had remarked upon the strangeness of my looks, and he had quickly obeyed my summons, fearing he knew not what. He approached me, and

taking my hand, said, in an anxious tone:

"'Clare! daughter! what has happened?'

"'How can I tell you!' I cried, passionately. 'O father! if you had not withheld from me your love, I might not stand before you to-day bowed with humiliation and shame.'

"'Humiliation and shame?' my father interrogated, in a perplexed tone. 'Child, your words stab me keenly, while they fill me with dire forebodings. My love has never been withheld from you. If it has not been demonstrated, whose fault but yours? Have you not shown me plainly since I married your stepmother that all filial love and affection had left your heart?'

"'No!' I retorted, fiercely; 'if I have caused you to think thus, it has been unintentional on my part. Your wife made me understand, long years ago, that there was room only for her in your heart. I was too proud to solicit what was mine by right. Her word alone would not have been sufficient, had not your own manner convinced me that she spoke truly. Then, though I drew back within myself, though I appeared cold and indifferent, I could not force out of my nature the love for you that was a part of it. You do not know how many hours of anguish have been mine, or my bitter reflections because of our estrangement. I tell you this that you may more readily see how easily I was duped. It was with these feelings that I went to visit the Leighs. Then—'

"My voice faltered, my courage forsook me. How could I tell him! I glanced up in my father's face imploringly, and burst into a paroxysm of bitter weeping.

"My father put his arm about me, endeavoring to soothe me by comforting words and tender caresses that I had never dared to dream I should receive from his lips. By degrees he drew from me the confession of my folly. I shall never forget the agony of that hour, the terrible effect upon my father as he learned the wretched story. His self-reproach was pitiful, while his anger and resentment toward the Leighs knew no bounds.

"For me, he showed tenderest pity, while big tears coursed down his cheeks mingling with mine as he realized the bitter truth that all this might not—nay, would not—have been, had the natural relations of father and daughter existed between us. Naturally, we both felt justly angry at the

woman who had insidiously poisoned our minds. In the midst of it all she entered the room, smiling, and with that easy careless grace characteristic of her. Meeting my father's stern angry look, mine indignant and resentful, she stood for a moment transfixed. My father thus addressed her in a cold bitter tone:

"Madam, to you, and to my blind infatuation for you, I owe this terrible sorrow that has befallen me. To both of us, Clare owes years of bitter jealous misery. The ugly seeds you sowed in my mind, you sowed also in hers. With honeyed words of poisoned sweetness you made me believe what you would, and made me forget the duty I owed her dead mother and her. Had I not been a credulous infatuated fool, I should long ago have found you out. I might forgive you for making a fool of me; for making me unjust—never!"

"My stepmother had listened to my father, her large dark eyes dilating with horror, a grayish pallor settling over her still handsome features. As he finished, she uttered a shriek which rings in my ears yet, and throwing up her arms wildly, fell senseless on the thick velvet carpet, the blood gushing from her mouth.

"Ah Paul! but that was a terrible time. It seems to me now like some horrid nightmare. My stepmother never spoke again. She had burst a bloodvessel in that moment which must have been to her one of supreme agony, when she knew that her sin had found her out, and heard the man she loved speak to her those terrible words. She died that night, and we could not wish her back. Had she lived, she would have been my father's wife only to the world. After the funeral was over, my father sought Oscar Leigh. Threats and inducements were alike useless to force him to keep his promise. I was his wife, he said, doggedly, and the law could not separate us unless he chose.

"I was, you see, utterly powerless. I had no witness to prove that Oscar had gained my consent to the marriage chiefly on the proviso that a divorce should be procured if desired, both Fannie and her mother declaring that Oscar had never made me such a promise. Besides, he had not deserted me—I had deserted him—and he was the one to sue for the divorce, that being the only ground upon which it could be granted.

"But when he found, beyond the shadow

of a doubt, that I was determined never to live with him, and that my father offered to me his protection and a home with him, and that not the smallest portion of my fortune could ever be his without my consent, he began to waver.

"Thoroughly disgusted with him, my father placed the affair in the hands of his lawyer, instructing him to offer him twenty thousand dollars if he would sue for a divorce. But this was not tempting enough for the wretch. 'Make it fifty thousand and I'm your man,' was his stubborn declaration.

"My father consented, and the payment of that sum made me a free woman again. O, I can't tell you the maddening torture of that year for both my father and myself. Happily, the affair was unknown to any save those immediately concerned in it. Oscar Leigh and his family, before the payment of the hush-money, signed a paper by which they forfeited the money should the secret be disclosed. But they were as anxious to remain silent as we were to have them. This may appear strange; but after all was over between us they departed for California, where, with their ill-gotten gain, they duped society into believing them one of the first families of the South. Oscar Leigh married a woman of fortune, and is one of the wealthiest merchants in San Francisco. Both his mother and sister have since died.

"Behold me, then, not quite twenty-one years old, with my life shadowed, my future darkened. At that time most women are looking forward into the future with glowing anticipations, bright dreams, ardent hopes. But for me the future held what? only misery; for in store for me there was waiting, like some bird of prey, another sorrow to which the first was only as the light summer wind to the fierce northern blast. It was in the fair smiling land of Italy that it came to me—the land of flowers, love and music. Father and I went abroad shortly after I had attained my twenty first year. We remained away four years. The third year of our stay we spent in Florence. We had the entree to the best society, and it was at a carnival fete that I met the Marquis Lidini.

"Weil, we met, we loved, we parted; that is the brief history of that sorrow."

"But if you loved each other, why need you have parted?" I interrogated.

"Why," she repeated, musingly, while a dreamy look came into the lovely eyes looking far off across the moon-lighted waters. "Have I not said that one act of mine darkened my life? The Marquis Lidini could not marry a divorced woman."

"Because of his religion, I suppose?"

"No," she responded, sadly, "for love of me he would have abjured his religion, embracing mine, had it been necessary. But he was, like me, a Protestant. Religion did not bar our marriage. Shall I weary you if I tell you what did?"

"Weary me, dear Clare! that would be impossible. If you can honor me with your confidence without pain to yourself, I am only too willing to listen."

"Thank you!" she said, simply. "Listen then—a marriage was impossible between us because he had made his dying father a solemn promise never to marry a divorced woman. You wonder at this, but his father had been the dupe of a woman who had made him her slave while she was bound to the man who discarded her on account of the *liaison* between her and the marquis. So great was the latter's infatuation for her that he married her as soon as her marital bonds were severed. Then to his everlasting shame and horror, he discovered the kind of a woman he had put in his dead wife's honored place. She attempted to gain the young marquis's affections, and being unsuccessful, hated him fiercely and vindictively.

"She attempted to sow discord between father and son, but was frustrated in her wicked designs, the former having overheard her nefarious proposals to his son. With bitter imprecations he thrust her from the protection of his title. I need not tell you the course of life upon which she entered.

"With such bitter experience he warned his son, and upon his deathbed willingly claimed his promise never to ally himself to a woman that had been divorced. Little dreamed he that the only woman in the world he could ever love would come under that head! If we had only known in time of this barrier to our union—and yet, in spite of all the pain and suffering that has been mine, I cannot wish that we had never loved each other. It is four years since we parted, and I love him the same to-day as I loved him then. If it be God's will that we be united, well and good; if not, if we must

live out our lives alone, I pray that the life be not long; that both of us may be called away from this world of sorrows, for in heaven, at least, we shall be united."

The low pathetic ring of her last words went to my heart, and I am not ashamed to say that tears came into my eyes. It seemed too hard that a beautiful good woman like Clare Ashcroft should have so desolate a life. A woman fitted in every way to make home the dearest spot on earth, to realize a man's fondest dreams of a perfect woman, was forced by fate's harsh decree to walk alone life's pathway. Suddenly a thought occurred to me, and I said eagerly:

"If Oscar Leigh should die the barrier would be removed, and you might be happy."

"Yes," she said, wearily; "but I build no hopes on 'dead men's shoes.'"

"Neither do I," I returned; "but I do believe in a just God, and I can't think he will permit you to bear the burden forever. Clare, I can't explain it, but I have an intuitive conviction that that rascal out in San Francisco will get his deserts, and that you won't have to wait until you get to heaven to be united to your lover. I can, from the bottom of my heart, wish that you may be."

"Thank you," she said, with a grateful pressure of the small hand upon my arm. "I knew you to be a dear unselfish Paul, else I never would have given you my confidence. And don't you think now that you know how impossible it is for there to be any talk of love between us—don't you think we may be—friends?"

"Indeed I do," I returned, warmly; "I can't get over loving you just yet. My heart is sore over the might-have-been, but I would not give up your friendship for all the world holds. Indeed, I would rather go on loving you, hoping for no return, than to have the love of any other woman I know."

"But I don't want you to do that," she said, with a sad smile. "You're just the sort of a man to make a woman happy, and I hope the day may not be far distant when you will love again—happily. There, not another word. If you persist, I shall fear I have not done wisely. Come, let us go back to the hotel, the hollow empty world which—"

"Which does not dream that the woman who queens it right royally, whose goodness is on every tongue, is bravely bearing a

cross under which a nature less pure, less strong, would falter, making her life not only a misery to herself but to every one about her. Clare Ashcroft, I think you are one of the noblest of women! Seeing your life, knowing your sad story, you will always be to me the realization of my ideal of pure womanhood."

Two years have passed since I spoke those words to Clare Ashcroft. About a year after I proposed to her, and when I learned why my love was hopeless, Oscar Leigh was

thrown from his horse and instantly killed. Shortly afterwards, Clare's marriage with the marquise took place. Everybody wondered, some envied, and a great many rejoiced at Clare's "good luck." The marquise bore his bride to his ancestral palace, where their lives flow on serenely and happily. As for me, well, I have not yet fulfilled Clare's prophecy, and made "some woman in the world one of the best of husbands." As yet, no other woman has usurped Clare's place in my heart; nor do I think one ever will.

CONDEMNED.

BY ALICE B. BROWN.

To-day within my prison cell I slept,
And saw in dreams of fond delirious joy,
The homestead where the morning-glories crept,
The home I loved so dearly when a boy.
From meadow green that in the sunlight smiled
There came the breath of clover, pure and sweet,
And flowers that I gathered when a child
Breathed out a welcome fragrance at my feet.

I paused to gaze upon the scenes of yore,
Some calmness from the peaceful view to catch,
Then with a throbbing heart I sought the door,
And with unsteady fingers raised the latch.
A well-remembered figure there was seen,
The sunshine falling on her silvery head,
And heaven's light upon her brow serene,
As from the Book of Life she softly read.

At length the sacred chapter reached an end,
And then I heard that voice so sweet and mild,
Up to the throne of grace petition send
That God would guard and bless her wandering child.

I heard no more, but to her side I sprang,
To be enfolded in a warm embrace;
Long, long upon my neck she fondly hung,
While tears of joy were raining on my face.

I vowed to walk no more in sinful ways,
And felt her hand in blessing on my head,
When lo! the scene grew dimmer to my gaze,
And all the glory of the vision fled.
Jackson, Missouri, Feb., 1876.

I wept for home and one who mourneth there,
Whose pillow nightly with her tears is wet;
Her gentle pleading prayers, her tender care,
My God! my God! how can my heart forget?

How oft I've knelt beside that mother's knee,
With soul as spotless as the drifted snow!
And now—O gracious Heaven! can it be
That I indeed have sunk so very low?
'Tis true, too true! The hands that many a time

When on her breast reposed my infant head
She kissed, have since been steeped in blackest crime,
And with a fellow creature's blood are red!

Was it indeed my hand that struck the blow?
Did some foul demon prompt the horrid deed?
I cannot realize it all, but know
Despair and anguish at my vitals feed.
Sometimes throughout the long and dreary day,
I see the glimmer of a pitying eye,
And pitying words my fellow-beings say
Grate on my ear, "Poor soul! condemned to die."

Yes, doomed to die a death of dire disgrace—
To see before the great eternal throne
The Judge of all, and meet there, face to face,
Him for whose life I must give up my own.
O blessed Christ! soothe this consuming woe,
And in thy mercy hover ever near—
For lost and wailing souls can never know
The agony that rends my spirit here.

AN INNOCENT FLIRTATION.

BY JAMES DABNEY.

MISS KITTY BELL was a beauty; and she knew it. She had half the town at her feet, and had fairly turned the heads of the other half. She enjoyed her triumphs greatly, and was determined to carry them to the utmost limits. She was a good-hearted girl, but vain and giddy. Moreover, Miss Kitty Bell was a flirt of the first order. She coquetted outrageously with all who were willing to place themselves in her power, and she counted the hearts she had trifled with and cast aside by the score. Her friends remonstrated with her, but Kitty only laughed and declared that she enjoyed the sport, and that the men liked her all the better for it. If the men did like her for it, the women did not, and the young lady had many a sharp encounter with those of her own sex who reproached her for her unwomanly conduct. Finally, mothers sought to warn their sons against the beautiful girl, for it came to be the common opinion of the town that Kitty Bell was utterly heartless. Still the beauty had her throng of admirers, and she was so fascinating that the men cared very little for the warnings they received.

Among her admirers was a young man a few years older than herself. He was the only son of the minister of the town, and a frank handsome fellow—a favorite with all who knew him, and the especial pride of his father. Frank Wayne was a warm-hearted impulsive young man, possessed of a nature capable of being made good or evil, according to the influence brought to bear upon it, but with little strength of his own. He became deeply smitten with the young woman's beauty, just after his return from college, and for a long while—longer than usual—he seemed to be a favored suitor. Her brightest smiles, softest words, and her most winning glances were for him, and, in three weeks after he knew her, the young man was too deeply in love with her to heed the warnings of his friends.

His father now perceived the turn affairs had taken, and, wishing to save his son from pain, frankly told him what a desperate flirt Kitty Bell was, and urged him as he valued his peace of mind to remove him-

self from her influence. The young man only laughed—what lover ever believed aught against his mistress?—and assured his father that he was in no danger. Mr. Wayne was not satisfied of this, but seeing himself powerless to do otherwise, waited anxiously the result of the matter.

His father's warning troubled Frank Wayne strangely, and, in order to reduce the matter to a certainty, he determined to see Kitty Bell that day, tell her of his love for her, and ask her to be his wife. Full of hope and joyful expectation he sought her presence. She had never seemed more beautiful than she was then, and she received him with more than usual warmth. Somehow she knew, intuitively the object of his visit, and she wished to draw him on to his confession, for she enjoyed hearing men avow their love for her, and she was such an expert at undeceiving them.

What passed between them at that meeting no one ever knew; but in an hour Kitty went up to her chamber with flashing eyes and a flushed angry face, and Frank Wayne went home with a wild heart-broken look, as if his last earthly hope had fled and left him in despair. Indeed, he was more like a madman than the light-hearted fellow he had been in the morning. He had staked all his life upon the decision of the woman he loved, and had lost. He went home, and shut himself up in his chamber.

That night there was excitement in the town. People spoke in low tones, with frightened faces and wondering eyes, and soon it became known to Kitty Bell that young Frank Wayne had shot himself, and was dead. His father refused to speak of the cause of the act, and no one in the town knew it; yet Kitty thought she understood it all, and shudderingly tried to drive the thoughts from her.

Two days later Frank Wayne was buried. A minister from an adjoining town came and officiated in the place of the grief-stricken father. The church was very full, and prominent among the throng sat Kitty Bell—pale, but very beautiful. She had heard it rumored that she had driven young Wayne to his death, and she meant to brave

out the charge by appearing at his funeral.

When the services were over, and they were about to bear out the body, Mr. Wayne rose from where he had been sitting in the chancel, and advanced to the railing.

"My friends," he said, calmly, "bear with me one moment. I have been greatly afflicted, and the chastening hand of my Heavenly Father is laid heavily upon me. Until now I have said nothing of the cause of the death of my son. My boy was murdered." A thrill of horror passed through the throng, and the minister continued, "Yes! murdered by a woman. She lured him on to ruin by her beauty, and winning smiles, and lying words, and when he laid before her all his love and tenderness, she flung it back with contempt. In his an-

guish and despair he hurried unbidden into the presence of his Maker. I dare not extenuate his rash act, I dare not palliate its wickedness; but, here, before my God, I denounce that woman as his murderess."

The minister's trembling hand pointed to where Kitty Bell sat rigid as a stone. The look of scorn faded from his face, as he gazed at her, and with an expression of horror he sprang to her side. She glanced at him for a moment, and then broke into a peal of wild laughter that rang in the ears of those that heard it long years after the sound had died away. Kitty Bell had gone mad.

People said it was the hand of God. Perhaps it was. At all events it was a terrible end for "an innocent flirtation."

NIMBLE JIM.

BY CARRIE D. BEEBE.

HE wasn't a man or a boy, or even a baby—only a very intelligent coachdog, black, with white spots. His master was a physician, and Nimble Jim used always to run under his carriage very swiftly, never seeming to tire; and that is how he came by his name. He was a very wise dog, not given alone to trained tricks, but always doing some ridiculous original thing which went to prove that a dog's instinct approaches very closely to reason, sometimes. For instance, whenever he was scolded he would lift up one foot and walk on the other three, seeming almost too lame to hobble about, and he would sigh just like any person who was in deep trouble.

One day Nimble Jim's master, Dr. Clarke, for some good reason discharged his old coachman, of whom the dog was very fond; and Nimble Jim, highly indignant, left for parts unknown. In vain his master advertised for him—he was not to be found.

In a very quiet portion of the city lived little Miss Gray, in a small two-story brick house of her own. She was fond of pets, and kept innumerable canaries, finches and all manner of birds, even a parrot. She had a dog, too, which died, to her great sorrow. Soon after, while walking in the street one evening, she met a coachdog, who seemed to be very lame, for he limped along before her, and sighed as if in great distress. She had a paper of cookies, fresh from the bak-

er's, in her hand, and pitying the poor brute, she tossed him one, calling him a "poor doggie!" and patting him on the head. He swallowed the cake, frisked about her on all four of his feet, and then stood upon his hind ones and begged for more. Miss Gray laughed, and gave him another cake, telling him he was a "dreadful cheat," and a "trained beggar," but wishing all the while she had such a dog for her own.

Of course it was Nimble Jim; and, either he understood her wishes, and thought it very impolite to refuse them, or he fancied her greatly himself, for he followed her to her door, and ran into the house without so much as an invitation from Miss Gray. He went into her little sitting-room and jumped about, to the great surprise of the birds. Polly, the parrot, was the first to recover herself.

"How d'y'e do?" said she. "What's your name? Shake hands! Kiss me!" And then she snapped her bill as if kissing somebody, and laughed "ha! ha!"

Nimble Jim was astonished. But he was accustomed to take things coolly, and he made no remark, like a sensible dog, for if he had been very noisy, Miss Gray would, in all probability, have put him out of the house. As it was, they got along admirably,—Nimble Jim, the birds and Miss Gray.

One day Miss Gray went out to walk, and, as usual, Nimble Jim was close at her

heels. Presently he began to bark, and running briskly to the opposite side of the street, he caught the coat-skirts of a gentleman who was upon the opposite sidewalk, kissed his hands, and showed, as well as a dog could, how delighted he was to see him. The gentleman seemed glad, too, for he patted the dog on the head and called him a "runaway," and "good fellow!" And then Nimble Jim ran back to Miss Gray and pulled her dress until the little woman could hardly stand upon her feet. Next he frisked over to the gentleman, and caught him by the coat and tried to bring him over to where Miss Gray was.

The gentleman crossed the street and said, very politely:

"Madam, Nimble Jim evidently wishes to introduce us. I am Dr. Clarke, his old master."

"And I," returned she, "am Miss Gray, and have lodged and fed the dog since he came to me a month ago."

At this Nimble Jim barked joyfully, and kissed both their hands, and acted so overjoyed altogether that the people in the street began to collect about them, and Miss Gray was terrified into asking Dr. Clarke into her house to discuss the matter more quietly.

Polly greeted him in her usual affectionate manner, and the doctor was so delighted with the interview that he begged leave to call again, and to make a short story still shorter, before two months had passed he married little Miss Gray, and took her, with the birds and Nimble Jim, to his home, making a second "happy family." And they got along in the pleasantest way in the world, the doctor, little Mrs. Clarke, the canaries, finches, Polly, and Nimble Jim.

MY SUMMER BOARDERS.

BY AUGUST BELL.

As I was straightening the front chambers this morning, and airing the best sheets, with the scent of the roses coming in through the open window, I got thinking of how I fixed the house up to take boarders two years ago. It was the first time we had ever done such a thing, but folks were beginning to come to our town pretty thick summers for the sake of the healthy air they said, and the fine scenery. So when old Mr. Hopleigh came down from the city with his gold-headed cane and his commanding air, and offered me fifty dollars a week to board his family for the summer, I was tempted, as you may say, and said yes.

It was early in June when they arrived in full force, Mr. and Mrs. Hopleigh, the children, the trunks and the poodle-dog, and took possession of all my best rooms. I had my hands full then, cooking for so many, and actually when the minister came to call on me one baking-day, I had to ask him right into the kitchen, because I could not leave the oven. He had come in on an errand, he said, to ask if I could take another boarder. A young lady teacher from a neighboring town, who had brought a letter of introduction to him, was looking for a place where she could spend her vacation quietly and get rested. She was poor, of course, and could not pay a high price, but

would make me very little trouble he was sure. I thought the matter over while I carried a tin of drop-cakes to the pantry, and then I told him yes, I would take her. For there was the little blue room at the top of the back stairs, without any one in it, and one more at the table where there were already so many would hardly make any difference at all.

So she came, and was so quiet and unobtrusive that I hardly realized she was in the house. The summer might have passed and gone without my ever giving her any especial thought, if it had not been for the notice the Hopleighs took of her. Mr. Hopleigh was a broad pompous man who always wanted his own way. He read the papers in a loud voice, and smoked, and had a few good stories that he told over and over. I am sure I got tired enough of them at last, and the poetry he had by heart was even more trying. But Lotty White laughed right out at the table at one of his funny stories before she had been there two days, and he immediately declared her a very bright clever little girl, and insisted that she should sit with his family, and walk and drive with them on all occasions. Mrs. Hopleigh followed her husband's lead, and petted the girl in a good many pleasant little ways, told her how sweet her voice was,

and what pretty hair she had, sprinkled violet perfume on her handkerchiefs, and gave her a coquettish little plume for her hat. Lotty White was pleased, it was all such a novelty to her, and she laughed and chatted in a girlish open-hearted way, and sang her simple little songs, and played with the Hopleigh children.

"She don't look like a school-teacher," said Mrs. Hopleigh one day, watching her reflectively; "she looks too happy."

Well, she *was* a happy-looking girl, and a good-natured one too. She used to come out into the kitchen sometimes and wipe up my dishes for me, and sometimes she would set the table when I was hurried. That was along when she first came, but afterwards as she became more taken up with the Hopleighs and with Rose Maury, she did not run into the kitchen so often. It was all right she shouldn't. Let girls enjoy themselves while they can, is my motto. But it was then I first began to suspect that our Ben liked her. Ben is my sister's son, who has lived with us ever since he was a boy, and when I saw his eyes follow her so wistful as she passed by him, pleasant and careless, and went out in the porch to sit by the hour with the Hopleighs, I felt tempted to say, "Never mind, Ben, maybe it will come all right yet."

Not that I thought there was any hope for him, however, for one day when Rose Maury came over for a chat, and she and Lotty sat on the bench outside the window where I was hemming towels, they grew confidential, as girls will sometimes, and while Rose owned to being heart free, Lotty confessed that there was somebody "O, so splendid, and so very handsome," who had said a great many flattering things to her, though she was not really engaged to him yet.

"But you will be," said Rose, gayly, "and when you're married I'll send you a wedding present!"

The Maurys were new-comers. It was the first of August when they came to board at Captain Penrose's across the way.

"The Maurys of Buffalo," I heard Mr. Hopleigh explaining to his wife. "Very wealthy people, very proper people indeed to cultivate."

Rose Maury, though an heiress, was a gay lively girl, and having none of her young friends near her, she made a friend of Lotty, so one way and another there was a great

deal of going back and forth between the two houses.

It very soon struck me that Mr. Hopleigh felt a special interest in the Maurys. After having a long private talk with his wife one day, he wrote a letter which he gave me to mail as I was just going down to the store. It was addressed to Robert Clyde, Esq. It came to me in a flash as things will sometimes, that this was the brother Bob I had heard the children talk about, a son of Mrs. Hopleigh by a previous marriage, and that he was wanted to come and pay court to Miss Maury.

About a week after that the Penroses had a party; they always had parties on the smallest pretext, and this time it was a niece come to make a visit and to be entertained. Of course all my boarders were invited and Ben, too, and very beaming he looked as he escorted Lotty across the street. I could hear the music and dancing, as I sat up doing my week's mending, and it sounded pretty enough. All of a sudden, in came Lotty at the front door in a great hurry, she had torn her dress and wanted a needle and thread quick. No one knew she had come, and she said she must get back before the next dance, for she had promised it to Ben. So I sat down and helped her, and we had hardly finished when somebody gave a great rap at the hall door. I went to open it, and there stood a handsome young fellow in a linen duster, with a carpet sack in his hand.

"Mr. and Mrs. Hopleigh board here I believe," he said presently. "Can I see them?"

I was just beginning to tell him where they were, when Lotty who had peeped out from the sitting-room, came forward with a glad light in her eyes, and with both hands extended, said:

"O Rob, how did you find out where I was!"

A more thoroughly surprised man I am sure there never was, but he did not look displeased either, as he said, brightly:

"Why, you here, Lotty? I thought you were in Medford, and I meant to go round that way next week. Father and mother board here, I suppose, you know?"

"I never dreamed they were your folks," said Lotty, blankly, "the name is so different!" And she looked really disappointed as she realized it was not herself he had come to find.

Meanwhile I had lit the astral lamp in the

parlor, and the young man led Lotty to the sofa, where they began a long eager conversation. I went back to my work in the other room, not wishing to intrude, and thought to myself that poor Ben's promised dance was utterly forgotten. A half hour slipped by, and then Lotty looked in at the door to say that she was going back to the Penroses, and Mr. Clyde was going with her. I never was used to sitting up for party-goers, and finding myself presently nodding, I left the lights burning and the door unlocked and went to bed.

The next morning at the breakfast-table I was surprised to see Lotty and Mr. Clyde meet very formally, and not at all like old friends. Mr. Hopleigh was more beaming than usual, while his wife sipped her cup of tea indolently, and said it had been a very pretty party. In the course of the forenoon Mr. Hopleigh ordered a carriage, and with his stepson took Mrs. Maury and Rose to drive, while Lotty uninvited remained at home, sitting on the doorsill and meekly doing fancy work. She came into the kitchen a little later, however, and essayed a forlorn little explanation. Mr. Clyde did not want his people to know how long he had known her, she said, they might think strange of it, and might find fault because they had not been told before.

I could have told her on the spot that such doings never ended in good, and that Robert Clyde would never be any more to her than he was that minute, but there was an appealing look in her eyes that made me desist, so I only said of course they knew best about their own affairs, and I should not mention the matter at all, if that was what she was afraid of.

The next day there was horseback riding, but Robert and Rose dashed on ahead, while Lotty ambled patiently along with the children on ponies. The next day on the croquet ground it was the same, Robert always with Rose, speaking pleasantly now and then to Lotty, but always as if she were a new acquaintance. And so it went on from day to day, Rose Maury growing evidently interested in her handsome attendant, while Lotty looked on with sad-eyed wonder, but with a growing pride which forbade her to remonstrate.

"I believe *my* lover is just as handsome and just as splendid as yours!" whispered Rose playfully one day, and still Lotty made no sign.

The first of September was rapidly approaching, when Lotty's school term would begin again in Medford, and she made her preparations to go. The Hopleighs were still kind, though not effusively so; they would have given Lotty a good many little things, but she declined them all, except some keepsakes from the children who clung about her in real despair at losing their patient story-teller. The day before she went away, there was an expedition on foot to the woods to gather ferns and mosses, and there were chances enough at that time for Robert Clyde to seek one last little interview, and to say a heartfelt word. But he did not, he staid by Rose all the time, and Ben was the only one to help Lotty to carry her basket, and to climb the rocks.

She went away the next day to Medford to take up her work again, and I was glad for her own sake to have her go. Young Clyde departed, too, soon after, but letters came regularly for Rose, and before the Hopleighs returned to the city in September, they told me confidentially that it was an engagement. But I offered no congratulations.

I have never seen any of the Hopleighs since, but a year ago when it was midsummer, I wrote to Lotty and told her to come again if she would. And she came, dear, brave, patient Lotty, undaunted by her lonely year of plodding work, and really three times the girl she was the year before.

And now comes the best part of the whole. She appreciated Ben at last, good, honest, sterling Ben, and I know she loves him to-day better than she ever loved Clyde. There, I have told you a long story, and got my work done at the same time, and there are Lotty and Ben out in the garden calling us. Come and look at the asters, I pride myself on asters, and after that you must really stay to tea and taste of Lotty's delicious biscuits!

GOOD MANNERS.—It is a rule of manners to avoid exaggeration. A lady loses as soon as she admires too easily and too much. In man or woman the face and person lose power when they are on the strain to express admiration. A man makes his inferiors his superiors by heat. Why need you, who are not a gossip, talk as a gossip, and tell eagerly what the neighbors or the journals say? State your opinions without apology.

RAILWAY TRAVELLING IN INDIA.

BY REV. DR. H. STANDISH.

MOST of us have heard the oft-repeated saying, that "one half the world does not know how the other half lives;" but it is only after a more or less long sojourn in India that we can realize the fact, that less than half of the people in the world do not understand how the rest of their fellow-creatures travel. A journey by rail in America, and the same mode of progression in the East, may sound very much one and the same thing; but the river in Macedon and the river in Monmouth are not more different. It is true that railway travelling in Bombay, Bengal and Madras is still in its infancy. Men, now barely past middle age, remember the day when there was not a mile of rail open throughout our Eastern empire; and it is not more than twenty-three years since the iron horse was first seen by the wondering natives of Western India. Unless our memory betrays us, the siege of Sebastopol had commenced, and the battle of Balaklava had been fought, when the thirty miles of railway between Bombay and Tanna was opened, in the presence of the late Lord Elphinstone, then governor of the presidency. This first installment of thirty miles of rail now extends in the direction of Madras to Raichoor, a distance of about four hundred and fifty miles, and in another to Jubbulpoor, which is upwards of six hundred miles from Bombay. And this, be it remembered, only makes up the extent of one line, viz., that of the Great Indian Peninsular, better known throughout India as the G. I. P. Railway.

In the letters from special correspondents with the Prince of Wales, we have occasionally read of his royal highness and suite going from Madura to Madras, or from Calcutta to Lucknow, or from Delhi to Lahore. And we are apt to look upon these journeys much the same as we would one from London to Brighton, from Preston to Perth, or from Carlisle to Inverness. But in reality it is far otherwise. The distances which have to be traversed in India by rail are something enormous. An individual going to spend a few days in the neighborhood of Inverness, leaves London by the limited

mail-train at forty-five minutes past eight in the evening. He breakfasts comfortably at Perth; reaches Inverness in time for a late lunch at forty-five minutes past two in the afternoon, and even should he have a dozen or twenty miles to drive to his destination, is there in plenty of time to dress comfortably before a seven o'clock dinner. But it is quite otherwise in India. Take, for instance, a trip from Bombay to Calcutta. The traveller leaves the former place at six o'clock in the evening—he is all that night, the whole of the following day, a second night, and a large portion of the third day, in the train; and may consider himself very fortunate if, having left the Byculia station in Bombay on Monday evening, he is in his hotel in Calcutta by midday on Thursday.

Nor is this by any means the longest trip he will undertake during a sojourn in the East. On one occasion the special correspondents with the prince saw his royal highness embark at Madras for Calcutta. Not being able to proceed with the fleet, they had to go round overland. They left Madras by the mail-train, as it were, on Monday evening, and it was nearly midday on Saturday before they reached the City of Palaces. There were no stoppages to speak of on the road; they did not break their journey from end to end; the trains kept up a fair pace the whole way; and yet it took them five nights and four and a half days to reach their destination.

But great as the distances are in India, and exhausting as it must be to the nervous system to have to travel so far at a stretch, this is not the most disagreeable feature connected with railway locomotion in that country. Curious to say, the natives of all classes, castes and creeds, who as a rule are the most difficult people to adopt any novelty, have taken to railway travelling as readily as if they had been born in a land where the steam-whistle had been heard for half a century. Wherever there is a line of rail the natives now travel by it, and by no other means. As a matter of course, even the richest among them select the cheapest mode of transit—they would not be Ori-

entals if they did otherwise. The first and second-class passenger traffic is almost abandoned; in fact, the carriages of the latter are rarely, if ever, occupied save by European officials, or officers, or others of the white governing class. To save a few rupees even a well-to-do native will always travel third class; and what the third class carriages are must be seen to be believed. In the tightest packed compartment of the South Western Railway on the day of the boat-race there is ease, luxury and comfort, compared to what the third class carriages of India are, for perhaps hundreds of miles. To make matters more pleasant, the native travellers strip themselves to the waist. They perspire freely; and the result is, to put it in the mildest form, an effluvi-um which is very much the reverse of pleasant.

As a rule, the natives of India, and more particularly the lower classes, have no more idea of time than a negro in tropical Africa has of skating. Thus, for instance, a native wants to proceed, let us say, from Baroda to Surat. He learns that the train will start at ten o'clock in the morning; but to him ten o'clock in the morning is like every hour, except sunrise and sunset—an unknown quantity. He has, however, nothing particular to do, and so, determined to be in time, he arrives at the station about six o'clock in the morning. If it is summer time he, more than likely, arrives an hour or two earlier. He has with him, perhaps, his wife and two or three children to see him off, and to bid him godspeed on the route; or he is accompanied to the station by a dozen or more neighbors or friends. If he is a rich man these friends may number thirty, forty or fifty. Should he be going a considerable distance, say to Bombay, a hundred or more of his fellow-townsmen will come to see him depart. And be it remembered that he is by no means a solitary instance of a traveller whose acquaintances come to see him start. There are, perhaps, three hundred, five hundred, or seven hundred going in the same train; and each of these individuals makes a point of coming to the station three or four hours before the train starts, and is accompanied by a score or more friends.

Of course they are not admitted on to the platform, or even into the station, so long

before the proper time; therefore they sit on their hams outside, chewing sugar-cane, eating sweetmeats, and chattering away to each other like so many overgrown children. The noise, the confusion, and the stench of this assembled multitude can hardly be imagined by those who have not seen a similar assemblage. The patience and good nature exhibited towards them by the English railway officials is not the least surprising part of the whole affair. But the orders from high quarters in this respect are very peremptory. It is the third-class passenger traffic that pays the railway companies in India best, and therefore it is the third-class to which almost every other traffic has to give way.

Not the least ludicrous of native travellers' peculiarities is the enormous quantity of luggage, or rather of belongings, that they bring with them. It is no uncommon thing to see a family, consisting of one man, his wife and child, take to the railway a charpoy, or native bed, a bundle of sugar-cane about half a donkey load in size, a dozen or more copper pots for cooking, a huge bag full of rice, an equal quantity of flour, and perhaps twenty or thirty pounds of ghee or clarified butter in which to cook their food. How all this is packed away, or how, at the journey's end, each traveller gets his own property—for it must be remembered none of it is marked—are problems which are difficult, if not impossible, to solve.

As the time for the departure of the train draws near, the confusion becomes greater and greater, and achieves its climax when the ticket-office is opened. In England, as we all know, the delivery of a passenger ticket barely takes up thirty seconds. The traveller states his destination, and the class he wishes to travel by; he pays his money; the clerk slips his ticket in a machine; delivers it over, and the transaction is at an end. But it is very different in India. The native fights his way to the window. The clerk tells him, let us say, that one rupee six annas is the fare. But the native has all his life been accustomed to have been asked one price, and pay another, for what he wants. He cannot see why he should not, at any rate, try to cheapen his railway ticket as well as anything else. He first, perhaps, asks whether the clerk would not take one rupee two

annas. The clerk, as a matter of course, says no, and not unfrequently uses a certain amount of bad language. He then proposes one rupee four annas; and it is only when the policeman outside the ticket-window threatens to put him away altogether, that he takes out his money-bag and pays out the coin as slowly and with as much apparent pain as if some one were drawing his teeth.

Nor does the transaction come to an end then. To recoup himself in some slight manner, he tries hard to pass off upon the ticket-clerk one or more worthless coins, and as they are refused he gesticulates, screams, swear-, and laments in a most heartbroken manner. But let us not be too hard upon him. His love of money is his second nature. He may be a Moslem, a Par-ee, a Hindoo, or a Jew; a Brahmin, a Rajpote, or a Paria; the rupee is his god, and the only god which he worships. Let us imagine four or five hundred natives about to take their departure by the train, and we shall have some faint idea what a ticket-clerk in India has to go through in the performance of his duty.

But even when our dusky friend has got his passenger ticket delivered to him, the infliction he entails upon the railway establishment is only half over. He has to go to a baboo, or native writer, to have his luggage weighed, registered, and to pay for the excess in weight. If parting with coin for his railway ticket brought upon him pains of purgatory, the agonies he has now to go through may be called infernal. He is, perhaps, bound for Bombay, and has heard at the bazaar that rice and flour are so much a maund dearer in that town than in his native place. He therefore determines to take with him a supply of food for the eight or ten days he purposes staying at the presidency. But, like many a wiser man, he reckons without his host—or rather without the freight he will have to pay by railway. He sees in a moment that even the small tax he has to pay on these articles will entirely defeat his economical projects. But what is to be done? He has brought the flour, the rice, and the ghee all the way from his home, which is, perhaps, miles off. He cannot leave them behind, for that indeed would be throwing good money after bad, so his only resource is to try and save something by cheating the railway clerk. And so, never for a moment seeming to

think but what he can beat down the price of the freight, he sets to work to bargain as he did for his railway ticket, but ends by having to pay the full demand.

The scene inside the railway station about this time fairly baffles description. Hundreds are fighting and bargaining for their tickets, scores are doing the same for the freight of their baggage. The railway whistles sound, the station bell rings, but all to no purpose. It is rare, indeed, except in the large presidential towns, that a train ever starts within half an hour of the time advertised. At last, slowly and by degrees, the third-class carriages begin to fill. For every native traveller who goes on the platform, a dozen or more go to see him off, as we have already remarked. The platform is consequently as crowded as if ten trains were about to start. When any native present wants to find a friend, he does not look for him or even call him in a moderate tone of voice, but screams at the utmost power of his lungs, repeating the name of the person sought for again and again. When several score of persons indulge in this performance, the effect can be imagined.

Although very few in number, there are always some first and second-class carriages attached to each train. In the second-class those who travel are generally English soldiers, going from one station to another with free tickets, or half-caste government clerks, or the native servants of those who go in the first-class. Occasionally, although rarely, a native of respectability and wealth has a second-class carriage reserved for himself and the women of his family. In the first-class travel almost exclusively military and civil officers, merchants, and other Englishmen. These carriages are really comfortable, each passenger having room to lie down all night; and there are rarely more than four or five in each compartment. To the first-class carriages there is also a small washing-closet attached, with water laid on from a tank in the roof of the carriage. But when the prince was in India the other day, the crowd and crush of Europeans was almost as bad, though in a different degree, to that of the natives. Everybody wanted either to precede, to join, or follow the prince and his party. The consequence was that the first-class accommodation in each train was an illustration of the old joke, about three beds for four men, and each man to have a bed for himself. Happy

were those travellers who, through interest with the railway officials, could obtain a reserved carriage between two or three. If lying-down room can be obtained, those who are fortunate enough to secure it do not suffer half the fatigue that they do when sitting up all night. For instance, when the present writer went from Madras to Calcutta—a journey, as we have said before, which occupies four days and five nights—he and two others were fortunate enough to secure a reserved compartment for themselves. They turned in as if they were going to bed regularly every evening between nine and ten o'clock, and enjoyed a sound sleep until daybreak. The consequence of their getting this rest was, that upon their arrival in Calcutta, on the forenoon of the fifth day, they were fresh and ready for anything.

On the other hand, in a journey from Lahore to Agra, when the train was so full that no lying-down room could possibly be procured, the same party were utterly prostrate and worn out when they arrived at their destination, notwithstanding the fact that they were only one night en route, and the whole journey lasted rather less than twenty-seven hours.

Any new arrival in India must be somewhat astonished at seeing the preparations which an *habitué* in the country makes when night approaches, so as to sleep comfortably in the train. The experienced traveller sets to work deliberately to undress; coat, waistcoat and trousers are taken off, and stowed away till the morrow. He then clothes himself in a very loose flannel jacket and a pair of still looser pygamas, or sleeping-drawers, and makes ready the couch allotted to him on which to sleep. Strapped up with his overcoats and rugs, he is certain to have a couple of small handy pillows, and a rassai, or quilted cotton bedcover. The pillows he places at the head of his sofa or bench, adjusts the rassai as a mattress on which to sleep; covers himself with any rug or ulster he may have handy; takes a final "peg," as the tumbler of soda and brandy is called in India; lights a final cheroot or cigarette; and the chances are, before the latter is smoked out, he has penetrated far into the Land of Nod.

As an almost universal rule, Anglo-Indians, when in the East, keep very early hours. The custom of rising at the first peep of day, in order to get a constitutional

ride or walk in the cool of the morning, entails upon them the habit of eating what is called the *chota-hazare*, literally the small breakfast, or breakfast number one. Mindful of this, the railway officials so arrange that every train shall stop about daybreak, so as to allow the European passengers to partake of this preliminary meal. After a night in an Indian railway-carriage this custom is most opportune. The moment the train stops, the comparatively few English passengers are seen rushing in every kind of eccentric night costume, to the room where tea, coffee, boiled eggs, and bread and butter await them. Nor are the ladies behindhand in coming forth for refreshment. They manage somehow to stow away their hair, to don a waterproof cloak, ulster or shawl, and put in an appearance, looking as fresh as if they had just come out of an English dressing-room.

The scene in the eating-room is a busy one. Two cups of tea, a couple of boiled eggs, and a proportionate allowance of bread and butter, is not considered a large quantity for a healthy Anglo-Indian to consume at this his number-one breakfast. Those who provide the refreshments are also fully equal to the occasion. If they provide enough in quantity, they take care to make profit both in charges and in the quality of the tea or coffee. The solids are generally excellent, but the liquids worse than anything that can be conceived by those who have not tasted them. The native travellers also turn out of their various compartments, and after their own custom refresh themselves with a little water, a few sweetmeats, some fruit, and a general scratching of themselves all over the body. In ten minutes the bell rings. A rupee (two shillings) is hastily collected from each passenger who has partaken of the refreshment, and the train is once more en route for its destination.

Now comes the time of dressing and preparing for the day. An unwritten law makes it quite admissible for pygamas and night-jackets to be worn at the *chota-hazare* station. But later on in the day it would be deemed an outrage on social etiquette to dress differently than travellers do in other parts of the world. During the ten minutes' halt the first-class carriages are generally swept out and cleaned; and as soon as the train gets underway, beds are rolled up, pillows and night-costumes put aside, trav-

elling-bags opened; hair-brushes, towels, and even razors got out; each passenger takes his turn in the washing compartment, and in half an hour the first-class carriages contain no more sleepers, but gentlemen and ladies dressed much the same as if they were travelling from London to Brighton. Of ladies, be it understood, there are generally but few to be met with in India, and those who travel in that country are either invariably in a compartment by themselves, or else accompanied by their husbands, fathers or brothers.

As the day goes on, travellers may be seen lying at full length in their compartments, and the chances are that nine out of ten are occupied in perusing cheap railway novels. It is wonderful how this category of literature has increased in India. Five or six years ago these cheap reprints of standard authors could only be procured at the presidency towns, and even there only to a limited extent. But now at every railway station where there is a refreshment-room, you can get them in as great plenty as they are procurable at the Paddington, the South Western, or the London and Brighton stations.

The first two or three hours after passengers dress and make themselves comfortable for the day are, by many degrees, the most enjoyable in Indian railway travelling. But after that—after the dew of the night has been dried up by the sun—the demon of dust takes possession of the carriages and all they contain. Railway dust in India has peculiarities which are not found in any other dust in the world. It is not very fine, in fact it is more like grit than dust; it is black in color, and seems to penetrate everywhere. It invades the hair, it fills the eyes, it gets into the nose, it is found in the ears, it does not respect your mouth, and your very skin takes it in at the pores. In no part of the world was there ever dust like this dust. After an hour or two's exposure to its annoyance the best-tempered man gets cross, the healthiest people become feverish, and the mildest-spoken amongst us is apt to use the worst of bad language.

When the train stops for breakfast, as it usually does about ten o'clock, a second wash of the hands and face is absolutely necessary before you can sit down in any comfort to the meal provided. Not that the said meal, as a rule, has any peculiar at-

tractions. There are plenty of dishes to select from, but all so greasy, and the meat so tough that the very best of appetites get disgusted long before they are satisfied. The price charged is, however, of the most liberal kind—that is to say, liberal to those who have to receive the money. For a tough mutton-chop and an uneatable curry, and a pint of sour claret, the tariff is generally about two and a half rupees—five shillings. The train again moves on, and passengers once more betake themselves to the recumbent position and to railway novels.

In about four hours—that is to say, about two o'clock—there is a stoppage of half an hour for tiffin, or lucheon. This meal is generally but a repetition of the breakfast, the only difference being that you are generally charged a little higher than at the former repast. Then comes the afternoon with more dust than ever, and a generally successful attempt on the part of the passengers to get an hour or two's sleep. At seven, or half-past, you stop for dinner, and partake of another meal, very like the two preceding, save that the addition of soup causes an increase in charge, generally amounting to one rupee—two shillings. For dinner the train generally stops an hour or so. When it gets underway once more, passengers begin to put on their night-gear, and prepare for sleeping during the dark hours. Thus the day ends only to be repeated on the morrow, and again on the next day, until the journey happily comes to an end.

Railways in India are divided into two classes, those called the *Guaranteed Lines* and those which are entitled *State Railways*. The former have all been built by joint-stock companies, the government guaranteeing the shareholders a dividend of not less than five per cent. The *State Railways* are built by the State and managed by engineers and officials appointed by government. Of recent years all the new lines belong to the latter category, as the Indian government finds it cheaper to borrow money at four per cent and build their own, than to guarantee five per cent to shareholders of other lines. The immense changes that railways have worked in India are only known to those who were acquainted with the country before the snort of the iron horse was heard, and have since travelled over parts of that great empire. For instance, fifteen or twenty years ago, any

person going from Bombay to Calcutta took at least twelve or fifteen days if he went by sea, and a couple of months if he proceeded by land; but he can now get over the journey in three nights and three days by railroad.

Before, and for some years after the great mutiny, troops proceeding from England to India took three and a half or four months to reach Calcutta, and had then a three months' march before them before they arrived at the frontier stations in the north-west. But now, thanks to the Suez Canal and the continuous line of railways, a regiment may embark on the first of the month at Portsmouth, and by the fifth of the following month be safely housed at the barracks of Rawal Pindi or Peshawur. In short, India is fast becoming, if indeed it has not already become, as small as the rest of the world. The inhabitants of the Pun-

jaub and the citizens of Bombay are no longer strangers to each other. A military officer, quartered in Madras, may pay a visit to a friend in the Deccan, remain with him two or three weeks, and rejoin his corps within a month after he left it. Merchandise and produce which formerly were hardly worth buying or selling—the inland carriage being so very expensive—are now transferred from the farthest countries of the eastern territories to the seaports in the south or west of India with the utmost facility. In no country in the world has the iron rail worked so many changes as it has in India, and in no country is it likely to work greater. Travelling in Hindostan is certainly hotter, more dilatory, and more uncomfortable than travelling in Europe; but nowhere are the facilities of locomotion on the lines more thoroughly appreciated than they are in that great eastern land.

TOGETHER.

BY MARY HELEN BOODEY.

'Tis sweet in hours of sadness
To feel that thou art near;
'Tis sweet in times of gladness
To know my joy is dear;—
'Tis sweet at morn and noontime,
And when the night is here,
In winter or in June-time,
To dream that thou art near.

'Tis sweet all times and seasons
To think that thou art near,—
That all my truth and treasons,
And all my faith and fear,
That all my peace and striving,
My sunshine and my shade,
My failing and my thriving,
Well known to thee are made.

So we go on together—
Though thou art now unseen—
Through every phase of weather,
Or bright or dark the scene;
Thy hand within mine own hand
Will make the journey dear,
Till on that sweet unknown strand
I see thee standing near.

Laconia, N. H., Oct., 1878.

THE HEIRESS AND HER GUARDIAN.

A TALE OF ENGLISH COUNTRY LIFE.

BY MRS. H. LOVETT CAMERON.

[This Story was commenced in the November Number of the Magazine.]

CHAPTER VII.

MR. BRUCE'S LETTER.

"You will let me sit here and write a letter, wont you, Colonel Fleming?" said Mrs. Blair, when Juliet, on her inopportune entrance, had effected a hasty retreat from the room.

Of course Colonel Fleming was delighted to have Mrs. Blair's company. From his using it so much, the room had come to be looked upon as essentially his.

The lady sat down, dipped her pen in the ink, and began to write. Now and then she glanced at her companion, who, with a perfectly impassive face, sat apparently absorbed in the "Saturday Review."

It was not a very long letter, but the composition of it seemed to afford her a good deal of trouble, for she laid down her pen and pondered several times.

"You must be *very* urgent," she wrote, "for I fear Juliet is inclined to be headstrong, and to throw herself away in an entirely new and *most undeserving* quarter; it would be a dreadful mistake—and with such a property. The responsibility rests almost entirely on yourself." And then she signed her name and put up the letter in a faint-scented gray-tinted envelop, which she sealed and addressed to "Josiah Bruce, Esq., 199 Austin Friars, City," with an underlined *Private* in large letters in the left-hand corner.

It was astonishing how affectionately devoted Mrs. Blair was to her stepdaughter all that day. She hardly let her out of her sight; she was untiring in her efforts to amuse and entertain her; she offered to wind her woools, to play her accompaniments, to go out driving with her, and even to help her with her visits in the village.

Juliet was in such a strange exalted state of mind, that she was scarcely conscious of these unwonted attentions; but when the evening came, she found that she had not spoken a single word to her guardian since the morning.

When they went up stairs to bed, Mrs. Blair did a most unusual thing; she followed Juliet into her bedroom.

"Juliet, love, I have something to say to you; I fear, something you wont like—something disagreeable."

"One seldom does like disagreeable things, my dear Mrs. Blair. What is it that you are going to tell me?"

"Well, dear, it is about yourself. You don't generally like my advice even when it is best meant, I know; but still—"

"I am afraid I am not very amenable to advice," said the girl, with a momentary softening towards the woman whose falseness she always instinctively fathomed with the clear-sightedness of a perfectly candid and sincere nature; "you know I have had my own way so much; but I shall really be glad to listen to any advice you can give me."

"Well, love, it is about Colonel Fleming and yourself."

"What do you mean?" In an instant she was like a creature at bay, turning on her stepmother with flashing eyes.

"Don't get angry, Juliet; but do you think it is *quite* wise or prudent to sit so much alone in the library with Colonel Fleming in the morning? Of course you and I know what nonsense such a thing must be; but people are so stupid, and it gives rise to talk."

"People! what people? and who talks?"

"Why, things are said in the house—in the se. vants' hall."

"How *dare* they!" cried Juliet, frantically.

"Yes, of course, love, it is most impertinent; but you see servants notice things just like any one else," said Mrs. Blair, deprecatingly.

"And how can you lower yourself to listen to tittle-tattle from the servants' hall, Mrs. Blair!"

"Hush, hush, my dear, don't scold at me; I never listen, never; as I always tell Ernestine, 'don't bring things to me.'"

"I hate that Ernestine!" broke in the girl, passionately.

"Ernestine is a very valuable servant, and I don't intend to part with her," said Mrs. Blair, with a touch of temper, which, however, was instantly suppressed; "but, my love, that is not the point; as I was saying, they *will* talk, and isn't it a pity to give occasion for such talk? Of course, you and I know how absurd it is, quite ridiculous, in fact; a man such years older than yourself, so grave and serious, and your guardian, too; something almost improper in the idea, isn't there? and you half engaged to Cis Travers, too?"

"Be good enough to leave Cis Travers's name out of the question, Mrs. Blair," said Juliet, by this time fairly stamping with fury. "I consider myself quite incapable of doing anything that is unseemly or unfitting to my position in this house, and I shall certainly not alter my conduct for any impertinent remarks which may be made upon it by your maid!"

"Well, dearest, don't be so angry about it; I am sure I only meant to give you a motherly hint, and you must not bear me a grudge for it, will you, darling?"

"Thank you; I dare say you thought it was your duty," said Juliet, coldly; at which Mrs. Blair declared that she was a sweet, dear, warm-hearted, generous-souled darling, flung her arms round her, and kissed her almost with rapture, Juliet submitting to the operation with a bad grace.

But afterwards the shot told, as Mrs. Blair, who understood her victim, probably knew that it would. For Juliet breakfasted in her own room the next morning, and then, it being a bright fine day, went straight out to the home farm and the village, and to call on the clergyman's wife, and did not come in till the luncheon bell was ringing. As she entered, she met Colonel Fleming in the hall.

"Why, where have you been hiding yourself all the morning?" he said, as he went forward to greet her.

"I have been out; I had to go into the village and to the farm."

"You mustn't do that again. I can't spare you; I have wanted you all the morning," he said, with a ring in his voice that sent a thrill of delight to her heart.

And then Mrs. Blair came sailing down upon them from above, and they all three went in to luncheon.

Juliet decided that she would not punish herself so foolishly another day; she would go into the library as usual the next morning.

But the next morning, fate, in the shape of a letter in a blue envelop that lay by Colonel Fleming's plate at breakfast time, intervened.

The letter ran thus:

"DEAR SIR,—I very much wish you would run up to town for a few days; to begin with, I should like you to meet Davidson about the sale of those small Dorsetshire farms, as we could settle it all so much better in a personal interview with him. I also much wish to have some talk with you about another matter that is most seriously on my conscience, namely, the Travers alliance. I have had a visit from young Mr. Travers himself, who has been good enough to honour me with his confidence; and I have also received a letter from his father on the same subject, and I think that you and I, my dear sir, shall be wanting in our duty to Miss Blair, and in our due regard for the maintenance of her very fine property, if we do not do our utmost to carry out her late father's wishes on this most important point. I am, sir, yours faithfully,

"JOSIAH BRUCE."

Colonel Fleming read this letter over twice most carefully, and then laid it down by the side of his plate and went on with his breakfast in absolute silence.

"Can I have the dog-cart to take me to the station this morning to meet the 12.30 train, Juliet?" he asked, after some minutes.

"Certainly; but why?"

"I find I must go up to town to-day."

"Then I will drive you to the station in my pony carriage; that will be much pleasanter, don't you think so?"

"No doubt, fair hostess; but I fear it is not possible, as I must take my portmanteau."

"Your portmanteau! Why, I thought you meant for the day! For how long are you going?" said Juliet, laying down her knife and fork.

"I must be away a few days, perhaps a week," he answered, not looking at her and speaking rather rapidly.

"A week!" she repeated, with a dull dismay in her voice.

"Yes, I have a good many things I ought to begin to see to. Time slips away so

rapidly, and my leave will not last forever; and now Mr. Bruce writes that he wants me to see about—about the Dorsetshire farms you have settled to sell. Yes, I think it will take me about a week. If you will kindly excuse me, I will go and see after putting up my things." He spoke rather nervously, and rose to leave the room.

"O, let Higgs see to all that," said Juliet, impatiently.

"Thanks; I will go and speak to him;" and he went.

Juliet sat still in a sort of stupor. A week! what an endless blank of days it seemed! what a sudden break in her fool's paradise! What could take him away from her like that for a whole week, with so much that was unspoken between them, and that last question that he had asked her still unanswered?

Almost before she had realized that he was going, she heard the sound of the wheels of the dog-cart driving up to the door, and she met the footman carrying down his hat-box and portmanteau, and he himself in stiff London clothes and a tall hat, following the man down stairs.

"Must you really be off?"

Poor child! A far less accurate observer of human character than was Hugh Fleming could hardly have failed to trace the despondency in her face and voice as she spoke.

"I must really, I am afraid; unless I want to lose my train," he answered, smiling; "but I shall come back, Juliet, certainly in a week, perhaps sooner; I shall come back."

"You are sure?" she asked, almost entreatingly; and he answered, very gravely:

"Yes, in any case I shall come back."

And then he jumped into the dog-cart, gathered up the reins, lifted his hat to her, and drove off; whilst she stood leaning against the open doorway, watching till he was out of sight. A tall graceful figure, clad in soft brown velvet, with large wistful dark eyes that seemed almost as if they might be full of tears as they looked after him.

Did he think, I wonder, as he looked back at her, of that other girl in her white dress, who had so stood under a honeysuckle archway on a midsummer's evening, twenty years ago?

Not much, I fancy.

How desolate and dull the house seemed

to Juliet as she turned back into it again after he was gone! She wandered about aimlessly, not knowing what to do with herself. At last she went into the library, where everything reminded her of him.

His books, some of his papers, and his writing things lay scattered on the table where he was accustomed to sit; she fingered them lovingly one after the other, and then began to put them together, smoothing out the papers and putting them in order with a touch that was lingering and reverent, as if they had been relics.

Presently she caught sight of the portfolio of his drawings leaning up against the wall. She sat down on the floor in front of it, and began turning over the sketches eagerly until she found again the little crayon head she had first so ruthlessly torn and then so laboriously mended. Leaning her head on her hand and holding it out before her, Juliet Blair gazed long and intently at it.

Poor, pale, sweet face! now that she knew its story, how full of touching meaning were the blue eyes and the little timid mouth!

Poor little bride, dead on her wedding morning! was ever story so pitiful, so heart-rending as hers!

And yet her living rival, with her rich warm coloring and glorious eyes, with twice her beauty and ten times her talent, sat staring at the faint pale face with all the passion of unreasoning jealousy raging at her heart.

This was the girl who had possessed his first, his best affections, who was his ideal, his religion in woman, who had won from him that intense devotion of his early manhood which can never in any man be exactly reproduced again!

Was she unfortunate? was she poor? Nay, rather, most fortunate, most blessed, most rich Annie Chalmers, to have known how to win his whole heart, to have possessed the first love of such a man as Hugh Fleming, even if with her life she had paid the forfeit of such intense, such unspeakable joy!

For, what was left to her—to Juliet Blair? Nothing but the wreck of a heart that had scarcely even now recovered that early shock; the fragments of a life that was broken up and spoilt; the tangled thread that might never possibly be entirely made straight again. And was she sure even of this? Alas! no.

I do not think that, from what you have seen of my Juliet, you will misunderstand her when I tell you that there was little pity, little compassion in her heart towards that poor dead girl, whose story nevertheless had affected her in the telling; but only a great envy and a great bitterness of soul.

Meanwhile Colonel Hugh Fleming was leaning back in a first-class smoking carriage of the Great Western Railway with a cigar in his mouth, going through a course of the most unpleasant self-examinations.

Was he a blackguard? he asked himself, angrily; had he no sense of honor left, that he must go and stay in a girl's house as her guardian, and then try to steal her heart as a lover?

She with all her money, and he with nothing save his Indian appointment! What had he been doing? what had he been thinking about? Over what precipice had his selfishness well nigh hurried him when Mr. Bruce's timely reminder had recalled him suddenly to his senses? Good heavens! was this honor? was this conscientiousness? was this fulfilling the responsibility her father had delegated to him? What opprobrious names would there not be rightly cast at him by everybody belonging to her, were he to do this mean base deed, and take advantage of his position with her to gain possession of her wealth!

Ah! but the child was learning to love him! could he not read it in those dark eyes that could hardly meet his, in her burning cheeks and trembling lips, and still more in all the little flashes of temper and jealousy that betrayed her secret to him a hundred times a day? Only learning as yet, he trusted; she would unlearn the lesson soon enough if he showed her how; her pride, her spirit would carry her through it. Alas! why was she not poor like himself? why was she clogged with all these riches? O God! but it was hard to have such happiness once more within his reach, and this time to have to push it away from him with his own hands!

When he got to town he put himself into a hansom and went straight down to Austin Friars.

Mr. Bruce was in, and delighted to see him.

He plunged at once into all the advantages of the "alliance," as he would call it. It would be the making of the property; just what was always wanted to render it

the finest and most valuable in the county. The families had always been friendly, and her father had set his heart on it; he had at least a dozen letters from old Mr. Blair by him now on this subject; he would show them to Colonel Fleming if he liked.

Colonel Fleming would waive that; he was quite ready to take Mr. Bruce's word for it; but what, might he ask—what did Mr. Bruce imagine that he could do in the matter?

"Why, urge it upon her, my dear sir, urge it upon her."

"I—what can I say? Surely you are the person—"

"Not a bit of it, colonel; not a bit of it. She doesn't mind me more than an old woman. Now, she has the greatest respect and reverence for you, I know very well; and affection too, I think."

"Yes, yes, very likely," interrupted Hugh, hurriedly; "still I cannot see that anything I can say will make any difference to her."

"You have great influence with her, I am sure you have; and besides you are the person to speak; it will come with authority from you. It is clearly your duty, Colonel Fleming, if you will excuse my saying so."

"Of course, of course, Bruce; say no more about it; but Miss Blair is not docile."

"Not at all, sir, not at all; and that reminds me. Do you know of any low attachment she is likely to have formed lately?" asks Mr. Bruce, quite unconscious that the "undesirable person" alluded to in Mr. Blair's letter, which by the way he carefully kept dark, was no other than Colonel Fleming himself.

"Low attachment!" repeated that gentleman, in amazement; "certainly not; I never heard of such a thing, and should think it quite impossible; what can you have heard?"

"Ah, well, I certainly did not think much of it myself, but rumors are always getting about, and will as long as she is unmarried; the girl should have a husband—nothing will really be right on the place till she is married."

"Still," objected the colonel, "I do not see that you can force her into marrying against her will."

"Certainly not; but young women, my dear sir, as you and I know well, are very easy to influence. A few judicious words

about duty and responsibility, and so forth, and they come round as nicely as possible; they only want management."

Colonel Fleming had his own views on the subject of whether young women were manageable or not, but he did not think it necessary to impart them to worthy little Mr. Bruce.

"I do not think," he said, as he rose to go, "that you will find that Miss Blair is a lady who will do violence to her feelings from any such motives."

"Violence—no indeed, colonel; I did not think of any violence in the matter. Young Mr. Travers has been with me, and from what he told me of their last interview, I should be inclined to think—well, perhaps it might be a breach of confidence—but still, as you are her guardian—"

"Tell me by all means, Mr. Bruce," said Colonel Fleming, eagerly; "what had she said to him?"

"Well, she had certainly given him a slight repulse, but Mr. Cecil Travers did not strike me as a hopeless lover at all; he seemed assured that with time and your assistance—in fact, my dear sir, as I said before, I believe the cause only wants a few judicious words from yourself to be won." And Mr. Bruce rubbed his hands together and smiled at his visitor in the most satisfied and delighted manner.

Colonel Fleming gravely assured him that he would endeavor to do his duty to Miss Blair in this as in every other respect, and then took his leave.

He wandered westwards in the lowest possible spirits; he dropped in at his tailor's and his banker's on the way, which did not take him very long and then sauntered into the East India Club and ordered himself a solitary dinner. A few old friends nodded to him as he went in. One asked him when he was going back to India, and he answered, with a sort of half groan, as soon as possible. On which Major-General Chutney—whose wife had come home hoping to cut a splash, which she found herself unable to do in a remote semi-detached stucco villa in Notting Hill, and consequently led her lord along a path that was anything but bordered with roses—answered that he was quite right; he only wished he could get back there; "the old country is a mistake, Fleming, depend upon it, quite a mistake."

And Hugh echoed his words gloomily, "Yes, a mistake wholly; how is your wife?"

"Thanks, Mrs. Chutney is well, poor thing; perhaps," added the general, insinuatingly, "perhaps—ahem, as you are in town, you might look in upon her; it would gratify her very much to see an old friend; here is my card."

Hugh took the card and promised to call on the lady if he had time, wondering vaguely as he did so in what possible way it could gratify her, whilst his friend departed with many internal chuckles at the stroke of policy he had achieved.

"Very clever that of me about the calling," he said to himself, rubbing his hands gleefully together, "she'll like that, I know; shouldn't wonder if it kept her in good temper for a week—shouldn't wonder a bit!"

For Hugh Fleming happened to have a first cousin who was a lord; a lord whose name was frequently to be seen in the "Morning Post" in connection with other much greater names than his own. And although this was a fact to which my hero himself seldom gave a thought, and which it may be said that he had almost forgotten, seeing that his cousin had never done anything for him, nor even given him anything beyond occasionally his lordly hand to be shaken, and once, many years ago, a day's covert shooting in his preserves; still the fact of his cousinship remained, and Major-General Chutney well knew that his better half was not at all oblivious of it. To be able to say in familiar converse with the ladies of her acquaintance, "Colonel Fleming called on me to-day; such a dear fellow! an old friend of the general's and a first cousin of Lord So-and-so, you know, my dear, whose name I dare say you have often seen in the papers in attendance on His Royal Highness," would certainly be very gratifying indeed to the soul of Mrs. Major-General Chutney!

Left alone at the club, Hugh Fleming ate his dinner in moody silence, and wondered what on earth he should do with himself in town during the week he had said he should be away.

Truth to say, he had named that time for his absence because he had thought it good both for himself and for her that he should be away as long as possible, and not at all because of the amount that he had to do.

In fact, he had hardly anything to do. He was to go again the next day to see Mr. Bruce about the Dorsetshire farms; he had already visited his banker and his tailor; it

was hardly possible that he should go more than once again to see these gentlemen. He went to call next day on his only London relatives, an uncle and aunt living in Cavendish Square, from whom he had not even any expectations, and who were almost more surprised than pleased at his visit; and he did actually, with a view to killing time, go and call on Mrs. Chutney, in which amusement he succeeded in expending the whole of one afternoon, as that good lady, with true Indian hospitality, insisted on having up a refreshment tray, although it was but three o'clock in the day, and forced him into the consumption, much against his will, of a large slice of seed cake and a glass of very bad sherry. Finally he had his hair cut, and wandered up and down Bond Street and Pall Mall aimlessly and miserably for the whole of one day; and then he could stand it no longer. Two days short of the week he had promised to be away, he paid his hotel bill, packed up his portmanteau, drove to the station, and took his place in the midday express, which would bring him down to Sotherne in time for dinner, with an insane and perfectly unreasonable joy sadly unbecoming his mature years and the general seriousness of his aspect.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FIRST OF NOVEMBER.

It was on one of those days when Colonel Hugh Fleming was away up in London that "a southerly wind and a cloudy sky" ushered in the first of November.

Of all the three hundred and sixty-five days of the year the first day of November was to Squire Travers the most solemn and the most important.

The first meet of the season was held, according to a time-honored custom, on a small triangular-shaped common surrounded by three cross roads, and having in the centre a fine group of elm trees, known by the name of Waneberry Green.

Here, by eleven o'clock in the morning on the eventful day, were gathered together half the county-side. There were eight or ten carriages full of ladies on the road by the side of the turf—Lady Ellison driving her roan ponies with her daughter-in-law beside her; Mrs. Blair, in sables and a Paris bonnet, leaning back in the Sotherne brouche in solitary grandeur; fat, good-tem-

pered Mrs. Rollick, with her three plain but jolly daughters crammed up in the antiquated yellow family chariot, all four laughing and talking very loud indeed at once, side by side with the Countess of Stiffly, very thin and angular, sitting bolt upright in her brand new carriage, and casting withering glances of contempt and disgust at "those horrible Rollick girls;" and many other representatives of the county families. Besides these there were also most of the smaller fry of the neighborhood.

The parsons had come out to see the fun, with their wives and daughters, in unpretending little pony carriages; and the farmers' wives, in wonderful and gorgeous colors, driving themselves in their high tax-carts.

And then there were a goodly company of riders. Ladies of course in any number, most of them having merely ridden over to see the meet and to flirt with the men, though some few had a more business-like air, and looked as if they meant going by-and-by. Conspicuous amongst these latter is Juliet, on her three hundred guinea bay horse, side by side with Georgie Travers on her old chestnut.

Juliet with her face flushed rosy with the wind, and her beautiful figure shown off to full advantage by her perfectly fitting habit and by the splendid horse on which she is mounted, looks as lovely a picture as any one need wish to see, and is the centre of an admiring group of red-coated horsemen; but Georgie is a little nervous and anxious, and keeps looking about for Wattie Ellison, who has not yet appeared.

The squire of course is in great force, riding about from group to group, talking to the ladies in the carriages, waving his hand to this or that new-comer, consulting his watch every minute, and trotting rapidly up and down as full of business as a general on the eve of battle.

"Isn't your Wattie coming?" asks Juliet aside of Georgie, for her woman's wit has long ago guessed her little friend's secret. "Ah, there he is coming up to us now; how well he looks in pink! How do you do, Mr. Ellison? here is Georgie getting quite pale and anxious because you are so late!" And Juliet nods pleasantly as the two lovers with smiles and blushes take up their position at once side by side.

And now the clatter of hoofs is heard on the left, and, headed by Ricketts the hunt-

man, and backed up by the two whips, in a deep, compact and mottled mass, the pack of hounds comes trotting quickly on to the scene.

Then at once all is bustle and excitement; the squire gives the word, on go the hounds to draw the woods to the right, crack go the whips, too-too-too goes the horn, and with much hurry and commotion the whole body of riders follow in the wake of the master.

Then there is the usual waiting about at the cover side, the gleam of red coats dotted about the field turns the gray background of brushwood and the sombre plowed field into a holiday scene, all voices are hushed in the suppressed excitement of the moment, save only the squire's, who swears roundly at everything and everybody within hearing, whilst the hounds draw silently but closely through the wood.

Then all at once a whimper is heard, soon deepening into a mellow chorus: "Tally ho! Gone away! gone away!"

In a moment the hounds have burst from the wood, and after them dash the whole company helter-skelter, as fast as their horses can lay legs to the ground.

Such a confusion at the first few fences!

Some refuse, some jump on each other, some make for gates, whilst the timid riders turn back, and those who are left with the first flight settle themselves down to their work in earnest, and soon disappear over the shoulder of the hill.

In an incredibly short space of time Waneberry Green is deserted. The carriages have all driven off, some few to follow for a mile or two along the lane in hopes of coming across the hounds again, but most of them to turn in the direction of their respective homes. The lookers-on and followers on foot, who often see a good deal of the fun, have all disappeared; not a living soul is left; and the rooks, who have been disturbed from their haunts by the morning's noise and commotion, come cawing contentedly back to the elm trees in the middle of the little common.

They had a good run that morning, and foremost in the field was of course Georgie Travers, pressing close in her father's wake, and followed near by by Wattie Ellison. Georgie knew every inch of the country, every gap, every gate, every ditch.

She picked her own line with a cool head and scientific reckoning, she knew better than to waste her own strength or her

horse's at the beginning of the day with unnecessary exertions, but when there did come an unavoidable thick-set bullfinch or a stiff bit of timber, Georgie put the chestnut's head well at it, rammed in her little spurred heel, set her teeth hard, and was over it in a manner that made every man round her turn for an instant to admire.

Juliet Blair did not ride to hounds after this fashion. I am not sure that she would not at heart have considered it rather *infra dig.* for the owner of Sotherne Court to go rushing over hedges and ditches during the whole day in the reckless way that little Georgie Travers did.

Juliet followed for a little way in a leisurely lady-like manner, followed by her groom, and keeping rather aloof from the ruck of the hunt, till they came to the first check, and then she turned her horse's head into a side lane, left the hounds behind, and went for a quiet ride on her own account.

Juliet when she was going home, and long after she thought she had left every trace of the hunt behind her, she suddenly came upon Georgie and young Ellison riding side by side down a narrow lane with their heads and hands suspiciously close together.

"Hallo, Georgie! I left you in the front; how do you come here?"

"I got thrown out!" said Georgie, blushing, "and we have lost the hounds; have you seen anything of them?"

"Nothing whatever, and I don't suppose you want to see them, you very disgraceful young people!" said Juliet, laughing, as she cantered by.

Georgie and her lover rode on slowly.

"You will tell your father to-night, Georgie?" said the young man.

"Yes, I think I had better; but papa has been very worried lately by Cis."

"What has poor Cis been doing now?"

"Why, Juliet has refused him again," said Georgie, laughing.

"I am sure I am not surprised; how can your father expect her to have him?"

"Well, I don't know, but even now papa won't give up the idea; he is very savage with Cis, and it is a good thing the poor boy is away. Certainly, Cis inherits papa's dogged determination if he inherits nothing else, for he won't give her up a bit. I rather like him for it. O Wattie, Wattie!" she cried, suddenly, "there are the hounds; come along."

And Georgie was over the hedge in a minute and away, as a gleam of scarlet and white through a break in the woodland told them that they had again fallen in with the lost hunt.

Such a run they had in the afternoon! thirty-five minutes without a check; it quite eclipsed the little spurt of the morning.

It was very late that afternoon when Georgie and her father, stiff, tired and muddy, dismounted at their own hall door, and limped into the house, whilst their steeds, looking tucked up and draggled, were led away to their well-earned gruel.

Little Flora came flying down stairs three steps at a time to meet them.

"Have you killed a fox, papa? where is his head?" she cried, clinging to her father's muddy coattails.

Mrs. Travers, following slowly, lugubriously said it was a mercy they hadn't broken their necks this time, as if they were in the habit of doing so.

"O papa!" cried little Flora, "do let me ride with you some day on Snowflake; I know I could go quite well without a leading rein."

"So you shall, my little girl," said the squire, lifting her up and kissing her, "I'll make another Georgie of you some day, when she goes and marries, and leaves her old daddy?" And the old man winked and nodded at his eldest daughter in a manner that made her quite hopeful about the confession that was hanging over her.

"Please go and take off your dirty things, Georgie, and make haste," said her mother. "Flora, you naughty child, you have covered your nice clean frock with mud; and I wish, Mr. Travers, you wouldn't put such ideas into the child's head; I am sure one daughter rushing about all day with a pack of men, and unsexing herself among stable boys is enough in a family. I hope to see Flora grow up a lady like her sister Mary."

"Stuff and nonsense!" growled the squire, fiercely; "there isn't one of 'em can hold a candle to Georgie; I won't hear her abused, ma'am. Unsexed, indeed! did ye ever hear such a word! d'ye want her to ride in a flannel petticoat? is it her wearing breeches that you mind?"

"Don't be so coarse, squire," said his wife, looking deeply offended, whilst her spouse retired into his dressing-room with a loud guffaw of certainly rather unrefined laughter.

It was in the evening, after dinner, when the squire had retired to his study to smoke his nocturnal pipe that Georgie came and stood at the back of her father's chair.

"Papa, I have something to say to you," she began, softly stroking the top of his bald head.

"What is it, my girl? I suppose you want another hunter this winter; well, I have been thinking myself the chestnut is looking a little bit shaky on his forelegs, though there's no doubt he carried you well to-day, very well—couldn't have gone better; but still I know he won't last forever. There's that brown mare, I meant her for you, and—there, I'll give her to you outright for your own; but I suppose you'll be wanting another. Well, if you're a good girl I'll see what I can do for you."

"But, papa, it isn't about horses at all," said Georgie, timidly.

"Not about horses!" he exclaimed, looking up at her. "Well, what is it, eh?"

"You—you said to-day, papa—perhaps some day I might—I might think about marriage."

"Eh? what, what! marriage, is it? Ah, my girl, I shan't know how to part with you, but I won't be selfish; never fear, my dear, the old man won't be selfish. I won't say nay to any good man who will make my little girl happy and keep her as well mounted as she deserves to be. Who is the man? out with it, Georgie; who is the happy man?"

"O papa, I'm afraid it isn't at all a good match for me, not so good as you would like, but he is such a dear fellow, and I am so very fond of him."

"Well—out with it; who is he?" said her father, impatiently.

"Wattie Ellison!" faltered the girl, hanging down her head.

"*What!*" thundered the squire, jumping up from his chair and turning round on her—whilst his best meerschaum pipe fell shattered at his feet. "*What!* how dare you mention that good-for nothing young scoundrel to me? how dare you think of such a thing? confound his impudence! so that's what all your riding about together has come to, is it! I wouldn't have believed it of you, Georgie, I wouldn't have believed it!"

"O papa, don't be so angry," cried Georgie, tearfully, clasping her hands together "we couldn't help loving each other."

"Loving! pack of nonsense. I am ashamed of you, Georgie. You don't suppose any father in his senses would allow his daughter to marry an idle young pauper like that. How dare he lift his eyes to you! how dare he make love to you! that's what I want to know. Of all the dishonorable, mean, base, contemptible young blackguards—"

"Papa, papa!" cried Georgie, frantically.

"O, ay, I mean what I say, and a good horsewhipping is what Mr. Wattie Ellison deserves, and that's what I would like to give him, and kick him out of the house afterwards, the impudent young scoundrel!"

And at this very moment the footman opened the door and in an impassive voice announced "Mr. Walter Ellison."

At this most unexpected and undesirable appearance on the scene of the young gentleman under discussion, poor Georgie went very nearly out of her mind with despair.

The squire, speechless with fury, and almost foaming at the mouth, literally flew at the throat of his would-be son-in-law, and, seizing him by the collar of his coat, shook him as a terrier shakes a rat.

"What d'ye mean by it? How dare you, you scoundrel? You d—d young rascal!" he panted out breathlessly, whilst Georgie rushed at him to defend her attacked lover.

"I don't see that I need be so dreadfully sworn at, sir," said Wattie, as soon as he was able to speak. "It is not my fault that your daughter is so charming that I could not help falling in love with her, and if you would allow us to be engaged we could wait, and I dare say I could get something to do, and you would help us a little perhaps."

"I'll see you d—d before ever I give you or her a farthing, sir, of that you may be sure; and as to allowing her to be engaged to you, I'd as soon allow her to be engaged to Mike the earthstopper, quite as soon—much sooner, in fact."

"Hush, hush, papa!" here broke in Georgie, with a very white face. "You need not say any more—you will be sorry for having spoken like this by-and-by."

"I shan't be a bit sorry. I mean every word I say. When this young gentleman goes out of the house this evening, I forbid him ever to come into it again. I forbid you ever to speak to him, or write to him, or hold any communication with him what-

ever; if you do, I will disown you for my daughter, and never speak to you again; and I tell you, Georgie, that sooner than see you married, or even engaged, to such an idle, profitless good-for-nothing as this young man, I would rather by far see you in your coffin."

There were a few moments' silence in the little room when the squire finished speaking, and then Georgie, white to her very lips, but brave and resolute as the little woman always was where courage and resolution were wanted, went straight up to her lover.

"You hear what papa says, Wattie; do not stop here any longer, it is no use, he will never allow it, we must just make the best of it and submit. He is my father, and I wouldn't disobey him for worlds. You had better go right away, my poor boy, and try and forget me. Yes, don't shake your head, Wattie; if it's impossible, we shall perhaps learn with time and with absence to get over it. O Wattie, give me one kiss and say good-by!" And she put both her arms round her lover's neck and kissed and clung to him sobbing, whilst her father stood by, looking on, but saying never a word, with a sort of choke in his throat of which he felt half ashamed.

"Good-by, my love—God bless you, Wattie; as long as you are alive I will never marry any other man on earth. Go now." And she pushed him with her own hands gently out of the room and closed the door upon him.

"My own brave good girl!" said the squire, when he was gone, attempting to draw his daughter into his arms, but Georgie shrunk away from him.

"Don't touch me, don't speak to me," she said, and then sat down till she heard the front door close with a slam, and Wattie's footsteps die away on the gravel walk outside.

Then she got up and moved very unsteadily towards the door. The squire sprang forward and held it open for her, looking at her wistfully, almost entreatingly, as she passed out; but she fixed her eyes in front of her and did not look at him.

And somehow, when she was gone and he was left alone, although his daughter had given up her lover and promised to obey him, and although he had sworn his fill at the young fellow and had not even been answered again, the old man did not

feel very triumphant; he did not seem to have had the best of it at all in the encounter that was just over, but rather very much the worst of it. He had a vague idea that he had taken an inglorious part altogether, and felt rather small and contemptible in his own eyes.

"Nonsense, nonsense," he said to himself at last, "of course I was quite right—quite right—any father in my place would have done the same—impudent young scoundrel! and how was I to know the girl would take it in that meek way? girls don't generally. I didn't like the look in her face, though, when she went out. I hope it won't make any difference between her and me, though. O, she'll get over it fast enough! I think I'll give her a new saddle; she wants one badly—yes, I'll do that for her; that will please her, I know."

And no sooner had this brilliant idea come into his mind, than he sat down and wrote to his saddler in London to send down as soon as possible a new lady's saddle of the very best that money could buy.

When he had directed and stamped this letter, and dropped it into the letter box outside in the hall, he felt happier in his mind, and went up stairs and joined the rest of his family in the drawing-room, but Georgie was not there.

No word was said between Georgie and her father of what had passed between them either the next day nor on any of the days that followed. The girl went about her duties as usual, but very quietly and unobtrusively. She wrote her father's letters and read the paper to him and walked up to the stables and kennels with him as she was always accustomed to do, but silently, listlessly, without any of her natural energy and enthusiasm. You could see there was no longer any pleasure or spirit in her life for her. She was not in the least sulky, she was perfectly sweet, and gentle, and submissive to her father, and when the new saddle came down she showed as much affectionate gratitude to him as he could possibly have expected, and yet everything was different.

There was no longer that unity in thought and purpose, that perfect confidence that had always bound the two together in a tie that resembled a devoted friendship rather than the relation which father and daughter generally bear to each other.

The next hunting day Georgie, much to

her father's relief, for he had been dreadfully afraid that she might refuse to go out, appeared at breakfast as usual in her habit. She rode the new brown mare, who, although she fidgeted a good deal at starting, and lashed out once or twice at the covert side in an unpleasant-looking way, still when she was once fairly going, certainly acquitted herself as if she knew her business.

Wattie Ellison was not there, and Georgie and her father both overheard Sir George Ellison say, in answer to some inquiries after him, that his nephew had taken a fit of industry and gone to town to court fortune in his old chambers in the Temple.

To Juliet Blair the girl said a few words concerning her trouble. Juliet saw at once that something had gone wrong with her little friend.

"What has happened, Georgie?" she asked in a whisper, as the two found themselves side by side during a check in a deep lane. "You look so miserable."

"I am miserable, Juliet," answered the girl, and her lip quivered. "It is all over between me and Wattie; he has gone away; papa won't hear of it; he was very angry."

"What a shame! why should he be angry? I am sure Wattie is a man anybody might be proud of."

"Thanks, Juliet dear, but papa was quite right," answered Georgie, loyal as ever to her father; "I knew he would not allow it. You see, Wattie has no money and no prospects whatever; one's sense tells one it was impossible."

"How I wish I could help you!" cried Juliet, ever ready for a generous action. "Now, don't you think I could make you a good fat allowance, just to start you in life, you know? You wouldn't be proud, I know, for after all half the use of money is that now and then one can make somebody one cares for happy—don't you think we could manage it?"

"I am afraid not, you dear good Juliet! not that I should be proud a bit; but you see papa would not hear of such a thing, nor Wattie either; that is the worst of these men," added Georgie with a sigh.

"What, not even if I was your sister-in-law?" said Juliet, laughing.

"Ah yes, then, perhaps, O dear, Juliet, how I wish you could manage to marry Cis. Papa would be so pleased; poor papa! it is hard on him that both his children should give him so much trouble and anxiety in

their love affairs." At this instant a hallo was heard, and Juliet, who was going home, waved her hand in farewell to her friend, who put the brown mare neatly over a stile and galloped off across a grass field to join the hounds.

CHAPTER IX.

COLONEL FLEMING ADVISES HIS WARD.

"I WONDER when he will come back," said Juliet to herself as she rode slowly up to her own hall door. "Not till the day after to-morrow, I suppose."

It still wanted two days of the week he had said he would be away, and Juliet, as she dismounted and went in, felt that she had never known a week to be so interminably long as this one had been.

She went into the little morning-room. The short winter afternoon was drawing in, and the room was but dimly lighted by the flicker of the firelight.

"Let us have some tea," said Juliet, flinging down her hat and gloves on the table and ringing the bell, and then she stooped down in front of the fire and began warming her hands.

Somebody rose from the sofa in the half light and came and stood behind her on the hearthrug. She thought it was her step-mother.

"I am very cold," she said.

"Are you?" said a voice that was certainly not Mrs. Blair's.

She jumped up with a glad cry of surprise.

"Hugh!" she exclaimed in her delight, unconsciously calling him by his Christian name for the first time, and holding out both her hands to him; and he took the hands and held them tight in his own, and then, with an impulse which he was unable to resist, drew her suddenly towards him and kissed her once on the forehead.

Ah! How many days were to pass away ere ever his lips repeated that unexpected and all too deliciously sweet caress!

"You are glad to see me again, then?" he asked, as Juliet drew back from him a little confusedly.

"Yes, so glad," she answered, looking away from him with brightly crimsoned cheeks. "I had no idea you were here. What brought you back sooner than you expected?"

"The three-thirty express. My business was over; there was no longer any reason for my staying away."

And then Higgs and the footman came in with the teatray and the candles, followed almost immediately by the rustle of Mrs. Blair's silk dress along the passage.

"Why, Colonel Fleming!" exclaimed that lady, "when did you come back? I never heard you arrive! Why, how quickly you have done all your London business; how much more lively I should have thought it must be for a man to be up in dear delightful London, with all the clubs, and Bond Street, and the shops, and the theatres, than down in the wilds of the country with only two women to amuse him; shouldn't you have thought so, Juliet?"

"You underrate your own fascinations, Mrs. Blair!" said Hugh with a gallant bow, whilst Juliet, still thrilling from head to foot with the memory of that kiss, busied herself silently at the tea-table.

About that same kiss Hugh Fleming took himself afterwards very seriously to task. It was not at all in the programme of grave coldness and guardian-like severity of demeanor which he had drawn out for himself, and was quite incompatible with that stern line of duty and high principle to which he had determined most strictly to adhere. It was wonderful how, at the first sight of that graceful girl, with her small dark head and soul-inflaming eyes, all these good resolutions had melted and vanished away, and left him so weak that he had not been able to resist even the small temptation of kissing her.

It was only by going over and over again all the old arguments of honor, and duty, and right, feeling during the course of a somewhat restless and sleepless night, that Hugh Fleming could at all bring himself round again to the very proper determination which Mr. Bruce's arguments and his own conscience had succeeded in implanting deeply in his mind.

He must do this hard duty by her; he must plead his rival's cause; he must if possible persuade her to look more favorably on Cis Travers's suit, and then he had better get himself back to India as quickly as he could; for to stop by and see her married to another under his eyes was surely a pitch of self-torture and self-abnegation which could not possibly be required of him.

"Will you come out and take a turn in the garden with me, Juliet?" he asked of her as they rose from breakfast the next

morning; "it is a nice bright day for a stroll, and I have something to say to you."

Juliet gladly consented and went to fetch her hat.

They wandered out together towards the shrubberies, talking lightly first of one thing, then of another; Hugh, like a coward, delaying the evil moment as long as possible. Did he guess, perhaps, how rudely his hand was to tear away all her brightest dreams?

At last there was a sudden pause in their talk, and Hugh began hesitatingly:

"I said I had something to say to you."

"Yes?" she said, inquiringly, breaking off a little branch of crimson-berried yew from the hedge along which they were walking.

"It is perhaps a difficult subject for me to broach to you, Juliet, and one which I can hardly dare hope you will listen to from me, but it has been forced upon my conviction of late, that it is perhaps my duty to speak to you very plainly indeed upon this matter."

"Why should you not speak plainly to me?" she answered, looking down at the red berries in her hand and fingering them nervously.

"It is the matter of your marriage," he said, gravely.

And then she answered, with, poor girl! heaven knows what a beating heart, and with all the hopes and fears of a glad love trembling in her low broken voice, "Speak to me as plainly as you will; speak to me from your heart, Colonel Fleming, not as guardian to ward, but as man to woman; that is how I shall like you best to speak." In a moment it had flashed across her that because she was rich and he was poor, because he was her guardian and she his ward, therefore it was that he hesitated to speak what was in his heart towards her.

"Unfortunately, my dear Juliet," he answered, after a moment's silence, during which every demon that understands the art of temptation had fought a pitched battle within him and been defeated—"unfortunately it is exactly as a guardian to a ward that I wish to speak to you. I think you have hardly given the subject of a marriage with Cecil Travers as much attention and consideration as the idea demands from you."

The crimson berries dropped from her nerveless fingers upon the path, and every vestige of color faded from her face.

Colonel Fleming went on, speaking rather rapidly.

"I had no idea until lately how ~~very~~ much your poor father's heart was set upon it, and how completely the match was of his own special planning and arranging for you."

No answer, only Juliet walked on rather faster by his side.

"Cecil Travers is certainly a most steady and deserving young fellow, and is, as I need not remind you, very much attached to you personally. He is, I am sure, quite above any sordid considerations, and will value you for yourself and not for your money, as so many of the men you will meet in the world might do. Don't you agree with me?"

Still no answer; Miss Blair walks rapidly on.

"From what Mr. Bruce tells me," continued Colonel Fleming, "and from what, indeed, I know myself of your affairs, it would be certainly a great advantage for the two properties to be united; it appears that the whole of those outlying farms in the Lyncedale valley, which now form a part of Mr. Travers's property, did in point of fact actually belong to your great-grandfather, who sold them very much beneath their value to the Travers family in order to pay the debts of a younger son. Now, such a proceeding was of course an iniquity, and if you can in any way repair and make up for the sins of your ancestors by restoring the property to its original fair dimensions it is no doubt incumbent on you to do so. *Noblesse oblige*, my dear Juliet; in your position of responsibility you are not quite the free agent which young ladies are generally supposed to be in these matters, and you owe a certain distinct duty, not only to your predecessors, but also, if I may be allowed to say so, to those that are to come after you."

Then Colonel Fleming comes perforce to an end of his arguments, having, in fact, nothing more to urge.

"You are well primed, Colonel Fleming?" cries Juliet, sarcastically. "Mr. Bruce has supplied you with the usual stereotyped sentences. I have heard all that you have been saying, a great many times before;" and she laughed a short, dry and not pleasant laugh.

"I don't know, if the things are true, that they are any the worse for having been

said before," says her guardian, almost humbly.

And then Juliet stops short in her walk and turns upon him with angry flashing eyes:

"And do you mean to say, Colonel Fleming, that you, of all people on the earth, advise me to marry Cecil Travers?"

"Really, Juliet—" he begins, hesitatingly, quailing somewhat before her righteous wrath.

"Answer me!" she cries, stamping her foot, "do you wish me to marry Cecil Travers?—Yes or no, answer me!" and Hugh, not daring for his own sake to answer her "No," replies—"Yes."

"May God forgive you for that lie!" answers Juliet, and deliberately turning her back upon him, she walks away into the house.

Things after that are very uncomfortable indeed at Sotherne Court for several days. Juliet is deeply, bitterly offended with her guardian, and will not speak to him more than she can possibly avoid.

That he should have spoken to her as he did, ignoring all that had passed between them of tender meaning and unspoken sympathy, was in itself a bitter source of grief to her, but that he should have deliberately insulted her by pleading the cause of his rival, is a thing which Juliet thinks, and perhaps thinks rightly, that no woman ought ever wholly to forgive to the man whom she loves.

By some mysterious means of her own, whether it is by letters from Mr. Bruce, or whether Ernestine's powers of observation have again been called into requisition, I am not prepared to say, but certain it is that Mrs. Blair is conscious not only of the coolness that exists between Juliet and her guardian, but also is perfectly aware of the cause for that coolness.

And this state of things affords her intense satisfaction.

Mrs. Blair, as has probably been seen long ago, divined that the interest which Colonel Fleming took in Juliet exceeded that amount of interest which a guardian may legitimately feel for a young lady who is in the position of his ward.

It seemed to Mrs. Blair that, given a man with no private fortune, and in a position of great intimacy in the house of a young lady largely gifted with all the good things of this world, what more natural than that

the poor man should do his best to gain possession of those good things?

Now, that Colonel Fleming should marry her stepdaughter would not at all have suited Mrs. Blair's views for her own future arrangements.

Colonel Fleming was not a man over whom Mrs. Blair felt she could obtain the smallest influence; she knew instinctively that he disliked and mistrusted her; and as Juliet did the same, anything like an understanding between the two would probably be the signal for her own departure from the very comfortable quarters in which she was at present installed. Although, with a weak youth like Cecil Travers, the widow felt that things would probably be very different, still I am not sure but that to put Cecil prominently in the foreground, in order to keep other and more formidable rivals at bay, was more her object than to urge on a marriage either with him or any one else. She felt that, if she could get Colonel Fleming safely back to India without his having proposed to Juliet, she should have gained a great deal.

Unconsciously, honest little Mr. Bruce, whose faith in the claims of the "Traverse alliance" was part of his creed with reference to Miss Blair, played into the widow's hands with a promptitude and unsuspectingness for which she was constantly invoking blessings on his worthy head. And she had yet another advocate—of which, however, she was quite unaware—in the scrupulous feelings of honor and delicacy which formed a part of Colonel Fleming's character. Instead of being a fortune-hunter, as in her own mind Mrs. Blair had designated him, he was, on the contrary, ready to sacrifice not only his own happiness, but also Juliet's, if need be, sooner than in any way to court a woman whose wealth was to him only a disadvantage, and not in the very least a temptation.

After that conversation in the garden in which Colonel Fleming had given his advice so very ineffectually to his ward, his manner to her became entirely changed; he was continually on his guard with her, constantly watching his own words and actions, so that he became reserved and even cold and distant to her.

Juliet fretted vainly over this change. To her impulsive affectionate nature such an alteration in one who had hitherto been uniformly kind and indulgent to her was

inexpressibly painful. Her own resentment against him had been but short-lived, and had he but met her half way, she would have been only too glad to have forgotten all that he had said, and have let everything be as usual between them.

Things were in this state when a dinner-party which had been for some time in contemplation took place at Sotherne Court.

Sir George and Lady Ellison, Mr. and Mrs. Travers and Georgie, and the Rollick family, were among the guests.

A country dinner-party is not as a rule a lively entertainment; the conversation is purely of local topics, and to a stranger the ins and outs of country gossip are apt to be inexpressibly wearisome.

It is bad enough at dinner, but after dinner, in the drawing-room, when the ladies are left alone, it is ten times worse. Lady Ellison gets hold of a young married woman to whom she proceeds to unfold her views on the nourishment of very young infants. Mrs. Blair descants on the superiority of French ladies-maids to Mrs. Travers, who thanks God piously that she never had a fine ladies-maid at all, either French or English! Presently two of the Miss Rollicks good-naturedly go to the piano and warble a duet.

"O, were I on the zephyr's wing!" trill out these substantial maidens together, which makes Georgie Travers wickedly whisper that, if they were, they would very speedily tumble down; Mrs. Rollick sits by, fanning her portly person placidly, and smiling sweetly at her offspring, whilst Juliet and Georgie whisper together in a corner about poor Wattie.

"My dear," says Mrs. Rollick, who has a knack of making awkward remarks, nodding pleasantly across to Juliet—"My dear, how long is that very good-looking guardian of yours going to stay here?"

Juliet is angry with herself for getting red as she answers, "As long as I can keep him, I hope."

"Ah!" says the good lady, nodding and winking, "if I were you I would try and keep him altogether; perhaps that is what you mean to do, eh?"

Here Mrs. Blair remarks casually, "I believe that Colonel Fleming's leave is nearly over, Mrs. Rollick; he will be returning to India almost immediately, I fancy."

And for once, although she hates her for

saying it, Juliet feels grateful to her step-mother.

She gets up and goes over to the Miss Rollicks, who have just ended their duet, and asks them to sing another, which they eagerly and joyfully proceed to do.

"I know a maiden fair to see!" said Miss Arabella Rollick, archly smiling round on the company generally.

"Beware! take care!" echoes Miss Eleanor Rollick in a deep lugubrious contralto.

"She's fooling thee!" continues Miss Arabella, confidentially winking down the room.

And then there is a commotion at the door, and all the gentlemen come in very close together, turn round just inside the room, and go on with what they were talking about before they came in.

Lady Ellison and the young married woman hastily push their chairs apart and finish off their last confidences on the subject of the infants in a whisper.

The squire has button-holed Sir George Ellison in the doorway, and is saying in a loud voice, "Unless we can improve the breed of horses, sir, unless we can improve the breed, the country *must* go to the dogs!"

"Ah, we must improve the breed of dogs then, ha! ha!" says Sir George, with a feeble attempt at a mild joke, endeavoring to sidle away from his tormentor and to get into the middle of the room—a stratagem which the squire immediately circumvents by backing in front of him, holding him tight by the arm, and talking at the top of his voice.

Mr. Rollick, who is very small and thin, and altogether gives one the idea of a man much sat upon by the females of his family, is telling the young married woman's husband, who is a curate, for the third time, that the crop of mangel wurzels is remarkably fine this year, "re—remarkably fine." The curate, whose interest in that vegetable is not absorbing, answers rather irrelevantly, "Exactly so!" and looks round the room to see if his wife is sitting in a draught, which is his prevailing anxiety. Two young officers who have come over from the neighboring garrison town stand for a moment together, and ejaculate to each other, "Deuced good sherry!" and "Deuced fine gal!" the latter remark being pointed at Juliet; after which the Rollick girls, having come successfully to the end of "Beware," bear down upon these gentlemen from the

opposite side of the room, and carry them off in triumph into separate corners, there to torment them at leisure.

Lastly Hugh Fleming saunters into the room, looking very much bored, glances for one moment at Juliet, and then sinks down into a low chair by the side of Georgie Travers, to whom he has taken rather a like.

Squire Travers having backed himself into the middle of the room, still discoursing noisily by the way upon the breed of horses, catches his foot in the folds of Mrs. Rollick's amber-satin gown, among which he flounders about hopelessly, and nearly tumbles headlong on to that lady's portly lap.

Juliet goes laughingly to his rescue, and then, with a view to the release of the much-enduring baronet, carries him off to a distant sofa for "a talk."

The squire is pleased with the attention; he is very fond of Juliet, and always looks upon her in the light of his future daughter-in-law. "My little Georgie looks well, doesn't she?" he says, looking across to his daughter.

"Not at all, Mr. Travers," answers Juliet, remorselessly; "I never saw her look less well; she looks as white and ill as possible; I am afraid you have been giving her something to fret about lately!"

"Eh, eh what! what's the girl been grumbling about? you don't really think she looks ill, do you, Miss Juliet?" This is said anxiously. Juliet answers that she really does think so, and the squire scratches his thin gray hair, and mutters—"God bless my soul! I can't let her go and marry a young pauper without a farthing, you know!"

"No, but you might give her a little hope," pleads Juliet.

"Well, and are you going to give me a little hope about my boy?" says he, dexterously turning the tables on her; "answer me that, Miss Juliet, and then I'll see what I can do for Georgie—not before, mind, not before!" And the argument is so unanswerable that Juliet is not able to continue the discussion.

And then, to everybody's relief, Lady Ellison's carriage is announced, and there is a general move; every one saying, as they wish good-night, what a pleasant evening they have spent, and no one honestly thinking so, except the Rollick girls, who have made great way with the two officers, and got them to promise to come over to lunch next Sunday.

The last of the carriages drives off, and as Mrs. Blair goes up to bed, Juliet lingers a moment in the hall, and presently Colonel Fleming comes out to her; she lifts her eyes to his with a sort of dumb entreaty for mercy.

"Are you still angry with me?" she asks.

"Angry! what can you be thinking of? how could I be angry with you?" Something makes him more than half inclined to take her into his arms then and there, but he resists the temptation, and only says half playfully, half tenderly—"Go to bed, child, and don't take such silly ideas into your head!"

And Juliet sprang up stairs with a blither step and with a lighter heart than she had had for some days.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"AS YOUNG AS EVER."

BY CHRISTIAN STANLEY.

'Tis New Year, and the rooms are bright

With mistletoe and holly;

The cake displays its crest of white,

And everybody's jolly!

My happiness I can't contain—

I vow I feel a boy again!

Though fifty-odd, I'm full of glee,

With "youngsters" here disporting;

And O, it gladdens me to see

Young couples slyly courting.

Ah, bless their hearts! *they're* not to blame,

When I was young I did the same!

In all the children's games I join,

Their happiness enhancing;

I play at cards and lose my coin,

Boston, Dec., 1876.

And even *try* at dancing!

In "Blind-man's-buff" I revel, too—

And "Cobbler, cobbler, mend my shoe!"

Whene'er I tell of gnomes and fays

Their eyes with wonder glisten;

And when I carol "comic" lays,

How joyfully they listen:

Each youngster earnestly believes

My version of the "Forty Thieves."

Time tracks me, but I'm not appalled,

To dodge him I'll endeavor;

What though my head's becoming bald?

My heart's as young as ever.

Though age has flecked my hair with gray,

I will disport on New Year's Day.

JACK BONNER'S GHOST.

BY W. H. MACY.

WE had no better man among all the crew of the *Dorchester*, whether in cabin or fore-castle, than my chum and crony, Jack Bonner. Jack had joined our ship at Christmas Island, where he had shortly before suffered shipwreck, and he and I soon contracted a strong friendship for each other. Though not, of course, regularly shipped, he had signed a sort of agreement at sea, by which he was to make the voyage in the *Dorchester* for a certain stipulated lay, having his choice either to come home in her, or to receive his discharge in the last Pacific port, and was thus counted as one of the regular crew.

But though, as I have already said, Bonner was one of our very best men, he had certain faults of manner which made him disliked by some of his superiors in rank. His opinions on most subjects were sound and well-considered, but he was often more forward in expressing them than is quite the thing for a subordinate on ship-board; and was always too honest and straightforward to go a step out of his way to conciliate any one for whom he had a dislike. Thus it came about, from no one particular circumstance, but little by little, that Captain Jeffreys was, as the phrase goes, "down on him." There was no love lost between them during the season in the Arctic; it seemed every day that the latent flame must very soon burst forth.

Our season had been a very unfortunate one, and the captain had determined to avoid the expense of making his port at Honolulu, as also the trouble which he expected to meet with from desertion among his crew. We ran down near to the port, and he ordered his boat away with a selected crew, leaving the mate with instructions to lie off and on until his return, it being now well understood that he intended only to get some fresh provisions, and then proceed on to some port in south latitude. The knowledge of that intention gave rise to much discontent in both ends of the ship, but Captain Jeffreys was not one to care much for our black looks, or for the volley of curses—"not loud, but deep"—which were hurled after him as his boat was

pulled away toward the harbor. We were to be tantalized all day with the view of that beautiful port, and the many ships snugly moored inside, and with the thought of how the crews of those ships were enjoying themselves, while we were doomed to pass two or three more long months at sea before we should drop our anchor in some out-of-the-way place, none of us knew where.

The dull hours dragged away, and eight bells came at last. We were all below at dinner except the third mate and the man at the wheel, when we were startled by the fearful cry of "fire!" A rush was made from the fore-castle to the deck, and a small volume of smoke was visible rolling out of the main hatchway. The third mate stood peering down into it, but apparently not at all excited by the danger. Some one was down there in the smoke fighting the flames with water from the scuttle butt, which stood in the steerage between decks, and shouting the cry of fire from time to time. It was the same voice which had first startled us—that of Jack Bonner.

The mate and other officers had poured out of the cabin pell-mell, and, as well as those from the fore-castle, were gathered round the hatchway in a high state of excitement, wanting to do something; but there was no need of our services, for the work was already done. Jack Bonner, single-handed, had extinguished the fire, and saved the good ship *Dorchester* from destruction.

The mate jumped down between decks, followed by others, and began to drag out into view the smouldering brands. The remains of sticks of light wood, which had evidently been placed where they were by no accident, and well saturated with oil, and also some wads of greasy oakum in a half-consumed state, were sufficient evidence that the fire was incendiary.

"What does all this mean?" demanded Mr. Green, the first officer. "What devil's work is this? Who first saw the fire?"

"I did, sir," answered Jack Bonner, who stood near begrimed with smoke and perspiration, and panting from his exertions.

"How came you to discover it?" asked the mate, looking at him sternly.

"I came aft in the dinner hour, sir, to get some water from the scuttle-butt, and saw the smoke between decks, for it was just beginning then to pour up from the hatchway. There's my tin pot, sir, right where I dropped it when I first cried 'fire' and rushed for a bucket."

"Where was Mr. Martin all this time? I left him in charge of the deck when I went to dinner."

"Mr. Martin was away aft there, leaning over the taffrail by the round-house. I raised the alarm when I dropped my tin pot and rushed up the steerage ladder for the bucket, which I had seen standing on the booby-hatch."

"What did Mr. Martin do then?"

"Well, he didn't do anything right away, sir. The first word he said was, 'shut up your noise;' but I yelled again as I rushed down to the water cask, and then he came forward and looked down, and asked 'where?' very coolly, I thought, as if he were in no great hurry about it."

"*You lie!*" roared the third mate, with a gesture as if he intended to follow the word with a blow. But Bonner was too quick-eyed; the tin pot which he had held in his hand was hurled full in the teeth of the pugnacious Mr. Martin, stunning him for the moment. Mr. Green and the boat-steerer interfered to prevent further violence, and Jack was marched aft and placed under guard in the cabin to await the arrival of his majesty the captain, for our boat was now to be seen coming out through the passage on the reef.

Captain Jeffreys fairly foamed at the mouth when the story was made known to him. The investigation was short enough; indeed, it was no investigation at all, being entirely an *ex parte* affair, for Mr. Martin had first gotten the ear of the captain and mate, and told the story in his own way.

The captain, blinded by his hatred and prejudice against Bonner, would not listen to anything from him. Indeed, Jack did not attempt to say much, for when he was directly charged to his face with having set fire to the ship, his lip only curled into a sneer, and he was disposed to treat the accusation with silent contempt. So the captain stormed away, having all the talk to himself.

"O, you may curl your lip and put on

airs," said he, "but I'll find a way to get the truth out of you! It was a nice plan, wasn't it, to set fire to the ship close to port! There would be no great danger to your precious carcass, and she would be pretty sure to be partly burned, so as to drive her into port for repairs, even if she wasn't burned up altogether, which would be still better, eh?"

"So far as I am concerned in that business, you are only talking sheer nonsense," said Bonner, quietly.

"O yes, of course," continued Captain Jeffreys, with rising rage. "I don't talk much else but nonsense, do I? And then, you miserable coward, you got scared at your own work after you had done it, and so you made a great show of raising an alarm and putting it out; eh? eh?"

"You know better than that, or *ought* to know better, sir; you don't believe yourself what you are saying," said Jack, as the tyrant stopped to take breath.

"O, don't I? We'll see about that; and I'll find a way to work the devil out of you that I've seen lurking in you for the last six months. What a pity you hadn't had courage enough to carry out your rascally plan! As it is, the ship isn't damaged enough to amount to anything, and so you wont get your foot ashore in Honolulu, after all; and in the meantime, I'll put you in a place where I can find you, my very innocent lad. O no! *you* didn't set fire in the ship—of course you didn't! Perhaps you even know who *did* do it, eh?"

"I think I do," answered Jack, as quietly as before, and with the same independent air, which only served to inflame the irate captain to a still higher pitch.

"I'll break your proud spirit!" he roared. "Here, Mr. Martin, put these handcuffs on this man."

The third mate, still smarting from the pain of his battered face, rushed forward eagerly to do the bidding of his superior. Bonner would probably have submitted to be ironed by any other officer, but this was the last straw to break the camel's back.

"Don't touch me, Mr. Martin," he said, in a low tone, but with a gesture of warning.

"What!" screamed the captain; "do you mean to say that you wont have the irons on?"

"I say they shall not be put on by *him*. If you want to iron me yourself, I will hold out my hands to receive them. But I'll

knock him down if he undertakes it, even by your orders."

"What! you'll knock down an officer of my ship, acting by my orders? Mr. Martin, are you a coward? Go on and do your duty."

Martin, thus adjured, took another step, which brought him within the range of Bonner's fist, and was felled to the deck by a blow sent straight from the shoulder.

"Here, Mr. Green! Mr. Conway! Here, boatsteerers! Take hold of this man and put him in irons! I'll have a cage made for him to-morrow."

"There's no need to call any more help, or use any more violence," said Bonner, holding out his hands towards Conway, the second mate, who now had the handcuffs, and who adjusted them with a single click. The prisoner then walked off and sat down on the toolchest.

"I said that I would never submit to be manacled by the third mate, and I never *would*; I'd have died first. And now, Captain Jeffreys, if you choose to carry me into your next port in handcuffs, or even in a cage, I suppose I can stand it. You may do your worst, now that I am in your power, but I believe you'll live to be sorry for this day's work."

And after that, though the captain continued to storm, and swear, and taunt him as before, he was not to be goaded into breaking his silence.

Having received on board a fresh supply of provisions from a shore launch, we made sail, and steered on our course to the southward. But the captain was as good as his word about the cage. He set the cooper at work the next day to make a cage of hoop iron, large enough for a man to stand erect in, or to lie down, as he might choose. The interstices were large enough to admit the passage of one's arm, and to allow of food being passed through to the prisoner inside.

The officers remonstrated at the unnecessary cruelty of caging a man who was not at all dangerous or violent; and Mr. Conway, the second mate, who was a firm believer in the man's innocence of the charge, said all that a subordinate could well say about it.

But old Jeffreys, an ignorant and brutal man at best, and especially unreasonable when fortified with liquor, as he was a great part of the time, turned a deaf ear to all re-

monstrance, and persevered in his scheme, the brutality of which was only equalled by its absurdity.

Like most whalers, on long voyages, the *Dorchester* carried two spare spars, one on each side of the quarter deck, with the ends projecting out several feet over the stern. Across these projecting ends several smaller spars were lashed, forming a platform, which overhung the sea beyond the taffrail, and upon this platform the cage, when finished, was lashed, and Jack Bonner ordered into it.

He obeyed the order without resistance, deigning no other reply to the captain's abusive language than the same cold sneer before mentioned.

One end of the cage swung open as a door, and when closed was secured by a large padlock. A piece of old sail thrown about the top of the cage served as a partial screen from the heat of the sun, and at other times from rain.

Thus was my noble young shipmate and crony secured in his strange prison, in full view of all hands, and exposed hourly to the taunts and abuse of a drunken tyrant.

He was let out for an hour or two every afternoon, that he might stretch his legs, but at such times was required to wear his irons, having them taken off again when he returned into his iron basket.

He was not allowed to talk with any of his shipmates, but, during my tricks at the wheel in the night, we were able to manage stolen interviews, being so near each other that we could converse in quite low tones.

The key of the padlock was always kept by the captain all day, and carried below at night, where the officer of the deck could not get it without waking him, for he was always in fear that some one would play him false, and befriend his poor victim in some unauthorized way.

His fears were not without good reasons, for the second mate, disgusted with the whole business, proved a stanch friend of Jack; and searching among some old iron in the transom locker, found a rusty key which fitted the padlock of the prison.

We had arrived within two days' sail of Huaheine, one of the Society Group, and it had leaked out that this island was to be our port.

The weather was rough and squally when our watch was called at midnight, and the light sails had been furled, leaving the ship

under full topsails and jib. It was my turn-out trick at the wheel, the third mate being in charge of our watch; and I went aft to my post as soon as I came on deck. I knew, for Bonner had himself told me the night before, that he had a key in his pocket, and could liberate himself from his cage at will.

But although he had many indulgences during the second mate's watch on deck, his mortal enemy, Martin, was of course ignorant of all that, and we decided to keep him in ignorance.

As a black tropical squall was rising, such a one as gets up a gale of wind at a moment's notice, and spends its fury within the hour, the officer was stirring, and pervaded the whole ship, looking after his men, and seeing that all was clear for an emergency, instead of lounging around the cabin gangway, as was his custom in fair weather.

Bonner was lying down on his mattress at the bottom of the cage, but was broad awake, for my low whistle, given to indicate that the coast was clear, was answered at once.

"Dirty weather, Jack," said I.

"Yes. I rode out the rain squall very comfortably, in Mr. Conway's watch, thanks to him for sheltering me with his big tarpaulin. But I suppose if that thief of a third mate notices it, he'll take it away again."

"I'm afraid, Jack," said I, "that the next squall is going to be a very heavy one, and coming butt-end foremost. I don't like the looks of the sky at all, and I wish the topsails were clewed down before it strikes us!"

"Luff, boy, luff, close up to the wind!" called out Mr. Martin to me; but the order was superfluous, for the sails were already lifting and shivering.

The squall closed upon us so black and thick that the darkness appeared to be tangible—one could feel it. There was a tremor in the air, and the stout old ship began to careen to the blast, which came with an ominous moaning sound.

"Let go the topsail halyards, fore and aft!" roared the frightened officer. But he was too late.

Down she went on her broadside, so suddenly that the distended sails would not come down, though all the halyards had been let fly at the word.

For a minute or two there was a scene of confusion which no language can describe.

There was no need to call all hands, for every one came tumbling as fast as he could up the ladder, which was no easy matter. The roaring of the blast was fearful, and the ship was in imminent danger.

"Hard up your helm!" shouted the mate, as his head emerged from the cabin doorway. "Hard up, and get her off before it!"

He was closely followed by Captain Jeffreys, and both starting forward, disappeared in the darkness.

As the ship fell off to a "hard full," under the power of the helm, I heard a dull thud, and then a tremendous slatting and crashing, mingled with loud voices from everybody.

"Foretop-mast's gone!" I heard some one say, "and the jibboom, too!"

Then the word was given to square in the mizzen-topsail, but she was already falling off in obedience to the power of the helm. I heard a clanking of the iron cage behind me, and then Bonner's voice close to my ear:

"I'm not going to be drowned like a rat in a trap, but I'm going to make them think so. And here goes!"

I heard a rumbling and jarring behind me, then a sliding as of one heavy body upon another, and a heavy splash into the sea astern. I understood the whole. Jack had cut the lashings that confined the smaller booms, and now, with a single push of his feet, had sent the whole raft of them, with the iron cage attached, overboard. I looked round for him, but he was lost in darkness. I spoke in a moderate tone, then louder, but got no answer.

The rain was now coming down in torrents, and I had enough to do to keep the old Dorchester before the blast; while every one was busy forward securing the wreck of the spars. But the coming of the rain indicated that the greatest force of the wind was now spent, and in a few minutes it began to abate. The weight of the squall was over before Captain Jeffreys came aft, emerging from the pitchy darkness into the little semi-circle of light shed from the binacle lamp.

"Bonner!" he cried; "how do you weather it? I ought to have remembered the man when the squall struck," he returned, "but I couldn't stop just then. Why, what— My God!" he roared, "he's gone overboard!"

For the blackness was passing away to leeward, and the moon shining upon the scene, as he jumped on the taffrail, showed the long bare ends of the two spars projecting astern, but not a vestige of the bridge or the grated prison which before had stood towering up from it.

As quickly as possible the ship was brought up to the wind, but the movement would amount to nothing, as was plain enough upon a second sober thought. For we had run several miles dead to leeward during the squall, and crippled as we now were, could do nothing at beating up again.

The terror-stricken old man, now completely sobered, questioned me eagerly, but of course I knew nothing. I declared that I had been so entirely occupied with the helm, during the great emergency, that I knew nothing of what had happened directly behind me, and within a few feet. I actually knew nothing of what had become of Jack after he spoke to me, and I even feared that he might have slipped overboard himself when he pushed the booms over. I observed that the third mate's face wore a look of malignant triumph, and I tried in vain to read any *special* intelligence in the feature of Mr. Conway; for I fancied that he might know more than any one else about my chum, if indeed he were alive. Old Jeffreys, haggard and pale, staggered into the cabin to drown his remorse in liquor.

We continued on our course towards Huaheine, rigging some jury-spars so as to carry a little head sail, but the Dorchester was now become that bugbear and terror of sailors—a *haunted ship*. The ghost was active, but pervaded only the cabin and the after part of the ship, where the "manifestations" were frequent, being of nightly occurrence.

The captain got no sleep at all, except by drowning his senses, and was driven to the very verge of insanity. Things were thrown about in his stateroom in the strangest manner, his small hanging mirror, which hung against the wall near his head, fell to the floor with a crash, and was shivered to pieces.

As he roused from his drunken sleep, he found the cabin in darkness, and caught a glimpse of a tall figure in white, which he declared had vanished out through the stern windows. He abandoned his stateroom and tried to rest better by taking up his lodgings on the transom, but that night a sepulchral

voice came in at the window, close by his head, and accused him of the murder of an innocent man. He rushed on deck wild with fear, went and looked over the stern, peering downward, as if he expected to see spectres rising out of the vortex round the ship's rudder, and walked the deck in a fearful state of trembling and cold sweat, not daring to go below again until after daylight.

The third mate was the next victim and suffered even more from fright than did Captain Jeffreys. He had been woken from sleep at the dead of night by that same unearthly voice calling out the word, "murderer!" In his ear, the sound appearing to come through the aperture of the side-lights which stood open in hot weather. Mr. Green, the mate, had also heard these strange nocturnal voices, though never seeming to be addressed to himself, and had once caught a momentary glimpse of a figure in white, which appeared to vanish into thin air before he could collect his bewildered senses, while the Portuguese steward, terrified beyond endurance, had deserted his lodgings entirely, and slept either above deck or in the "bull room," with the boat-steerers.

All this time Mr. Conway laughed at the whole business, and pretended never to have heard anything out of the common course. At the same time he fed the flame of the captain's remorse, by insinuating his firm belief that the young man who had met this dreadful and untimely fate was quite innocent of having fired the ship.

"If he didn't do it, who *did*?" demanded the old man at last, turning fiercely upon him. "You were in the boat with me, at the time, and of course, you know nothing about it."

"I *was* in your boat, sir, that's true, but I can have my suspicions, and I think I do know something about it. It wasn't Jack Bonner, sir, though he has paid the penalty with his life."

Captain Jeffreys's eyes appeared to flame from his haggard face like live coals in a bed of ashes, and he clutched a belaying-pin for support. "What do you mean?" he shrieked, "who do you think set the fire?"

"You wouldn't believe it unless I could furnish proof, and I am not quite prepared yet, though I hope to do it soon."

"But who do you *think* it was? Why don't you tell me? What do you mean by

these hints? *Speak out!*" he roared in a frenzy.

"The man who accused Bonner, sir, Mr. Martin, sir, is the real incendiary."

"I can't believe it!"

"So I suppose," answered the second mate, quietly. "You seemed to have made up your mind who was guilty before you asked any questions."

The captain trembled so that, but for his grasp on the belaying-pin, he must have fallen to the deck. Mr. Conway followed up his advantage.

"If you had listened to reason, sir, and investigated all the evidences, you might at least have doubted, and the blood of a fine young man would not be upon your hands."

A deep groan was the only reply, but the captain raised himself erect, as if by a mighty effort, and reeled below the cabin stairs.

"Gone to his bottle for strength," muttered the second mate. In a few minutes his gray head was again seen above the companion-way; he trod the deck with a firmer step, as if he had nerved himself up for some definite purpose, and meant to carry it through.

"Mr. Martin," he shouted, "Come down!"

The third mate was at the masthead looking out for whales, and obeyed the summons, wondering, as his looks plainly showed, why he was called down before his trick was out. The old man confronted him firm and stern, with determination in every feature.

"Mr. Martin! Did you set fire to the ship?"

"Who says I did?" demanded Martin, with a kind of tremulous bluster, for he was taken entirely by surprise and completely off his guard. The cool calm gaze of Mr. Conway was upon him.

"I say you did."

"Answer my question!" thundered Captain Jeffreys, seizing a capstan-bar from alongside the mizzen-mast. "If you hesitate or lie to me, I'll brain you on the spot."

The frightened wretch turned and fled forward among the crew, as he saw the weapon raised in the air. The question was already answered to the captain's satisfaction.

At a word from the infuriated old man, he was seized and hustled aft, we being only too glad to receive such orders. The hand-

cuffs were ready with willing hands to put them on for him. The captain, as soon as the burst of excitement was over, sat down on the deck with his face in his hands and groaned aloud.

"Better have another cage made now, sir," suggested Mr. Conway. It was a cruel thrust for a man already overwhelmed with agony, and the honest face of the second mate showed the next moment that he was sorry for it.

The poor captain, completely overwhelmed at the knowledge that he had caused the death of an innocent man, was carried below insensible. A raging fever followed, and continued during the whole time we lay in the bay of Huahine, where we arrived the next day.

As soon as we anchored, Jack Bonner, like one raised from the dead, made his appearance on deck among us and went about his duty. But he arranged with Mr. Green to have his discharge from the ship in case Captain Jeffreys did not recover his reason during our stay in the port.

Meanwhile, Martin, the third mate, deserted and got ashore in a native canoe, his escape having been winked at, for we were glad enough to be well rid of him. There was no law there to take cognizance of his crime; we did not care to have him as a shipmate, and it was not worth while to send him all the way to America for trial.

We were ready for sea again, and Jack Bonner was in the cabin with the mate, arranging the papers for a sort of informal discharge, for there was no consul at the port. When Captain Jeffreys, who had fallen asleep after a night of mild delirium, first awoke to reason and a full consciousness of his whereabouts, weak and exhausted as he was, his first demand was for the bottle of rum. The steward was in the act of pouring some into a glass, when Mr. Conway, stepping into the room, made signs to him to wait a minute.

"Captain Jeffreys," he said, "I wouldn't drink that stuff. It has made ruin and trouble enough for you already."

"I must have it," he said, eagerly, though in a faint voice. "I must drown thought and drive away remorse. The ghost of that innocent man is before me all the time. I have been the cause of his death, and I know now that he was innocent. Curses on that villain of a Martin, who accused him, when he had done the deed himself!"

"But what if Jack Bonner be not dead?"

"What?" said the captain. "Didn't I see his ghost here in my stateroom? And haven't I seen it before me night and day ever since he was lost? *Give me the liquor!*"

"Stay a moment," said the second mate, quietly. "Bonner is here in the flesh, not his ghost. Here, Jack! Come in here!"

The captain stood for a moment in doubt, then dashed the glass of liquor to the floor, and stretched out his arms.

"Come here, Bonner, and forgive me, if you can. I have suffered enough, God knows, for my wicked prejudice against you and my appetite for the accursed poison. Heaven helping me, I will never drink another drop of it as long as I live!"

"I told you, sir," said Bonner, "on the day that I was put in irons, that you would be sorry for what you had done."

"I know you did, and I have suffered such torments as neither you nor any one else can imagine unless he has been guilty of similar wickedness. I don't know how all this ghost business has been managed, though I suppose Mr. Conway has been at the bottom of it. Neither do I care. It is enough that you are alive, that my soul is clear of murder, and that I may still make some atonement for the wrong I have done you."

Bonner did not take his discharge at

Huaheine, and the change in Captain Jeffreys was radical and complete. He appreciated my chum as one of the best men in the ship, for such he really was, and the vow of abstinence made on a sick bed was most sacredly kept. The matter of the iron cage was never in any way alluded to, at least in his hearing. The effect of the captain's terror and sickness had worked such a change, that the Dorchester was thenceforth to all of us "a good ship," in the comprehensive sense of the term, as used by sailors, referring not so much to the vessel herself as to the treatment and discipline on board of her.

Before our voyage was completed, we learned, beyond all doubt, that Martin left Huaheine on another whaler, and, deserting again, became a "beach-comber," on one of the Caroline Islands, where he was killed in a squabble with the natives. We felt that he had met the fate which he deserved, and we all had reason to bless the second mate for his ingenious arrangement of the ghost business.

He had kept Bonner secreted in a locker in his stateroom, which was always closed in the daytime, and had let him out at the proper time in the night, to make the manifestations which had made the Dorchester for a few days only, a *haunted ship*.

NELLIE'S PROTECTOR.

BY ANNA MORRIS.

"If there is one thing more tiresome than another in this world, it certainly is waiting in an old poky depot, all alone, instead of having some one here to meet me, and being half way to Clara's house by this time." And Nellie Lathrop concluded this expression of her opinion by taking another impatient look out of the door of the ladies' room in the Albany depot.

No one was apparently looking for a stray damsel. In fact, she could see no one but a porter or two busy with some luggage.

She walked up and down the room, and presently ventured out on to the long platform, and paced to and fro like a sentry on duty.

"It's too bad!" she soliloquized. "Clara wrote that she would surely have her brother here waiting on the arrival of the train.

She knows I never was in Boston before, and I begin to think I never want to come again, if this is the way I am to be treated."

Here something seemed to have got into Nellie's eye—perhaps a cinder—for she winked rapidly for a few seconds, and then with a more composed air continued her promenade.

"Clara lives in Newton, she wrote, but how do I know where that is, or what to do if I could find it? I did very well so long as that lady and her baby were here, and I could talk to them; but now I am tired, and *awful* hungry, and there's no sign of anything to eat. I wish I dared to go out in the street and find a refreshment saloon, but I don't know my way a bit. I mean to go to the door and look out. Perhaps I shall see a saloon close by."

So saying, she proceeded to the Beach Street door, but that not affording any very inviting prospect, she turned to retrace her steps, when she saw some ladies pass through the narrow passage which leads to the other side of the building.

"I wonder what that is?" she thought. "I'll go through and see." Suiting the action to the word, she found herself in the "outward bound" side of the depot. Strolling curiously along, her eye was attracted by the display of eatables, and a few inquiries let her sufficiently into the mysteries of the place to enable her to find her way to the dining-room and procure some breakfast.

The discovery that there were two waiting-rooms troubled her somewhat. Clara's brother might have come to one in search of her, while she was in the other.

"I am sure he did not come to the one I waited in so long," she thought, "for I am quite confident I know just how he looks. Rather short, and fair, with blue eyes like Clara's, of course, and no gentleman came in there but that tall one with such a lovely dark beard. I remember thinking he was waiting for some one, because he just came in and looked about and went out again. I was playing with the baby while its mother was putting her shawl in its strap. I will inquire of the waiter which side I should stay."

But other passengers had come in; the waiter was very busy, and in reply to Nellie's question only said "this side," understanding that she expected to meet friends going away.

Time dragged on. Nellie again paced up and down the platform, and finally thought she would go to the other side and see if she could make any discoveries. In passing through the passage she met the gentleman she had seen in the morning—he of the "lovely dark beard"—but no one was in the waiting-room.

Once more returning, she found a train nearly ready to start, and heard Newton called as one of its stopping-places.

"I have a great mind to go to the conductor and ask if he knows where Mr. Sandford, Clara's husband, lives. It can't do any harm." And stepping forward, she made the inquiry.

The polite conductor shook his head. "I do not know, miss," he said. "Does he live at the Corner?"

"Where?" asked Nellie, bewildered.

"At the Corner. Newton Corner we used to call it, you know," explained the conductor.

But Nellie did *not* know, and hinted as much.

"O, then, perhaps it is at the Centre, or possibly Newtonville, or West Newton. They are all *Newton*," was the next information she received.

This was more than Nellie had bargained for, and she beat a hasty retreat to the waiting-room. Another hour went by. No one appeared to claim her, and she began to feel seriously uneasy. She ventured out a little way, "just to see what Boston was like," and coming back again encountered the "lovely dark bearded" individual, who was just leaving the depot.

"He must have some employment in the building," thought Nellie, "or he would not be here so much." And once more she watched and waited with what patience she might.

Finally she got some dinner, and finding it was three o'clock, she resolved to go to Newton, and if unsuccessful, return in time to take the right train for New York.

The conductor whom she now accosted was quite as ignorant of Mr. Sandford's existence as his brother official, and again the bewildering words "Newton Corner, Newton Centre, Newtonville and West Newton," were rung in her ears. In desperation she purchased her ticket for *Newton*, and in consequence was soon left at the *Corner*.

What to do next was now the question. The station-master had never heard of Mr. Sandford, neither had any one in the stores where she inquired. At last a man who happened to overhear her, said that he believed there was a family named Sandford, or Sampson, or something of that kind, who had lately moved into town.

"O where?" cried Nellie, eagerly; but he could not give any precise information. The expressman had told him that he had brought out furniture for them, and he believed it was somewhere in the direction of Silver Lake.

After a few more questions as to the whereabouts of Silver Lake, Nellie hired a carriage at the depot, and started in quest of the family named "Sandford, or Sampson, or something."

It proved a fruitless search, and about

dark Nellie found herself once more at the Newton station, with apparently no alternative but to return to New York without seeing her friend.

"And to-morrow will be Christmas," she thought, regretfully, "and I anticipated so much pleasure in spending it with Clara. I wish I had waited until next week, as father wished, when the Lawtons are coming to Boston, and would have taken care of me."

She put her hand into her pocket, intending to pay the hackman, but no pocket-book was to be found.

"Why, where is my portemonnaie?" she exclaimed, and hurriedly pulled out her handkerchief and the key of her trunk, but they concealed no pocket-book. "It must be in my bag." And in a twinkling the bag was unclasped and its contents inspected, but all in vain.

"What shall I do?" cried the poor girl, in dismay. "I must have dropped it when I paid for my ticket to come out here. I know I had it then."

"Don't you think you could find it if you tried?" asked the hackman, sneeringly. "Ladies generally know where they put their money."

Nellie looked at him in terror. She had never been spoken to in such a manner, and did not attempt a reply.

The man proceeded with a series of similar remarks. The platform happened to be nearly deserted, and he warmed with his subject, till he poured forth a torrent of abuse, first threatening his unfortunate passenger with arrest, and then demanding her watch in payment.

Finally Nellie, who had at first seemed half stupefied, recovered in some degree her self-possession, and moved towards the door of the ladies' room, intending to appeal to the station-master for assistance.

"No you don't!" cried the driver, who was evidently much the worse for liquor. "You shan't dodge me that way." And he caught her roughly by the arm.

"Hands off, sir!" said a stern voice behind him; and as the man turned to see who thus interfered, Nellie again beheld, in the character of her deliverer, the possessor of the "lovely dark beard."

The gentleman saw that she was trembling with fear and excitement, and escorting her into the ladies' room, begged to know if he could be of service.

"O, thank you!" said Nellie, with a half sob; "indeed, I should be very thankful if you will tell me what I can do."

There was a look of trustworthiness about her rescuer which made her feel that she might confide her troubles to him, and she at once proceeded to do so.

"I came from New York this morning," she said, simply, "intending to visit a friend in Newton. She was to send some one to meet me in Boston, and therefore gave me no particulars of her whereabouts here; but I waited nearly all day in Boston, and as no one came for me I resolved to come out to Newton and try to find my friend, but—"

"Excuse me," interrupted her listener, "but is it possible that you are Miss Lathrop?"

"That is my name," replied Nellie, in surprise.

"And mine is Frederick Stanhope—Mrs. Sandford's brother," continued the gentleman. "I do not know how this mistake has occurred. I have searched for you all day. I was at the depot when the train arrived this morning, but could find no lone and unprotected female. Did you go into the waiting-room?"

"Yes," answered Nellie, laughing as though she had forgotten all the discomfort of the day; "and you came in there and looked about, but as I had made up my mind that you looked just like Clara, I never thought that you might be searching for me."

"But I only saw two ladies with a baby," rejoined Mr. Stanhope.

"Yes, I was playing with the child of one of my fellow-passengers," explained Nellie.

"Then I went away," continued her companion, "but felt anxious, knowing how confident Clara was that you would arrive this morning. So I returned somewhat later, and searched in both sides of the depot."

"Yes, and passed me in the passage between the two," interposed Nellie; "and then I met you again at the door, still later."

"That time I had to go on some other business," replied Mr. Stanhope. "I noticed you, but had no reason to suppose that you were the lady I was sent to meet. Indeed, if the idea had crossed my mind, that last meeting would have convinced me

of my mistake, for you were then coming in from the street with your bag, like any of the hundreds of ladies whom I met there. But I am keeping you waiting here, while Clara is blaming me for not telegraphing to your father, and for not inquiring in the baggage-room if your trunk had come, and for not doing sundry other things that never entered my brain. Indeed, she has talked ever since I came home this afternoon, till I was now on my way back to Boston, to make what amends I could. I am most thankful that I arrived in time to save you from further annoyance. Will you come now?" he continued, taking up her shawl and bag. "We live but a few steps from here, although it appears that none of our neighbors are as yet aware of the fact."

"But that hackman?" asked Nellie, shrinking back.

"He will not trouble you again," answered Mr. Stanhope; "but if you will wait here a moment I will settle with him." And he left the room as he spoke.

In a few moments he returned, with an amused expression on his countenance.

"Is this some of your property, Miss Lathrop?" he inquired, handing her a muff.

"O yes, thank you!" cried Nellie. "I must have left it in the carriage. How careless of me! And the hackman could not have been so bad as he seemed, or he would not have given it to you," she added.

"He did not," answered Mr. Stanhope, dryly. "It crossed my mind that you might have dropped your portemonnaie in the carriage, so I went to look, and found this lying on the seat, and—"

"And my portemonnaie in it," exclaimed Nellie, who had just put her hands into her muff, preparatory to venturing out in the cold.

"So I discovered," laughed Mr. Stanhope, "for it dropped out when I picked up the muff."

"Well, father was certainly right," said Nellie, "when he said that I did not know how to take care of myself."

Mr. Stanhope did not reply at the time, but a few weeks later, after the Merry Christmas and the pleasant days that followed it were fast bringing Nellie's visit to a close, he referred to this remark, and so eloquently that he succeeded in getting himself appointed to the post of Nellie's Protector.

A CELESTIAL NEW YEAR'S DAY.

BY PROF. SERANOS D. PATRIE.

It has been my good fortune to be a spectator of, and in a measure a partaker in, the festivities incidental to New Year's Day in various parts of the globe—to wit, Germany, France, America and China; but for thoroughly entering into its spirit commend me to the inhabitants of the latter. It is, however, somewhat paradoxical to associate the festivities which obtain in China with New Year's Day, as they differ from those of other countries in being held on different dates—frequently in January, more often in February, and occasionally in March; and thus partake more of the nature of a movable feast.

In some points the holiday resembles our Christmas Day. Friends separated by long distances are invited; relatives make strenuous efforts to partake of each other's hospitality; presents, consisting of tea, silk, edibles and bouquets are made; mutual congratulations are tendered, and a general air of good fellowship prevails.

Upon the occurrence of New Year's Day, the Celestial government, through its organ, announces that from, say, the 20th of the 12th Moon the offices will be closed for four weeks, thus enabling the employes to enjoy a month's holiday. During this period "those under heaven" make the most of the time, and, as far as this world's goods will permit, keep up a succession of feasts and rejoicings.

Before indulging in earthly pleasures, the Chinese deem it necessary to propitiate their household gods by rigidly performing various rites of a domestic nature—such as "sweeping their hearths"—which they look upon as honoring their deities; and on the eve of the New Year invariably indulge in a bath of what may be termed sweet water, as it is highly scented and fragrant; and, as the midnight hour draws near, don their most gorgeous apparel, and prostrate themselves before Heaven and Ko-tou. Being of a very ritualistic turn of mind, the

altars are brilliantly illuminated, incense and gold and silver paper burnt; and, to heighten the effect, crackers are constantly let off. These ceremonies last till daylight, when the interchange of visits and the decoration of the houses are commenced, each striving to outdo his neighbor in embellishments. I cannot say much for the artistic merit, from an Englishman's point of view; but probably the inhabitant would think my ideas barbaric. The decorations consist principally of inscriptions hung in every conceivable place on the exterior and in the interior of the house, and also suspended on long poles or masts outside the premises. These inscriptions, as a rule, are in the form of proverbs, such as "To be happy I must be just;" others containing requests of not too modest a kind, as "May I be so learned as to bear in my memory the substance of three million novels." What a book of reference that Chinaman would make were his wish gratified!

These sentences are written on various-colored papers, showing what loss, if any, the family have sustained, the degree of mourning being denoted by white, blue, pale red and scarlet.

Flowers are also used extensively in the decorations; scarcely a house can be passed without floral designs meeting the eye. Although New Year's Day is a general holiday, yet in a walk through a Chinese city scarcely a pedestrian is to be seen, unless it be some gaily-dressed servant speeding to acquaint Mrs. Twang-Chow, by means of a small pink card, that Mrs. Chow-Twang will do herself the inestimable pleasure of paying her a visit. Were it not for this occasional sign of life, one would imagine one's self in Goldsmith's deserted village, or fancy some fearful calamity had suddenly overtaken the inhabitants, or that one were in a city of the dead.

The shops are all closed, private house doors bolted, the touters, portable cook-shops, beggars, street itinerants, quacks and vendors of the celebrated razor paste for the million have disappeared. Even for the day that common object of the Chinese street, the little dirty street arab, is not seen; he, for once, is being treated like a human being, and taken from the mud into some hospitable house and feasted on the best.

Every one on New Year's Day seems to have commenced a new life. Even the saucy boat girls, who are at all times only

too ready to crack a joke or give an incisive repartee—often of a questionable nature—are on their dignity, and must not be addressed in a flippant manner, "coming down" on one rather severely if one happens to be ignorant of the habits and behaviour appertaining to the day in question. Although, as I have before remarked, this is a day of general feasting, yet it bears most favorable comparison with civilized countries, or, we will say, Christian England. We see no drunkenness in the streets; and, moreover, whether the class be rich or poor, the indoor behaviour is of the utmost decorum, the amusements being rational in the extreme; no ribald song or jest is to be heard, or excessive drinking indulged in, each endeavoring to outvie his neighbor in correct behaviour. Again I could not help contrasting this with our Western mode of enjoying a holiday. In every respect the host is most punctilious, making no distinction as to the quality of his guests, but seeing that each one is properly attended to, and personally serving first one and then another with some dainty morsel with the chopsticks he has himself just used, and pledging them to drink, each guest being provided with a diminutive china cup, capable of holding about a tablespoonful. When all the cups are charged, at a given signal from the host, each guest raises his cup to his head, as a pledge, and then drinks the contents, or merely holds the cup to his lips during the time of drinking by the rest—as an ancient writer remarks, "For if the outward ceremonies are observed and kept, it is all one to them whether you drink or not." At the conclusion of the feast, theatrical performances, gambling and the inevitable opium smoking are indulged in—these forms of dissipation extending over three days.

The Chinese are great lovers of pyrotechnic displays, and spend immense sums of money in fireworks during the holiday-making season, which attains its culminating point on the "Feast of Lanterns," one of the most scrupulously observed of festivals, and the one which, for gorgeousness in the matter of decorations, and displays of illuminated lanterns of every conceivable size and shape, surpasses all others.

Every house, howsoever humble, boasts of its lanterns, and in many cases its inmates have screwed and pinched to give a fitting display for a Celestial New Year, the greatest day in their calendar.

THE EMPEROR AND THE STRAGGLER.

BY AN ENGLISH OFFICER.

It was a dreadfully cold season that winter of 1854-55, which the allies spent in the trenches before Sebastopol. The troops suffered greatly from the inclement weather, and from exposure when on duty, and the hospitals were soon filled with the sick. The English were especial martyrs to the hardships of the siege, for their government had not provided for them as liberally as had that of the French for its troops. The Emperor Napoleon III. was the friend of the soldier, and, with all the cares and temptations of his high position, never forgot to see that the brave men who were upholding the honor of France in a distant land were as comfortable as he could make them. When the New Year came, he sent from his private stores presents of wine, brandy and tobacco to the army, and a liberal allowance, at that.

The French had a merry time when these presents came, and, with their usual frank generosity, shared their "good things" with their English allies, whose government had not been so thoughtful for them. Many little social gatherings were held in the Gallic quarters, and many warm friendships were formed and cemented between the companions in arms, thanks to the emperor's kindness.

There was in the French army an old gray-headed general of division, who had spent his whole life in the service, and who had fought his way up from the ranks. No man in the whole army was more popular than General Dampierre, and the troops of his own division loved him even better than they did Canrobert himself. He was a genial kind-hearted old man, and very fond of company. He gave many dinners and suppers at his quarters, and always had some of the English officers present. Some of these entertainments it was my fortune to attend, and I shall always look back to them with delight as the pleasantest of all the hours I spent before Sebastopol. I owed my good luck to the fact that I was on the staff of General Sir De Lacey Evans, of the English army, who was a warm friend of General Dampierre, and not to any merit of my own.

Well, to cut these explanations short, a few days after New Year, my commander said to me, during the afternoon, that he was going over to the French camp to dine with General Dampierre, and that I was invited. He wanted me to hurry up my preparations, and ride over with him. I was soon ready, and in a couple of hours we were seated in the cosy quarters of the French general, where we found half a dozen officers of the Gallic army. General Evans was a favorite with our allies, and we met with a warm reception.

The dinner passed off pleasantly, and as we sat around the table over our wine, General Dampierre proposed the first toast:

"The Emperor Napoleon the Third, to whose generosity we owe this excellent Bordeaux."

"You are fortunate in having such an emperor," said General Evans, after we had resumed our seats, for we had drained our glasses standing. "I wish we had him."

"Yes," said our host. "He's a *trump*, as you English say, and we don't care to lose him. All of us have cause to love the Napoleons, and none greater cause than I have."

"That reminds me," said General Bosquet, who was present, his grim face relaxed into a social glow, "that you promised us an account of your first meeting with the great Napoleon. I now claim the fulfilment of your promise, Dampierre."

"*Ma foi!*" said our host, smiling, "it might have been my last meeting with him, and doubtless would have been, had he been less noble. Well, it was in the year 1813, and the French army was on its memorable visit to Russia, to encounter, for aught I know, some of the very men who are holding that city over there against us now. I was a stripling then—a mere lad of eighteen—and I was in the ranks. It was my first campaign, and I was, in the true sense of the word, a raw recruit. My father, a brave old grenadier—Heaven rest his soul!—was in the Imperial Guard, and a better soldier was not to be found in the army."

"We were on the advance to Moscow, and had not yet learned what fearful trials were in store for us, and how few of our mighty host we were to carry back over the frontier. We were full of hope, and I was among the gayest of the gay. I was fond of women in those days. Ah! you laugh, gentlemen. Well, it is a pardonable weakness, and I shared it to a larger degree than usual. I rarely missed an opportunity to flirt with the girls in the villages along our route, where they were friendly enough to permit it. It was all well enough at first, but as we went on into the enemy's country, the orders became positive that no one was to leave his command without permission from his colonel. All stragglers were to be shot by the patrols, or, if arrested, to be executed without court-martial. It was a harsh regulation, but it was necessary for the good of the army.

"We had gotten very far into the country of the enemy, when we halted for a few days at a pretty little village, expecting the Russians to attack us. Of course at such a time it was madness in any one to think of looking after women; yet I was silly enough to do so. I found a lovely young girl in the village about a mile from my camp, and in a few hours I managed to learn from her that a visit from me would not be disagreeable in the least. Fool that I was, I determined to see her that night. I knew it was impossible to procure leave to do so, and I made up my mind to try it without permission. When night came, I marked the exact localities of the sentries, and under cover of the intense darkness, stole out of the camp towards the village. I reached it in safety, found my girl, and was enjoying myself very much, when I heard the sound of horses' hoofs, and a jabber of Russians outside the house. In an instant I found that a party of Cossacks had made a dash into the village, which was held by a slight picket of our army. A sharp rattle of fire-arms followed. With a bound I sprang through the door, and darted off towards my regiment. I could see nothing in the darkness save the flashes of the guns in the picket skirmish; but the long roll of drums and the blasts of the bugles told me that the French camp was alarmed, and that the troops were getting under arms. I knew I would be missed from my company, and that there was no hope of escaping the consequences of my folly. Still, I resolved to

make an effort to regain the camp unseen, hoping that I might be able to take my place in the ranks before the line was formed. In my excitement, however, I missed my way, and before I knew where I was, I was right opposite the camp of the Imperial Guard, who had now gotten into line. I turned about to retrace my steps, but as I did so, I heard the click of a musket lock, and then came the sharp challenge, 'Who goes there?'

"There was no help for it. If I went back I should be shot by the sentinel, so, with a feeling of desperation, I answered, 'a friend,' and was told to advance. To my surprise, I found that the sentry was my father. His astonishment was equal to my own, and, forgetting his character of sentinel, he demanded angrily to know why I was skulking beyond the lines at such a time, and I explained to him the cause. As we were talking, a group of horsemen drew near. My father challenged them, and received the countersign, and they rode up.

"'Who have you there, sentinel?' asked the officer in advance of the rest.

"My father glanced at him in surprise, and then giving the salute, replied:

"'It is a straggler who has deserted his post, your majesty. I have halted him here, and was about to call for the guard, when you came up.'

"'A deserter, eh?' exclaimed Napoleon, shortly. 'A straggler? Shoot him on the spot, sentinel. You know my orders.'

"'Sire,' said my father, impulsively, 'it is my son.'

"'Your son, grenadier? Why then did you not let him pass through the lines quietly, without getting him into trouble?'

"'I belong to the Guard, sire,' said my father, firmly.

"'What! You refuse to shoot your son, and yet are willing to deliver him to others, who will not spare him? How is this?'

"'Sire, I am an old soldier. I was at Arcola, at Lodi, at Marengo, and at Austerlitz, and I know how to obey orders.'

"The emperor then questioned me as to the cause of my folly, and I told him frankly the whole truth.

"'You are a young man,' he said, sternly, 'and that is much in your favor; but young men must learn obedience. Grenadier,' he added, to my father, 'your son has deserved death. It is your duty to shoot him down.'

"'Sire,' broke in my father, quickly.

"'Silence!' commanded the emperor. 'A grenadier of the Guard should know how to obey. I myself will give the word of command, and you must do your duty.'

"I heard my father groan in anguish.

"'Ready,' said Napoleon. My father's musket clicked sharply. 'Present.' The gun covered me with a deadly aim, and I closed my eyes as I listened for the word 'fire.'

"It did not come, however, and the next moment I heard the emperor say, 'Recover arms!'

"My father's musket fell to the ground, and he sank on his knees at the emperor's feet. Napoleon's voice was very soft and kind now, and a new hope sprang up in me.

"What is your name, grenadier?" asked Napoleon.

"Paul Dampierre, sire,' replied my father, falteringly.

"It was a hard trial, my friend,' said the emperor, kindly, 'but you have borne it nobly, and have proved yourself a true Frenchman and a soldier. Have you had the cross yet?'

"Yes, sire,' the poor man stammered, 'I won it at Austerlitz.'

"Well, then, Paul Dampierre, I make you a sergeant. Take back your boy. I pardon him for his father's sake. Teach him his duty, and make a good soldier of him. Young man,' he added to me, 'let this be a warning to you, and in the future let nothing tempt you from your duty.'

"The change was so sudden that it made me almost delirious with joy. I stammered out my thanks, but could not make myself intelligible. Then, inappropriate as it was at such a place, I swung my cap up and shouted, '*Vive l'Empereur!*' at the top of my lungs, and my father joined me right heartily. The emperor laughed, and turned to ride away, and as he did so the line of battle caught up the shout, and rolled it through the night for miles away.

"Well, gentlemen, I learned a lesson that night which I have never forgotten. I have tried ever since to do my duty, and I think I may say I owe my present position to the kindness of our greatest sovereign. There now, Bosquet," added the general, smiling as he turned to his heroic comrade, "I have redeemed my promise, and you know now how I met the Emperor Napoleon the First."

MY LOST LOVE.

BY N. P. DARLING.

"Going out to Verona, eh?" said the tall gentleman.

"Yes sir, I'm going to try what I can do there; and as there's but one physician in town, I hope to succeed," I replied.

"O, you're a medical man, eh?" said the tall gentleman, glancing at me from the corner of his gray eyes. "By the way, I think I've heard of you; for you must know that I'm a Verona man."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, but I'm only a late arrival. Have only resided in Verona about three months. But as I was saying—what a confounded racket these cars make!—I think I heard my daughter speak of a young physician who was about to establish himself in our town, and if I remember, the name was Robinson."

"The very same."

"Eh? I thought so. Well, I'm glad to make your acquaintance, doctor. My

name is Couthony—Daniel Couthony, formerly of New York city. Was in the dry goods business there, made a small fortune, and now have retired to enjoy it."

Then we shook hands, and the tall gentleman continued, "I shall be happy to have you call upon me, doctor, anytime. I haven't many friends, or acquaintances rather, in Verona as yet, and sometimes the time hangs rather heavy on my hands. Drop in of an evening when you've nothing else to do. I can't promise you much in the way of entertainment, but Annie, my daughter, can play for you, and—"

"I'm very fond of music," I said.

"Well, so am I," cried the tall gentleman. "If I hadn't been. I should have gone crazy with the infernal 'practising' I've had to listen to. Luckily, I've only one daughter, but by George! if I had another, she'd get her musical education away from home."

But my tall friend didn't have a chance to say any more, for just then the cars stopped at Verona, and we both got out, and there on the platform was my old friend George Splatts waiting for me.

"Ah Harry, glad to see you," cried George. "Come right along. I've got my carriage here, and can take you right up to the house. You can send for your baggage any time."

"Good-day," said the tall gentleman.

"Good-day, sir."

"Be sure and call." And my new acquaintance walked rapidly away.

"Why, Harry! that's old Couthony! How did you become acquainted with him?"

"O, I made his acquaintance this morning on the cars. We occupied a seat together. He invited me to call upon him."

"Lucky dog!" exclaimed George. "Why, the old gentleman has got a tremendous handsome daughter, my boy!"

"Yes, Annie," coolly.

"O, he's been talking to you about her, eh! Egad! I shouldn't wonder if you 'cut out' Tewky. I wish you could."

"Who is Tewky?" I asked, after getting into the carriage.

"He's a young lawyer, and I *believe* he is very much in love with Miss Couthony."

"And she?"

"O, I don't know anything about her. As I've not the honor of her acquaintance, I have only seen her, as yet, at a distance. I know that Tewky calls there quite often, and I've seen him riding out with her several times; but for all that, I don't think she's so far gone with love for the conceited puppy, as to hinder her falling in love with you. I'd try, anyway. A rich wife, my dear Harry, is something that a young physician in your circumstances can't afford to sneeze at."

"So, Mr. Tewky is of the same profession as yourself, George?"

"Yes, we are the only 'legal gentlemen' in town, and I don't think he is any honor to the profession," said my friend. "He's the most egotistical and disagreeable limb of the law I ever met, and that's saying a great deal; but if he *should* marry Mr. Couthony's daughter, why, man alive! Verona wouldn't be large enough to hold him. So, Harry, if you love your friend, do have pity on him, and take that handsome girl away from Tewky."

"Why, my dear fellow, I'm willing to do

anything in reason to accommodate an old friend, but I always *have* had an idea that I should like to marry to please myself," I answered, laughing. "You must remember that I haven't, as yet, seen Miss Couthony, and—"

"O, but she's handsome, Harry. Magnificent form!—stands about fifteen hands high. Splendid pair of eyes, black as a thunder-cloud, but as luminous as the same cloud with a streak of lightning flashing out of it. Hair as black as a black cat's back, and full as glossy. Ah! she's a fine creature, I assure you. Walks like a princess. You should see her foot and ankle! Skin like satin, soft, white—"

"Why, old fellow, I thought you'd only seen her at a distance?"

"Eh? O, I'll tell you about that. She walked past the office one day, and I took a peep at her through my opera-glass," said George.

"And one peep more, I think, would have turned your brain, my boy. Why don't you try to win her for yourself?"

"O, I'm engaged to just the nicest little girl in Verona, though she isn't handsome, and she has to teach school for a living; but she thinks the world of me, unworthy that I am. But, pshaw! what the deuce am I talking about! here we are at home."

We got down and went into the house together, and George took me up to my room, for you must know I was going to board with his mother, who was a widow, and not in very enviable circumstances. There he left me to prepare for dinner.

That afternoon I took possession of my office, and hung my banner on the outer wall, and as everybody in Verona seemed to be enjoying excellent health, I smoked my pipe and read the Medical Journal in peace. When I had exhausted that, I opened my Shakspeare and read of the—

"Wonderful wooings,
And infamous doings"

of Richard of Gloster, till George came in and took me home to tea.

The next day, and the next, were about the same. Either the people of Verona were proof against all the diseases and disorders that ordinary flesh is heir to, or else they thought too much of their precious lives to trust themselves in the hands of a young and inexperienced physician, while old Dr. Codger was still to be had. When

he was away, and they couldn't find him, then they came for me; but that wasn't often, I assure you.

Well, it was the evening of my third day in Verona, and I was walking home to tea, humming "The Little Brown Jug," and wishing I had one, when who should I meet but my new friend the tall gentleman?

"Ah doctor! glad to see you. Going to see a patient?"

"Patient be —. I wish I had one," I growled.

"Ha, ha, doctor, I'm afraid you're getting discouraged."

"Not a bit of it, but I'm hipped."

"O, is that all? Then come home with me. We'll be just in time for tea," said Mr. Couthony, taking my arm.

I thought of his handsome daughter and consented, not that I had any more idea of falling in love with, and marrying her, my dear reader, than you have at the present moment; but I *am* fond of the ladies, I must confess, and I had entertained thoughts of marrying sometime, when the right woman came along, provided the right woman would have me. I was not handsome, I know, but I felt that if I didn't marry, it wouldn't be because I was

—"in want
Of personal beauty or grace,
For many a man with a wife
Is uglier far in the face."

I was muttering these lines to myself, when a perfect Adonis passed us. Mr. Couthony bowed rather stiffly to the "curled darling."

"Know him?" he asked.

"No sir. I think I've never seen him before."

"Well, that's Augustus Tewky, a young lawyer that transacted some business for me when I first came to town. I regret now that I didn't employ Lawyer Splatts, for this fellow is insufferable."

"Splatts is my particular friend," said I.

"Ah, indeed! I should like to know him, I like his looks. But here we are."

Mr. Couthony rang the bell, a servant opened the door, and I followed my tall friend into the drawing-room.

A vision of loveliness greeted my eyes.

"My daughter, doctor. Annie, this is Doctor Robinson, the gentleman whose acquaintance I made on the cars the other morning."

Miss Couthony bowed and gave me her little hand, and a "thrill leaped through my veins like wine."

"You must play for us after tea, Annie; for we're both feeling intolerably dull, from the same cause—nothing to do," said her father, smiling lovingly upon his only daughter.

An elderly lady appeared just then. It was Mr. Couthony. I was introduced, and then we all went out to tea.

I sat opposite Miss Couthony, and feasted my eyes upon her beauty as much as I could without staring; and as her father did all the talking—he was determined to do that—I had nothing to do but think of her and look at her; and let me tell you, my young and unsophisticated friend, if you want to preserve your peace of mind, looking at and thinking of a beautiful young lady isn't the way to do it, I assure you.

Miss Couthony was not apparently much interested in me. I think she took a "comprehensive survey" of my countenance when I was introduced to her, and that probably satisfied her, for her glance never met mine again until we returned to the drawing-room and she was seated at the piano. Then, our eyes did meet once, and ah, what eyes hers were! They took my heart by storm, and I surrendered. If I *didn't* love her, will my kind and indulgent reader oblige me by informing me what was the matter? for I would really like to know.

I must confess that I passed a very pleasant evening, notwithstanding the fact that Miss Couthony seemed almost entirely oblivious of my presence, though when she did notice me she was studiously polite. She played whatever her father asked her to, but volunteered nothing; and when she retired from the piano, she left my entertainment to her father and mother—the latter, by the way, one of the dearest old ladies that ever I met, one whom, as I remarked to myself at the time, "Though I cannot call you mother at present, I most sincerely hope to call you by that name in the future."

The next morning at breakfast I met George.

"Where were you last night, Harry?" he asked, looking up from the muffin he was buttering, as I entered the room.

"I passed the evening at Mr. Couthony's," I answered, feeling a blush under my whiskers.

"And you saw her?"

"Yes."

"Well?"

"She's *rather* handsome."

"Come, come, old fellow, none of that. Own up—confess that she's the most beautiful woman you ever beheld, and that you are over head and ears in love with her. But did you see Mr. Tewky?"

"Not there; but I met him on the street, and he is handsome, and I think Miss Couthony is in love with him, for how could she be anything else?"

"Pshaw! women don't like handsome men."

"Well, then, perhaps Miss Couthony don't like Augustus Tewky. I can tell better about that when I see them together," I said.

"Of course you can. But I say, Harry, don't give up the ship. You've got into the fortress, and it's all easy work now. Do, if you love me (I know you love the girl), cut that confounded Tewky out, and, by George! I'll do anything for you—get a divorce for you, when you want one, and it *shan't* cost you a cent."

"Thank you, George; but if I'm going to want a divorce I think I won't marry."

"Pshaw! you won't want one, of course, with such a dear sweet girl as she is for a wife."

Well, I took my friend's advice, and called at Mr. Couthony's house very often; so often, in fact, that the old gentleman very soon suspected what I came after. But whether his daughter suspected or not I could not discover. However, as we grew better acquainted, she grew more sociable, and the time soon came when the old gentleman didn't have to remain in the drawing-room to entertain me, for Annie could do that very well alone, and she seemed to take pleasure in it; and now, when the dear girl sang to me, as she often did, her glorious eyes were not fixed upon the music before her, but they often looked up into mine, and O, wasn't it bewildering, enchanting and entrancing? I'm inclined to think it was.

But there was one thing that puzzled me. I never saw Mr. Augustus Tewky at the house, and I asked myself the meaning of it. Had she discarded him? It didn't seem possible. Even if she loved me—and I began to believe she did—she had had no opportunity to reject his addresses on my

account, for I was sure that he had not called at her house since my arrival in Verona.

But all this was explained one morning by Mr. Couthony himself.

I had been a resident of Verona now about two months, when one morning, as I sat in my office smoking my meerschaum and reading the paper, Mr. Couthony walked in, and taking a chair, declared that he'd something very particular to say to me.

"And I, my dear sir, am ready to listen to anything you have to communicate," I said. "You haven't come to seek medical advice?"

"Pshaw! no, I never was in better bodily health, doctor, in my life," answered he. "No, it's nothing about my health—it's about my girl."

How my heart beat, and my blood all rushed into my face!

"Ah! Annie—what of her?"

Mr. Couthony looked up into my face.

"Doctor, am I mistaken? Do you love her?"

Well, egad! this was a question for a father! Was he going to ask my intentions, etc., as they do out West? Did he think I was trifling with her?

"Excuse the question, doctor," he went on to say. "It may sound very strange to you, but under the circumstances, I feel a very strong interest in the matter. I think you are aware how much I think of you? The first time I saw you I liked you, and I like you better and better every day. Nothing could make me happier than to know—"

"Why, Mr. Couthony," interrupting him, "you must have known that I had an object in calling at your house so often, aside from the pleasure of seeing and conversing with you."

"I thought so. I was sure of it," he cried.

"And well you might be, for I have not tried to disguise my feelings in the least. Yes sir, I do love Annie, and I should be the happiest man in the world if I could make her my wife."

"And I should be the next happiest man," chimed in Mr. Couthony. "Now I think I told you that when I first came to Verona I employed a certain lawyer here, by the name of Augustus Tewky. He was at my house a great deal, and, of course, made the acquaintance of Annie. They became excellent friends, and I fear, lovers. I detested

the man from the bottom of my heart, for I soon discovered that he was nothing but an egotistical little puppy, without brains, without anything, in fact, but a pretty face and a smattering of law. I detested him; but what could I do? I don't believe in turning a young man out of doors because your daughter wants to marry him. As far as my experience goes, that is only striking the first note in the tune 'Haste to the Wedding,' for they're generally bound to marry then, even if they were only half in earnest before. So I let Mr. Tewky call as often as he pleased, though I endeavored to make him look as ridiculous as possible in Annie's eyes, whenever I had an opportunity. But I didn't succeed in a single instance. Love is blind, they say, and I believe it. At last, however, my patience was exhausted. I couldn't bear the sight of the fellow any longer, and so, one evening I asked Annie if she intended to marry him. She said she should wait until she was asked.

"'Well,' said I, 'you can choose your own husband, Annie; but if you marry that Tewky, you will do so without my consent. I shall do nothing to hinder you, though. Marry him, if you will, and repent of it after!'

"Well, sir, since that night Mr. Augustus Tewky hasn't been to my house."

"Then she has discarded him, of course," I cried, quite elated.

"I don't know. I'm fearful. Annie has been so quiet since that conversation I had with her, that I begin to doubt. 'Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep,' you know."

Mr. Couthony paused for a moment. Then he looked up rather shyly.

"Doctor, I don't know what you'll think of me, but I wish you'd propose. Then we shall know the worst. If she don't accept you, then she loves Tewky."

"I'll propose to-night," I cried.

"Good! I wish you success. Good-morning." And without another word Mr. Couthony arose and left the room.

"Well, this is rather out of the ordinary course of things," I remarked, confidentially, to the doctor. "In my wildest imaginings I never dreamed of anything quite so rich as this; to have a wealthy old gentleman ask me to propose matrimony to his daughter. But I have no doubt of the result. She loves me, I'm sure. I've read *that* in her eyes."

That evening I called at Mr. Couthony's and found Annie alone, and seating myself beside her on the sofa, without any unnecessary preamble, I poured forth my love, and concluded by asking her to become my wife at her earliest possible convenience.

"Why, doctor," she began, while her eyes glowed like stars, and a deep blush suffused her face. "Why, doctor, I wasn't prepared for this."

"Call me Harry," I murmured.

"Harry"—and she raised her glorious eyes to my face.

"You do love me, darling?"

She bowed her beautiful head upon my breast.

I was answered. I was happy. I was too happy, perhaps. I felt as though I must go out somewhere in the woods and shout for very joy. I kissed her ten thousand times (now *don't* ask me to take anything off that statement), and then, tearing myself away from my love, I rushed out into the starry night.

I met the dear old gentleman (I wonder I didn't kiss him then) at the gate.

"Doctor! doctor! what answer?"

I grasped his hand, while the tears stood in my eyes, and then I said:

"My heart it is brighter
Than all of the many
Stars in the sky,
For it sparkles with Annie—
It glows with the light
Of the love of my Annie—
With the thought of the light
Of the eyes of my Annie."

"She is yours?"

"She is mine!"

"Thank Heaven! I'm satisfied. God bless you, my boy!" cried the old gentleman, turning away and rushing down the street.

I went home in a state of blissful bewilderment, and dreamed all night of millions of flashing black eyes, with rosy lips to correspond.

When I went down to the office next morning I found a letter from my Aunt Semantha. The dear old lady was inclined to believe that she was on her deathbed, and desired me to hasten to her side at once. So I wrote a brief note to Annie, and hastened.

When I reached my Aunt Semantha's bedside (as she lived in Brompton, it took me three days to reach it), I found that she

myself left it, and was going about the house as lively as ever.

She thanked me for coming, and then I thanked her for writing to me to come, and then I bade her good-by, and hastened back, on the wings of love, to Verona.

As I stepped on to the platform at the Verona station I met Mr. Couthony. He was pale, and his hair was in his eyes, and his hat was pushed on one side.

"*She's gone!*" he gasped, grasping my arm.

"Gone! Who? Where?" I cried.

"Annie."

"What! with him? With Augustus? With Tewky?"

"No. He went one way, and she another. But they'll meet. Stop 'em! Find her! O doctor! can't you?"

"I will," I cried.

That satisfied the old gentleman, and he turned away. But at that moment Splatts rushed up to me.

"Ah, Harry, you've heard the news?"

"Yes. I'm going after her."

"Then I can help you. She went away disguised as a young man."

"Is it possible?"

"Yes. There were several here at the station that saw and recognized her, though she had stained her face a dark olive tint. But you'll know her. She took the last train up last night. If you are smart, you'll be able to find her before Tewky can effect a meeting with her. Good-by. There goes the bell."

I pressed his hand, jumped back on to the train that I had just quitted, and was soon flying away after my false love.

When we reached W—, I left the cars for the purpose of making inquiries about my lost love. The station master there is an acquaintance of mine, and to him I described the person I was in search of.

"Young fellow, not over sixteen or seventeen, dark eyes, dark hair, olive complexion, medium height, dressed in dark clothing?" inquired Jencks.

"Yes, you've—"

"Had very handsome eyes, did he? Was dressed rather foppishly, and looked infernally like a woman in disguise?"

"The very same."

"Then I *did* see him. Yes, I sold him a ticket to—where? O, Boston. I took particular notice of the fellow. What has he done?"

"Nothing, as yet, but he may. What time does the next train leave for Boston?"

"In ten minutes. Was he a woman?"

"Yes. Give me a ticket for Boston."

I paid for my ticket, and then stepping into the telegraph office, I sent a despatch to Splatts, informing him that I was certainly on her track, and hoped to find her now in a very few hours.

Then I got on board the train, and stepping into the smoking-car, solaced myself with my pipe, smoking fiercely all the way to Boston.

The moment the cars stopped I jumped down on the platform, and securing a hack, started off to visit the various hotels in search of my lost love.

I thought I knew the very house at which she would stop, and to that hotel I drove. Drubbs, the clerk, knows me. He held out his hand the moment I entered the office.

"Ah, doctor, how d'ye do?"

"Miserable. Pass the register."

"Going to stop with us to-night?" passing the book toward me.

"Perhaps. Let's see"—running my eyes down the page—"Couthony, room twenty-two."

"Know him?" inquired Drubbs.

"Yes." And I rushed up stairs to number twenty-two.

I paused at the door, hardly knowing what to do.

"Now I am to meet her," said I, "but what am I to say? Perhaps Tewky is with her—perhaps they are already married; but no—Drubbs asked if I knew *him*, Couthony. It must be Annie, and in male attire."

I knocked, and instantly the door was thrown open, and *she* stood before me.

"O Annie, my darling!" I cried, springing into the room and clasping her to my heart.

I forgot all about Tewky then, all about her running away from me, everything save the fact that the dear girl was in my arms.

"O my darling! how could you?" I asked; but she didn't answer.

"She let her cheek repose on mine, She let my arms around her twine;
One kiss was half allowed, and then—"

she snickered, and asked—in a voice that *wasn't* Annie's:

"Who the deuce do you think I am?"

I threw the owner of *that* voice from my arms, and staggering back, I cried in tones

indicative of the most heart-rending agony, "O heavens! are you not Annie Couthony?"

The young gentleman scratched his head, and smiling sweetly, answered thus:

"No, my dear sir, I don't believe I am—that is, if I know myself. But if you mean Annie Couthony of Verona, why, I am her brother, and my name is Sam. I believe Annie and I do look very much alike, only her complexion is much more delicate. But bless you, my dear, you might have known 'twan't Annie, because you see she never wears this style of coat and pantaloons. But, by the way, who are you?"

"I am Dr. Robinson, of Verona."

"Ha! ha! ha! So you're the man, eh? Tewky told me about you. Know Tewky? Dem good fellow! You see, I've been away to school ever since the governor moved out to Verona. I went home yesterday, for the first time. Hadn't been in the house half an hour when Annie sent me to Mr. Tewky's office with a note, and he told me all about you, and—"

"Where is he now?" I demanded, seizing the young jackanapes by the throat.

"O, keep cool, doc. How do you sup-

pose I know where he is? I went as far as W—— with Annie last night, and then I left her and came to Boston; but I guess by this time they have met, and are married."

I released Sam, and sank back into a chair with a groan.

"It's rather tough, aint it, doc, to have a girl go back on you that way?" said Sam, stroking his beardless face. "But what could you expect to do alongside of Tewky?"

I didn't answer. I couldn't. I had loved and lost, and if you, my dear reader, have ever been in the habit of loving and losing, you can imagine what my feelings were at the time a great deal better than I can describe them.

Bidding Master Sam Couthony an affectionate good-by, I left the room and the house, and that night I started for Brompton and my Aunt Semantha's, leaving a note in the post-office for Splatts to send my luggage after me, for I felt that I never could go back to Verona.

I never have been to Verona since, and whether Augustus Tewky and his wife are living together happily or not, I don't know; but they have my best wishes.

O RESTLESS SEA!

BY KATHARINE H. GREENE.

O Restless Sea!

How thou dost fret—

Throughout thy stormy symphony

There seems to creep a memory

Tinged with regret

O Heaving Sea!

To thee I come

For comfort in my misery—

Perchance thy solemn litany

May breathe of HOME.

O Darkling Sea!

I yearn to tread

The caverns where thy treasures are;

And in those purple depths afar

Search for my dead.

Saint Louis, Mo., Sept., 1876.

O Foaming Sea!

I'll claim mine own—

For ah! I envy thee the face

Locked closely in thy cold embrace—

A treasure mine alone.

O Surging Sea!

I wildly crave

A rest forevermore in thee—

A dreamless sleep from sorrow free—

A peaceful grave.

O Murmuring Sea!

Close to thy heart

Where lies my noble, fair young dead,

I, too, would lay my weary head—

No more to part.

EDITH VANCE.

BY MRS. LOUISA LOCKHART.

SHE stood at the window tapping restlessly upon the panes, while outside the rain pattered drearily, making the long stretch of seashore look bleak and lonely. Yet there she stood, with large dreamy eyes and face with perfect contour, while her queenly head was crowned with a wealth of golden brown hair, which fell in ripples to her slender waist. Not only was she beautiful in form and feature, this Edith Vance; her greatest charm lay in the sweet unconsciousness of the subtle influence which she exerted over every one with whom she conversed. How her eyes glowed and sparkled with passion in moments of excitement! while through them spoke a restless longing for something higher and nobler. But this is why she stood there with clouded brow, looking out o'er the dreary scene before her. Last night, sitting alone among the vines which drooped and clustered around her in the garden, she suddenly heard voices near her. Her first impulse was to make known her presence, but upon hearing her own name mentioned, an irresistible impulse caused her to remain. She grasped the clustering vines for support, as Clara Hartly remarked:

"You speak rather disparagingly of Edith, Cousin Raymond. And yet by your devoted attention to her, one would be led to suppose that you were hopelessly in love with this 'simple little rustic,' as you so heartlessly term her."

"You should not condemn me too severely, Clara. I admit that I have complimented her with the appellation of 'charming little rustic,' and really I am sincere. Yet when I am in her society, I certainly perceive in her the lack of culture and refinement which are so needful to every young lady."

"Raymond, you wrong this girl. If you only knew the privations she endures for the sake of those who pretend to supply the place of parents to her; how she strives with such earnestness and sweetness of disposition to lighten the everyday cares, which must otherwise weigh heavily upon her aunt; how evening after evening she assists the children in their tasks, while in return

she only receives hints of her utter dependence upon the charity of her relatives; if you knew her true worth you would indeed think this Edith a treasure."

"But, Clara, I am not seeking for such a treasure—one who only knows how to be motherly, and a household drudge, in fact. Imagine this pretty face void of intellect, a form perfect, yet awkward in manner, gracing the drawing-room as Mrs. Raymond Gray." And he gave a light scornful laugh.

"You are mistaken, cousin. I conversed with Edith a few evenings since, and to my surprise found her to be a young lady of high intellectual culture. She at first seemed shy and reticent, but as I advanced, taking up my long train of favorite novels, tracing their heroes through a terrible baptism of suffering, into the fullgrown maturity of strength and perfection, and on into the more substantial solid literature, how her eyes glowed and sparkled! Why, with all my boasted knowledge of history, I found her far my superior; and thus I unconsciously touched the spring which only needed awakening to bubble forth in bright and glowing activity. This superficial culture of which you speak is that which falls short of developing any fitness for a complete and serviceable lifework—that in which the young lady wrenches her soul away from pure goodness, going down to the vain frivolous world to make it more vain and frivolous still. Pardon me, Ray, but do you know that you lack earnestness? And it is *this* which leads you on in such disregard for the feelings of others; or, I should say, in such reckless unthought as to make you forgetful of others. I sincerely believe that you have unintentionally been false to Edith, and even false to yourself. Do you remember these lines from Shakspeare?

—"To thine own self be true,
And it must follow as the night the day
Thou canst not then be false to any one."

"Nay, you have trifled with this girl's affections, I feel convinced of it; and knowing her kind and gentle disposition, and your inherited family pride, I feel how

futile her hopes must be, and I do condemn you."

"But wherein have I been false to this girl? You speak as though I had even asked her to become my wife, and had broken my pledge. I assure you that I have never even mentioned the subject to her, and really do not intend to do so."

"Raymond, do you imagine that you can only be false, in making a promise which you intend you will never fulfil? In *this* perhaps you are innocent, but if you have been cruel enough to win this girl's affection, only for pastime, then you are indeed false to her!"

"Well, Cousin Clara, I thank you for your kind advice. I did not even think this 'simple rustic' possessed a heart. But I promise in future to guard against such 'devotion' toward Miss Edith, and if you will teach her fashionable etiquette, I will then perhaps invite her to grace the parlor of my elegant Broadway mansion. "But seriously, cousin, I cannot see why you imagine her brain stocked with historic lore. I am sure I always found her shy and almost afraid of me."

"Raymond, perhaps you never gave her, in your conversations with her, an opportunity of displaying to you her literary conversational knowledge. You, I imagine, talk only foolish, weak, sentimental nonsense, instead of seeking to know if her mind possesses any deeper knowledge."

"Well, Clara, I am tired of this, and as the air is growing chilly I think we had best go in." So the two walked out of the shadows along the path to the house near by, while near enough to touch them as they passed stood Edith Vance, like a Niobe frozen into stone; and when she at last had power to move, how her thought came rushing back, with O, such shame, that she had allowed her heart to be given unasked to this Raymond Gray. Yet she was to blame? Had he not proven by his actions that he loved her? So it seemed to her, and yet his words had proved the baseness and treachery of his actions, and with heart beating wildly she was yet thankful that she had overheard the conversation. She remained long in the arbor, with the faint breeze fluttering her ringlets, and kissing her pale cheeks as if to awaken her, while near by the sea murmured and sobbed as it beat against the shore, and it seemed to Edith, as though it were a murmuring and

sobbing of her own heart over her terrible sufferings. She finally walked mechanically into the house, and shutting the door behind her as she entered her room, sat down to think. What was life to her? The morning began bright, but the Angel of Death soon took away her mother, whom she only had a faint remembrance of, and until she was fifteen she had lived alone with her father, whom she had grown to love almost to idolatry, but who, leaving her one bright morning with a loving kiss and a cheerful smile, was borne home at evening—dead! The doctors said heart-disease, which he had been laboring under for several years, had caused his sudden death. Poor little Edith sat alone, sobbing as if her heart would break, and after the funeral she was hurried away to her uncle's to dwell among new scenes and associations so very unlike what she had been used to, as to almost imagine herself at times in a new world. Her relatives were kind after their style, but her aunt, having little sympathy for even her own offspring, could scarcely be expected to adopt this poor friendless orphan at once into her heart. However, Edith never complained, but yielded passively to the burdens which were heaped upon her young shoulders, by the young tyrants growing up about her. It was soon ascertained that Mr. Vance had in great speculations risked his vast fortune, and the consequence was that it was swept away, leaving his daughter—penniless. Perhaps it was that she ever kept in remembrance her dependent condition, which made her so kind and gentle to the children, who came to her unhesitatingly with their knotty questions in arithmetic, assured of an answer, and even little Benny, a chubby bright-eyed young gentleman of three, who stood in stout defiance of his mother's threats, yielded passively to the kind entreaties of Edith.

It was a hard struggle to the girl as she stood looking out over the water—the storm within her soul raging still more fiercely than the elements without—for were not love and pride equally contending for the victory? But she must leave the sands. She knew how strongly opposed to her departure her aunt would be, although she called her a dependant upon them. And how still more bitterly the children would object. Yet she thought it her duty, and must yield. She remembered her kind old nurse in the city, who lived on a small in-

come, left her on the death of a near relative. She also remembered how kindly Nurse Rose had said, on parting with her:

"If ever ye are in need of friends, little one, come to me, and it would be such a comfort to me to share my little cottage with you!" And to Nurse Rose she had resolved to go.

It was a sad morning to all the inmates of the great rambling old house which stood upon the seashore, and served as a home for a few who, during the hot summer months, wished for quietude and rest—when the great old lumbering stage drove up, which was to carry Edith to the village depot five miles away, for with her kindness and sweetness of disposition Edith had won the hearts of all. Among the group who stood on the piazza waiting to say good-by to her as she passed, was Raymond Gray. He walked hurriedly up to her, and reaching out his hand grasped hers and shook it warmly. He looked at her tenderly, but in response only encountered a haughty glance, which wounded him sorely; and long after the old red stage had disappeared, he wondered at the cold strange manner of the young girl, whom he had so heartlessly wronged. And now, as she had gone away, perhaps he would never meet her again. Somehow he did not like to imagine this, and yet he persuaded himself that it was only fancy; he knew that in the next month which should be spent here, the time would fall heavily on his hands. He thought of the many happy evenings he had spent with her, strolling along the shore, or gathering flowers to arrange in huge bouquets as they sat together in the arbor. But he forced himself to put aside these thoughts, and taking a cigar from its case, and a book from his table, walked out to a great elm which stood a short distance from the house, and throwing himself beneath its shade, finally fell asleep under their consoling influence.

But what of Edith? The battle still raged, yet not so fearfully—there were moments when pride seemed to conquer, moments when her soul lit up with hopes of a brilliant future (for this Edith had talent), and at times the ideal which reigned in her heart seemed hurled from its pedestal. And when she left the house which had been her home since her father's death, it was with an earnestness in her heart, and a resolution to surmount all obstacles, and claim a posi-

tion before the world which she knew by right was hers.

Five years have passed; the long, low, rambling house upon the seashore is gone, but standing in its place is a large elegant mansion, still the resort for "fashionables" who seek for quietude and repose. One lovely afternoon in June, the birds were singing joyously in the trees, and the tall grass waved in billows across the meadows behind the large stone house; while the dull sands stretching along the shore sparkled here and there, as the bits of shell and sand caught the shining sunbeams.

Once more Edith stood at the window looking out over the deep blue sea, but the pure brow on this fair day gave no indication of sorrow. Suddenly a carriage drove up to the piazza, and a lady and gentleman alighted. Edith only caught a glimpse of them as they passed into the house, and somehow a thought of five years ago flashed through her mind, and brought with it memories which long ago seemed forgotten. Yet a sarcastic smile played around her lips as she muttered:

"Strange I should think of this Raymond Gray, whom I have not met for years, and although the love I once bore him, through strong disrespect, beginning that night, has been conquered. Yet I feel a vague pity still in my heart for the young girl who, from innocent bliss was rudely awakened to find herself deceived. How little is sometimes required to form the turning point in our lives! I have succeeded even beyond my most sanguine expectations.

"I wonder if he now would consider me only a 'simple rustic.' I, Edith Vance, the renowned musician; but 'self-praise is half scandal' is an old adage, so I will leave the compliments for others.

"But I must dress and go down. I do wonder who the fresh arrivals can be!"

So wondering, she soon completed her toilet, and going down to the parlor, sat down at the piano, and gave vent to her strange feelings. Now the melodies gushed forth, impassioned, glowing, intoxicating, and then all at once throbbed between them as it were, sharp dissonances and discords. As the last note died upon the air she turned and stood face to face with Raymond Gray.

"Excuse me, Miss Vance, but hearing the soul-inspiring strains which I knew could be from none other than yourself, and

presuming upon our former acquaintance, allow me to congratulate you upon your success as a renowned musician."

"Thank you, Mr. Gray, your compliment is quite flattering."

The quietness of this greeting speech was but a fair sample of her manner. She was still the same quiet Edith, but so queenly and self-possessed, as to make even the fastidious Raymond Gray feel her far above himself.

"Pray allow me a few words with you, Miss Vance, ere you leave the room." And he placed a chair for her, and sitting near her, asked why she had so shunned him, who had sought so earnestly for her society; and why, through all the intervening years, she had returned the letters which he had so persistently sent, unopened. He did not wait to be answered, but looking upon her as she sat so inconsistently beautiful, and grasping her hand as she arose—"You *shall* hear me before you go, Edith. I love you better than my life."

She wrenched her hand from his, and, standing erect, looking into the treacherous face with her calm brown eyes, said:

"Mr. Gray, your speech is useless, and besides, I am only a simple rustic, unfit to grace a fashionable Broadway mansion. My heart was once yours, but it now belongs to another." So saying, Edith left the room, feeling that her revenge was complete.

It is said "revenge is sweet," but she felt a half pity in her heart for this man as she saw the look of despair upon his face. As he sat there, a thought of the conversation in the arbor flashed through his mind; could it be possible that Edith could have overheard them? He arose, and walking mechanically to his room packed his valise, and left within an hour for the city.

But soon there were fresh arrivals, and among them was Edith's lover, Ernest Parker, and as she sat in the parlor once more singing a sweet ballad, every trace of the late scene was banished from her countenance, while joy reigned in its stead.

BALLOU'S MAGAZINE FOR 1877.

A FEW WORDS TO OUR PATRONS.

There is no occasion for many words to our patrons this New Year. We have catered for their amusement and instruction for such a long time that we know our friends understand us, and will believe us when we say that we intend to make **BALLOU'S MAGAZINE**, for the year 1877, as good and fresh as it has been in the past; and if it is possible to improve it, we shall certainly do so. We have engaged several new contributors, who will write for our pages, and we shall continue to employ the best story-tellers in the country, for the purpose of making our Magazine attractive. Colonel James Franklin Fitts makes his first appearance, for some months, in the Department for Young Folks; and we wish to call attention to his serial, as it is an Indian and Western story combined. Mr. Wm. H. Macy, the blind writer of Nantucket, will furnish us with quite a number of sea and whaling yarns; and the Misses Bigelow and Dupree will continue to supply us with charming domestic and love stories; and many others have been engaged in the same line. On the whole, we feel quite pleased at the prospect for the next twelve months, and we wish all the friends of **BALLOU'S MAGAZINE** "A Happy New Year."

Remember our terms are just as they were last season—only \$1.50 per year, and postage prepaid. For club terms see the cover page, where full particulars can be found.

THOMES & TALBOT, 23 Hawley St., Boston, Mass.



THE CHILD OF THE WILDERNESS.

A True Story of Early Life in the Northwest.

EDITED BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

THE COLONEL EXPLAINS.

LUKE and Leander are at the bottom of it. This shall be a very brief chapter. I have a long story to tell, and no time nor space to waste over preliminaries; but a few words about myself as I am will not be amiss; in fact, they seem rather necessary to show how and why this true story came to be written. So I will write this initial chapter with my own hand; and, as I will explain soon, this is the only one of the whole number that I can claim as entirely my own composition.

The story speaks of me all the way through as a boy. So I was when the adventures occur that it relates, for they happened mostly in the fall of the year 1831, and the following winter and spring. I was fifteen years old that October, and therefore I am bordering on sixty now. And, in one sense, I am about as much of a boy as I was then. All the bright lads who will read these lines know that there are some frosty-headed fellows whose hearts never do grow old, and who are almost always ready for a game of ball, or some like frolic; men, in fact, who can't forget that they were once

boys themselves. I am one of this kind. When I have ceased to love the boys and to heartily sympathize with them in their joys and griefs—then I shall be all ready to be buried, as I hope I shall be.

But possibly I should not think so much of the youngsters if it were not for my own; my grandsons, I mean, Luke and Leander. They are twins, a little past ten years of age, and very fine boys, if I do say it. We live—that is, the boys, their parents and myself—in a far Western city. Their father is a bustling man of affairs, as I always predicted he would be; but with me it is different. I have had an adventurous life and a hard one; have knocked about the United States from San Francisco to Bangor, and from St. Paul's to Mobile; I was in the Black Hawk War (as you will learn in some future chapters), in the Mexican War, and saw some dreadful hard service under General Lyon in Missouri, in the Rebellion; and having been lucky enough, withal, to make a great deal of money in honest speculation—as who has a better right, I would like to know?—it isn't necessary for me to work very hard, and I cheerfully take the view of it that I have done enough to entitle me to a rest. At the same time I believe I am

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pretty charitable, and do considerable good to those about me, and delight in company and society, young and old, as I probably shall as long as I live. My time is passed in reading the newspapers, and all those wonderful and entertaining books of travel in all quarters of the world that they send out so fast now-a-days from the Eastern cities, in hunting and fishing a little, in "seeing the folks," and in looking after Luke and Leander.

But bless me, how I do run on! After all this long preamble, filled as full of "I's" as a printer's case, I have just reached the point I started for, and the beginning of the reason why this true story is to get into print. It is I that "look after Luke and Leander." Fine boys they are, both of them, pretty studious, fond of geography and history, and hating arithmetic (just as their father used to be), and when out of school they make me their companion more than half the time. I help them in their studies, we make garden together in pleasant weather, sometimes they go fishing with me; but what they like best of all is to sit up nights with me, and hear my stories about the adventures I have passed through.

One cold night last winter, when the snow lay three feet deep in the yard, and it was so tempestuous that we were certain there would be no callers, I took the boys up to my room and sat down for a regular story-telling. My room is a queer place, and the boys love dearly to go there. It has a deep-mouthed fireplace, wide enough to burn a four-foot log whole, and on this occasion we had a roaring fire in it, which we kept up nearly all night. Here is my library, over which is mounted an American panther (ah—I shouldn't wonder at all if the story had something to do with a creature like this!) that I shot in Texas about 1850; there is a monstrous stuffed rattlesnake coiled on a shelf; and there are natural specimens of eagles, cranes, bears, deer, and what not. Here are my guns and sporting tackle of all kinds; here are my pipes* and tobacco, my writing materials, and all I like best that doesn't breathe; yes, and here, whenever I am, are likely to be Bruin, my great mastiff, who jumped into the pond and brought out Leander when he was five years old, saving

* I want to remark right here that I did not learn to smoke till I was over forty, and I advise all the boys to wait until that age before they try it. Perhaps then they will not learn at all.

him from certain death, and Wat Tyler, the best hunting-spaniel in the State. My room—"grandpa's room," it is always called in this house—is a large place, full of grandpa's notions, and a dear place to him and the boys.

Well—and I declare, it seems to me as though I never could stick to the subject of "how it happened!"—on this memorable evening, after I had smoked my pipe a while, and the boys had eaten their apples, and I had helped them to discover how it was that

$$\frac{9}{10} \times \frac{2}{3} \times \frac{7}{15} - \frac{1}{6} =$$

—well, what does it equal, youngsters?—who I hope don't hate vulgar fractions as bad as Luke and Leander do—then we drew our big chairs up to the roaring fire, and I told them, without ever stopping to take breath, or stopping at all, except to answer a question now and then, or when interrupted by an "O grandpa!" or some other exclamation of interest or excitement that could not be suppressed, the story that I am now introducing.

Not, to be sure, the exact story; for I suspect it will receive some polishing and ornamenting, and perhaps a little pruning, from the hands into which it has fallen. But the substance of it, all the adventures and incidents, and the great groundwork of fact, I gave them, pretty much as you will find it set down in the following chapters.

And never before had I seen the boys so interested! No, not even when I had described to them how at Buena Vista our little army was almost crushed by the hosts of Mexicans who, five to one, charged us at the close of the battle, when Bragg's guns laid them out by hundreds, and saved the day; nor when I told them of the tremendous fighting we did at Lexington, Missouri, under Mulligan, before the Confederates cut off our water and compelled us to surrender; nor in any of the hundred other true stories I had told them. Their eyes "stuck out"—not exactly "so you could hang your hat on them," but in a very wide-open kind of way; and when at last I declared that I must go to bed, both the boys exclaimed that they were not sleepy a bit, and clamored for more. But they got no more that night.

"I'm afraid," said the boys' mother, the next morning at the breakfast-table, "that grandpa makes his stories most too long for good hours or good health. I don't believe

he knows himself what time it was last night when the soiree in grandpa's room broke up."

"I looked at my watch," said I, "and it had stopped at half-past eleven. We all went to bed pretty soon after that, I should say."

Luke—Luke, senior, I mean, the boys' father—laughed, and mother astonished me by assuring me that the boys did not leave my room till after the clock struck three.

"The dickens!" said I. "Who'd have thought it?"

YOUNG LUKE—Well, it was a splendid story, anyway. Wasn't it, Le?

LEANDER—Yes sir! I could hardly get to sleep, thinking of it; and when I did I dreamed of Injuns, and deers, and panthers, till the breakfast-bell woke me up.

The boys went off to school as usual that morning; but I am sadly afraid their young heads were full of something besides vulgar fractions. I was in my room when they came home in the afternoon; and the fire getting pretty hot, I opened the door. There were Masters Luke and Leander, talking very earnestly in whispers; and, what was very unusual, they exhibited some confusion when I appeared.

"Why, what's the matter now, boys?" said I.

Leander looked at Luke; Luke looked at Leander. Both looked sheepish; neither said a word.

"Don't both speak at once," I said, meaning, of course, to quiz them; but in their excitement and confusion that is just what they did.

"Grandpa," they both burst out in a breath, "we want you to write out that long story you told us last night, for BALLOT'S MAGAZINE."

A nice proposal that was for me! I didn't have to think twice about it before I declined—not "declined with thanks," as some of the editors say. I suppose I spoke abruptly and decidedly, for the boys went away at once, and seemed to feel much disappointed.

After they had gone I found that the subject would not be dismissed from my mind. I "pished" and "pshawed" at the idea, smoked a pipe, took down Stanley's "How I Found Livingstone," and tried to trace the route of the expedition, and presently found myself hunting for Unyanyembe (I'm not just sure that's right), near the

Cape of Good Hope; and concluding that I was bound to think a while of the youngsters' absurd request, I put up Stanley and fell to thinking.

I ought to say right here that in January, 1873, I commenced to take BALLOU for the boys, and that they laid to the "Young People's Story-Teller" department like a couple of beavers. I read "Nicky the Waif" with them, and got considerably interested in it; especially the latter part, for the scenes it describes about the lower Mississippi were very familiar to me, and I had met a dozen fellows in my experience in the Southwest who were the counterparts of Talbot Brewster, Benito and Colonel Cope. And I was then—for it was in the latter part of January, reading "That Taylor Boy"—and liked it right well, too. You know I told you, to begin with, that I was a boy yet.

My reflections ended in calling the boys in, and asking them how on earth they happened to think of such a preposterous thing as to set their poor old grandfather to work writing a story for BALLOU'S. Their eager young faces brightened, and then followed a talk which I will abbreviate, and present here.

LUKE—Why, grandpa, it's better than anything we have ever read in the Magazine.

LEANDER—Yes, indeed, or in any other.

LUKE—And we think it a shame that all the boys—

LEANDER—And girls, too—

LUKE—Yes—that they shouldn't have the fun of reading it.

LEANDER—And Luke thought perhaps you might write it in such a way as to mention our names; to say that you had been telling it to us, you know.

GRANDPA—Nonsense, boys. Or rather, I'll tell you just what I think of it. The story is a good enough one, I don't doubt; and after seeing what an effect it has had upon you two, I am sure it would be successful among the young people—or the old ones either, for that matter. The trouble is not with the story, boys; it is with the hero of it, your grandfather. I can't write; I mean, I'm not handy with the pen. A short letter in decent English is all I can aspire to in that line. If there was some experienced quill driver about here who could hear me condense the thing into about an hour's talk, and then write it all out, it

would not be a bad idea, and he could figure you two young fellows into it to your heart's content; but I'd rather go out and fight again than to try it. I haven't the patience nor the gift of writing; in short, I can't. So let's hear no more of it.

The boys went off again; and I was surprised to see that they didn't seem to feel very much disappointed. And it was not long before I discovered that something mysterious was brewing. They were together all the time out of school, and usually off by themselves in some out-of-the-way room. Once I surprised them writing together; and although that was not unusual, yet on this occasion they hurried their writing-materials out of sight, as though there were something wrong about it. I must confess that I waited with some impatience for the boys to reveal their secret to me (as I knew they would, sooner or later), for their conduct was so very different from all I had seen in them.

In about a week the mystery came out. The two young rascals brought to my room five or six pages of foolscap, with the main points and principal incidents of the story neatly put down, and a letter they had written to the author of "Nicky the Waif," informing him that their grandfather—and they actually gave my name and address!—was the hero of the story they had sketched down, and asking him to write to me and get my permission to write it out for BALLOU. Only—and I was surprised to see that the boys had thought far enough ahead for that—they supposed their grandpa would not care to have his own name in the story; so the writer could use a fictitious one. And as that was a point of some importance, they had been thinking about an appropriate name, and they had decided on HALLET CREGER. Wouldn't the author please use that one?—and wouldn't he please write to their grandpa right away and get his consent?

I was vastly amused at the pluck and perseverance of the boys, and finally consented to their sending the letter; though I hardly expected anything to come of it.

"But," said Leander, with a lengthening face, "we don't know his address."

"Sure enough," said Luke. "But we can write to the publishers for it!" And away they went, full of their queer scheme.

Their letter to the Magazine was duly an-

swered,* with the address asked for; and the boys' letter and "points" were mailed the same day. In ten days an answer came back from the author of "Nicky." He said, in brief, that the boys' letter had reached him just as he was sketching out a plan for a story for the juvenile readers of BALLOU for 1877; but that the notes of my story had so impressed him that he had thrown aside his own notes, and now earnestly requested that I would comply with the boys' wish. "I may also ask you," he added, "in the names of a hundred thousand juveniles; for I know that many will read it, to say nothing of the children of a larger growth."

Well—to cut short this chapter of explanation, which I expected to be very short, and which is not so very short, after all—I had no peace from my grandsons until I consented. I wrote to the author of "Nicky," telling him so, and giving him some further details which the boys had omitted. This, as I have said, was last winter. A few days ago I had another letter from him, asking me to write an introductory chapter; and as it was now too late to refuse, I have written this, which I think I will send to him, without reading it over, for I don't doubt there are lots of queer expressions in it, which I can't take the trouble to revise. I lay down my pen, hoping that the completed story may be as attractive and interesting to the great audience of young people it is to come before as it has been to the two boys who have had so much to do with laying it before them—and who are this moment knocking at the door of my room, impatient to read this chapter before it is sent away—my own dear grandsons, Luke and Leander. Heaven bless their bright young faces and generous hearts!

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—I hope no one will be tempted to skip this introductory chapter. Interesting as the story is, it will seem doubly attractive after the reader has learned from the pen of the gallant Colonel—himself, in a general way, what has happened to him since the end of the fearful and romantic journey which mainly occupies the following pages. So well satis-

* Requests of this kind are by no means rare with us. We remember receiving the letter referred to, and giving the desired information; but we little thought that there was to be any such important and gratifying result as has been reached.—PUBLISHERS.

fed was I of this, that after completing the writing out of the narrative from the notes furnished me by the colonel and his grandsons, I could not be content to send it to the Magazine for publication without just such a chapter to start with, from the pen of its hero; and all who read the story will be gratified with me in reading this also. It gives such a charming picture of the later years of our Hallet Creger (as the grandsons will have him called here), that I feel that the story would be quite incomplete without it. And then the way in which Hallet happened to come before the juvenile readers of Ballou at all is as good as a story in itself; and how charmingly does the good colonel describe it! I have written a special note of thanks to both Luke and Leander for their large share in the matter; and I think that when they had read their grandfather's chapter, they had no cause to complain that they had not been "figured into" the story.

I ought further to say in this place, that not only should this chapter be read by all who read the story, before they read it—but that every one who does read the story will be certain to turn back to it and discover from it what the story itself does not reveal, and what there will be no other place than this to reveal—the fate of Manekah. I had expected that the colonel would supply this omission in his introduction, and was much surprised that it was perfectly silent about her. Anxious to learn something further of her, I wrote to Leander on the subject, and from him learned the truth. Eight years after their arrival at Saint Louis, or when Hallet was twenty-three and Manekah nineteen—they were married. The bride survived hardly two years, leaving her husband, the baby-boy Luke, and an almost broken heart. From this I could easily understand that the subject was still, after so many years, too painful to him to be mentioned; and I must ask his pardon here for alluding to it. He will see that my readers have a right to know what became of Manekah, after becoming so interested in her fortunes. If I am not mistaken, it was this sad event that made the colonel a wanderer in the Southwest and a soldier in Mexico, whence he returned to Saint Louis to rear and educate his son, before the outbreak of the Great Rebellion again called on him to take the field.

It is a curious thing that the first chapter of

this story should be written last. I am writing the last words of it now; and I lay it before all my *old* friends, the young readers of the Magazine, perfectly satisfied that it is far better than anything that I—and I had almost said, than any one else—could have "made up."

And now for the story!

J. F. F.

CHAPTER II.

A NIGHT OF PERIL.

I SHALL have something to say quite soon of my strange northern home, of how I came to be there, and who were there with me. Just now I wish to relate an experience showing something of its dangers. It can hardly be omitted from the story of my adventurous boyhood, because it is of itself one of the most thrilling of those adventures, and because it made an impression on my mind that nothing but death can efface.

I must have been about six years old at the time. It was in the depth of winter, and a winter, too, of unusual severity. Many a night had I lain awake in my little bed, and listened to the wolves howling outside, that had left the deep forest and come down to our little clearing. They would hover about in this way all night, that winter, and only disperse at daylight. More than once my father or Gabriel went to one of the windows and shot one of the ugly brutes.

On that afternoon my father and mother had gone to the funeral of one of the neighbors. *Neighbors*, indeed! They were the nearest people to us, and lived almost a mile across the clearing. They rode together on the horse, as they were accustomed to do. Deborah, the woman who lived with us, was sick abed; and my mother charged Gabriel not to leave me for a moment during her absence.

"No, ma'am, I'll not," he said. "Depend upon it, I'll not leave him."

And he was true to the letter of his charge; although I do not think he respected the spirit of it very much. The fact was, Gabriel was an ardent trapper, and there was so much game of that kind that winter that he had become too earnest about it. He had that morning set his traps in a good place about a mile off in the other direction, and was about to visit them when my mother

left me in his charge. He expected they would be back again soon after sunset; but the sun set and the moon rose, and they did not come.

"I know there's at least one fox trapped," said Gabriel to himself. "Plague take it, I want to see about it to-night."

He went into Deborah's room, and found her fast asleep. He opened the outer door, looked out and listened, but found no sign of my parents.

"I might take him with me," he said. And no sooner said than done. He put my fur coat and cap on me, put on his own cap, took down his rifle and accoutrements, and putting me on his shoulders, plunged into the woods. The moon was high enough to show the path he had made through the snow, and he went at so fast a pace, that he soon reached the spot where he had placed his traps. And there was a fox in one of them, just as he supposed. He took him out (it was a dead-trap), reset it, and with me and the fox on one shoulder, held by one hand, and his rifle in the other, he started on a jog-trot back toward the house. He had not gone twenty rods when a great gray wolf walked into the path just ahead of us, and stood there. Gabriel acted as promptly as though he had expected just this to happen, all the time. He dropped on one knee, to secure a good aim, and holding his rifle in one hand, fired. The wolf fell and rolled over dead, without so much as a whine.

At the report of the rifle, a tremendous howl burst from the woods behind us. Ga-

briel dropped the rifle, dropped the fox, and setting me firmly astride of his shoulders, bounded like a deer through the woods. He knew that he had a race for life before him; a race for his own life, and that of his master's only child. It seems to me like a dream now as I think of it; the hunter dashing along with me on his back, and those dreadful howls behind us coming nearer and nearer at every step. The woods were past, and as Gabriel bounded into the clearing, he sent forth a ringing cry for help. I saw a light twinkling in the house, the door was thrown open, and my father stood in the doorway, rifle in hand. I turned my head for the first time; there were three of the monsters running in a line—all near enough, but one of them actually at Gabriel's heels. I heard a rifle-shot, and that one fell crippled. The next instant the door was reached; but before Gabriel could enter it, two paws were upon his shoulders, and the hot breath of the beast was on my cheek. I caught the gleam of my father's long hunting-knife as it was buried in the wolf's heart; the animal rolled dead on the ground, and the door was closed with all of us inside. Gabriel seized my father's rifle and began to reload it; but before he could get it done, the last wolf had fled to the forest, as he saw from the window.

My mother clasped me to her breast—and as she looked at me, fell fainting to the floor. And not without reason; my face was covered with the blood of the wolf slain by the knife!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LEON MEYER.

BY E. J. WHITNEY.

WHEN Leon Meyer came home from school, his mother looked up in amazement, he came in so softly, instead of rushing in like a whirlwind, as usual. He was a long time doing the chores, and when he came in his eyes were red with weeping.

"Are you ill, Leon?" asked his mother. "You have scarcely tasted your supper."

"I don't feel very well," he replied.

"Been having another fight with Tom Boynton, eh?" queried his father.

"No sir," hesitatingly.

"What did I tell you, Leon, the last time you had trouble with that boy?" scowling.

"You said if you heard of any more, that you would give me a flogging."

"I always keep my word," significantly. "Well, have you had any more trouble, eh?"

"Not much, sir."

Mr. Meyer frowned, saying, angrily:

"If you lie to me, Leon, you will wish you had never been born."

"Mr. Meyer!" interposed his wife.

"I am managing this boy, Mrs. Meyer, and I will not have any interference," he frowned.

"Let me tell, papa, please," cried Lily.

"Lily Meyer!" sternly.

"Please let me tell, papa," she plead, her tiny hands clasped, and tears rolling down her cheeks.

"I will punish you severely if you say another word," stormed the father. "Things have come to a pretty pass if I am to be bearded in my own house, and by my own children. Mrs. Meyer, put that child to bed," as Lily sobbed, pitifully.

"Don't cry, Lily," whispered Leon, as his sister bade him good-night. "Perhaps papa will let me tell him."

"You haven't kissed papa, Lily," prompted her mother.

With a quick movement the child slipped from the room. Mr. Meyer had lost his good-night kiss.

"Now, sir," scowling fiercely as his glance fell on the trembling boy. "Have you had trouble with Tom Boynton to-day?"

"Yes sir, but—"

"I want no buts. Yes or no."

"Yes sir," reluctantly.

"Take off your coat, sir. I'll learn you to quarrel and fight. Did your teacher flog you to-day?"

The boy looked up in surprise. "Tom Boynton lied to him, sir, so he flogged me."

"Aint you ashamed of yourself to get flogged twice in one day? I'll not have you laying all your faults on Tom Boynton. He is a rich man's son, and behaves as well as you, I dare say." And the lash came down with stinging force.

The cruel taunts aroused the boy's spirit, and he raised his face, from which every vestige of color had fled, a vivid fire glowing in his soft blue eyes. Not a moan escaped the pale lips through the cruel ordeal.

"You may go now," said his father, at last, somewhat alarmed at the pale set face; "and if I ever hear such an account of you again, I'll flog you half to death."

In a paroxysm of rage and grief, Leon hurried to his chamber and flung himself on the bed.

In a few moments the door swung softly open and a tender loving voice exclaimed:

"My darling boy!" And her warm tears fell on his face as she clasped him in her arms.

"O mother, mother, I wish I were dead!" he cried, bitterly.

"No, no, my son, you must not say that, it is wicked," gently, yet firmly.

"I can't—help—it. Father is—so—so," he sobbed.

"Can it be true that my boy was so disobedient that he was punished?" asked his mother, reproachfully.

"No, no, mother, Tom Boynton lied to the teacher, and he flogged me. You see," eagerly, "the desk has been filled with rubbish for several days, and yesterday Mr. Blake said he would flog the one severely that did it, if it was repeated. Well, when we got there this morning, there was the desk fuller than ever. Mr. Blake was terribly angry, and said he would punish each pupil, if he could not find the guilty one, any other way."

"Here's a knife," exclaimed Tom, who was helping clear the desk.

"Let me see it," said Mr. Blake.

"Tom handed it to him."

"Who owns this knife?" And, O, how stern his voice was, as he held it up."

"You can't imagine how astonished I was, mother, when I saw Mr. Blake held the knife I lost so long ago."

"I remember," softly.

With a grateful look Leon went on.

"It's mine, sir," said I."

"That was right, my darling."

"Yours!" in a surprised tone.

"Yes sir."

"How came your knife in my desk?"

"I don't know, sir. I lost it a long time ago."

"If you please, sir," spoke up that mean Tom Boynton, "I saw him have it last night."

"Last night! Are you sure?"

"Yes sir."

"Leon Meyer," exclaimed the teacher, with awful sternness, "I must say that I am greatly disappointed in you. There was not one here but what I would have suspected of such conduct, as soon, or sooner, than of you. You, in whom I have placed such confidence, and whom I have considered one of my best pupils, to fill my desk with rubbish, and then deny it; again, you tell another falsehood about your knife, when you are found out. I could not have believed it of you. These are two grave offences, and require severe punishment."

"I didn't fill your desk, and I certainly lost my knife, sir," I replied, as firmly as I could, but the tears *would* come to my eyes when I saw how sad he looked.

"If you confess, your punishment will be lighter," was all he said.

"I have nothing to confess, sir, for I have told the truth," I said, in agony.

"Your obstinacy (for I can call it nothing else) is extremely reprehensible. I am more pained than I can say, but I must perform my duty. Hold out your hand, Leon."

"Every blow seemed to strike here," putting his hand on his heart. "I hardly felt them on my hands."

"My poor boy!" murmured his mother, kissing the poor blistered hands; "it is better to suffer wrong, than to do wrong. Don't grieve so, it will come right sometime," as Leon still sobbed drearily.

She little thought how soon her words would be verified.

"I don't care for the punishment as I do for the name of it. It is too bad, too bad! That mean Tom Boynton's at the bottom of it, I know. O, I hope he'll catch it!" clenching his fists. "And I have been so proud of being the most exemplary pupil in school. O dear!"

"Hush, hush, my son," gently; "you are giving place to the two worst enemies one can have, anger and revenge."

"I can't help it, mamma, Tom is so hateful and mean, and is always doing something to plague me. He taunted me all the way home of being flogged, and hoped I should be again. And—and, mamma dear, I struck him."

"Leon!" gravely.

"Yes, I did, but I was sorry the next minute."

"I am very, very sorry that my boy should forget so soon the good lessons he has received."

"I only forgot a minute, and although he struck me two or three times afterwards, I didn't strike him again."

"That was right. What first began the trouble between you?"

"He has hated me ever since I won the prize last spring."

A long pause.

"Leon, my love, have you thought that perhaps you needed this lesson?"

"O mamma," reproachfully.

"Just think a moment, dear. Haven't you been proud of your easily acquired learning? Have you not been inclined to look down on ignorant people?"

"I am afraid I have sometimes, mamma,"

was the thoughtful reply. "Isn't it wrong to be so very ignorant? I always thought it was."

"It is wrong and foolish, also, where it can be prevented; but many are so from necessity, and not from choice. Learning opens many avenues of pleasure, ennoble the possessor, commands profitable employment; while ignorance is superstitious and degrading."

"How angry father was!" sighed the boy, after a slight pause. "He wouldn't let me explain a word."

"Some one must have misrepresented the affair to him," said Mrs. Meyer, a blush of shame suffusing her face, as she thought of her hasty-tempered husband.

"He might have let me told him. O dear! I wish he was like Willie Ryde's father, then I could please him sometimes."

"Do not think of it any more, but try to go to sleep, dear. Good-night."

"You've been coddling that disobedient son of yours, all this time, I suppose," sneered Mr. Meyer, as his wife entered the room.

"It took me a long time to soothe Lily, she was so excited," was the quiet reply. "Since then I have been talking with Leon."

"Things have come to a pretty pass, I think, when a man can't correct a disobedient headstrong boy without such a fuss," retorted Mr. Meyer, angrily, as he paced the floor.

"You are mistaken, Francis," said his wife, gently. "Leon has done no wrong, except—"

"O no, Leon can't do wrong," sneered Mr. Meyer, savagely. "Of course it wasn't wrong for him to fight Tom Boynton, the rascal!"

"Except to give a blow in return for bitter taunts," quietly and firmly went on the lady. "A blow repented of directly."

A quick slam of the door announced Mr. Meyer's departure.

You may think that this gentleman was not very agreeable, but if you asked his opinion, he would tell you you were much mistaken, for he was usually very pleasant. An opinion he had the pleasure of indulging alone.

Some weeks later, Leon came rushing in from school, eyes and cheeks aglow, as he exclaimed:

"The pond is frozen like a rock, and there will be splendid skating to-morrow."

Most all the boys have new skates, and are going in for a glorious time. Can't I go too, father?"

Meyer scowled as he laid down his paper, saying testily:

"No, you can't."

"Why not, sir? I'll be very careful."

"I said no, I believe, and when I say no, I mean no; so not another word," angrily. "You were gone last Saturday, and you'll saw wood to-morrow, young man."

Leon swallowed very hard as he said, respectfully, "I'll finish the wood in good season, if you will let me go, sir."

"I'll flog you within an inch of your life, sir, if you go, so go if you dare," was the savage response.

Leon flushed with anger as he left the room. His lowering brow at supper-time brought a sharp reproof from his father, who ordered him to bed.

The next day was clear and bright. Leon worked away on the wood slowly, and, I am sorry to say, sulkily. He was no wise cheered as the boys went gayly by, swinging their skates and calling for him to join them.

"It's awful mean," exclaimed Willie Ryde; "I shan't have a bit of fun if you are not there."

"I'm awful sorry, Willie, but I can't," replied Leon, dolefully.

"It's a burning shame;" then brightly, "I tell you what it is, Leon, I'll help you do the wood, and then you can go and look on, if you can't skate."

And the little fellow went to work with a will. Leon didn't relish the idea of looking on, but grateful for Willie's sympathizing help, he worked briskly, and was soon talking merrily.

"Ha, ha, if this aint nice, staying to home sawing wood, instead of going down to the pond. Look at my new skates. There isn't such a splendid pair in town," proudly, "'cause father got 'em in Boston." Tom plumed himself greatly on his father being the richest man in town.

"They re no better than the pair Uncle Walter sent me," said Leon.

Tom was angry directly, and calling Leon all manner of names, finally walked off in a towering passion. The wood was soon finished, and Leon ran into the house to ask his mother if he might go and see the skaters. A ready consent was given, and the two boys bounded away like deers.

Two or three hours later there was a quick ring of the bell, and a frightened little boy gasped, as Mrs. Meyer opened the door:

"O, if you please, ma'am, they're a bringin' him right home. And," with a wild burst of tears, "he's drowned, he's drowned."

With a sharp cry Mrs. Meyer caught at the door for support, as she saw a procession coming up the street, bearing a senseless burden.

"Don't be frightened, ma'am," said the man who seemed the one in authority, as he saw her deathly face; "he isn't dead, but jest fainted like a girl, when I pulled him out of the water. Poor little feller!" tenderly laying the still form on the sofa. "You've reason to be mighty proud o' this boy, Miss Meyer, I can tell you! It isn't many that would have shown such pluck, 'specially for sich a cross-grained chap."

"How did it happen?" inquired Mrs. Meyer, as she tried to revive her son.

"Why, you see, ma'am, that contrary critter, Tom Boynton, would go where the ice was thin, in spite of the boys' warning. Of course he went in, and this plucky little chap dived right in after him. Tom's pretty heavy, and he was awful scared, so he grabbed your boy round the neck, and down they both went to the bottom of the pond. I heard the boys screaming like all possessed, as I was going home across lots, so I run to see what was the matter, for I knew something was up by the yells. And matter enough it was, with two boys a drownin' close to the shore. They'd been down twice, they told me, and your son was a hangin' onto a piece of ice with one hand, and holding that ere feller with the other, when I got there. We got 'em out mighty quick, ma'am, but this poor little chap had hit his arm somehow, so it's broke, I guess. Well, here's the doctor, so I'll go. I hope he'll get on well, ma'am. Plucky, if he is little."

Leon's arm was dressed, he was given an opiate, and put to bed.

Of course the news spread like wildfire. Some said both boys were drowned while skating; others said there was only one. Mr. Meyer heard that Leon had broken through the ice while skating, and white with rage hurried home.

Mrs. Meyer had sat with Leon until he had become quiet, and had just gone into

the kitchen to prepare a bowl of gruel, when her husband rang the bell.

"Where is Leon?" he demanded, sternly, of the maid.

"Abed, sir, in course, afther being almost drowned the day," she replied.

"Bid him come to me," thundered the irate father. "I'll learn him to disobey me."

"Indade, sir, but the docthor gave him some medicine and put him to bed, sir, and he can't get up."

"Did you hear me?" with a stamp of the foot. "Do as I bid you or leave."

The girl left the room muttering, "I'm thankful ye are not my father, ye thafe o' the world."

"Master Leon, ye poor darlint! yer ugly ould father says ye have got to go to him. And," in a shrill whisper, "I guess he is going to flog ye, for I see the divil in his eye."

Poor Leon, trembling with fear and pain, tried to rise, but fell back with a groan.

"I can't go, Katie; it's no use to try," he said, faintly.

"Then I'll help you, you young rascal!" exclaimed a voice; and Mr. Meyer seized him roughly by the shoulder. "Get up, I say!" dragging him from the bed.

With a cry that rang in his ears for months, Leon fainted.

"Good gracious, Meyer! are you crazy?" cried a voice; and turning, the angry man saw Mr. Boynton and the minister looking at him.

"My son, my son, your father has killed you!" shrieked Mrs. Meyer, who had hurried in from the kitchen.

Such confusion as there was! The doctor was again summoned, the poor broken arm newly bandaged, and the doctor wore a grave face long before Leon recovered from his deathlike swoon.

Mr. Meyer paced the room in an agony of fear and remorse. Mr. Boynton's story did not reassure him, either.

Fever set in, and for weeks Leon's life was despaired of. At last he began to gain. Mr. Boynton was a constant visitor, bringing fruits, wines, and books and papers, declaring he could never show his admiration and gratitude to the preserver of his son.

Tom, who was really kind-hearted, struck with remorse, begged Leon's forgiveness, and then went bravely and confessed to the whole school that he had filled the teacher's

desk, and that Leon had suffered undeservingly.

Mr. Blake, after commending him for his confession, spoke about the too frequent sin of false accusation, and warned the school to beware of sowing the seeds of future remorse and sorrow. He then spoke in warm praise of Leon, who not only forgave unkindness, but risked his life even for him who had injured him.

As soon as school closed Mr. Blake (who heartily rejoiced that his favorite pupil was innocent) hurried to Mr. Meyer's.

"My dear boy," he exclaimed, as he took Leon's thin wasted hands in a warm clasp, "I have come to tell you that I now know you were innocent of the charge for which I punished you, and I ask your pardon for not trusting your word."

Leon's lips quivered, and the tears were in his eyes as he replied, simply:

"You could not help believing me guilty, sir."

Mr. Blake shook his head.

"I was too hasty. I quite long to have my favorite pupil back again, Mrs. Meyer," turning to that lady.

"You said it would all come right, dear mamma, and it has," cried Leon, joyfully. "I am so happy."

Leon's convalescence passed very pleasantly, for the boys went often to see him, and Willie Ryde kept him informed about all that was going on at school, besides playing various games, such as checkers, and so forth, with him.

The painful thought that Mr. Meyer had gone through had done him good; for the slumbering love he had for his children had awakened to active life. He was greatly pained to see Leon grow silent and *distract* whenever he entered the room, and seem relieved when he left. Lily, too, avoided him, no longer climbing his knee and calling him her "dear good papa," he saw with sorrow.

"Leon," he said, gently, one day, as they were alone, "why is it that you are more pleased to see Dr. Gray and Mr. Boynton than your father, who loves you?"

Leon looked up with heightened color, but was silent.

"Why is it, my son?" kindly.

"I—I—" stammered the boy.

"My dear boy, have I lost your love by my cruel hasty temper? Words cannot express my sorrow for the past, and I ask you

to forgive me." His voice was husky with emotion.

"I!" cried Leon, excitedly. "O father, I didn't think you cared for my love." And he threw himself into his father's outstretched arms in a passion of tears.

From that moment Mr. Meyer was a changed man. He became an earnest Christian, and you cannot find a happier family to-day than his.

"I am so happy, mamma dearest," whispered Leon, joyfully, as his mother kissed him good-night, "for father *does* love me, after all. I am so glad I broke my arm, and it's most well now," with a sigh of content.

Beware, my young friends, of yielding to a quick temper, for, beside the heinous sin, you are likely to make the whole household unhappy.

GIVE WILLING BOYS A CHANCE.

The lesson inculcated in the following brief sketch is worth studying:

A green rustic lad came years ago to the metropolis from a Connecticut village. At home he had done well in an honorable way, but he had shown no marked ability. He had heard and read of the wonderful city. He made up his mind he could do something in it. When he reached the city no place seemed open to him. Day after day he hunted for business. Want stared him in the face. He would not go back to his friends. Dropping into a large dry goods house one day in the search for work, he chanced to come face to face with the proprietor.

"We have nothing for you to do, sir," this great business man said, in reply to his inquiry. "But stay—what can you do?" he continued. "You seem to be an honest-looking lad."

"O sir, I can do anything—only try me; only give me a chance to do something!" And the tears came out and trickled down the cheeks of the almost discouraged forlorn boy, though he tried as hard as he could to repress them. "I will take the poorest place and do my best."

He was engaged and set to work. He was sent down into the cellar, and commenced his business career in New York by pounding out bent nails, which had been thrown in a pile beside packing boxes, so as

they could be used again. This was his work for two weeks, and he barely kept body and soul together on the pay he received. Then he was put in a better place. Then he rose to be a clerk; and no clerk was so hard-working, so faithful, so interested in all this great house as himself. He saw his chance, and counted up in his own busy brain every point in the game.

In five years from that time he sat on the manager's seat, and hammered the crooked ins and outs of the business straight.

During his clerkship he never missed a day; and no morning went by without reporting promptly at seven o'clock. He saved money and prospered as the years went by. Go up Broadway to-day, and you will see his name in golden letters over the entrance to one of the largest and finest establishments. In that building there are seventeen million dollars worth of stock. His trade extends all over the land. His fortune is princely. And even now, though the great merchant is getting gray, and the old-time energy is waxing slow, a new light will come into his eyes, and a new life to his form, when he tells of those past days of striving, and says to the young men around him:

"Work, if you would succeed. Be a true, faithful, earnest clerk, if you would become a merchant of position and importance."

BACK NUMBERS OF BALLOU'S MAGAZINE.

We are constantly receiving letters asking if back numbers of BALLOU'S MAGAZINE can be obtained at this office, as none are for sale at many of the periodical depots. We can supply, on application, all the back numbers of our Magazine from the first of January, 1873, and parties wishing them have only to write us, enclose the money, and receive, postpaid, what they ordered, by return of mail.

Address THOMES & TALBOT, 23 Hawley St., Boston, Mass.

Send all communications for this Department to EDWIN R. BRIGGS, WEST BETHEL, Oxford County, MAINE.

Answers to December Puzzles.

95. Hyacinth; Geranium. 96. Carbuncles.
97. Solicitude. 98. Steelyards. 99. Evangelists.
100. Christendom. 101. Applause.
102. Certificates.

103. S 104. L I L A C
B E D T I D A L
N A M E S D I M E S
B A S I L I C T E N O R
S E M I P E D A L O T T E R
D E L E T E D 105. E A R L
S I D E S A R E A
C A D R E A D
L L A D E

106. Starling. 107. Brant. 108. Parrot.
109. Oriole. 110. Magpie. 111. Grouse.
112. Dietrich. 113. C-raven. 114. C-rake.
115. C-rook. 116. C-overt.

1.—Crose-Word Enigma.

The 1st is in roast, but not in fry;
The 2d is in ear, but not in eye;
The 3d is in scream, but not in cry;
The 4th is in pond, but not in lake;
The 5th is in hoe, but not in rake;
The 6th is in pie, but not in cake;
The 7th is in rain, but not in snow;
The 8th is in yes, but not in no;
The whole a plant will show.

ADELAIDE.

Decapitations.

2. Behead a color, and get a fish.
3. About, and get to select.
4. To split, and get a cr.b.
5. To waste, and get a ridge; again, and get a liquor.

ELLA A. BRIGGS.

6.—Numerical Enigma.

The answer contains seven letters.
The 1, 2, 3, 4, is a legal precept.
The 7, 5, 6, is a liquor.
The whole is taught at school.

CYRIL DEANE.

Curtailments.

7. Curtail a poet, and get to scorch.
8. A phrenologist, and get a cavity.

JAMES PERRIGO.

9.—Diamond Puzzle.

A consonant; to excel; a leap; chief; little; an animal; a consonant. ELLA.

10.—Diagonal Puzzle.

Free from impurity; a famous poet; to transport; unfixed; wrong.

The diagonals, read from the left downward and upward, spell two boys' names.

WILSON.

11.—Word Rebus.

L
S.

WILL A. STETSON.

12.—Metagram.

I am a lotion. Change my head six times and I become a stroke, a deep cut, a mass, a belt, a blow, and precipitate.

A. P. JONES.

13.—Transposition.

Transpose a large thorn, and get a bird; behead, and again transpose, and leave a tree; then curtail, and get to join; reverse, and leave to cut; now curtail, and once more reverse, and leave a preposition.

E. D. WARD.

14.—Double Acrostic.

The initials and finals name two fishes. The key words are to fix; a tree; to destroy; an arch; a test.

ADELAIDE.

15.—Word Square.

A kind of wine; to triumph; a brown and light iron substance; a masculine name; strong.

BEAU K.

16.—Charade.

My first is a watch; my second is a bird; my whole is a plant.

E. A. B.

Answers Next Month.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

Prize.

To the person sending the largest and best assortment of original puzzles, before January 10th, we will give an illustrated humorous book.

ANSWERS to September puzzles were received from Jennie C. Paterson, Stella Brown, Elwin G. Davis, "Triard," J. K. Hannabery, and "Den Rockley."

Prize for the best list of answers was awarded to Elwin G. Davis.

CURIOUS MATTERS.

THE POLAR BEAR.—The Polar bear is found throughout the whole of the Arctic region which has as yet been explored, preferring, however, the northern to the southern part of the country as a habitation. The seal appears to be its chief food, and in capturing it the bear exercises great ingenuity and patience, rivalling the Esquimaux in the manner in which he will sometimes sit for half a day watching it, and, if unable to take it by approaching it on the ice, getting quietly into the water to leeward of his intended victim, and gradually nearing it by a series of short dives, until he at last comes up just under the spot where the seal is lying. If this manoeuvre is successful, there is no chance for the seal, as by rolling into the water it falls into the paws of the bear, while if it lies still its pursuer, by a powerful spring, pounces upon it on the ice. But if the seal perceives the bear in time, and escapes by a dive into the water, Bruin's indignation knows no bounds, and is ludicrous to behold. When approaching a seal on the ice, the bear doubles his forepaws up under him, and pushes himself along by means of his hind legs until within easy distance for a spring, and consequently the upper part of his forepaws gets rubbed quite bare.

THE FLORIDA MOCKING-BIRD.—The mocking-bird of Florida is described as rather a dissipated character. He forages about, singing in his neighbor's vineyard while he robs him, until the berries of the Pride-of-China are ripe, then he proceeds to have a regular frolic; acquires a habit of intoxication, and gets as drunk as a lord. It is curious to see a flock of these birds at this time. They become perfectly tipsy, and fly round in the most comical manner, hiccupping and staggering like men, mixing up all sorts of songs, and interrupting each other in the impudent manner of the politeness and decorum that usually marks the intercourse of all well-bred society, whether of birds or men. They will fly about promiscuously, intrude on domestic relations, forget the way home, and get into each other's nest and families, just like the lords of creation. After the berries are gone, and the yearly

frolic is over, they look very penitent, make many good resolutions and join the temperance society.

PARADISE OF THE MOSQUITO.—The coast of Swedish Lapland is everywhere pierced by deep fjords, sometimes many miles in length, and everywhere forming immense swamps and marshes—the paradise of the mosquito, which breeds and swarms there to an extent inconceivable in other parts of the world. “No words of mine,” says M. d'Aiviella, “could describe the tortures which these vampires inflicted upon us during our day's march in the field. They were in actual clouds, and frequently hid the landscape from us behind a cloud of black dancing spots. They felt like a close rain of needles dipped in venom.” At one place on the Muonio the party adopted the mosquito armor of the country, a “sort of helmet of strong linen,” with an opening for the eyes curtained by netting. “Our whole bodies,” he adds, “were simply masses of blisters, and we were almost driven to follow the example of the Englishman, who, we are told, flung himself into the river, maddened by the torture of the stings.” A delightful place truly this must be to live in.

A GOLDFISH'S AFFECTION.—A lady possessing a goldfish of which she was very fond, and which she was accustomed to caress with her hand, left home for several days. On her return she was told that her pet was sick, and going immediately to the globe of water, she found him lying on his side near the bottom, and evidently very much out of order. She put her hand at once into the water, and while it was still three inches from the sick fish, he began to stir and feebly attempt to reach it. Succeeding in this, he nestled into the hollow of the friendly hand, and lay there perfectly quiet and contented, sometimes nibbling softly at the ends of her fingers as if in satisfaction. Nothing could be done for him, and he died the next day, to the last seeming to find comfort and pleasure in the frequent presence of his mistress's hand.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

GOLD CAKE.—Take the yolks of the six eggs, after using the whites for the "white cake," beat them to a froth, and mix them with a cup of sugar; three-fourths of a cup of butter, previously stirred to a cream; add two cups of sifted flour, and a half teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in a cup of milk; when well mixed, add a teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Flavor with the extract of peach or lemon, and bake in square tins.

SANDWICHES.—Boil a few pounds of ham and chop it very fine while it is still warm—fat and lean together—rub dry mustard in proportions to suit your taste through the mass; add as much sweet butter as would go to the spreading your sandwiches, and when it is thoroughly mixed, split light biscuits in halves and spread the ham between. These will be found excellent.

CHOCOLATE PASTE.—One cup of milk boiled, and when boiling stir in it two tablespoonfuls cornstarch dissolved in half cup cold water; then add two ounces Bakers' flavored chocolate grated, the yolk of one egg beaten, twelve teaspoonfuls vanilla; stir this over the fire, and when a little cool add one cup of powdered sugar. This will make too thick paste to spread between the layers of cake.

GRAVY FOR ROAST BEEF.—When your joint is "done to a turn," dish it and place it before the fire; then carefully remove the fat from the dripping-pan, and pour the gravy into the dish, not over the meat, as is the custom of inexperienced cooks, who, moreover, not content with this, ruthlessly drown it with a cupful of boiling water or highly-flavored made gravy. This is a vulgar error; for there is always a sufficient quantity of natural gravy in good meat to render the use of foreign sauces superfluous.

ECONOMICAL VEAL SOUP.—Boil a piece of veal suitable for a fricassee, pie or hash; when tender, take the meat up and slip out all the bones; put these back into the kettle, and boil for two hours. Then strain the liquor and stand away until the next day. When wanted, take off the fat, put the soup

into a clean pot, and add pepper, salt, an onion, a half tablespoonful of flour mixed in cold water, and slices of potato. Boil thirty minutes and serve hot.

ASPARAGUS SAUCE.—To make this for boiled fowls, stewed veal or boiled mutton, take a dozen heads of asparagus, two teaspoonfuls of drawn butter, two eggs, the juice of half a lemon, salt and white pepper. Boil the tender heads of asparagus in a very little salted water, drain and chop them. Have ready the drawn butter with the eggs beaten into it. Add the asparagus and seasoning.

QUAKING PLUM PUDDING.—Take slices of light bread, spread thin with butter, and lay in a pudding dish layers of this bread and raisins, till within an inch of the top. Add five eggs well beaten, and a quart of milk, and pour over the pudding; salt and spice to taste. Bake it twenty or twenty-five minutes, and eat with liquid sauce. Before using the raisins, boil them in a little water, and put it all in.

HARD SCRABBLED EGGS.—Put two teaspoonfuls of butter into a frying-pan. Beat six eggs. Season with pepper and salt. When the butter is very hot, but not scorched, put in the eggs; stir until it thickens, and serve hot.

LEMON CAKE.—Three cups sugar, one cup butter, one cup milk, five eggs, one teaspoonful of soda, four cups of flour; peel and then grate three lemons, with very little of the rind.

WHITE CAKE.—Three cups of sifted flour, one and one-half cup of sugar, one cup of sweet milk, one egg, two tablespoonfuls of butter, two teaspoonfuls of cream tartar, one teaspoonful of soda, and a little essence of lemon. Beat the butter and sugar to a cream, then add the milk (in which the soda should be dissolved), the egg well beaten, and the essence. Mix with the above, two cups of flour, and lastly, add the third cup in which the cream tartar has been stirred. Then bake in pans or basins in a quick oven.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

A Scotchman, being examined by his minister, was asked:

"What kind of a man was Adam?"

"O, jist like ither folk."

The minister insisted on having a more special description of the first man, and pressed for more explanation.

"Weel," said the catechumen, "he was jist like Joe Simpson, the horse couper."

"How so?" asked the minister.

"Weel, naebody got ony thing by him, and many lost."

As a gentleman stepped into a New York drug store and called for a glass of soda water, the boy at the fountain jokingly asked, "Will you have a fly in it?" "Yes sir," said the man, promptly. The boy scooped one off the wall, and dropping it in the syrup drew on the water, and set it down for the purpose of continuing the joke, but before he could withdraw it the stranger seized the glass and swallowed the beverage, fly and all, remarking as he wiped his mouth, "I'u a swallowed that if it had been an elephant, rather'n have a boy with no hair on his lip git th' best of me."

"O my dear, how came you to be so wet?" inquired an affectionate mother of her son. "Why, ma, one of the boys said I daren't jump into the creek, and I tell you I aint to be dared!"

"Has that jury agreed?" asked the judge of a sheriff whom he met on the stairs with a bucket in his hand. "Yes," replied Patrick; "they have agreed to send out for a half gallon."

A Chicago liveryman secures the patronage of lovers by having the seats of his vehicles made rather small for two persons.

A society has been formed in England for "united prayer for the protection of animals from cruelty."

A Rockport man had a cat which he cared no longer to possess. He took the animal into the garden, struck it nine times on the

head with a hammer, and as it still moved, he boxed its ears with a spade and buried it. Next morning the cat serenely walked in to breakfast, willing to forget the past.

"Mamma," said a young Gloucester hopeful who, against his will, was made to rock the cradle of his baby brother, "if the Lord has any more babies to give away, don't you take 'em."

A Glasgow magistrate fell asleep in church on a warm Sunday. In the middle of the discourse, a dog which had got into church, set up a howl. "Put out that dog," said the minister; "put out that dog instantly, —he'd wauken a Glasgow magistrate!"

"You would make a most beautiful actress in the drama of life," whispered a poetical Chicago youth to his innamorata the other evening; "indeed, 'tis so—you would be a very star." "And you," murmured the fair one, and she leaned her frizzes on his shoulder, "w-wouldn't y-you like to support me?" So he arranged it right there. How could he help it?

A New London lady has taught her large Newfoundland dog to hold up her train when she is crossing muddy or dusty streets.

"Ho, all ye dyspeptics!" says a patent medicine advertisement. If all the dyspeptics would only hoe regularly, their number would be reduced amazingly.

The Whitehall Times asks: "If Necessity is the mother of invention, will some sharp paragraphist please inform us who is the father?" Why, the husband of Mrs. Necessity, of course. Isn't this a-parent enough?

The man who says the government should do something to cripple the Indians is suspected of being the agent of a cork leg establishment.

"'Tis false!" as the girl said when her fond lover told her she had beautiful hair.

NEW YEAR'S CALLS.



Smith is advised by a friend to make some New Year's calls.



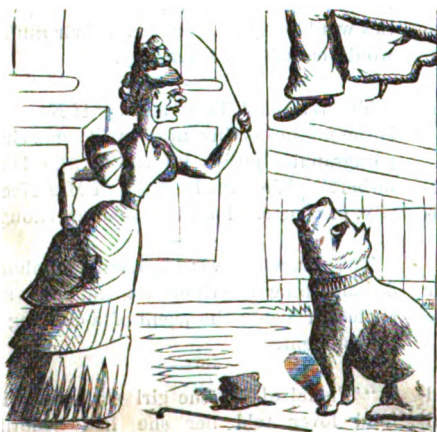
Proceeds to dress with care.



Starts out, but stops. Thinks he hears something.



Is sure of it, and retires at once to a place of safety.



A female friend comes to the rescue, and—



Smith makes his first and last call.

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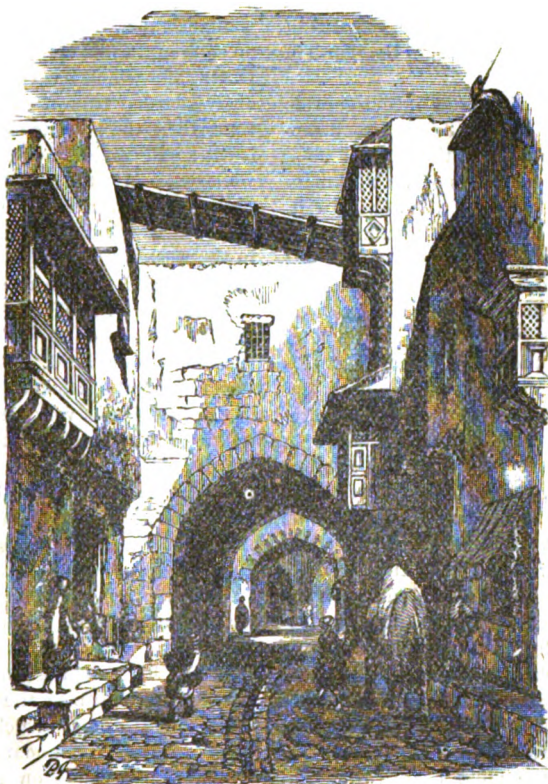
FEBRUARY, 1877.

WHOLE No. 266.

JERUSALEM.

The scene on this page will convey to the reader a correct idea of the aspect of many of the streets in that city of cities, Jerusalem, which is so hallowed in the eyes of all Christians by its associations. The ancient

the walls, and domes, and minarets of the sacred city rise stately and imposing on the eye, and in the wreck left by the ever recurring tides of war and invasion the unmistakable traces of the olden glory may be



STREET IN JERUSALEM.

glory of the place has departed, but the shadow of the purple still falls upon the ruined city and softens the harsh outlines, and lends beauty to her desolation. Still she sits upon her memorable hills, "beautiful for situation," and appearing to the beholder "as a city that is compact together." Still, when viewed at a distance,

seen. But the myriads who once thronged those streets are vanished, and have left none to fill their places; the barren hills and mountains look drearily upon the scene, and the tribes of Judah no longer go up to worship the one true God in the temple of their adoration. The queen city of the Holy Land has been despoiled of crown and

sceptre; she has been robbed of her jewels and her splendor; the thief and the marauder have made sport of her; death and desolation have been in her courts, and the blood of her people has been spilled like wine. Trampled under foot by the wrath and scorn of the usurper, there has been none to save her from the terrors of her fate, for she had sinned in the sight of Heaven, and the blood of the Innocent was upon her hands. The prophecies of inspiration have been fulfilled, and Jerusalem sitteth alone, "trodden down of the Gentiles," "reft of her sons and mid her foes forlorn." "Zion is ploughed as a field," and the very soil pressed by the feet of the stranger who seeks the spot with reverent curiosity is mingled with the remains of former days, in some places, to the depth of forty feet.

The temple, which was at once the pride and the delight of the Jews, has disappeared, and is no more in the sight of men. The beauty and costliness of its workmanship are attested to by all the Jewish writers, and it was built of white marble, exquisitely wrought, and with stones of great size. Josephus describes a magnificent and costly vine of pure gold, with precious stones for grapes, which adorned the lofty eastern gate of the Holy Place. But this splendid edifice, which rose like a mount of gold and snow, and attracted the admiration and envy of the world, has met with the fate predicted for it by the Saviour when he said that there should not be left one stone upon another that should not be thrown down; it was totally demolished by the Roman soldiers under Titus, A.D. 70. Two Turkish mosques now stand upon the site of the Jewish temple, the great octagonal mosque called Kubbet es-Sukhrah, or Dome of the Rock, and the mosque El-Aksa, and, with their grounds, they occupy the area of the temple. Formerly, neither Jew nor Christian was allowed to enter this place, which is the most beautiful spot in the city, with its lawns and cypress trees, and the noble dome rising high above the wall. Beneath the vast area of El-Haran, or, The Holy, still exist immense arched ways and vaults of unknown date; also a large and deep well, and other indications that the temple always possessed a copious and perennial supply of water, derived, perhaps, in part from Gihon by Hezekiah's aqueduct, and in part from Solomon's pools,

and flowing off through the fountain of the Virgin and the pool of Siloam. In the outer walls of the present area are seen at several places stones of vast size, evidently belonging to the ancient walls.

The streets of Jerusalem are often narrow, covered, ungraded, ill-paved, and in some portions filthy, though not so much so as is the case in most eastern cities. The houses are built of hewn stone, and have very few windows looking toward the streets; their flat roofs are made stronger, and at the same time adorned by many small domes. The space on Mount Zion, within the wall, is mostly occupied by a huge Armenian convent, with the Syrian convent, and the church of St. James. Beyond the wall and far to the south is a Mohammedan mosque said to be erected over the tomb of David, and which has been even more jealously guarded from the approach of Christians than the mosque of Omar. Near by is the small cemetery of the American missionaries. At the northwest corner of Mount Zion rises an ancient tower or citadel. Further north is the Latin convent, in the westerly part of Jerusalem; and between it and the centre of the city stands the church of the Holy Sepulchre over the traditional scenes of the death and resurrection of our Lord. The following description of the site and principal divisions of the city gives a very clear idea of the situation of the most celebrated features of the place:

"Jerusalem is situated on the central table-land of Judea, about 2400 feet above the Mediterranean. It lies on ground which slopes gently down towards the east, the slope being terminated by an abrupt declivity, in some parts precipitous, and overhanging the valley of Jehoshaphat or of the Kidron. This sloping ground is also terminated on the south by the deep and narrow valley of Hinnom, which constituted the ancient southern boundary of the city, and which also ascends on its west side, and comes out upon the high ground on the northwest. But in the city itself there were also two ravines or smaller valleys, dividing the land covered by buildings into three principal parts or hills. Zion, the highest of these, was in the southwest quarter of the city, skirted on the south and west by the deep valley of Hinnom. On its north and east sides lay the smaller valley 'of the cheesemongers,' or Tyropæon, opening on

the southeast into the valley of the Kidron. The Tyropœon also united, near the north-east foot of Zion, with a valley coming down from the north. Zion was also called the 'city of David;' and by Josephus, 'the upper city.' Surrounded anciently by walls as well as deep valleys, it was the strongest part of the city, and contained the citadel and the king's palace. The Tyropœon separated it from Acra on the north, and Moriah on the northeast. Acra was less elevated than Zion, or than the ground to the northwest beyond the walls. It is called by Josephus 'the lower city.' Moriah, the sacred hill, lay northeast of Zion, with which it was anciently connected at its nearest corner, by a bridge over the Tyropœon, some remnants of which have been identified. Moriah was at first a small eminence, but its area was greatly enlarged to make room for the temple. It was but a part of the continuous ridge on the east side of the city, overlooking the deep valley of the Kidron; rising on the north, after a slight depression, into the hill Bezetha, the 'new city' of Josephus, and sinking away on the south into the hill Ophel. On the east of Jerusalem, and stretching from north to south, lies the Mount of Olives, divided from the city by the valley of the Kidron, and commanding a noble prospect of the city and surrounding country. Over against Moriah, or a little further north, lies the garden of Gethsemane, with its olive trees, at the foot of the Mount of Olives. Just below the city, on the east side of the valley of the Kidron, lies the miserable village of Siloa; further down,

this valley unites with that of Hinnom, at a beautiful spot anciently 'the king's gardens;' still below is the well of Nehemiah, anciently En-rogel; and from this spot the united valley winds among mountains southward and eastward to the Dead Sea. In the mouth of the Tyropœon, between Ophel and Zion, is the pool of Siloam. In the valley west and northwest of Zion are the two pools of Gihon, the lower being now broken and dry. In the rocks around Jerusalem, and chiefly in the sides of the valleys of the Kidron and Hinnom, opposite the city, are many excavated tombs and caves."

The few thousands of Jews who find a home at Jerusalem, their still cherished though desolated city, are an oppressed and abject people. They are mostly of foreign birth, and have gone to their beloved city to die there and find a final resting-place beneath the sods on Mount Olivet. A melancholy remnant of a once proud nation, they are the recipients of charity from abroad, and live despised by both Christians and Mohammedans, and are only allowed to approach the foundations of the sacred hill where their fathers worshipped the only true God, by permission of their oppressors. There, in a small open space near some huge stones believed to be the foundation stones of the ancient temple, and now placed in the base of the western wall of Moriah, they gather, especially on sacred days, and sit weeping and wailing upon the ground, uttering the heartrending lamentations of Jeremiah, and thus fulfilling in their own actions the prophecies of ancient times.

SKETCHES FROM NATURAL HISTORY.

The illustration on page 108 gives a good representation of the White or Polar Bear, sometimes called the Ice Bear, which is found in both continents, and inhabits the cheerless regions of the North Pole, dwelling in the land of eternal winter, a fit adjunct to its dreary and terrible surroundings. Its food consists almost wholly of flesh, and it seems to fill the place of scavenger of the northern seas. It is an excellent swimmer and diver, and being gifted with such great strength, it frequently succeeds in capturing the seal, and is reputed to assail the walrus. The story of a seal hunt is told as follows: "The bear, on see-

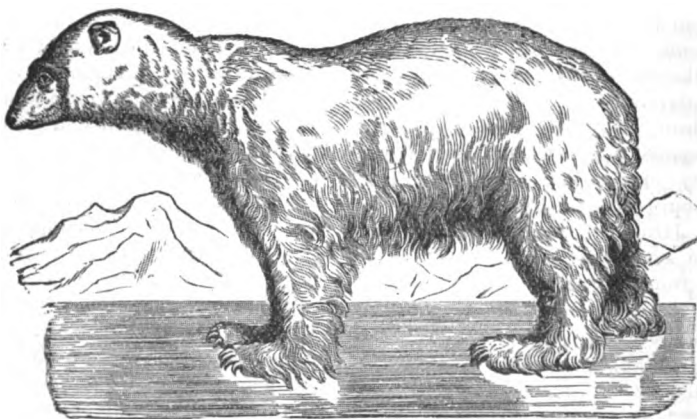
ing his intended prey, gets quietly into the water, and swims until to leeward of him, whence, by frequent short dives, he silently makes his approaches, and so arranges his distance, that at the last dive he comes to the spot where the seal is lying. If the poor animal attempts to escape by rolling into the water, he falls into the bear's clutches; if, on the contrary, he lies still, his destroyer makes a powerful spring, kills him on the ice, and devours him at leisure."

The Polar Bear has a more lengthened form than other varieties of bears; the head is long and flat, the mouth and ears are comparatively small, the neck is long and

thick, and the sole of the foot is very large. The fur is of a silvery white, tinted with yellow, and is close and short on the head, back and neck, while it is long, fine, and somewhat woolly on the other portions of the body. That wonderful adaptation of everything to its needs and surroundings which is the rule with nature, is exhibited in the feet of the Polar Bear, which have the soles almost completely covered with long hair that gives the creature a sure footing upon the slippery ice. The claws are thick, short, and but little curved.

These bears feast upon the floating carcasses of whales and other inhabitants of the deep, and will frequently be attracted to whaleships by the smell of burning fat; yet if animal food be not procurable, Bruin will

erable stratagem, as the mother is very watchful of her treasure, and when alarmed can either bear it away on her back at a rate of speed beyond the powers of the bear; or she can fight vigorously in its defence. The walrus is a more attainable victim than the whale, as it frequents the rocks and ice, but it never ventures so far from the water that it cannot speedily reach it, and once there, its perfect control of itself and its formidable tusks make it an opponent that can rarely be conquered. The young walrus is more easily captured, but the seal forms the bear's chief article of food and exists in great numbers. The ice of the Polar seas over which the bear makes his way is not so smooth as that formed on fresh water in less frigid zones, for the rea-



THE POLAR BEAR.

solace himself with the roots and berries to be found on shore. Specimens confined in the menageries of both London and Paris have been fed solely on vegetable food, and have not appeared to suffer from such a diet; but it is evident that the sea is the great foraging field of the Polar Bear. He does not presume to attack the full-grown whale, since in such a struggle he would be without available weapons, while a blow from the sea-monster's tail would vanquish him at once. The strength of the bear would also be used to great disadvantage in the contest, since, although he can swim well and to a great distance, he requires firm footing in order to put forth his full energies. But though he cannot conquer the whale, he can sometimes succeed in capturing its young for a banquet, though only by the use of great caution and consid-

son that the water is usually in motion when the ice is forming, and snow often mixes with it, so as to form a kind of scum of icy fragments, which consolidates with the rest and causes a rough surface; and this surface is in time covered with snow that falls in small particles instead of flakes when the cold is extreme. During the long Arctic night the icefields remain the same; but when the sun pours down its powerful rays the ice alternately thaws and freezes, and becomes very slippery. The Polar Bear, however, finds no difficulty in traversing it, and never makes a misstep, let the ice be as glassy as it may. Its speed is greater than might be imagined from its size and shape, and its pace has been described as "a kind of shuffle, as quick as the sharp gallop of a horse."

The commanders of modern Arctic ex-

ploring expeditions have observed the Polar Bear in his own natural home, and have recorded some of their experiences and observations. Captain Phipps speaks of one which measured seven feet one inch in length from nose to tail, and weighed six hundred and ten pounds; Sir John Ross mentions one still larger, measuring seven feet ten inches, and weighing eleven hundred and sixty pounds; and Captain Lyon records the weight and measure of one monstrous specimen at eight feet seven and a half inches, and sixteen hundred pounds! But the ordinary size of these animals is less than these instances would seem to indicate. They have long been exhibited in travelling menageries, and specimens are kept in the zoological collections of London and Paris. The following interesting anecdote illustrates the fond attachment which exists between the she-bears and their young:

"Early in the morning the man at the masthead gave notice that three bears were making their way very fast over the ice, and directing their course toward the ship. They had probably been invited by the blubber of a seahorse, which the men had set on fire, and which was burning on the ice at the time of their approach. They proved to be a she-bear and her two cubs; but the cubs were nearly as large as the dam. They ran eagerly to the fire, and drew out from the flames part of the flesh of the seahorse, which remained unconsumed, and ate it voraciously. The crew from the ship threw great pieces of the flesh, which they had still left, upon the ice, which the old bear carried away singly, laid every piece before her cubs, and dividing them, gave each a share, reserving but a small portion for herself. As she was carrying away the last piece, they levelled their muskets at the cubs, and shot them both dead; and in her retreat, they wounded the dam, but not mortally.

"It would have drawn tears from any but unfeeling minds to have marked the affectionate concern manifested by this poor beast in the last moments of her expiring young. Though she was sorely wounded, and could but just crawl to the place where they lay, she carried the lump of flesh she had fetched away, as she had done the others before, tore it in pieces, and laid it down before them; and when she saw that they refused to eat, she laid her paws first

upon one, and then upon the other, and endeavored to raise them up. All this while it was piteous to hear her moan. When she found she could not stir them, she went off, and when at some distance, looked back and moaned; and that not availing to entice them away, she returned, and smelling around them, began to lick their wounds. She went off a second time as before; and having crawled a few paces, looked again behind her, and for some time stood moaning. But still her cubs not rising to follow her, she returned to them again, and with signs of inexpressible fondness went round first one and then the other, pawing them, and moaning. Finding at last that they were cold and lifeless, she raised her head toward the ship, and growled her resentment at the murderers, which they returned with a volley of musket-balls. She fell between her cubs and died licking their wounds."

The anecdotes concerning the Polar Bears related in Dr. Kane's "*Arctic Explorations*" are numerous and interesting. On one occasion the explorers had encountered a bear and her cub, and what ensued is told as follows:

"The bear fled; but the little one, being unable either to keep ahead of the dogs or to keep pace with her, she turned back, and putting her head under its haunches, threw it some distance ahead. The cub safe for the moment, she would wheel around and face the dogs, so as to give it a chance to run away; but it always stopped, just as it alighted, till she came up and threw it ahead again; it seemed to expect her aid, and would not go on without it. Sometimes the mother would run a few yards ahead, as if to coax the young one up to her; and when the dogs came up she would turn on them and drive them back; then, as they dodged her blows, she would rejoin the cub and push it on, sometimes putting her head under it, sometimes catching it in her mouth by the nape of the neck.

"For a time she managed her retreat with great celerity, leaving the two men far in the rear. They had engaged her on the land-ice; but she led the dogs in shore, up a small stony valley which opened into the interior. After she had gone a mile and a half her pace slackened, and the little one being jaded, she soon came to a halt.

"The men were then only half a mile behind; and, running at full speed, they

soon came up to where the dogs were holding her at bay. The fight was now a desperate one. The mother never went more than two yards ahead, constantly looking at the cub. When the dogs came near her she would sit upon her haunches, and take the little one between her hindlegs, fighting the dogs with her paws, and roaring so that she could have been heard a mile off. 'Never,' said Morton, 'was an animal more distressed.' She would stretch her neck, and sweep at the nearest dog with her shining teeth, whirling her paws like the arms of a windmill. If she missed her aim, not daring to pursue one dog lest the others should harm the cub, she would give a great roar of baffled rage, and go on pawing, and snapping, and facing the ring, grinning at them with her mouth stretched wide open.

the Duck-Billed Platypus. The jaws of this strange creature are like a flattened duck's bill; they open freely to quite an extent, and are covered with a thick skin. Near the base of the jaws, on each side, is a kind of horny tooth which, strange to say has not the least root. The tongue consists of two parts, the hinder one being flat and broad, and covered with soft papillæ, and the front portion narrow, covered with upright points which grow long and sharp toward the tip. The nostrils are placed at the point of the upper mandible. The body measures about fifteen inches in length, and the skin is furnished with a short brown fur, which also covers the short flat tail. The legs are short, and are each terminated in five toes which are joined by a membrane; this, on the forefeet, extends in



THE PLATYPUS.

"When the men came up the little one was perhaps rested, for it was able to turn around with its dam, no matter how quick she moved, so as to always keep in front of her belly. The five dogs were all the time frisking about her, actively tormenting her, like so many gad-flies; indeed, they made it difficult to draw a bead on her without killing them. But Hans, lying on his elbow, took a quiet aim and shot her through the head. She dropped instantly, and rolled over dead, without moving a muscle.

"The dogs sprang toward her at once; but the cub jumped upon her body, and reared up, for the first time growling hoarsely. They seemed quite afraid of the little creature, she fought so actively and made so much noise; and while tearing mouthfuls of hair from the dead mother, they would spring aside the moment the cub turned toward them. The men drove the dogs off for a time, but were obliged to shoot the cub at last, as she would not quit the body."

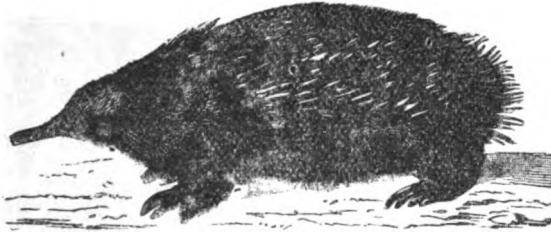
Our second engraving, on this page, shows that most singular of Australian animals,

the form of a half circle beyond the ends of the claws. Although the males are provided with spurs on the hindlegs, they never appear to use them as a means of protection or defence.

The structure and peculiarities of this singular animal are such that its actual existence was at first disbelieved in; but it is in reality an inhabitant of New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land, dwelling in ponds and the more quiet portions of streams. There, it swims along on the surface of the water with raised head, diving incessantly in search of insects and other small aquatic animals on which it subsists. It can also climb readily, and small parties—perhaps family ones—can frequently be observed reclining on the trunks of trees that overhang the water. It digs for itself a burrow in the banks of the piece of water where it dwells, fashioning it with two openings, one above and the other a little below the surface of the water. These burrows are of large extent, generally from twenty to thirty-five feet long, rising from the water toward the surface of the earth,

and being provided at the furthest end, which is also the highest, with a species of nest for the reception of the young, which are quite blind and almost naked when born.

like those of the hedgehog. It is from fifteen to eighteen inches long, and lives in burrows, feeding upon insects, chiefly ants and termites, which it secures by protruding its long sticky tongue. "It is a slow,



THE ANT-EATER.

The third illustration has for its subject one of those curious creatures called the Porcupine Ant-Eater, found in the hilly districts of New South Wales, and Van Diemen's Land. It has a short thick body, the tail very small, and the skin is clad in bristly hairs, mingled on the upper surface with many short sharp spines, very much

dull, nocturnal animal, but exhibits a wonderful activity in digging, for which its powerful claws are admirably adapted. When surprised, it either makes its escape by burrowing into the earth, or rolls itself up in the manner of a hedgehog, so as to present its spiny covering to the enemy."

STIRLING CASTLE.

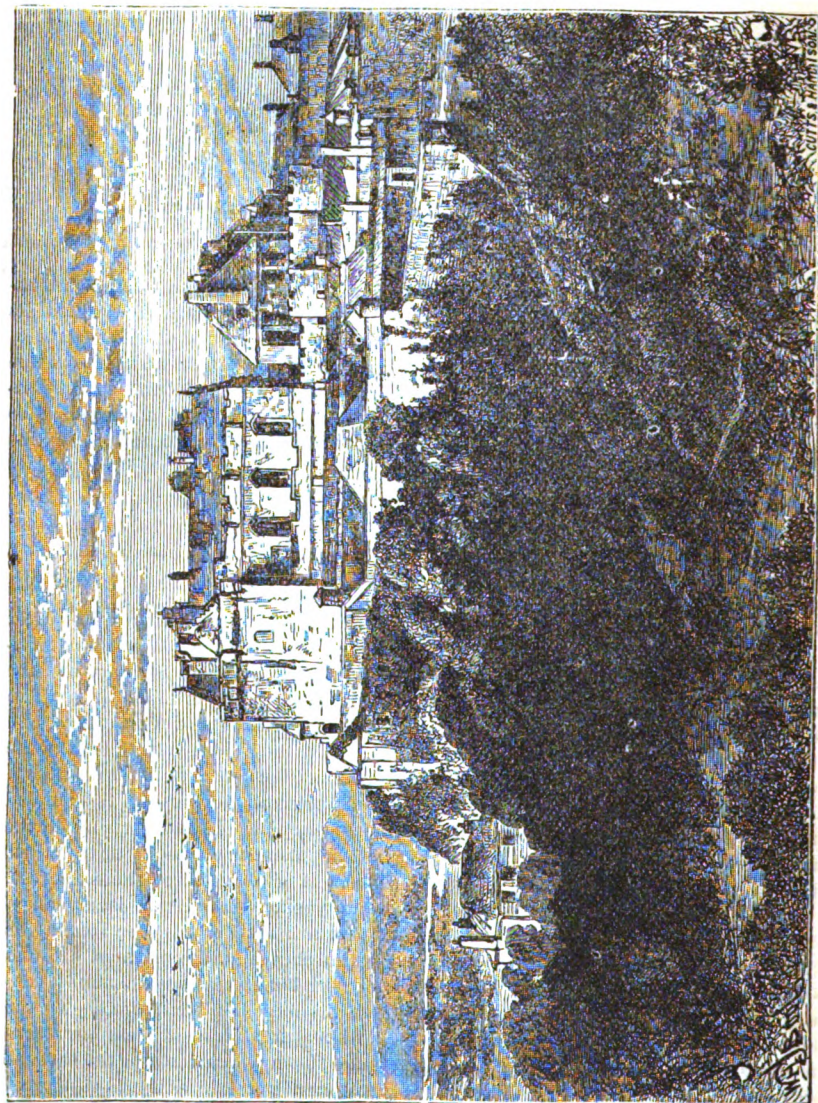
The famous old Scottish castle so finely represented in our engraving on page 112, looks down, from its position on the precipitous rock whereon it rests, upon the ancient town of Stirling. "gray Stirling" of wide renown. In olden times the place was known as *Striveling*, and it was once one of the most important towns in Scotland, in a military point of view. Situated as it was on the Forth, it was the key to the Highlands, and has been termed by Scott, in his "Lady of the Lake," "the bulwark of the North." Standing on the south bank of the river Forth, it once commanded the one bridge thrown across the stream. The similarity of position and general outline of Edinburgh and Stirling is quite remarkable, both towns being seated on the south bank of the Forth, each occupying an eminence which rises gradually from the east and terminates in a steep frowning rock, upon the summit of which stands the fort or castle. The natural fortification, however, on which Stirling castle stands is more elevated than that of Edinburgh, as it is not far from three hundred and fifty feet above the sea level, while the

other is not quite three hundred feet high.

The appellation of the "Windsor of Scotland" has been given to Stirling, and the name is not wholly misapplied. "The view from the castle is of vast extent, and comprehends the richest variety both of the beautiful and the grand in natural scenery. Toward the west the prospect is bounded by the solitary Ben Lomond, rising in the sky, at the distance of about thirty miles, to the height of above three thousand feet. The intervening space is a level valley, through which the Forth is seen stealing its way with a thousand meanderings. Round the northern horizon sweeps the almost continuous chain of the Grampians. To the south lie the green hills of Campsie; turning round from which toward the east the eye rests on a plain of rich and cultivated beauty, with the sister towers of the capital creting the distance, and between, the broad and fertile plains of Carron on the one hand, and on the other "the mazy Forth unravelled" in a succession of beautiful windings, till it spreads out from a slender stream into a great arm of the sea. Some idea of the singular manner in which

the river lingers over this part of its course, may be formed from the fact that it travels over about twenty-four miles in making its way through a space not more than six miles in length. The innumerable green

the burgh is dated in 1120; but this document would seem to be a confirmation of former grants, and the fort was undoubtedly of importance long before the date given. The first mention which historians have



STIRLING CASTLE.

peninsulas, of every variety of shape and dimension, which it forms in its sportive progress, present a picture which certainly has not often been surpassed in bright and animated beauty.

There is no doubt that Stirling, with its towers and towns, is a place of very great antiquity. The oldest existing charter of

made of it is in the ninth century, about the middle of which it is recorded to have been taken and thrown down by Kenneth II. the king of the Highlands of Scotland, when he overcame the Picts whose principal fortress it was, and that which guarded the most exposed extremity of their territory. The whole of the south of Scotland as far as

Stirling, however, appears soon after this to have fallen into the possession of the two chiefs, Osbright or Osbert, and Ella, who, under the weak sway of the English king, Ethelred I., had seized upon the sovereignty of Northumberland; and they rebuilt the castle as a protection to their new conquests. In the next century we find it again in the hands of the Scots. It was afterward repeatedly attacked, and taken both by the English, and by the several factions whose contentions continued to distract Scotland with little intermission during nearly all the time it remained an independent kingdom. But even to enumerate all the sieges it sustained would lead us far beyond our present limits. It was attacked by the Highlanders in the rebellion of 1745, when it was successfully defended by the governor, old General Blakeney, throughout a siege of several weeks.

"Stirling appears to have become a royal residence about the middle of the twelfth century; but probably none of the present buildings of the castle are older than the middle of the fifteenth, when James I., on his return from his long but fortunate detention in England, made this place his principal royal seat. Its resemblance to Windsor, where, captive though he was, he had passed the happiest years of his life, and his affection for which he has himself celebrated with so much tenderness in his 'Quair,' is supposed to have been one of the principal motives of his partiality. His son and successor, James II., was born here; and one of the still-existing apartments in the castle is renowned as the scene of a deed of bloody ferocity perpetrated by this monarch. The powerful family of the Douglasses had been for many years the chief source of disturbance in the kingdom, and had, indeed, shown on various occasions nothing short of a determination to dispute the possession of the supreme authority with the reigning house. The laws of honorable warfare were probably but little regarded on either side in that savage age; and in a contest, especially, waged for so high a prize as was here at stake, it was to be expected that men's passions should be madened to a readiness for any excess. In the year 1440, William earl of Douglas, a youth of sixteen, with his brother, was allured into the castle of Edinburgh, and there basely murdered. While the unsuspecting victims of treachery were seated at table, a

boar's head, the well-known intimation that their lives were forfeited, was placed before them, and they were forthwith led, first to a mock trial, and thence to the block. There is much force and even a sort of rude sublimity in the old rhythmical malediction which refers to this deed, and used probably to be muttered afterward as an incentive to vengeance by the adherents of the slaughtered noblemen:

"Edinburgh castle, town, and tower,
God grant thou sink for sin,
And that even for the black dinour
Earl Douglas gat therein!"

The possessions of the Douglas family, however, were not taken from them at this time, but were given into the hands of an uncle of the murdered earl, and it was William, the son of his uncle, who met with his bloody fate in Stirling castle. This nobleman had collected together an army and had formed a confederacy of the nobility with the boldly acknowledged intention of defying the exercise of the royal authority. Being invited by the king to visit Stirling, with the object in view an amicable settlement of all matters of dissension in a personal interview, and receiving promise of safety while on his mission, Lord Douglas consented to trust himself within the castle walls. The greatest kindness and hospitality were at first extended to the unruly guest, and soon James led the way to his own private room, where the two commenced the momentous conversation. Calm at first, the king and his too powerful subject grew gradually more and more excited, James demanding that Douglas should at once disband his confederacy of rebels, and the latter stubbornly refusing to obey his sovereign's command. At length, roused to the height of rage by such rebellious obstinacy, the king started from his seat with blazing eyes, and with the words—"If you will not break this league, I shall,"—plunged his dagger in the heart of the earl. The name of *Douglas' Room* has been given to the apartment in which this terrible deed was committed; it is situated in the northwest portion of the castle, and formed one of the suite of rooms anciently occupied by the royal family. A skeleton was discovered years ago in a cleft of the rock just beneath the window of this room, which has been supposed to be that of the ill-fated earl.

One of the buildings in the castle, built

by James V., is designated as the palace, and is a quadrangular edifice with a small court in the centre. Here is a room called the king's room, the roof of which was once ornamented with wood carvings executed in the very best style of art. As time passed on, some of these carvings fell from their position, and at length the roof was pulled down and the hall was turned into a barrack. The merit of the figures, however, has attracted attention, and engravings of them have been published, showing that they were of wonderful grace and animation, and also that some of them, at least, were no fancy attempts but resemblances of living originals, members of the royal families of Scotland.

The park around Stirling castle contains several memorials of ancient times and customs; among others is an eminence to the northeast where criminals were once exe-

cuted, and of which Douglas speaks in the "Lady of the Lake," as he goes up the rock:

"Ye towers! within whose circuit dread
A Douglas by his sovereign bled;
And thou, O sad and fatal mound!
That oft has heard the death-axe sound,
As on the noblest of the land
Fell the stern headsmen's bloody hand!"

Here, too, is the round table, said to be the spot where tournaments were held in olden times, with the seat near by from which the court dames beheld the mimic strife, and still called the "Ladies' Rock." No less than twelve battle-fields, famous in the history of Scotland, can be seen from the summit of the rock on which stands Stirling castle, and among them is that glorious spot, the battle-field of Bannockburn, justly spoken of as the Marathon of Scotland.

EGYPTIAN FELLAHS.

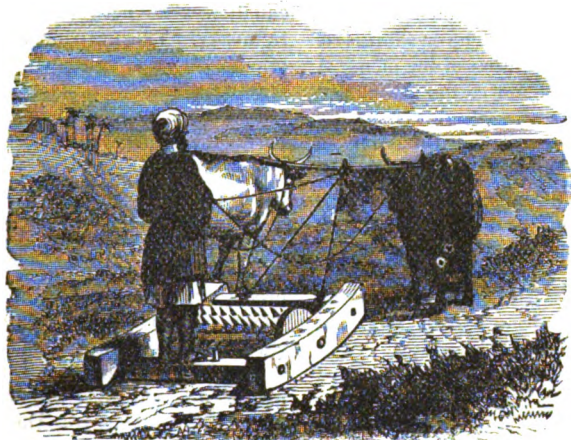
No country is more interesting, considered either with reference to its history or physical structure, than the wonderful land of the Pharaohs, which may be termed at once the glory and the shame of the world. Exciting the interest and arousing the covetousness of ambitious tyrants since the earliest periods by its unrivalled fertility, it has been the prey of foreign rulers for centuries, and the system of oppression and cruelty constantly employed by the Turkish conquerors has nearly, if not quite, crushed out all energy and ambition from the breasts of the native Egyptians. Egypt has been no niggard with the benefits which she has bestowed upon the world, and the fruits of her harvest fields, the glories of her temples and palaces, the treasures of her mineral wealth have been shared unsparingly with other nations. Her people have performed their tasks patiently and well, according to their facilities, and though they have often groaned under the lash of unmitigated despotism, they have submitted to the yoke, and have toiled on beneath the burning suns and cloudless skies of their beloved country year after year and generation after generation. The Egyptian is proud of his native land, with its forests of dates, its mighty architecture of the past, its historic river with its annual overflow of blessing to the

soil, and its rich clusters of the lotus flowers upon its banks; and good reason has he to extol it for all this—for the fertility which once caused it to be looked upon as the granary of the world. To use their own expressions—"The soil of Egypt for three months in the year is white and sparkling like pearl; for three it is green like an emerald; and for three it is like amber." But Egypt and its people may be compared to a beautiful body inhabited by an exceedingly feeble soul, for the Egyptians are by nature peace-loving and far more given to agriculture than war, so that their fierce conquerors have found them an easy conquest. In 640-41, the energetic shepherds of Arabia became the rulers of Egypt, and it has since that time been under Moslem control. Arab viceroys have reigned in the land of the Pharaohs; Turkish independent princes have held sway over Egypt; it has been governed by Arab khaleefehs; by a dynasty of Kurds; by Turkish and by Circassian sultans, who in their youth were mamelukes, or slaves; it has been annexed to the Turkish empire, and governed by Turkish pachas, in conjunction with mamelukes—and become a prey to the mamelukes alone. The French lily has conquered the crescent. France has wrested the government from the Turks, and the government has again

been wrested by the English from the French, and so restored to the Turks. The history of Egypt is one continued struggle, with which the Egyptians themselves have had very little to do. The conquest of Egypt by the Turks under Sultan Selim in the year 1517, rendered the condition of the laboring population much worse than it formerly had been. The Turks had no notion of cultivating the land, and, therefore, treated with extreme rigor the agricultural classes, whom they compelled to labor so unremittingly that they were reduced to the most abject state of slavery. Egypt was then divided into twenty-four provinces, each of which was placed under the military jurisdiction of a mameluke bey; and the

Egyptians. The Egyptian agriculturist of to-day is tall, vigorous and well-proportioned; his features regular, his eyes dark, deeply sunken in their sockets, but remarkably expressive and full of fire. Their lips are well formed, their teeth clear and beautiful, their faces long, and terminated by a black curly beard. The mustache and eyebrows are thick and full. The Fellahs of Upper Egypt are of a copper color, and thin and spare in their proportions. The engraving on this page shows the modern Egyptian harrow and mode of using it with Fellah driver.

In the form and features of the female Fellah may be found a remarkable and perfect resemblance to the former population



A MODERN EGYPTIAN HARROW.

twenty-four beys were subject to the authority of a Turkish pacha, a general governor, appointed by the sultan. Nearly two centuries after the conquest of Egypt by the Sultan Selim, the authority of each successive pacha was, with few exceptions, respected by the beys, but the latter by degrees obtained the ascendancy, and Egypt became subject to a military oligarchy.

The agricultural laborers who had been thus enslaved at the invasion of Sultan Selim were, for the most part, the inhabitants of one particular district, and were called Fellahs. They are now to be found in every part of the country, and have become united with neighboring nomade tribes. The traveller cannot fail to observe the general likeness and characteristics which they all possess, and the resemblance which may be traced between the modern and ancient

of Egypt, as we find their representation sculptured on the most ancient monuments. Such as are the statues of Isis, such are the women of modern Egypt. The Fellah women are not noticeable for any great beauty; but there is an indescribable charm about them, a grace and elegance which attracts immediate attention. They marry about the age of twenty; and generally in less than five years are worn down by misery and fatigue, the cares of a family whose wants they can ill supply, and the harsh and cruel treatment of their husbands. In many of the Egyptian cities these mothers may be seen, sometimes with a child astride their shoulders, and another in their arms, while they are compelled at the same time to bear a heavy burden on their heads.

The food of the Fellahs is almost entirely vegetable. It consists of a piece of bread,

badly cooked, dates, and wild fruits, occasionally a morsel of cheese, a small portion of fish, and at very rare intervals a piece of meat. The water of the Nile is their common drink; the sole luxury they possess being an occasional pipe and a cup of coffee. The Fellahs smoke a peculiar species of tobacco common to the soil, which is prepared by a simple process, and affords an agreeable perfume. The coffee is made remarkably strong, and is taken without sugar.

The national costume of the Fellahs is a long robe drawn together at the waist by a girdle of red cloth; a pair of full drawers or trousers of blue or white calico. The head is covered with a white cotton turban. The feet and lower part of the legs are naked. The dress of the Fellah women is a long robe of blue or brown. The headdress is more complicated than that of the men. A handkerchief of silk and cotton is attached to the hood, and covers the lower part of the face, hanging down upon the bosom in a long peak; this hides the whole of the features with the exception of the eyes, and produces a very odd effect. An under covering of white cotton descends upon the forehead, and the whole of the headdress is ornamented with pearls, when the Egyptian is fortunate enough to possess any, but usually with pieces of shiny metal. Their wrists are decorated with large beads, and there is an air of coquetry about these women altogether which is strangely inconsistent with their oppressed condition, and the miserable labor to which they are condemned.

In very many cases it is a hard matter for

the Fellah to preserve himself and his family from starvation. His whole life is a struggle with circumstances for a bare subsistence, though it can hardly be called a struggle, for they are so beaten down that they possess but a small amount of energy; there is in them a stolid indifference, a dogged resignation, a fearful submission to the tyranny of those who govern; a few dates and a pipe, or a cup of coffee and a pipe, appear to soothe them and satisfy their wants.

The Fellah women are cordial, patient and affectionate; they are far more industrious than the men, and bear all their trials with tranquil resignation, submitting to the harsh government of their husbands with perfect docility. One great distinctive inequality exists between these companions in misery. The husband is imperious and cruel. He eats his scanty meal alone, his wife waiting on him as a slave. When he has satisfied his wants, she is permitted to partake of what remains. She must not speak with him, without having received permission from her lord. Her obedience and conjugal love are worthy of a better fate. If a Fellah is unable to pay his tax-money, which often occurs, he is sent to prison, and punished with the bastinado. The wife then sets herself to work to procure his liberation, and pleads with all a woman's eloquence with the officers and magistrates that they will spare her husband. She not only tries the force of words, but exercises all her powers of industry, so that if her pleading is in vain she may hope in time to pay in the required sum, and have her lord and master restored to her.

ONE DAY.

BY OCTO.

Is it a year since the day?

Or ten?

We walked in the blush of the May.

You said what you meant to say;

Not I, for I told you "nay."

Ah, women must have their way—

And men!

Is it a year since the day?

Or ten?

We stood where the still lake lay,

The grasses all faded away

Worcester, Mass., May, 1870.

And leaned on the earth with my "nay."

Ah, women must have their way—

And men!

Is it a year since the day?

Or ten?

My "no" sent you speechless away—

Shall we meet, shall we meet one day,

If we labor, and wait, and pray?

And I'll say what I meant to say

Then. Women will have their way—

And men!

VICTOIRE:

—OR,—

THE TURNS OF FORTUNE'S WHEEL.

BY AMANDA M. HALE.

[This Story was commenced in the October Number of the Magazine.]

CHAPTER VII.

THE CAPTAIN'S WOOING.

"ARE you going out?" said Victoire, the morning after their arrival.

"Why should I stay in?" said Rose, petulantly. But the next instant she repented, and kissed the white thin cheek, looking down into the sorrowful eyes. "Forgive me, dear! I'm not myself, I think. But I want to go alone."

Rose did indeed long to be alone. She had hated Paris, saying to herself every day that when she was at Torbay she would be happier. Now she was at Torbay with a mind and heart ill at ease. Her old love and jealousy remained to torment her. She could not escape it, and she walked down to the beach, thinking that never was any one so miserable as she. Her life had always been a game of cross purposes. If Ralph were only St. John!

She sat down in the boat, and its peaceful rhythmic motion, as it rocked on the swaying tide, soothed her. By-and-by, tears began to fall. The rebellious anger in her heart died away, and something tenderer and softer, if as painful, took its place. Thus absorbed in revery, she did not notice that the boat had broken loose from its moorings, until twice its length from the shore had been measured; then she started up in quick alarm, but she sat down again instantly, warned by the fearful dipping of the boat, which was the frailest of toys.

There were no oars in the boat; if there had been, she would have known how to use them. As it was, she grew pale with affright; it was not probable that she had been seen from the shore, for the out-going tide had carried her swiftly seaward. She gazed eagerly around for signs of help; except from the shore there could be none, for the broad blue waste showed no sail.

But looking back shoreward, she saw the figure of a man outlined for a moment against the golden background of sky, as he stood upon the pier; the next instant he had disappeared, and in a moment more a tiny sailboat shot out into the bay. The man stood erect, trimming the sail—she could see him plainly—and a smaller figure sat at the tiller. Rose was soon sure that she was seen, and the thought that help was coming gave her courage.

She tried to calculate how long it would take them to come up with her; sometimes they gained upon her, but they were beating against the wind, and progress was necessarily slow. Once a favorable flaw sprung up, and then the sailboat came on so fast that she could even distinguish something of the man's face as he stood erect by the mainmast, and swung his hat to reassure her. She took a crimson scarf from her neck, and waved it in return, almost crying for joy.

But presently the wind died away, and then, looking seaward, Rose could see a dense purple fog sleeping afar out on the waters, that crept slowly up and up, coming faster, faster still, as a light wind sprang up, and beat in shore, its purple changing to gray, and settling lower and lower, till opaque and impenetrable it closed around her, shutting out the land and the white pursuing sail, shutting out hope as well, for she could not now hope that the sailboat would overtake her, and if she escaped being run down by some passing vessel, how should she fail of striking upon some one of the reefs that choked the bay, or being swamped by the great rollers that grew in magnitude and power every moment?

It grew dark apace. The fog gloomed black around her, and if sometimes a sharp breath of wind cut a gap in it, to be instantly closed, it only revealed a wild

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by THOMES & TALBOT, Boston, Mass., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, Washington.]

stormy heaven, where inky clouds were tumultuously scurrying to and fro.

The situation was appalling. There was no room now for any of the sentiments that only an hour ago had stirred her heart. She looked back with pathetic longing, praying only for life—life without love if it must be, but only life.

Sometimes her agitation rose to such a height that she feared she would throw herself over the edge of the little skiff. The salt waves dashed their spray in her face; she was dripping wet, and quite chilled. Looking down upon her dress just before the last gleam of day melted into darkness, she saw how drenched it was, and remembered the girl whom she had seen drawn from the Seine near Pont du Neuf, stark, and cold, and wet. She shuddered at the ghastly picture. Should she look like that? All this rosy warmth, this beauty of cheek and lip, this brightness of the eye, the tender soft flash that melted to the touch, changed to something so horrible. Yet perhaps she would never be found; then no curious un pitying eyes would look upon the poor unsightly wreck of what had once been so lovely. Deep down in the lonely heart of the sea she knew there were quiet places, where under the translucent water she might sleep soundly. If that might be; that were better than to be tossed about, an inert shapeless mass, buffeted by the cruel winds, roughly handled by the breakers, pierced through and through by the pitiless sunbeams.

And so the night went on, and the darkness grew to be a palpable wall about her, and she could every moment feel the boat drawn down into the trough of a monster wave, never expecting it to rise again; when the salt drops beat upon her with fierce persistence, and the thunder of the sea and the sigh of the waves deafened her, she grew weak, and almost wild; all thoughts of eventual safety vanished, and she could only sit crying like a child, saying over and over again the prayers she knew, unable to shape any new petition, but clinging to the old forms she had been taught when a child.

In this way hours passed; she must have lost consciousness at last, for she did not know when day broke, nor when a boat ran alongside the little dory, and she was lifted into it, pallid and insensible. When she was brought upon the shore everybody

said she was dead; but all were wrong. Her sensitive nerves might break under so tense a strain, but her splendid vitality, her robust vim, was not so easily destroyed. Rose came back from the dark shores of death, flots with lingering backward looks, but at once—recovering rapidly, and being quite herself by the second day.

It was singular that the gentleman whose exertions had rescued her had suddenly disappeared. St. John came post-haste from Paris to thank him, but he was not to be found. His name was not known, and a business exigency had called him away unexpectedly; that was all that could be learned at the hotel.

St. John lingered several days—days that were a torment to Rose. She was thankful when one morning he came into the parlor to bid them good-by.

"You will do very well without me?" he said.

"O, very well," said Rose, indifferently. His eyes seemed to turn involuntarily towards Victoire.

"I cannot hope to be missed, then," he said, smiling, yet there was something wistful in his look and tone.

Victoire did not speak. She only lifted her eyes to his face—a moment she met his look—then a rosy flame suffused her cheeks, and the long lashes drooped again over the sweet eyes.

Rose saw it all; her passionate soul stirred to its depths. So much tenderness, so much fire in a single look. Rose would have bartered her soul for such a look from him.

From that moment she believed she saw how it would be.

St. John returned to Paris. He had been gone but two days when a card was handed Rose by her own servant. She read the name, looking perplexed. "Captain Vincent Wallace."

"It's the gentleman, ma'am, who went after you in the boat."

"O!" said Rose, with heightened color.

She went up stairs and made herself beautiful. Captain Wallace started as she entered the room. Her beauty astonished and allured him. His handsome black eyes flashed a compliment every time they looked at her.

It suited him that day to be gentlemanly and affable. In his manner there was just a dash of the poetic and chivalric. He

could assume it at will, and he had never known it to fail in its potent effect.

Rose saw that she could captivate him if she chose; the knowledge itself was a subtle flattery. What possessed her to smile so sweetly and listen so graciously? Was it not a coquettish impulse born of the pain and bitterness that filled her heart?

They talked of the sea, the sky, the weather, the boating, the line of yellow sands that gleamed against the sapphire sea.

"It is as golden as your own hair," said the captain.

"Do you like my hair?" said Rose, graciously.

He answered her by a look. She smiled, and with a pretty movement her hand withdrew the comb, and the silken curls fell in a loose golden shower to her lap. In a moment she gathered them up again, laughing archly, and declaring that if she had not known she owed him a great deal, she should not have favored him so far.

When he was gone she went up stairs. Glancing at her mirror, and noticing the pomegranate glow upon her cheeks, she smiled bitterly, saying:

"I wonder if I should not make a successful coquette? O, I am growing wicked very fast!"

After this she saw the captain every day. Once Victoire ventured to remonstrate, but was silenced by Rose's scornful declaration that she knew how to take care of herself. She did her best to allure him, and succeeded.

The denouement came earlier than Rose had anticipated. It was not the captain's policy to lose time. Then all his sensuous nature was enthralled. He fancied himself—and perhaps he was—wildly in love with her.

Rose shivered and grew pale under his passionate protestations. He attracted and yet repelled her. She rose up in a vague alarm.

"Let me go now!" she entreated. "I shall see you again to-morrow."

The pleading tones of her voice betrayed to him how far he had mastered her. More and more tenderly he besought her. His stronger nature swayed and controlled hers. If she had not loved St. John she would surely have yielded. Was he forever to come between her and happiness? she asked herself, angrily.

"Would to God I had never seen him!" she said, in her heart. Then with a wild impulse that was half a resolution came, to fly with this man to the world's end, somewhere to forget this torturing, baffled, unappreciated love that so shamed and agonized her.

But she still pleaded for him, and Wallace yielded some of his hold upon her; he did not understand her, but he had confidence in his own resources.

Rose shut herself up all day after he had left; her face was moody. She felt as though nothing could rouse her, and she was not prepared for the sensation that startled her late in the day.

It was just dark, and she was dreading the evening, when a little note was brought in. Only a few words.

"Will Miss Beauchamp see her old friend Mademoiselle Hilain to-night?"

Miss Beauchamp's face lighted.

"I will see Mademoiselle Hilain," she said, quietly.

A moment more, and mademoiselle entered. Her face was quite pale, and there was a subdued glitter in her eyes, but she was very handsome and lady-like. She came forward gracefully.

"My dear mademoiselle!"

"My dear Miss Rose!" and the two kissed each other. "I am grateful to you, dear, for such a kind reception, after my uncereemonious retreat from Roselands," said Marie, laughing softly.

"I supposed you had your reasons," said Rose; but her manner implied that she wished to be informed of them.

Mademoiselle drew out the embroidered *mouchoir* which had done such good service.

"My dear, it is at least a thousand times I have regretted since then that I did not throw myself upon your pity; I so much needed your sweet sympathy. This was why I fled from your pleasant home—the only home the poor orphan has had for many years," said Marie, tearfully. "My brother had committed a crime. He appealed to me for aid; I had not courage to throw myself at your feet and confess my disgrace, and therefore I fled in the night. It was my cowardice, dear Miss Beauchamp. It is my great fault that I have no courage."

Marie paused to control the emotion that agitated her, and Rose looked on, rather coldly. Six months ago she would have implicitly trusted mademoiselle. But time

had taught her much. She was fast learning distrust, and growing cynical and sarcastic.

"It was no matter, Marie," she said, presently. "If you had trusted me, I might have been able to do something for you; but since you did not require my assistance, I suppose you did not need it."

Marie raised her hands and eyes to the ceiling.

"You do me injustice there," she said, tremulously. "It is my fate to be misapprehended, and I have now, dear Miss Rose, a further revelation to make, that I fear will alienate you still further from me." And here Marie buried her face in her handkerchief.

Rose lifted her eyes. There was not much encouragement to proceed in the proud listless face, but Marie had a work in hand that must be done.

"What is it?" said Rose, listlessly.

Marie had intended to approach the subject by graceful circumlocutions; but she saw, with her alert perceptions, that it was necessary to startle Miss Beauchamp.

"Captain Vincent Wallace is here, paying court to you," said Marie, her keen dark eyes watching the effect of her abrupt speech.

A wave of crimson color flowed over Miss Beauchamp's face.

"Mademoiselle!"

There was warning and offended pride in the voice, but Marie's tact was not at fault.

"I mention Captain Wallace, because it is necessary to my revelation," she said, with a pretty English-French accent.

"I do not see what Captain Wallace has to do with your story," said Rose, haughtily. "But go on."

There was a peculiar light in Marie's eyes as she listened to this scornful speech, but her voice was *suave* and low as she asked:

"Does Miss Rose remember a French woman who was associated with a friend of hers—one Mademoiselle Hugo?"

"Hugo! That was the name of Christine Beauchamp's French *bonne*, the woman who was an accomplice in her elopement with Earle Vincent."

Miss Beauchamp's voice faltered on the last word, as if for the first time it had suggested something to her, and she looked up with startled eyes.

"Miss Beauchamp is mistaken," said Marie, gravely. "Mrs. Gordon has prejudiced her. Mademoiselle Hugo was not an

accomplice in Christine Beauchamp's shameful treachery. She did all in her power to restrain her, but in vain. It was perhaps her duty to have betrayed her young mistress, but she loved her dearly, in spite of her faults, and could not find it in her heart to do so. And for this, which was at best only an error, she has always been execrated by the Willoughbys."

"You speak as if you had authority," said Rose.

"The best authority, Miss Rose. I am Mademoiselle Hugo."

Rose started.

"You are giving a singular account of yourself, mademoiselle. The protection of an alias could hardly be necessary, unless there were something to be concealed," said Rose, coldly.

"I did not come here to speak of so insignificant a person as myself," said Marie, humbly. "Will you permit me to go on? After Earle Vincent married Miss Christine he came to Paris. I lived with them two years; but the man's nature is unspeakably selfish and base, and the time came when I could not stay with them any longer. I went away, but through my brother, who has always maintained a connection with Captain Vincent, I was kept informed of their movements. They had a little girl, whom they called for her mother, Christine. The captain very soon tired of his wife; then there was downright quarrelling, in which I have no doubt Vincent was to blame, and he ended it by taking her to one of those private madhouses in England, where, a week since, she was still alive. When he returned to Paris he learned that the little Christine had been, during his absence, accidentally run over by a street vehicle and killed. Her mangled body was shown him. But, mademoiselle, this was not true. The child's nurse was bribed to tell this story, and the child was brought up by a person who, besides other reasons for this act, had seen in her remarkable grace and dramatic talent. This child is now sixteen years old."

Mademoiselle had told her story in an even unmoved voice. Now she stopped suddenly, and there was a short silence.

"This is a very pretty story, Mademoiselle Hilain—or perhaps I should say Hugo, but I am at a loss to guess why you should tell it to me," said Rose, with suppressed ire.

Marie's dark eyes shone like coals.

"You have not, then, guessed that Earle Vincent and Vincent Wallace are the same?" she said, softly.

The conviction had been forcing itself upon Rose from the beginning of Marie's narration, but now that it was put into curt words, she paled suddenly.

"And that Miss Beauchamp's wooer has a wife living?" she continued, blandly.

Rose said not a word—only looked at her—but there was a singular gleam in the saffron pupils of her eyes that warned her not to go too far. After a minute, she said:

"It will not escape you that Earle Vincent's child is heir to the Beauchamp estates in England; but you will hardly have guessed that this girl was named Victoire by the excellent person who adopted her. Do you know a girl named Victoire? Here, Miss Beauchamp, are papers to prove what I say; also to substantiate Victoire Vincent's claim to the Beauchamp property."

Rose Beauchamp stood up, her face deadly white, but for the small crimson spot that stained either cheek. Marie, bold as she was, almost shrank from the fire of her eyes.

"Do you want money for those papers?" opening a purse and pouring the shining coin upon a table. "If that is not enough, what more will you have? Tell me, and go," said Rose, in measured stony tones.

"I did not tell you for money—I wished to do you a kindness," said Marie, gently; "*cependant* I am poor—very poor—" It was Le Grignac's hungry eyes that eyed the gold then.

"Take it, then—all of it, if you choose!" interrupted Rose.

Marie swept the coins into her hands, and hastily concealed them about her dress.

"Now go!"

Marie was at the door, when a question stayed her.

"Does this man know that the girl—the heiress," with scornful emphasis, "is living?"

"No!"

Marie crept away, and Rose Beauchamp stood alone, face to face with a shame that appalled her.

Her lover a villain, and herself a pretender to that upon which she had no just claim! No wonder that the proud head was bent low, and that the graceful form shook with a tempest of sobs. She had allowed herself to feel under obligation to

him; because of that obligation, and from a wayward impulse of her own, she had been sweetly gracious to him. Her face glowed to remember that he had touched her hand, called her by her Christian name, and once had even dared to kiss her cheek—he, the traitor, the consort of gamblers and drunkards. How low she had fallen—this proud heiress of the Beauchamps! That thought, too, gave her a pang almost as deep. No longer an heiress, for the small American property seemed a mere bagatelle compared with what her expectations had been. She remembered her former assumption of superiority. She was being punished for her hauteur and pride. There were people who would be glad to know of her downfall. How should she ever face the sneering Mrs. Grundys of society?

Rose glanced down at the papers in her lap, and a thought flashed through her mind that hushed her sobs and made her face whiten. Why should she reveal her secret and abase herself? The proofs were in her own hands. Should she exalt this girl into an heiress—this girl who was stealing away the love that perhaps she might have won? Never! A grim determination settled upon the beautiful face. She got up quietly, crossed the room, and locked the package of papers in her *escritoire*. She had scarcely done so when a servant came to the door.

"Captain Wallace is in the parlor!"

"I will see Captain Wallace in a moment," said Rose, a singular smile curving her lips, a singular gleam in her eyes.

She did not need to bathe her eyes in rosewater—her sobs had been those tearless ones that shake the soul to its centre, but do not ease it of its burden. Her face was calm and proud. She knew she could trust herself, and she went down presently, drawing many idle eyes upon her as she crossed the hall to the parlor, where Captain Wallace waited for her alone.

As soon as she was gone a heavy curtain that swung before a bay window was pushed aside, and Victoire stepped out, pale, excited, almost crying. She glanced rather wistfully towards the *escritoire*, where the papers were locked.

"If it could help my poor mother, I should have to tell," said Victoire, clasping her hands in distress. "But it would break my heart to do so. She has been good to me; though she is very unhappy—any one

can see that. Does she not love Ralph, I wonder? How beautiful and queenly she is—while I—poor little Victoire, what kind of a figure would you make as an heiress, I wonder?" she said, half smiling, as she glanced at the petite shape reflected in the mirror. "I would never tell for myself—but poor mamma! Ah, if I knew what can be done. I will ask St. John. Perhaps, if I am very cautious, I can find out all I want to know, without betraying anything." And Victoire's sweet face took a pretty wise look that was infinitely charming.

When Rose Beauchamp entered the parlor Captain Wallace's keen eyes eagerly searched her face, hoping there to read her decision. But it was impenetrable, and the captain experienced a slight falling away of his courage. If she should not accept him, after all—if she should refer him to her guardian, or baffle him by any excuse for delay! He chafed inwardly at the thought, but outwardly he was the impassioned lover.

Rose heard him quietly. She let him go over all he had said the day before; she allowed him to multiply his protestations, to accumulate flattering phrases; but when, emboldened by her silence, he sought to draw her towards him, she tore herself away, with an exclamation of loathing, and faced him with a look that went straight down through all the shams that he wore so gracefully, and made his base heart beat with a cowardly fear, and withered up his hopes as utterly and swiftly as the sirocco devours the fragile growths of the desert.

"Captain Earle Vincent, if I could forgive the shameful treachery which has always been associated with your name in my mind, which made you always stand to me for the representative of all that was unmanly and ignoble; if I could tolerate the man whose associates for years have been the dregs of European society, whose life has been a shame and a blot upon honor and decency, and the foul scorn of the world, I could never forget the poor heart-broken wife yonder in an English madhouse. Indeed, Captain Vincent, when I recall your career, my indignation at the wrong you contemplated towards me is lost in abhorrence of your whole life and character. You can go now, sir. You have received your answer."

Vincent's face was convulsed with rage and shame. The veins in his forehead

swelled and grew purple, and his lips were livid.

"Who in the devil's name has told you all this?" he said, hissing the words through his teeth.

Rose raised her head proudly.

"Did you think I had just learned it? You are very dull—I see that I must explain. It will be, I trust, an added edge to your punishment to know that whatever favor I pretended to show you I granted with the intention of shaming you at last, in precisely this way."

He ground his teeth.

"If you knew it all this time, you are the cursedest hypocrite on earth!"

"Hypocrisy is the natural armor of a woman," said Rose, calmly. "Now, Captain Vincent, please relieve me of your presence."

He made one more effort.

"Miss Beauchamp—"

The blaze in her eyes, the involuntary ominous movement of the little white hand, the set relentless lips, checked him midway, and he shrunk away from her presence, feeling meaner and more contemptible than he had ever felt in his life—and Earle Vincent had explored the depths of degradation. But as he went he shook his head and muttered:

"By Heaven, I'll punish her for this!"

Rose stood where he left her a moment, a smile of triumph on her face.

"I have saved my pride," she muttered, "and it has cost me only one large lie; but that is no matter. One gets used to lying. Now, then, to keep the secret from that girl. I can do it, I am sure. It is getting very easy to be wicked." And she laughed a harsh bitter laugh, that strangely belied the promise of the lips whence it issued.

CHAPTER VIII.

ONE MORE UNFORTUNATE.

ST. JOHN WILLOUGHBY did not return to Torbay until late in the autumn. In the meantime, he had taken a trip across the Channel. Ralph's medical course was completed, and he was desirous of inspecting the English hospitals before his return home. St. John accompanied him; always a curious student of the complex human being, he found this way of spending his time more refreshing and restful than any amount

of mere idle pleasure-seeking would have been.

So Ralph and he penetrated to places which the tourist seldom sees—beyond the cleanly-swept corridors and outer rooms, with their got-up, holiday air, into the very *penetratia* of the hospitals—where physical agony, intensified to the last degree, lived out its wretched days, and only asked for the death that came all too slowly; to those woeful places, the lunatic asylums, where the sad sights move one to awe and tenderest pity.

They had just finished their survey, when they missed a railway train, and were forced to stop at a little town a hundred miles from London.

"Have you anything here worth seeing?" asked Ralph of a railway official.

"Why, sir, there's the castle, and there's Doctor Huxam's private asylum for the insane—"

"The very thing," interrupted Ralph. "Come on, St. John!"

They easily found the asylum—a low brown stone building, standing away from the road, under the protection of a sturdy company of English oaks. Doctor Huxam, a benign-looking gentleman of sixty, received them courteously, and accompanied them through the various apartments—pointing out remarkable cases, and filling the way with interesting details concerning the management of the institution. It had once been a very different affair, the doctor said. Ten years ago it was kept by an unscrupulous man, whose only object was to make money.

"There are strange stories afloat concerning those days," said Doctor Huxam. "Half of them are, I dare say, inventions, yet I fancy there must have been foundation for such reports as got into circulation. It is a very easy way of disposing of inconvenient, in-the-way people—this sending them to an insane retreat. In a majority of cases, they would in six months be in such a condition as to justify restraint. One or two such were left over to me by my predecessor."

They had made the tour of the establishment, and stopped upon the veranda to rest a few minutes, as the doctor said this.

"I dare say you get an occasional glimpse here of the romance which underlies most of the lives that we think prosaic," said St. John, quietly accepting the cigar which the doctor offered.

They sat down, and the doctor watched the long blue curling columns of smoke unwind in the still summer air a moment, before he answered. Then he said:

"You are quite right. A case has just terminated, or, to speak in a less harsh, professional way, a life has just ended, which had in it many of the incidents of romance—as we call it, forgetting that what to us is romance, is terribly, tragically real to somebody—as it was to this poor lady. I found her here when I came—a frail spiritual-looking creature, who had once doubtless been very pretty. But the eyes had wept away their brightness, I fancy, and worry and grief had blanched her roses. The attendant who took care of her, and who had become singularly attached to her, told me her story:

"She had been brought here two years before I came, in a nervous excited state—which Ilderton, the director, was willing to accept as insanity—by a person whom she afterwards told this attendant was her husband. In a little while, this excitement wore away, and she became quite herself. It seemed she had been drawn into a marriage with a villain, who basely ill-used her, and now brought her here with the intention of publishing her death to the world. She had friends in the United States, she said, and the attendant at her request, tried to communicate with them, but she was an illiterate person, and the attempt failed. No one ever came to the poor woman's rescue, and she staid on and on, falling at last into a mild melancholy, that was a kind of insanity. For a few years after I came, a remittance was regularly received from some one who wrote under what I believed an alias, but that stopped by-and-by. Yet I kept her here, and did my best to make her comfortable, until death relieved her of a life that must have been a heavy burden. She died yesterday, and her body lies in yonder little house. It is a strangely sweet face. Would you come and see her?" And the doctor, who seemed singularly interested in the case, rose and led the way across the green courtyard.

St. John followed leisurely. He had no morbid fancy for feasting his eyes on death. He had found pain enough in his life, without going out of the way to seek it. He lingered, stopped to play with a child in the yard, and finally thought he would not follow further. He saw the door close behind

Ralph and the doctor. Five—ten minutes passed, and then Ralph came out. He came up to him with heavy steps.

"Why, Ralph, what is the matter?"

Ralph's face flushed and paled by turns, and he choked a little as he said:

"St. John, you are a brave fellow, I know. Call up all your courage—if you go with me into yonder building. Don't go, unless you can meet something very painful."

St. John looked at him, dimly guessing the secret—his whole face grown as white as death, and as still, nothing alive about it except the burning eyes.

"I will go," he said, in a husky whisper.

Involuntarily, Ralph reached out his hand, and they went together into that holy presence. There she lay in her coffin, white, and still, and cold. The summer sun, shining in through the tremulous vine-leaves about the window, flickered across her face, and touched, with golden shimmer, the soft, scarcely faded brown hair. The warm summer wind, thrilling with life, saturated with fragrance, steals over the threshold, stirs the hair on the temples, and softly lifts the drapery about the poor heart that ached so long, which is at peace forever.

The years have touched her lightly; there are no outward scars, to tell of the conflict that went on so long within. So fair, so young, so pure she looks, that the seventeen years that are gone, slip away from St. John's memory, and he lives again in that old dead time; again he kisses her as he says good-night, and tells her in a whisper that to-morrow she will be a happy bride.

All these years, while his heart and home had been empty and lonesome for the sake of that love and those memories, she had been imprisoned here. How much she had suffered, God knew. If he had come a week ago, he might have told her how truly he forgave her, and how fondly he had cherished her all these years. If he had come only last night, he might have held her in his arms, and eased the passage over the dark river. Now there is nothing left for him to do. She will never know whose tears are raining on her face, whose kisses fall tenderly upon her, whose heart yearns over her almost to breaking. And so Ralph takes his arm and leads him away, blinded and benumbed, and scarcely conscious of anything more than a longing to get away somewhere alone.

The little house is shut up again, with its

solemn secret. The blinds are fast closed, and the golden fingers of the sunshine will never caress her any more. Nothing more here for Christine Beauchamp, except the grave that was opened this morning in the green turf of yonder dell.

CHAPTER IX.

BETROTHAL.

WHEN St. John and Ralph returned to Torbay, there were quite a number of surprises. Victoire did not understand why St. John looked so strangely. She thought he had grown years older. Snowy threads were in the clustering curls around the temples, that she had never seen before, and his manner, though uniformly kind, was *distract* and grave.

If St. John was a puzzle to Victoire, Rose was not less an enigma to Ralph. He had come back with much hope. He was too sanguine in his temperament, and too much in love with her, to believe that his rejection was final. He was, therefore, unutterably dismayed, when she treated him not only with indifference, but with coldness, and repelled his advances with positive anger. She seemed to take a pleasure in saying cruel spiteful things.

"What ails you, Rose?" he said, at last. "You are not yourself."

Her white lids lifted slowly.

"Am I not?"

"You know you are not," he said, hastily. "You are not naturally petulant and irritable."

"I don't know. I would be willing to believe almost anything of myself," she said. Such a look of hard scornful defiance in the beautiful face, such bitterness in the tone, that Ralph was startled.

"Rose, you have some trouble that is not known to me."

She faced him suddenly.

"Don't seek to know it, then! The less you know of me, the better it will be for you."

"That shows how little you realize my love, Rose," he said, sorrowfully. "If you will tell me your trouble, you shall see how gladly I will help you."

Suddenly she lifted her luminous eyes to his face; their splendor overrun her whole countenance, and made it glow with beauty.

"Ralph Willoughby, how much do you love me?"

The answer came swift and hot.

"So well that I would cross the deepest gulf to reach you; so well that if you were poor, and ignorant, and low-born—a child of the streets—a beggar—all the same I would take you to my heart, and hold you there forever."

Her face changed, her eyes grew tender.

"But if I were wicked?"

He smiled incredulously.

"If I loved another?" she said, with hushed voice.

There was a dead silence in the room. Then he asked, "Do you love another?"

Again, for an instant, her eyes met his, a blush leaped to her cheeks, and rose till it touched the bands of royal black hair that lay in proud plainness over her forehead. He was answered.

"He loves *you*, of course."

Rose gave a low laugh. "Poor Ralph! His brain is calmer than yours, his heart is colder. No, he does not love me." And as she spoke, she put out her hand with an inviting gesture.

Ralph caught and held it fast.

"But he *will* love you?" he said, questioningly.

"No, he will never love me." And her face went down till the soft warm breath swept the hand that held hers. In a moment she was drawn closer and nearer, and Ralph's masterful eyes held and controlled her.

"Then you shall be mine. No one-sided love shall keep you from me. If I do not make you love me, I will take the consequences. But I shall. I shall love you so fondly, I shall pet you and care for you so tenderly, I shall make myself so necessary to you, that you will not be able to help it. O, I shall conquer you at last, my love—my queen rose!"

Rose was sobbing now, as if her heart would break; but all the time he was soothing her, he persistently repeated the question, "Will you marry me?"

Her head was in a whirl, her impulses riotous, her conscience asleep. Why not? She had as much right to love as anybody. St. John would never love her. Why not accept the next best to that which she could never hope for? Thousands did that every day. Why should she be more scrupulous than they?

And so at last she promised, and went away from him more gentle and good than

she had been for a long time. But an angry cloud crossed her face as, passing the little room which they used as a library, she saw a light stream out under the door.

St. John and Victoire were there alone. He liked to have that child with him, Rose said, to herself. It would not be strange if he should marry her yet. Suppose he were to know that she was Christine's child! It was easy to guess what would happen then. But she should never have that advantage, if Rose Beauchamp could keep a secret. She went to her *escritoire*, unlocked, and took out a package, turned it over and over slowly, half-resolved to burn them. But at last she replaced them in the *escritoire*, and locked it fast, while her face wore a defiant smile.

St. John rang the bell, and Mrs. Gordon answered it in person. Would he have lights brought?

"No. I don't want any lights yet. Is Victoire in her room? If she is, you may ask her to come here, if you please."

A moment after, Victoire entered the room. He looked up, smiling gravely.

"I sent for you to amuse me. Will you do so?" he said.

"I will try, sir; but I am afraid I do not very well know how," she said, as she sat down on an ottoman by the window, and looked up, rather wistfully.

"Do anything," he answered. "Read to me, sing to me, talk to me—anything to divert me—" He stopped abruptly.

"Is monsieur ill, or sad?" asked Victoire, softly.

"I am both," he said, briefly. "A week ago I had a very sorrowful experience. I have gone over it again and again; my mind has dwelt upon it till I am worn out with the perpetually recurring pain. I want you to help me shake it off."

"I will, with all my heart," said Victoire, earnestly; then adding, with a simplicity which charmed him, "I think perhaps I had better sing to you."

There was no instrument in the room, scarcely any need of one, for her voice was singularly natural and fresh—hardly requiring an accompaniment any more than a bird's song. When at last lights were brought, Victoire laughingly protested that she should not sing another note; she was sure she had tired him.

"You have not tired me, yet you shall

not sing any more. You shall talk. You shall tell me about yourself."

Victoire's eyes drooped. She would so gladly have forgotten the past, and yet often when she was alone, the old things came back to her; reminiscences of years long gone by, some vague as a dream, and others fresh and vivid as if they were only the events of yesterday. At those times it would have been a relief to talk. And now St. John's sympathetic presence and kindly tone were gently inviting her confidence.

"I don't know if what I say will seem plain to you," she said, hesitatingly. "Some of my remembrances are very indefinite—almost as if they were dreams. Sometimes I think they are so—and yet some are so vivid that the thought of them seems to carry me back in person to those old times. There are scenes and facts that dwell in my mind, like remembered pictures. One is more real and constant, and to me more beautiful than the rest. It is of a sweet face, pale and sad like a Madonna—always looking at me with tender pitying eyes. I don't know why I associate this face with low sweet hymns sung at twilight by a child's bedside, softly-spoken prayers, that the child in lisping, unintelligible words tries to repeat; with passionate kisses, and the clasping of arms about the child, and sometimes a rain of hot tears upon her face, and then a storm of indignation swelling the little breast at some one having been cruel to her pretty mamma—and sometimes for an instant it flashes upon me, as if a curtain were pulled away, that I am that child; but just as everything is growing plain, the cloudy curtain slips back, and it is all dark and vague again, and I am poor lonely Victoire!"

St. John touched the soft curls almost reverently.

"Poor little girl!" he said, pityingly.

"But, monsieur," she said, quickly, lifting up her head, "I pray God that was not my mother—she must have suffered so much."

There was a little silence, and then St. John said, "Show me some more of these pictures."

"There is nothing else that is beautiful," said Victoire, sadly. "There are other scenes that dance before me like the pictures of a kaleidoscope; there seems to be a great many people going up and down stairs; I peep from a half-open door and watch them;

they are all gentlemen, and most of them wear mustaches and look fierce; there is one dark and handsome, and looking to my childish eyes as tall and grand as a king; I want to rush out and speak to him, but somebody whom they call Adele pulls me back roughly, and says that monsieur will be very angry if I dare to show my face. Then all these tableaux fade away, and there is only a little ugly old man whom I am terribly afraid of, and Adele; the house is still, and the days are warm and sunny; I have a dream of going out of doors, where I seem to be in the midst of a great crowd of people, and a terrible confusing din; but I am half wild with delight at the noise, and the beautiful sights, and the round yellow sun that hangs right over my head. I am in the midst of the crowd when there comes in sight a pair of horses, all bright and glittering. I push my way through the mass of people to get nearer to them as they come dashing along. It comes nearer and nearer—the splendid sight—and I grow so wild and excited that I rush out and try to seize the bright shining thing that hangs downward from the horse's mouth. But then it all grows very dark, and the horses and everything vanish away, and there is only the old man and Adele. The old man comes and hangs over me, and his great ugly under lip shakes and quivers so that I am frightened, and I cover my face with the bedclothes. I am in a room that is very high up, and very far off, and I get so tired of staying there, that once, when Adele is gone, I get up and steal down stairs. I must be a very little thing, for I go down one foot at a time, and hold fast to the balusters as fast as I can, but the short chubby fingers will not go around them. When I get down I hear some voices not far off, and I creep softly to the door of the room and look in. There is only a little crack, but I can see a table with something white upon it; the dark handsome man stands there, and his face frightens me, I don't know why; the ugly old man is there, too, and so is Adele, and Adele has her apron at her eyes, and I wonder why she is crying. I often cry, I think, when Adele is unkind to me, but I did not know before that grown people ever cried. In a minute, the ugly old man turns down the covering that hides the something on the table, and I see a little child there fast asleep—so fast asleep and so white, and with such a strange dreadful

look, that I am seized with a sudden terror, and run away up stairs. Then Adele comes and is angry with me, and says if I speak a word or utter a sound, I shall go to sleep like the child I have seen—so fast asleep that I shall never wake up; for the child, she says, is dead, and is going to be put in the cold ground, and will never play in the warm sunshine any more. This frightens me so that I dare not make a noise, but I cover my head and cry softly to myself, and I dream about the child who is dead, and sometimes I think it is I who am to be put in the cold ground, and I wake trembling and sobbing. After this, I somehow lose Adele, and there is only the ugly old man and a woman who takes care of me, and gives me dancing lessons all day long. I get O so tired of the dancing! but I do not dare to stop, because the old man says if I do he will turn me into the street to starve, as did my mother, the ballet-dancer; and so it goes on and on, and I gradually find out that the ugly old man is Monsieur Le Grignac and I am Victoire."

The low mellow voice ceased suddenly, and St. John, who had been looking at her intently, started. What was it that her face suggested? Was it only the resemblance of youth and beauty, or was there really a likeness to that dear dead face that death had sanctified?

"You shall never want for anything while I live," he said, with earnestness.

Victoire flushed up, and the tears sprang to her eyes.

"But, monsieur," she said, presently, smiling through the mist, "I cannot be dependent. Did you not say you would give me writing to do? And then perhaps I may come into a fortune," she added, laughingly. But he did not notice the remark, and Victoire's series of cautious questions all slipped her memory. She was not a bit of a diplomat, and before she could collect

herself, the opportunity had passed by.

By-and-by St. John said, "I must send you to bed now, little girl, if you are to have bright eyes in the morning. Victoire, you have done me good, and I thank you. Shall I tell you something, child? A good many years ago—rather more than your life numbers—I knew a girl as innocent as you—as lovely, too, I think, for she was fairer than any flower. A week ago I saw her again; but she was dead; and I had to stand by her so, and think what a terrible mistake her whole life had been—and think, too, of another life that her error had darkened. That was a hard thing—to look upon one you have loved, and have to thank God that she is dead."

St. John could not guess why she started away from him trembling so violently, nor why her eyes suddenly flooded with tears.

She went up stairs presently, and Rose, lying wakeful and restless, heard her moving about in her room. Obeying one of her impulses, she called:

"Victoire, come here! What have you and St. John been talking about?" she asked, giving her a sharp look.

"About a good many things," Victoire replied. Then she asked, suddenly, "Miss Beauchamp, what trouble has St. John had during his absence?"

"Trouble! O," replied Rose, with affected indifference, "he accidentally came across the woman whom, a great many years ago, he was just on the eve of marrying. She was dead. I think they showed him into the room where she lay dead in her coffin. Of course it was a great shock to him. But she was a perfidious woman, and treated him shamefully. He must hate her memory."

Rose did not understand why Victoire went away with such a white face—such a pathetic sorrow lying in the tender eyes.

[CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

HUMAN LABOR.—Human labor in a thousand little rills replenishes the fountain of man's earthly existence. It rends the rocks asunder to build the marts of commerce. It sends its tiny but powerful roots into the soil, that the cups may, in due season, fructify and replenish and gladden the earth; it dives into the darkened mine, where cheering sunlight never penetrates, to bring forth some of the most important necessities of

modern civilization; for where would that civilization be but for the products of labor? As we value the products of labor, how much more should we esteem the intelligent agencies by which they are produced? In whatever sphere of action it may be, labor is honorable, and there is at times a moral heroism and spirit of self-denial exhibited, which renders it sublime.

A PRACTICAL VALENTINE.

BY A POOR OLD FOOL.

I'm weak and old and round of back, my hair is scant and gray,
 My fortune and my health alike have seen their brightest day.
 I've neither wit nor charm of speech, nor any worldly pelf,
 And yet I thought to win a maid who'd love me for myself.
 I hunted high and low for one who'd youth and grace combine,
 And smile upon my dismal lot and be my Valentine.

I hobbled out at night to balls, to concerts, and the play,
 I haunted Spelling Bees at eve and Skating Rinks by day.
 I squinted through a single glass, and ogled through a pair,
 And posed myself near bonnet shops to catch the passing fair;
 But lonely on its stalk they left the shrivelled fruit to pine,
 And turned their little noses up at such a Valentine.

Meanwhile increasing age let loose the demons of decay,
 And some new ache or novel pain got hold of me each day.
 My teeth came out, my nose grew red, my cheeks fell further in,
 And still I saw a gleam of hope some woman's love to win.
 I did not mind how she might look, or what might be her line,
 So she would love me for myself and be my Valentine.

I angled long for many maids, but none of them would bite,
 A perfect lady called me fool, a barmaid giggled "fright."
 At last when black despair had flung his arms about my neck,
 A pale-faced maiden passing by took pity on the wreck.
 She heard my tale, and straight agreed to cast her lot with mine,
 "I'll have you for yourself," she said "and be your Valentine."

When wedlock's charms had made us one—my lady up and said,
 "Dost know, old fool, why such as thee I willingly have wed?
 A female doctor I would be, but e'er degrees I don
 I need an ailing broken man to study physic on.
 For draughts, and drugs, and instruments you'll do as boys say "fine,"
 You see I had you for yourself, you poor old Valentine."

Alas, e'er since that fatal day, upon my varied ills,
 My spouse has lavished all her wealth of mixture, draughts and pills.
 That she may study every day my body has to bleed—
 She trusts to pass on Monday week, I hope she may succeed.
 Beneath her practice I have grown as lean as Pharaoh's kine,
 Was ever man so used before by any Valentine?

Boston, 1877.

KATY'S AMBITION:

—OR,—

A NIGHT AND A DAY.

BY RETT WINWOOD.

KATY CLARK stood by the pasture-bars, idly resting her milkpail on the topmost rail, watching the sun go down.

She was a wonderfully pretty creature, this Katy Clark. She had big melting brown eyes, a red ripe strawberry-colored mouth, and a face like a picture, over which the wanton wind tossed curls of flossy silken hair, as if it delighted to revel in such luxuriance.

A girl well calculated to warm the coldest heart. Looking at her, you felt that it would be a pleasure to take her in your arms and shelter her there and caress her. Not that Katy was used to caresses and loving words. O no! There was scant time for such foolishness in the red farmhouse of her Aunt Martha, where nearly all her life had been spent.

It had been a work-all-day existence thus far. But Katy would not have minded that so much—though she *did* long for leisure to read, and think, and study, and make something better than a drudge of herself. But when it came to harsh words, and an utter dearth of those little kindnesses which even the poorest may offer, her heart rebelled a little.

As she faced the western sky, the farmhouse was right there before her, half hidden in a grove of maples. She hated the very sight of its ugly red walls—hated them for the very reason that we all detest some particular places—namely, because we have been unhappy there.

Aunt Martha was the cause of Katy's unhappiness. It was she, with her sharp tongue and shrewish ways, who had scolded and fretted the brightness out of the poor child's life.

She heaved a deep sigh as she stood there balancing the milkpail on the bars. It had scarcely passed her lips when a mellow whistle sounded in the lane, and a handsome young fellow came hurrying towards her.

"A penny for your thoughts, Katy," he said, gayly.

She turned, her face brightening perceptibly at sight of him.

"They were not worth it," she answered.

"I am not sure of that. I wish you would tell me of what you were thinking."

"It would be of no use."

She smiled, a trifle bitterly, as she spoke. The young man noticed this, and became grave in an instant.

"I see how it is," he said, between his teeth. "Mrs. Clark has been ill-treating you again. That woman ought to be ashamed of herself."

"It has been no worse than usual to-day, Rob. But I have been thinking it all over, here by myself. And I always get low-spirited when I do that, you know."

"No wonder."

"Aunt Martha isn't the worst woman in the world. Perhaps I ought to be thankful for the privilege of finding a home with her, just as she says."

Robert Graham gave a contemptuous gesture of dissent.

"Not when she makes a slave of you, Katy. It's a burning shame, I tell you. And if I were rich this shouldn't go on another day."

"But you are not rich, Rob."

"No," he said, gloomily.

Then his head dropped on his breast. It had long been a dream of his to make Katy Clark his wife. But it looked as if this dream would wait long for its realization, since he had beggared himself to get through college, and was still studying law in the village.

Years must elapse before he could hope to be able to support a wife.

His face whitened as he thought of this, for Katy had another suitor—Oscar Dunlap. And Oscar was a rich man, and could give her at once all the luxuries she craved.

"O, it is hard—it is very hard!" he muttered.

She looked at him dreamily, not more than half comprehending.

"What is hard, Rob?"

"Can't you guess? Haven't you seen how madly I love you, darling?"

"Hush!" she whispered, putting up her hand.

But he would not be stopped.

"I have tried to keep my secret, though even a child might have guessed it," he went on, excitedly. "I have kept my tongue quiet, at any rate. But now I must speak or die."

"Hush!" she said again, very pale now.

"You must hear me, Katy. Let me tell you how I have been struggling, hoping and praying. O, I have longed so madly to take you away from this hateful spot and surround you with just such luxuries as your nature craves. I have been tempted to curse my poverty sometimes."

"O don't, don't, Rob!"

She set down the pail, and put up both hands before her face. A tremor seized on every limb. She had sometimes thought that this bright young fellow liked her. But she had never dreamed of such passions as he was now manifesting.

It was something new and strange to know that she was beloved. And yet a keen bitter pain came with the knowledge.

Rob drew her closely to his side.

"Look up," he whispered. "Promise to wait for me, and be true to me, and our dream shall be realized yet. I will work for you as man never worked for sweetheart yet."

She struggled clear of his embrace, and stood panting before him.

"It can never be," she gasped. "I can never be your wife."

"O Katy, Katy!"

"I mean what I say." And she angrily dashed the hair out of her eyes. "I know you will despise me, and call me mean and mercenary, but I cannot help it."

There was a minute's silence; and then Rob managed to say:

"Why can you not marry me?"

He had meant to ask, "Why will you not wait?" But it did not matter; Katy answered the unspoken question quite as much as the other.

"I am tired of this sort of life," she cried, passionately. "I should die if I had to go on enduring it, year after year, until you were rich enough to marry me. I should die, Rob! And you might never be rich, after all."

"True," he answered, in a changed voice.

He was thinking of Oscar Dunlap, but was too proud to speak his name. "What will you do?" he asked, when he could command himself sufficiently to speak.

"I don't know," wearily.

At this instant a shrill voice sounded from the direction of the farmhouse. "Katy! Katy! Where on earth are you dawdling now?"

The girl caught up her milkpail.

"It is Aunt Martha. I must go."

She was off like an arrow, not stopping once to look behind her. Mrs. Clark met her at the kitchen door—a grim hard-featured woman, who seemed to have put aside all the pleasant follies of youth, long enough since.

"You've been long enough to have milked a dozen times, Katy Clark," she said, in a shrill sharp voice. "That good-for-nothing Rob Graham has been dawdling around again, I'll warrant. I do wish the fellow would go about his business, and not keep coming here to turn your silly head."

Katy answered not a word, but pushed towards the pantry door with her brimming pail.

"Give that to me," cried Mrs. Clark, taking the pail from her hand. "And do you go and put on another dress."

"Why?" Katy ventured to ask.

"Oscar Dunlap is coming over this evening."

The grim smile that curled Mrs. Clark's thin lips told the girl on what errand Mr. Dunlap must be coming. A tide of crimson rushed into her face and then receded, leaving her quite pale again.

But she went silently up stairs to her little bedroom and donned a blue and white lawn, that was her most becoming dress.

"If Oscar Dunlap asks me to marry him, I shall consent," she muttered, between close-shut teeth. "Aunt Martha wishes it; and I'm tired of holding out, and tired of drudging."

She glided back to the kitchen, looking very much like a ghost, in spite of her sudden decision.

What that decision cost her she did not realize herself at the time.

Mrs. Clark lighted up the front room, and sent her in there to sit. And presently, a full hour after dark, Oscar Dunlap made his appearance.

He was a dark saturnine-looking man of thirty-five or forty. Nobody liked or re-

spected him very much. Mrs. Clark was one of his warmest friends; but the fact of his wealth attached her to him, and no merit of his own.

Katy was sitting by the window when he came in. She could not repress a shiver as he approached her, and dropped one of his thin tigerish hands over her own.

"Well met, Miss Katy," he said, softly.

She turned away her head. And just then her glance wandered out at the window, and fell upon a man's figure standing in the road, not more than half a dozen rods away—a figure that was distinctly visible, for the moon was at its full, and lighted up the landscape with almost the radiance of day.

A low cry fell from her lips. "It is Rob," she thought, and almost said it aloud. "He must have seen Mr. Dunlap come in."

Her companion leaned over her and looked sharply in her face.

"What is the matter?" he asked.

"Nothing."

"Humph! Do young ladies cry out for nothing, Miss Katy?"

Then he laughed at his own wit; but the poor girl felt too sick at heart to answer him.

"You have not asked what brought me here to-night," he said, presently.

She still remained silent.

"Mrs. Clark knew that I was coming," he went on. "And I have her full approval in what I am about to do."

She stirred and shivered, and at last faltered, "Indeed."

"Yes. Please let me come to the point at once, Katy. I love you, and have come over on purpose to ask you to be my wife. Will you?"

This was abrupt enough, in all conscience. There was none of the pathos and earnestness with which Rob had spoken. But Katy felt glad of that; she felt glad to have it all over so easily and quietly.

Her hand trembled, but she put it in Mr. Dunlap's. "I will be your wife, since you wish it," she said.

Of course she had to endure a few caresses after that. There was no doubt but that Mr. Dunlap really loved her as well as he was capable of loving anybody. He staid two good hours before rising to take his departure.

His retreating footsteps had scarcely died away before a sharp tap came upon the

window-pane. Katy looked up with a start, and saw a very white face glued against the glass.

"O Rob, Rob!" she cried, "is it you?"

"Yes, it is I," he answered, savagely. "Open the window."

She raised the sash. He thrust in one of his quivering hands as she did so, and caught her arm in a vicelike grip.

"Katy," he said, in a hoarse voice, "you must tell me what that man wanted here to-night."

She was frightened. She had never seen Rob like that before. She scarcely knew what to do or say.

"What man?" she gasped.

"You know very well whom I mean—Oscar Dunlap."

That cruel grip tightened on her arm and forced the truth from her.

"He asked me to marry him, Rob."

"And you?"

"I have given him my promise."

That hand dropped to his side like lead. He staggered backward a step or two, and groaned aloud.

Then he swung on his heel. "Have a care, Katy Clark," he said, between his teeth, as he strode away. "I love you better than life or honor. I will kill that man rather than give you up to him!"

He was out of sight in an instant. Katy gasped, and threw out both her arms in a pleading gesture, but only the white moonlight and the familiar landscape was there before her.

Rob was nowhere to be seen.

She called to him once or twice, in a very faint voice, but he returned no answer. A silence as of the grave seemed to have settled all around her, of a sudden.

Then she sat still and thought over the last words he had spoken, and the savage intonation of his voice; and, thinking of them, she grew terribly frightened.

"He meant what he said," she moaned.

"I have driven him desperate. He will murder Mr. Dunlap if they encounter each other."

It was a dreadful thought. Not that the life of her promised husband was so very precious to her; but she did care that Rob should stain his hands in blood and his soul in crime.

Aunt Martha had gone to bed long before. Not a soul was stirring in the house. Katy got up quickly and threw a shawl over her head.

It had suddenly occurred to her that both Rob and Oscar Dunlap were likely to take the same route to the village, which lay two miles away. What if the former should overtake the latter this night, while blood was up?

She was nearly frantic with the thought. "Good Heaven!" she cried, "I shall go mad if anything happens."

She fled from the house, and along the road Oscar Dunlap had taken. The white splendor of the moonlight lay all around her; on the hazy hills, the odorous meadows, the dark green forests, and the dusty road. It was a lovely scene, peaceful as a dream of Eden—fair as a glimpse of paradise.

But poor Katy Clark gave no thought to its beauty as she fled on and on, with a terrible fear wringing her very heartstrings.

She entered a lonesome wood, at last. At another time the strange solitude and silence would have daunted her, somewhat. But now she never minded them.

"I must overtake one or the other of them soon," she moaned.

At this point the road wound along the edge of a gully, at the bottom of which a small stream of water bawled over the rocks. The trees were further apart, and the patches of silvery moonlight whiter and larger, and much more frequent.

Suddenly she came to a standstill. Some dark object lay in the road right before her. She stooped and picked it up.

"It is a man's hat—Rob's hat!" she cried, holding it up in the moonlight, that she might scrutinize it more closely.

She flung it from her, and burst into a passion of tears. One conclusion, and only one, could be drawn from the fact of finding the hat there.

A struggle must have occurred on the spot. When she had succeeded in calming herself somewhat she looked around.

Sure enough, the dust of the wood was marked with footprints, and the bushes growing on either side had been trampled and broken down.

Katy felt ready to faint on making this discovery. But she managed to control herself. Running for the hat she had thrown aside, she squeezed and kissed it passionately, and finally pinned it to her dress.

"O Rob, Rob!" she murmured. "No other eyes than mine shall ever see this! Nobody shall ever be told where I found it!

Surely I may do this much for you."

A low groan reached her ears just at this instant. She started and clasped both hands over her heart. The groan was repeated. It came from the gully!

Was Oscar lying there—or could it be Robert Graham?

After a moment's hesitation she approached the precipitous bank and began to descend. It was steep, but there were plenty of bushes to hang on by, and she managed to reach the bottom.

There, lying among the sedgy grasses, within three feet of the water's edge, was the dark motionless figure of a man.

Katy started towards it, as it lay bathed in the clear moonlight. It was Oscar Dunlap. She dropped her hand over his heart. A very faint pulsation made itself perceptible. An involuntary cry of horror rose to her lips as she comprehended his situation. He must have been tumbled from the bank above; and had he fallen a hand's breadth to the right or left—on the rocks, or in the water, or anywhere, in fact, save among those sedgy grasses—the result must have been certain death.

It was a trying moment for the poor girl. But she was equal to the emergency. Lifting Oscar's head in her arms, she began to bathe his temples with cold water from the stream near by.

He moved and moaned a little, and that was all. The poor child hung over him in speechless distress. "Don't die! for Heaven's sake, don't die!" was the prayer of her heart; but she had no power to utter it.

While she hung over him in utter despair, her hand struck against some protruding object in his coat pocket. She groped for it, and found a small bottle, half filled with some dark liquid, which had been uninjured by his fall.

"Brandy!" she ejaculated, giving vent to a hysterical cry, as she smelled its contents. It seemed as if Heaven itself had interfered in her behalf. She kissed the bottle frantically, then raised it to the helpless man's lips, and let drop after drop flow over them.

For two mortal hours she sat there, holding Oscar's head in her lap, and administering the brandy at brief intervals. They were such hours as she will not forget to her dying day.

At last he opened his eyes, and became sensible enough to recognize her.

"O Katy," he whispered, "why are you here?"

"I came to save your life," she answered.

He lay quite still, looking up at her for many minutes. Then a spasm of pain contracted his white face.

"I'm a dead man," he moaned. "I shall never get over this."

"Hush!" whispered Katy. "You must not talk. Lie still, and call back your strength as fast as possible."

She continued to feed him with the brandy while another hour went by. Then she roused him.

"Get up, Mr. Dunlap, and try to walk."

"What are you going to do?"

"Take you to the nearest house."

He raised himself, moaning with pain the while. Katy produced the bottle.

"Take another swallow of brandy, and we will set out," she said. "You can lean as heavily upon me as you choose."

He stood still and looked at her. "Why don't you leave me here and go for help?" he asked, sharply.

"Because I do not wish to."

Then she gently laid his arm on her shoulder, and led him onward a few steps; not up the precipitous bank—that would have been a hopeless undertaking; but along its base.

She knew that the ground rose gradually further on, and the ascent would be comparatively easy.

It was a slow and toilsome journey, for he was very weak; but they were surely nearing the road, when Katy stopped of a sudden.

"Before we go any further," she said, in a very low voice, "I have a promise to extort from you."

Mr. Dunlap seemed surprised. "What is it?" he demanded.

"You must give me your solemn word never to reveal—"

She choked, and could not go on for a minute.

"Well?" he said, impatiently.

"You must not reveal the part Robert Graham has played in this night's work."

The dreadful words were out at last. Mr. Dunlap stood and stared at her for a moment or two in utter silence. Then a light broke over his face.

"Ah," he muttered, "I always knew you were fond of that rascal, Katy. And now I see how it is! It was concern for Rob,

and not for me, that brought you to this spot to-night."

The last words died in a growl. But Katy did not mind that.

"Are you willing to give the promise I demand?" she asked.

"No," he answered, savagely.

She grew white as a water-lily in the moonlight. "Then I shall leave you here to find succor as best you may," she said, in a low firm voice.

The man muttered a curse. Then he seemed to ponder; and at last he drew closer to Katy's side.

"I promise," he muttered. "It is certain death to be left here alone."

Then they toiled on again. They were in the wood at last. Katy did not turn her steps towards the farmhouse. That was very far away. But a neat little villa stood just beyond the wood, where some rich people from the city were spending the summer. Katy resolved to go there with her charge.

It was a Dr. Thurstone who owned the villa, she had been told; and Mr. Dunlap sadly needed a physician's care. That fact alone was enough to have decided her.

It seemed like an age before they reached the house; and another age ere the servant who answered their summons could be made to comprehend what had happened.

Then lights began to glow in the darkened windows, and presently a pleasant voice said:

"Come in. Let me be the poor fellow's staff, young lady. You look tired out."

A mist swam before Katy's eyes. She saw dimly, as one in a dream, a noble-looking man of about fifty, half leading half dragging Oscar Dunlap over the floor; she saw a sweet-faced woman on the stairs, and heard her ask:

"What has happened? What is the matter, Ernest?"

Then the mist deepened to utter darkness, and her senses quite forsook her.

When she came to herself again, she was lying on a couch in the handsomest bedroom she had ever seen; and the sweet-faced lady was leaning over her with restoratives.

"Where am I?" she asked, raising herself on one elbow.

"With friends," was the assuring answer. "Lie still, dear, until you are stronger."

"And Mr. Dunlap?"

"The gentleman who was hurt? He fainted, too. But my husband thinks he will soon be better. There, don't talk any more."

The soothing touch of the lady's delicate hand was not without its effect. Katy fell asleep, and it was broad daylight when she awoke again.

Mrs. Thurstone was with her still. Katy pressed her hand gratefully. "You are very good," she murmured.

"O no. You shall tell me all about yourself when you are better."

Katy thought she had never known anybody so kind and pleasant. She lay watching Mrs. Thurstone with a longing wistful look in her brown eyes.

Suddenly she started up. "I ought to go home!" she exclaimed.

"Where is your home, my child?"

"I live at a farmhouse, more than a mile away, with my Aunt Martha."

"What is your name?"

"Katy Clark."

"Katy!" repeated Mrs. Thurstone.

Katy looked around at her. How white she had grown!

"Yes, madam." Then she went swiftly up to the cheval glass, a sudden thought striking her. "Good heavens!" she exclaimed, all in a tremor. "What does it mean?"

"What does *what* mean?"

For answer, Katy seized hold of Mrs. Thurstone's hand, and led her up to the glass.

"Look there!" she cried, excitedly. "See how strangely we resemble each other!"

Mrs. Thurstone did look. It was true. The two white faces reflected in the glass were wonderfully like.

The same brown flossy hair; the same brown eyes; even the red ripe little mouth was repeated over again. The only difference was that one face looked older than the other.

Mrs. Thurstone grew whiter and whiter. At last she turned and flung the door wide.

"Ernest! Ernest!" she screamed.

Dr. Thurstone came hurrying into the room. "What is it?" he asked.

Then he stood as if rooted to the spot, and stared at the two. For some minutes not a word was spoken in the room. At last he found voice again.

"Wife, wife," he cried, "this girl is the

perfect picture of what our Katy would have been."

"Yes," said Mrs. Thurstone, faintly.

"I believe it is she!"

"My name is Katy," said the girl, looking sore perplexed.

"Where do you live?"

"With Aunt Martha Clark, at—"

A scream from Mrs. Thurstone interrupted her. "That name—Martha Clark! It is, it is our Katy!"

Then she flung her arms round Katy's neck and clung there convulsively, and a man's strong arm encircled them both, and a musical voice murmured rapturously:

"My wife—my child!"

Katy felt bewildered and sadly at a loss; but she felt, too, that it was all true. She could not see how, exactly. But the explanation came a little later.

Martha Clark had lived with Dr. and Mrs. Thurstone as nurse-maid, years and years before, in New Orleans. Katy was then about eighteen months old—an only child. Some trouble had arisen, and Martha was accused of theft and some other peccadilloes. Dr. Thurstone at once ordered her to quit the house.

She went away. A week later little Katy was missing, and not a trace of her could be found. Martha Clark was known to be revengeful. Suspicion at once fastened itself upon her. But she had disappeared so silently and mysteriously that nothing could be learned concerning her.

It now appeared that she had returned to her early home in Connecticut, where she had palmed off Katy as the child of her brother who had died in the West Indies.

But all this came out by degrees.

Katy could not doubt, however, but that she had really found her parents. It seemed very strange, and very delightful, for she had been taught by Martha Clark to believe them dead.

I need not speak in detail of the next hour. Of course the three found much to say to each other. At last Katy rose up suddenly.

"I must leave you for a little while," she faltered.

She hurried away before her new-found parents could make any remonstrance, and went straight to the village. Her heart was full of tears for Rob's safety; she could not rest until he had been warned of his peril.

She found him in the office, poring over some law books. He looked pale, but his whole face brightened at sight of her. He darted towards her, and held out both his hands eagerly.

"Katy," he cried, "you must have relented, or you would not seek me here."

She waved him back.

"I have come to warn you to fly," she answered, wildly. "O Rob, go, go at once! It may be too late in another hour."

"What do you mean?" he demanded.

"Why am I to fly?"

She wrung her hands and sobbed:

"O Rob, Rob! You are cruel to feign ignorance to me. Oscar Dunlap was assaulted and nearly murdered in the Crofton woods last night. The news will spread all over the village in an hour's time."

He grew a shade paler, and caught at the wall for support.

"What is this to me?" he asked, after a pause. "Good Heaven, Katy, you don't suspect me of having a hand in this business?"

"Fly, fly!" she cried, excitedly. "I made Mr. Dunlap promise not to tell on you. But he is not to be trusted. He may break his word at any moment. O, I entreat you to fly before it is too late."

Her wild words revealed all her fears. Rob caught his breath sharply. After a moment's hesitation he stepped nearer to her, his handsome face all aflame.

"I will not fly! Before God, I am innocent, Katy; and that cowardly villain could tell you so, if he were so disposed."

She unrolled a little bundle she had brought with her, and took out the crumpled hat that had been picked up in the wood.

"Is this yours, Rob?"

"No," he answered, readily. "It is like one I wore last night, but not the same. See, here is mine."

He took it down from a peg on the wall, and placed it beside the other.

Katy uttered a quick cry, but could not speak.

"I did not come home through the Crofton woods," Rob went on, "but took the longer route through the fields. To tell the truth, I dared not trust myself with Dunlap after what had happened. So I avoided all risk of a meeting by taking the roundabout way home."

He seemed to have spoken truly. Katy

was nearly wild with distress and doubt. She tried to speak, and could not—burst into a flood of hysterical tears, and fled from the office.

Back along the country road she hastened. A woman's figure loomed up suddenly before her. It was Martha Clark.

"And so I've found you, you trollop!" shrieked the woman, angrily. "Tell me this instant where you have been dawdling all the blessed night. Tell me, I say!"

She would have seized Katy roughly by the shoulder, but the girl eluded her.

"I have been with my parents," she answered, haughtily. "I have been with Dr. Thurstone and his wife, from whom you stole me in New Orleans."

The words told. Martha Clark's hard face grew livid with fright.

"And so it is the same Dr. Thurstone?" she faltered. "I would not believe it. I meant to marry you to Dunlap before anything was found out."

"I know it," said Katy.

Then she darted off, and left the woman standing in the road like one confounded.

Oscar Dunlap was calling for her when she reached Dr. Thurstone's villa. She went into the room where he lay, and approached the bed.

"You have deceived me," she exclaimed. "It was not Robert Graham who assaulted you last night."

"It was Robert Graham?" he asserted, stoutly.

"I do not believe it."

"But you will when the officers of justice have him in custody."

Poor Katy screamed out at that, for the picture filled her with horror. Dunlap laughed in his slow blood-curdling way.

"I have been thinking over this matter," he said. "There is evidence enough to convict Graham any day. You hold his future in your hands, Katy."

"How?" she faltered.

"Marry me within the hour, and he is forever safe, so far as I am concerned. But I will spare him on no other condition."

She looked into that dark pitiless face and trembled. Rob had refused to fly. It was useless to hold out with this man. For Rob's sake she could do anything.

"I consent," she said, in a very low voice.

"Dr. Thurstone will send for a clergyman."

Mr. Dunlap did not know that Dr. Thurstone was her father. She went away, leaving the villain chuckling softly to himself. He seemed to think he was playing a very shrewd game.

Katy crept down stairs to the drawing-room, where her parents were sitting. She was white as a ghost, and her eyes were blinded by tears.

"I'm going to marry Mr. Dunlap," she said, abruptly.

She dropped wearily into a chair, and tried to tell just enough of her story to gain their consent. In the midst of the recital a great outcry was made in the chamber overhead, and a servant came rushing down the stairs.

"Mr. Dunlap has burst a bloodvessel!" he shouted.

"Just Heaven!"

An instant later Dr. Thurstone was bending over his patient, and Katy stood near the door, looking anxiously into the room.

The information was true. Mr. Dunlap had worked himself into so high a state of excitement, over the prospect of winning Katy from his more favored rival, that he had burst a bloodvessel.

Dr. Thurstone looked grave the instant he saw him. "It would be cruel to deceive you," he said, after a minute's hesitation. "You will not live an hour."

Such a cry of grief and horror as went up from the bed! It rang in Katy's ears for many a long day afterward.

At last Mr. Dunlap became calmer, and motioned her to approach.

"I may as well make a clean breast of it," he said, gloomily. "I can't die till I have told you the truth."

"Speak out!" cried Katy, excitedly.

"I will. It was *not* Robert Graham who assaulted me in the Crofton woods."

"Who was it?" he asked, breathlessly.

"I don't know. Three desperadoes who thought I had money, and wished to rob me. I think they were strangers."

That was all he had to tell. But it was quite enough to make Katy the happiest creature in all the world.

Oscar Dunlap died. Nobody wept at his funeral save Martha Clark; and they were tears of rage and disappointment which she let fall.

The old resentment against Dr. Thurstone burned more fiercely than ever in her heart. But he did not care for that. He had found his child, and he was well content.

Of course Robert Graham married Katy. She was ready enough now to confess that she had loved him from the first, and her affections had never wandered.

"I have had a terrible lesson, Rob," she said to him on their wedding morn. "Now that I am really rich, I shall know how to make good use of my wealth. Henceforth, I have no ambition for myself. It is all centred in you, my husband. I am content to be anything or nothing with you."

For answer, he stooped and kissed her.

A HEART PÆAN.

BY BEETIE BRANSTON.

After the clouds the sunshine;
After the darkness night;
After the shadows glory;
Morning after the night.

Out of the sorrow blessing;
Pleasure after the pain.
Like the glowing sunlight
Chasing away the rain.

Thus to my weary spirit,
After the grief comes joy—

Fern Dale, Wis., March, 1876.

After the time of sadness
The life without alloy.

Thus to my heart there cometh
Happiness after grief,
Bringing a balm of healing—
A very sweet relief:

Cometh the light and beauty
Of smiling after tears;
After the night of weeping
The dawn of brighter years.

LILLA'S TWO VALENTINES.

BY MISS JULIA A. KNIGHT.

CHAPTER I.

THE winter had been an unusually severe one, and even now, on the morning of St. Valentine's Day, King Frost still held sway with undiminished rigor. The ponds were frozen over, the ground was ironbound, and none of the early spring flowers—crocuses, snowdrops or primroses—had yet made their appearance.

In the cheerful parlor of a comfortable house in the town of Dover a party of four sat at breakfast. These were Dr. Marchant—a country medical practitioner of some eminence—his wife, his daughter Lilla—a pretty, two and twenty years old blonde—and Frank Drake, the doctor's ward and assistant, a pleasant faced dark-eyed young fellow, about three years Lilla Marchant's senior. That there was a good understanding between the youthful couple was pretty evident from the glances that every now and then passed between them, and the complacency with which the elders looked on.

"I shan't get much work out of the girls to-day, I suspect?" said Mrs. Marchant, rather pettishly, as she handed her husband a cup of tea. "Such stuff and nonsense, I've no patience with it. Even our cook, Bolders, who is fat and at least fifty, evidently expects one. It's ridiculous. I might as well expect one myself."

"Well, my dear," returned the incorrigible doctor, "I should see nothing so strange in that either."

"But I should," retorted his wife; "and if any one dared—"

Rat-tat! rat-tat!

"There's the postman!" cried Lilla, rising and going to the window, with a heightened color, and a look of expectancy on her face.

It was evident that whatever might be her mother's opinion on the subject, Lilla's valentine days were by no means over.

Frank Drake looked down on his plate, with a covert smile lurking about the corners of his mouth, but he said nothing.

A neat little maidservant entered the room carrying a small salver, on which were several letters, which she took direct to her master.

The doctor took them in his hand.

"Three for me; three for you, Frank; two for you, Lilla; and one for you, my dear."

And there was a comical twinkle in his eye as he threw the last letter across the table to his wife.

"I think mine is from my old schoolfellow, Bessie Wrench. She's married your old chum, Parkinson, you know, now, doctor," said Mrs. Marchant, as after turning her letter over and examining the address minutely, and in short, doing everything but break the seal, as is the absurd practice of people when they are in doubt about a correspondent, she at last proceeded to open it.

But who shall paint the good lady's wrath and indignation when she found that her letter was neither more nor less than a valentine!

The doctor burst into a roar of laughter.

"Very pretty, indeed, I declare," said he, taking the valentine from the hand of his wife. "Hearts and darts, and Cupids, and a church spire in the distance. All quite the orthodox style of thing."

"Doctor!" exclaimed his wife, in terrible tones.

But the doctor only laughed the more.

Meanwhile, Lilla had been examining her own two valentines. One was in an unknown hand, and to that she first directed her attention, reserving the second, which she observed at a glance was in Frank's writing, for a *bonne bouche*.

Her mother looked over her shoulder.

"Well, now, I call that beautiful, Lilla. Depend upon it, it's from Lieutenant Tregennis. He's a great admirer of yours, you know."

Frank frowned.

"Ah!" said the doctor, perhaps wishing, like his wife, to tease Frank a little, and winking at Mrs. Marchant as he spoke, "I've no doubt it is from Tregennis. You've made a conquest there, Lil."

But Lilla made no answer. She had by this time opened the second valentine, and as she glanced at it, an expression of extreme astonishment stole over her face, which was immediately succeeded by one

of intense wrath, as with flashing eyes she turned for an instant towards Frank, who appeared absorbed in the examination of his own letters.

Lilla made a gesture of indignant impatience.

That her second valentine was in Frank's handwriting there could be no possible doubt. But that it was not intended for the young lady into whose hands it had fallen was equally certain. It was not an ordinary valentine, sent partly for fun, or out of compliment. It was a passionate love letter. The writer had evidently taken advantage of the day, so it seemed to Lilla, to press a real and not a jesting suit.

The letter commenced:

"Darling Dora," and was signed "Hyacinth."

"I do believe," muttered Lilla, jealously, "that it's meant for Dora Mackinnon. I always thought Frank paid her too much attention."

In the meantime, Frank had been regarding Lilla's indignant and angry face with undisguised amazement, and the doctor had been looking in perplexity first at one and then at the other of the pair.

"Some lovers' quarrel," thought the worthy man; "it will all come right. I won't interfere." Then aloud, "By the way, Lilla, weren't you and Tregennis, and—and—Frank to make up a skating party to the large pond this morning?"

"Yes, papa."

"Be quick then, or you'll be late. It's past ten."

Lilla rose to make her preparations, still holding the obnoxious valentine in her hand, and left the room.

"Come, Sir Francis" (a name playfully given in the family to the young man, on account of the identity of his name with that of the great admiral), said Dr. Marchant, somewhat testily; "I can spare you until luncheon." Then as the door closed behind Frank, the doctor said to his wife, "Something wrong in that quarter—eh, my dear?"

"I can't make it out," rejoined Mrs. Marchant, looking both puzzled and distressed.

"Pooh! don't fret yourself, Mary. We had lovers' quarrels once upon a time, you know.

Mrs. Marchant smiled.

"Well, I'll go and see cook," she said.

"That's right, my dear. That's speaking

like a practical woman. "And I only hope," he added, with a last Parthian shaft at his wife, as he took up his letters and papers to proceed to his study, "that you'll find Mrs. Bolders and the maids better pleased with their valentines than you and Lilla are with yours, my dear."

Without loss of time, Frank had overtaken Lilla before she had reached the top of the flight of stairs leading to her bedroom.

"What is it, Lilla darling? What is the matter?" he exclaimed, breathlessly.

"Don't darling me, sir! Dora Mackinnon's your darling."

"Lilla!"

"I won't listen to a word," said Lilla, passionately, and making an effort to pass on.

But the young man laid his hand on her arm to detain her.

She threw it off impetuously.

"There," she said, putting the unlucky valentine into his hand; "look at that, sir. I suppose you never saw it before."

And she laughed in a manner not pleasant to hear. Frank Drake gazed for a moment in stupefaction at the letter he held. Then the whole matter flashed upon his mind, and he exclaimed, eagerly:

"Just listen to me a minute, Lilla!"

"I will not listen," said Lilla, more and more angrily. "You can go to Dora Mackinnon."

And she escaped to her room.

"And you can wait till Tregennis comes to fetch you, and if you fall through the ice I don't care!" shouted Frank, his patience quite exhausted.

And he strode down the staircase six steps at a time, snatched his hat and coat from their peg in the hall, and rushed out of the house, slamming the door violently behind him.

CHAPTER II.

VERY pretty indeed looked Lilla Marchant in her velvet and furs, her beautiful golden hair surmounted by a coquettish little black velvet hat with a red plume, as she gracefully skimmed over the surface of the large pond with Lieutenant Tregennis and several other cavaliers in attendance. As for poor Frank, finding all his attempts at explanation repulsed, he was, with the design of piquing Lilla, devoting himself to a group of pretty girls, who seemed by no

means displeased with the attentions of Dr. Marchant's handsome assistant.

Lieutenant Tregennis having, according to previous arrangement, called at the doctor's house to accompany Frank and Lilla to the pond, had found his rival vanished, and Lilla in a frame of mind to encourage his own attentions.

"What a flirt she is!" thought Frank, mortified and jealous, "and what a fop that fellow Tregennis is. How I should like to punch his head!"

And then he redoubled his assiduities to the three pretty girls under his charge, until at last two of the trio began to flatter themselves that he meant something serious.

The scene was a very lively and interesting one. It being the fashion now-a-days for ladies to skate, a large portion of the fairer sex were indulging in that pastime, whilst others, too timorous to venture on the ice themselves, were collected on the banks of the great pond, watching with interest the graceful evolutions of their bolder sisters.

The black masses of civilians who crowded the ground on either side of the pond were interspersed with brilliant patches of scarlet, the coats of the soldiers from the garrison. The officers, of course, were in plain clothes, or "mufti," as they term it. But there were hundreds of private soldiers present, who had leave of absence from barracks for the morning, and whose picturesque uniforms formed no slight addition to the brilliancy of the "*coup d'œil*."

There were many equestrians, too, of both sexes, whose constant and rapid movements gave life to the panorama. Bitterly cold as was the air, it caused bright eyes to sparkle, and fair cheeks to flush, whilst oft-repeated peals of silvery laughter as some *contretemps* happened to unskillful or unlucky skaters showed that here, at least, were the light hearts and buoyant spirits which are so marked a characteristic of our happy-natured girls.

Lilla, to Frank's intense disgust and indignation, was carrying on a very decided flirtation with Lieutenant Tregennis. She did not care one single straw for the young officer; but she was piqued and angry with Frank, and, moreover, jealous of his marked attention to the three young ladies he was escorting; and she wished to show him that she had no intention of "wearing the willow," and that "there are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it."

So she laughed and chatted with her military cavalier, and to all appearance made herself perfectly happy. In the course of their badinage it had oozed out that the lieutenant really had sent the valentine in the unknown hand, and as it would appear with something more than a temporary meaning.

"Leap year too," thought Lilla, as her admirer's attentions grew more and more marked. "How awkward for me!"

"Now, Miss Marchant!" cried the lieutenant, gayly—he had been on the point of saying Lilla—"I challenge you to a race to the other end of the pond."

Lilla laughingly accepted the challenge.

"Once, twice, thrice, and away!" cried young Tregennis, and away shot the two figures. "Take care of that airhole!" suddenly exclaimed the officer, as one was seen just ahead.

But the caution came too late. Lilla's slight form, a little in advance of her companion, was going at a greater velocity than his heavier one could do, and she was unable to stop herself. Crash, crash, a frightened scream, a sharp crack, and the unfortunate girl momentarily disappeared beneath the ice.

Aghast at the suddenness of the accident, young Tregennis stood gasping and staring at the hole wherein Lilla had disappeared, quite unequal to the emergency, and unable to offer any assistance beyond calling aloud for that help which he might himself have tendered. But many other gentlemen—Frank at their head—who had been watching the race, of course witnessed the catastrophe, and skated towards the spot with all possible speed. To throw off his overcoat and jump into the water—for the ice was now sufficiently broken all round to allow of twenty persons plunging in if necessary—was with Frank the work of a moment.

The water in this part of the pond was at least ten feet deep, and Lilla was therefore in extreme peril, the intense coldness of the weather being likely to induce immediate numbness and insensibility. Fortunately, however, Frank was almost as much at home in the water as Captain Webb, and seizing Lilla by her long and beautiful hair—which she wore loose according to the present fashion—just as she was about to disappear he drew her on to the ice amid the ringing cheers of the spectators.

Poor Lilla! in what a pitiable state she

was to be sure, as she stood on the ice shivering and dripping from head to foot. Twenty greatcoats were immediately offered in which to wrap her. But all Lilla's coquetry had vanished, and she gratefully and humbly accepted Frank's. The last shadow of the young man's resentment had vanished, too, at the sight of the girl's peril, and he tenderly enveloped her in the folds of his rough shaggy overcoat, and raising her in his arms, carried her with all speed to one of the many carriages which were in waiting to convey the fair skaters home. This untoward accident prematurely broke up the party, and very soon the great pond was entirely deserted.

That evening Lilla, in a multitude of warm wrappers, was reclining on the sofa in Dr. Marchant's library, whilst the light of the fire—there were no candles or lamps lit—cast a cheery red glow over the apartment. There was no one else present save Frank Drake, who sat on a low stool by Lilla's side, holding one of her hands in his. It was quite evident that more than a truce had been concluded between the belligerent parties. Peace had been proclaimed, and from all appearances it seemed likely to be a lasting one. Frank's greatcoat which had rendered such good service still hung drying before the fire. The lovers were prattling as lovers have done and will do till the end of time.

"And so you put the valentines into the wrong envelopes, Frank," said Lilla, smiling; "but I was foolish enough to be jealous of Dora Mackinnon."

"Yes, darling; and—"

"Ah! you may call me 'darling' now."

Frank pressed the small white fingers, and continued:

"I'll tell you just how it was, Lilla. You see, Tom Myers is sweet on Dora Mackinnon, and I think there isn't much doubt but that she loves him dearly. But he wanted to make sure, you know, and send her a letter that she should take in a serious light, and not as a mere valentine."

"Yes, I understand that; but why should you write it?"

"Well, Tom thought Dora would be sure to guess who it really came from; but as it is St. Valentine's Day, and it is quite a usual thing to disguise one's writing on that day, or get some one else to write for you, he asked me—you know what a fellow he is

for fun—to write to Dora for him, and he wrote mine to you for me; but the long and short of it is that we were so busy laughing over the affair that we've put the letters into the wrong envelopes, and you got the one from Tom to Dora, and Dora got the one I intended for you—and I dare say these two have had just such a row as we did!"

And Frank laughed.

"Frank dear," said Lilla, presently, "I must have my valentine, you know."

"O, of course, darling! I'll go over after supper, and take this unlucky thing to Dora, and bring back the other. Besides, it will be a real charity to make peace between Tom and his ladylove. I dare say they are as unhappy as we were."

"I am sure I was," said Lilla, frankly. No hand squeezing now, but a kiss this time.

"I really did begin to think you cared for Tregennis," said Frank.

"And I was positive you cared for Dora."

Another exchange of kisses. After a moment Lilla lifted her head from Frank's breast.

"Frank dear, when I get that valentine I'll keep it as long as ever I live. It will be a reminder to me never to be jealous again."

"And I'll lay my greatcoat up in lavender, and never wear it again for the service it has rendered my darling. O, by the way, Lilla, I'll tell you in confidence a secret that'll make you laugh. It was Dr. Marchant who sent your dear mother her valentine."

"Papa!" No, really!" cried Lilla, laughing and clapping her hands.

"Yes. He knew what a prejudice Mrs. Marchant has against valentines, and he thought he would have a joke with her. And what do you think, Lilla? He gave it to me to direct, and I gave it to Tom Myers to ask Dora Mackinnon to do so."

"O dear me, what a 'Comedy of Errors.'"

"One might say, rather, 'Much Ado About Nothing!'"

"No," said Lilla, smiling; "I'll alter that, and it shall be, 'All's Well that Ends Well!'"

"Bravo, darling!"

Dr. Marchant opened the door and put in his head, and his cheery face beamed with satisfaction when he saw the state of things.

"Come, the Welsh rarebit and escalloped oysters are ready. Don't you two want any

Henry Morgan was one of those who, having been shorn themselves to begin with, pass the remainder of their lives in flaying others. The son of a rich Welsh yeoman, he found little pleasure or prospect of advancement in his father's calling, and sought the seacoast in quest of more congenial occupation. Finding several ships at anchor bound for Barbadoes, he took service in one of these, and became the victim of a custom then prevailing. He was sold by his captain as soon as he came ashore. In the gay days succeeding the Restoration, and for long afterwards, this practice of engaging or kidnapping English folk and selling them as slaves in his majesty's plantations was, if not sanctioned by authority, quietly connived at. The lot of the men sold for a term of years was hard enough if they fell into the hands of a violent master. As people dined early, and generally got more or less intoxicated at dinner, the slightest blunder was often punished with tremendous severity. Besides the punishment of "cat-hauling"—which consisted in fixing a cat on the shoulders of a naked man, and then dragging the animal by the tail, struggling with tooth and nail, downwards to his feet—it was not unusual to lash the unhappy white slaves till they were nearly dead, and then to anoint their wounds with lemon-juice mixed with salt and pepper. There is no record of how Morgan fared under his Barbadian master; but if conclusions may be drawn from his subsequent career, he was so ill-treated as to extinguish in him all pity and sympathy for his fellow-creatures. Having served his time at Barbadoes, and succeeded in obtaining his liberty, he hied him to Jamaica, there to seek new fortunes. Finding himself adrift without employment, and two piratical vessels just ready to put to sea, he at once commenced a career which has left an evil scent of blood and fire on the isthmus of Panama. He soon fell in with his new comrades' manner of living, and "so exactly, that, having performed three or four voyages with profit and success, he agreed with some of his comrades, who had got by the same voyages a little money, to joyn stocks and buy a Ship. The vessel being bought, they unanimously chose him captain and commander."

On the coasts of Campeachy Morgan and his comrades took many vessels, and then fell in with Mansvelt, an ancient buccaneer,

who was then busy in equipping a fleet with the design to land on the continent, and "pillage whatever he could." Morgan's handsome string of prizes impressed the "old hand" with an idea of his genius, and made him at once vice-admiral in the expedition. With fifteen ships, "great and small," and five hundred men—Walloons and French—they sailed from Jamaica, and took and sacked the island of St. Catherine, near Costa Rica. The buccaneers were exceedingly anxious to preserve St. Catherine as a piratical stronghold, but not proving strong enough to hold their own there, they proposed to attack Havana itself. Finding their force insufficient for this daring adventure, they fell upon Puerto el Principe, and took it; but, being disgusted at the small amount of the plunder, quarrelled among themselves. The ancient feud between the English and French broke out anew, and the freebooters parted company, Morgan determining to try his fortunes at the head of his own countrymen. Collecting nine ships and four hundred and sixty men, he put to sea, telling no man of his destination. On approaching Costa Rica he declared his intention of attacking Puerto Velo. This enterprise could not, he thought, fail, "seeing he had kept it a secret; whereby they could not have notice of his coming." Many murmured against him, alleging that they had not sufficient force to assault so strong and great a city, whereupon Morgan made a memorable and characteristic speech: "If our number is small our hearts are great. And the fewer persons we are the more union and better shares we shall have in the spoil."

Puerto Velo—not far from Nombre di Dios, the scene of one of Drake's exploits—was considered the strongest place held by the Spaniards in the West Indies, excepting only Havana and Cartagena. It was defended by two castles, and a garrison of three hundred soldiers. It was a sort of Atlantic port for Panama, and was rich in plate and slaves. One after the other the castles were taken after a desperate defence, and many of the "chiefest citizens were made prisoners." But the town still held out. Morgan now ordered ten or twelve ladders to be made of such breadth that three or four men at once might ascend by them. When these were ready he commanded "all the religious men and women whom he had taken prisoners to fix them

against the walls." The unfortunate monks and nuns, driven on by the buccaneers, found no mercy from their own people, who fired on them remorselessly. Ultimately, the buccaneers took the town, the governor, who conducted himself valiantly throughout, dying sword in hand. As was usual in these cases, the place was sacked, the prisoners put to the rack to make them reveal their real or supposed hidden treasures, and a ransom of a hundred thousand pieces of eight was demanded on pain of the town being burnt.

The governor of Panama, incensed at the outrage on Puerto Velo, sent a detachment to demolish the buccaneers; but the latter made short work of the Spanish troops, whereat the governor, in a sort of anti-climax, threatened the marauders with high pains and penalties unless they should presently depart from Puerto Velo. Morgan replied that, unless "the contribution-money were paid down, he would certainly burn the whole city, and then leave it, demolishing beforehand the castles and killing the prisoners." In a few days the ransom was paid, but the president of Panama was so amazed that some four hundred men should take a city defended by castles, without having ordnance to raise batteries, that he sent to Captain Morgan "desiring some small pattern of those arms, wherewith he had taken, with such vigor, so great a city." Morgan received the messenger "very kindly and with great civility," and gave him a pistol and a few small bullets to carry back to his master, telling him withal, "He desired him to accept that slender pattern of the arms wherewith he had taken Puerto Velo, and keep them for a twelvemonth, after which time he promised to come to Panama and fetch them away." The Spaniard quickly returned the ill-omened present to Morgan, thanking him for lending him "weapons that he needed not," and sent him withal a gold ring with this message—"That he desired him not to give himself the labor of coming to Panama as he had done to Puerto Velo, for he did assure him he should not speed so well here as he had done there."

After sacking various cities, notably Maracaybo, and leading the Spaniards a terrible life generally, Morgan collected together an army of well-seasoned buccaneers of all nations, principally English, and prepared to put into execution the campaign attended

in vain by Oxenham, his precursor, and by Sawkins and others, his degenerate descendants. As preliminaries to the great venture the island of St. Catherine was taken, and subsequently the castle of Chagres. At the latter place the Spaniards defended themselves "very briskly," keeping up a heavy fire, and crying out, "Come on, ye English dogs, enemies to God and our king, let your other companions that are behind come on, too; ye shall not go to Panama, this bout." Some desperate fighting occurred here, the Spaniards defending themselves right valiantly. The buccaneers were driven back again and again, but yet came up to the attack with undiminished vigor, hurling their firepots among their enemies, who responded with like missiles, until, as the buccaneers were getting roughly handled, "there happened a remarkable accident which occasioned their victory. One of the pirates being wounded by an arrow in the back, which pierced his body through, he pulled it out boldly at the side of his breast, and winding a little cotton about it, he put it into his musket and shot it back to the castle. But the cotton, being kindled by the powder, fired two or three houses in the castle, being thatched with palm-leaves, which the Spaniards perceived not so soon as was necessary." A tremendous explosion ensued, which threw the Spaniards into confusion; and the pirates, having burnt their way through the stockades, at last captured the castle, with a loss of one hundred killed, besides seventy wounded.

On the 18th day of August, 1670, Captain Morgan set forth from the castle of Chagres with twelve hundred men, five boats with artillery, and thirty-two canoes. Working their way up the river, the little army made only six leagues on the first day, and came to a "spot called de los Bracos." Here they went ashore to stretch their limbs, crippled in the crowded boats, and skirmished round the country in search of provisions. But they found none, as the Spaniards, advised of their arrival, carried everything off, and the greater part were thus forced to pass the night "with only a pipe of tobacco," by way of refreshment. The river being very low, they were obliged to leave their boats at the conclusion of the next day. The genius of organization had not forsaken them, for they left a hundred and sixty men to guard the boats and secure their retreat,

while the main body pushed on across the isthmus, still working with such few canoes as were able by their light draught to pass up the river, encumbered by shoals and those impediments known in the Mississippi as snags and sawyers. Everywhere they found the country denuded of all kinds of provisions, and as buccaneers were accustomed victual on the enemy, they were soon reduced to sore straits. On the fourth day—according to an eye-witness and comrade—"the ferment of their stomachs was now so sharp as to gnaw their very bowels." Nevertheless, they were nothing daunted, and, finding a heap of leather bags, devoured them for want of anything better. For the information of those curious in cookery, it may be well to show how they treated this very unpromising food. First they sliced it in pieces, then they beat it between two stones, and rubbed it, often dipping it in water to make it supple and tender. "Lastly, they scraped off the hair and broyl'd it." Being thus cooked, they cut it into small morsels and ate it, helping it down with frequent gulps of water, which, by good fortune, they had at hand.

On the ninth day they, more than half-starved, and worn out with fatigue and fasting, descried the highest steeple of Panama, and at once threw up their hats for joy, as if the campaign were over, and the riches of the city were already theirs. The Spaniards appear to have been rather slow in going to work. To begin with, they made a great show of blockading the buccaneers in their temporary encampment, and laid many ambuscades to open fire as they approached the city. But Morgan had good guides, and by the advice of one of them, tried "another way." Hence the Spaniards were compelled to leave their breast-works and batteries, and come out to meet them in the open, with two squadrons of cavalry, four regiments of foot, and a huge number of wild bulls, driven on by innumerable negroes and Indians.

When the buccaneers saw the opposing force, "few or none but wished themselves at home," but after some wavering, they made up their minds to "fight resolutely, or die, for no Quarter could be expected from an Enemy, on whom they had committed so many Cruelties." Occupying a little hill, they sent forward two hundred of their best marksmen. Descending the hill, this detachment marched straight upon the

Spaniards, who awaited them firmly enough, but could not make much use of their cavalry—on account of the field being full of "quaggs." The two hundred buccaneers, putting one knee on the ground, began the battle with "a full volley of shot." An attempt was then made to throw the marauders into disorder by driving the wild bulls against them, but the animals took fright and ran away—the few who rushed among the buccaneers being instantly shot. The Spanish horse being discomfited, the foot threw down their arms and ran away to shelter themselves in the town. There an obstinate resistance was made, but in spite of barricades, cannon and men, the fury of the buccaneers prevailed, although their numbers were considerably thinned in the assault. The town taken, Morgan forbade his men to touch any wine, saying he had intelligence that it was all poisoned—his real fear being, that if his men were not restrained, they would become frightfully intoxicated, and prove an easy prey to the enemy.

The work of plunder and destruction now commenced. Churches and monasteries, warehouses and palaces, were sacked and burnt; but as the inhabitants had hidden their valuables, and run away into the woods, the buccaneers had some difficulty in getting their booty together. To expedite this important part of the business, they made excursions into the country, seized as many of the inhabitants as they could find, and put them to most "exquisite tortures to make them confess both other people's goods and their own." The ruffians racked and roasted their unhappy prisoners, and occasionally applied a peculiar torture—twisting a cord round the forehead of a prisoner "till his eyes appeared as big as eggs, and were ready to fall out." They spared neither age nor sex, and one shudders to think of the fate of the many beautiful women who fell into their hands. Morgan himself was peculiarly susceptible to the attractions of the fair sex.

Among the unfortunate prisoners was the wife of a Spanish merchant, a woman of singular beauty, with raven hair, and a dazzling complexion. The buccaneer leader fell in love with the lady, who had been told, like other Spanish women, by husbands and priests, that buccaneers were not men, but "heretics," monstrous beasts, fearful to look upon. The young Spaniard

was therefore agreeably surprised to find that her captors were "men like Spaniards, after all." Her joy at finding herself in the hands of buccaneers rather than wild beasts was premature. For a while all went well; but having received Morgan's advances coldly, she soon became aware of the real character of the man. It is hardly unfair to the memory of this great free-booter to say that in him were epitomized all the vices of generations of buccaneers and pirates. He was cruel, tyrannical and sensual; avaricious and faithless even to his own comrades. He pressed his suit, offering to pour all the wealth of the Indies at the feet of the beautiful Spaniard if she would consent to his wishes. She refused him absolutely, and threatened to kill him or herself with her poniard if he came near her. Morgan was furious, but found in gratified cupidity a solace for disappointed love. The lady was flung into a dark cellar, and informed that unless thirty thousand pieces of eight were paid for her ransom she should be sold as a slave in Jamaica. As the buccaneering army commenced its march from Panama laden with plunder, the beautiful prisoner was led apart from the rest between two buccaneers. The triumphant army carried off from the burned and ruined city one hundred and seventy-five horses and mules laden with gold, silver and jewels, and five or six hundred prisoners, men and women, to whom Morgan replied that they, unless they were ransomed, should assuredly all be sold into slavery. These poor wretches were driven on by blows from musket-barrels and prods from pikes, and the air was filled with the sounds of lamentation. The fair Spaniard had endeavored to pay the money for her ransom. She had entrusted two priests with the knowledge of a secret hoard, but these creatures had taken the money and employed it in ransoming their own friends. Morgan soon brought them to book. He dismissed the lady at once, and carried the monks on to Chagres till their ransom was paid.

Now comes a portion of the story which strips the buccaneering character of its last thin coat of chivalrous varnish. There may be honor among thieves—I don't believe there is—but there was certainly none among Morgan's men. As an instance of

the mutual distrust which existed among these brigands, may be cited Morgan's command that every man should be searched before the division of spoil commenced. To divert suspicion from himself he first submitted to the search, being well prepared for that ordeal. At Chagres he divided the booty. The murmurs against him now rose to a menacing height. According to his calculation the share of each man was only two hundred pieces of eight, a ridiculous dividend on the capture of a great city, from which every one had expected at least a thousand. The jewels also were unfairly sold; the "admiral"—for Morgan really held a kind of commission from Sir Thomas Modyford, governor of Jamaica—and his cabal buying them very cheap. Matters had now assumed a threatening aspect. The French buccaneers swore that they had been cheated by the English, and declared they would have the admiral's life. But he was equal to the occasion, gave them the slip, and arrived in Jamaica with the immense treasure of which he had defrauded his comrades in crime.

The Sir Thomas Modyford mentioned above, who, doubtless had a share in Morgan's plunder, was recalled, and the buccaneer leader himself was sent over to England; when, backed by his commission, he could hardly be hanged, and, as an alternative, was knighted and sent out to Jamaica as commissioner of the Admiralty. Here it would seem he married and lived in great wealth and splendor, not, however, without having his ears assailed from time to time by the menacing voices of his swindled comrades, who swore to be even with him, and laid unsuccessful plots to destroy him. The wonder is, that, among so many desperadoes, not one could be found to pistol him. The buccaneers delayed their revenge too long, for, in 1680, Sir Henry Morgan was left in Jamaica by Lord Carlisle as deputy-governor, and signalized his reign by hanging every buccaneer he could catch. In the reign of James the Second the notorious knight was thrown into prison, where he remained for three years. On his release he disappears from history. Whether he died full of years and dignity, or like a dog as he deserved, there is no evidence to show.

THE ROMERIA.

From the Spanish of Don Antonio de Trueba.

BY SANDA ENOS.

"Very early, very early,
You arise this morn, Maria;
Very early comb your tresses,
Very early don your jewels.
Whither are you going, daughter?"
"To the Romeria, mother."
"Child, be careful of your honor,
And, child, of your heart be careful;
For in feasts like those, young maidens
Heart and honor both imperil."
"Cast aside your fears, my mother,
For last night Juan whispered to me:
'Darling, O how much I love you!
O how much I love you, darling!
And since he so much doth love me,
And since he is so courageous,
He will guard my heart and honor
Should they chance to be endangered.'
"Daughter, daughter, in your bosom
Innocence has habitation,
And my loving apprehensions
On that innocence are builded.
Woe unto the youthful maiden
Who, unheeding and imprudent,
Loses heart and honor, dearer
Than the purest gold or silver!"
"Farewell, mother, till the evening,
For the tabor very swiftly
Tan—taran—tan—tan, is sounding,
Sounding in the *Romeria*."

By the highway of Mendieta
To the feast descends the maiden.
Ah, how gayly she descendeth!
Ah, how graceful she appeareth!
Not from oak tree unto oak tree
With more lightness leaps the squirrel,
Than from meadow into meadow
O'er tall hedges leaps Maria.
On her feet, which flit so swiftly
That the grass scarce bend beneath them,
Are small stockings, azure-colored,
And small shoes of finest leather.
White the robe is that invests her,
White as is the breast it covers,
And imprisoned on her forehead
Blooms a rose red as her blushes.
All deserted are the meadows,
All deserted are the hamlets
That among the oaken thickets
Nestle in the neighboring mountains.

Youths and maidens, men and women,
Wend in clusters to the valley.
To the dance descend the former,
Unto mass descend the latter;
For the quick and merry tabor,
While the solemn bells are chiming,
Tan—taran—tan—tan, is sounding,
Sounding in the *Romeria*.

Close beside a gentle river
Lies a plain of rarest beauty,
Shadowed by tall trees of walnut,
And o'erstarred with fragrant flowers.
Here the cool-breath of the ocean
Shimmering in the hazy distance,
Comes, and purifies and freshens
All the circumambient breezes.
Midmost of this plain delightful,
Piercing the umbrageous arches
Of dense intertwining foliage,
Towers a hermitage's steeple.
In this plain, the habitation
Once of solitude and vigil,
Now gay Pleasure has her empire,
Now with life its green heart pulses;
For in union bells and tabor
Call unto the *Romeria*,
And at such a joyous concert
Griefs and pains are all forgotten:
Generations, hierarchies,
Lie here shame-faced and confounded,
And beneath Content's dominion
Spirits melt and flow together.
Hither come, O blind apostles
Of predestinarian doctrines:
Happiness is not a phantom,
Liberty is not a falsehood,
For both are enjoyed at beating
Of the tabor which now quickly
Tan—taran—tan—tan, is sounding,
Sounding in the *Romeria*.

Now the sun his flaming forehead
Deeply veils in clouds empurpled
Hovering densely o'er the mountains
That to westward guard the valley;
And insensibly the murmur
And confusion and commotion
Die away, and all is silent
Round about the hermit's dwelling:
But the life that there has perished,

O'er the valleys and the hillocks,
 O'er the meads and fields of chestnut,
 O'er the shady paths and highways,
 With augmented force and vigor
 Radiates in diverse directions.
 Listen, listen, to the singing,
 Listen, listen, to the shouting,
 With which the *Romeros* merry
 Wake the circumjacent forests.
 By the highway of Mendieta
 To her home returns Maria,
 And because her heart is timid
 With her wends a youthful gallant.
 Charming the day has glided,
 But you do not know, O maiden,
 There are dregs in sweetest nectar,
 There are thorns in fairest roses.
 You, perchance, will weep with anguish
 When another year the tabor
Tan—taran—tan—tan, is sounding,
 Sounding in the *Romeria*.

"Woe unto the youthful maiden
 Who, unheeding or imprudent,
New Hartford, N. Y., June, 1876.

Loses heart and honor, dearer
 Than the purest gold or silver!"
 Thus unto you spoke your mother
 Just a year ago, Maria;
 And your mother spoke not falsely,
 Judging from the tears you shower!
 Those young damsels who but lately
 Were your favorite companions,
 Happy in their innocence
 Flock unto the *Romeria*;
 And you hide your pallid forehead,
 And your breast with shame convulses.
 On the plain below, the tabor
 Life and merriment diffuses,
 But its sound inflames the sorrows
 That abide within your bosom;
 For this day, alas! poor maiden,
 Sees fulfilled the sad prediction
 Which I, fearful for your future,
 Just a year ago did utter:
 "You, perchance, will weep with anguish
 When another year the tabor
Tan—taran—tan—tan, is sounding,
 Sounding in the *Romeria*."

PEARL'S BEAUTY.

BY THEODORE ARNOLD.

WE kindled fires against the big bole of the tree, and each division of our party cooked its own supper, and ate it when cooked, throwing jests about and across. We were about thirty merry fellows, on our way up Little Feather River to the mines above. After supper we spread our blankets, and I wont say but we took a taste of grog before we laid down to sleep. Grog helps a man to sleep in the open air of a chilly night.

Also, before sleeping we freshened up our fires with a few extra sticks, since the night was chilly. Then Bert Neal and I put our blankets together—big blankets, weighing seventeen pounds the pair—and with two over and two under, laid down to rest.

Now there hadn't been a drop of rain in that region for months, and everything was as dry as pith. That we knew, but we didn't know that the great trees stood on a shell of a trunk instead of a solid post of wood. If we had known how hollow it was, I think we would have shivered a little rather than have brightened our fires the way we did.

Well, as I said, in a few minutes we were all asleep or nearly so, Bert lying so near to my elbow that the sleeves of our blouses touched. I wasn't so sound asleep but I heard by-and-by a sudden crack and a rush, as though an avalanche of great birds were swooping down to devour us; and then something struck me in the face, a smart slap of leaves and twigs, and there was a chorus of screams, and oaths, and shouts all about us. For the big tree had had its underpinning gnawed off by our fires, and had fallen crash over us out of revenge.

Bert didn't stir after the first queer sort of turn he gave. He just laid still. We all picked ourselves up, found we had only a few bruises, then began to laugh at Bert for sleeping so soundly.

"His grog was too strong for him," said one.

"Dreaming of Pearl Blanchard," said another.

At that I stopped laughing and caught a dry bough and set fire to it, so as to see more plainly.

"We'll fire the tree over him," I said,

savagely, for there were times when I felt as though I hated Bert Neal.

The torch I carried made a circle of brightness equal to daylight around it, and the men clustered about, looking like a shoal of fishes around the torch of a fishing-boat at night. We broke a branch or so, and I flung the light of my blaze down where I had been lying.

My God! There lay Bert Neal impaled on a sharp branch of the tree that run into his breast and pinned him right through the heart down to the ground. That branch had put a stop to his dreaming about Pearl Blanchard any more.

There was silence for a moment, then the men went to work to get him out, and I staggered away and laid down on the ground at a distance. And I didn't go near when they buried him in the morning, but I made them give me all his traps, and the little keepsakes he had about him, for I made up my mind to go straight back to the Atlantic coast again. I didn't care about staying in California any longer.

There was one keepsake they couldn't give me, and that was a long lock of silky hair that the fellow had carried in his breast always. That had been driven into his flesh, and only one little end hung out, clotted with blood. So they let it stay.

Some men coming down from the mines to go to San Francisco, I joined them and got on board the first steamer for Nicaragua. I was in a sort of trance the whole way. There was an ever-recurring thought that stung me or stunned me, as my mood was. "He can't dream of Pearl Blanchard any more."

I had a faint consciousness of being landed in a boat, since the steamer couldn't come close to the shore, of being mounted upon a mule so small that I had to kink my legs up to keep my feet from dragging, of a long string of mules before and behind me, of going on board a boat again to cross the lake, and of the two cones of mountains that we steamed between, while the clouds over their peaks swayed and floated in the wind, and glimmered over our heads.

I got waked up by one thing. A young girl fell overboard, and we had pretty hard work to save her from the sharks. Perhaps you didn't know it, but there are sharks in Lake Nicaragua, and about the fiercest creatures I ever saw. I don't know how they got there, unless the lake was once

part of the ocean, and got shut in there, sharks and all, by some roundabout of Nature.

But the girl was saved, though in a very dripping state, and with an ugly peak-nose following hungrily after the boat that had picked her just out of his jaws. I was the one who dragged her in, and naturally I looked at her, and I had very good reason to wake up then, for I held Pearl Blanchard in my arms!

I found out afterwards how she came there. When Bert and I left the East, I as her rejected suitor, Bert accepted on condition that he made himself rich enough to keep her daintily, she had thought to live on with her aunt. But in a few months her aunt died. Then another aunt who was going to California invited Pearl to go with her, and the girl having no home, went. Three months in San Francisco, then they took a notion to go back, and there they were on board the steamer with me. I, wrapped in my maze over Bert, did not dream of such nearness, and had I looked, would not have known that one of those black-robed and veiled ladies off across the deck or in the stateroom was my own Pearl, and she hadn't glanced my way I suppose.

All these changes neither Bert nor I had heard a word about, and perhaps the poor fellow had passed her very door in his toiling and searching for gold for her, and she may have been laughing and playing tinkling songs to her piano inside.

That is the way with women. Pour out your soul at their feet, lay your life down a blank for them to write on, worship them as divinities, and they walk over you, they use you to amuse themselves withal, they say "Yes! yes!" and forget you or laugh at you. But use them as playthings, and they are at your feet.

When I look back through the years, and remember what that girl was, and what I was, and see now what we both are, I wish that I had let the shark have her that day. I thrill all over as I recollect just the look of his slippery nose, and two rows of white sharp teeth, and think how they would have snapped off the pretty white arm that has laid over my shoulder, and how her fair flaxen curls would have waved and floated out on the water, as he and his hungry pack tore the soft flesh from her bones.

Of course a young lady is expected to

favor a lover who has saved her life. It is highly proper and romantic that she should do so, and Pearl Blanchard always did what was proper and romantic. So, after the usual gushing of gratitude, and after she had wept a few becoming tears over poor Bert's fate, when I related it to her, and after I had begun to talk about going away out of her sight—a thing I knew I never should have the strength to do—she just slipped a little white hand into my arm, and said:

"Please don't go!"

So I went to New York with them, and danced attendance, and was called a "friend" when I was a lover, and took the shower of smiles that the selfish fickle girl felt in the mood to bestow upon me. I got a pretty good situation there, and wasn't a bad match for Pearl. I kept her tables covered with books and magazines, her vases filled with flowers, her pockets full of bon-bons, and gave other presents when I got a chance. Indeed she wasn't averse, and would take philopenas or Christmas gifts with only the smallest hesitation.

Not a thought did she give to the poor fellow who had gone out at her bidding, and who now lay in the woods in California with a curl of hair driven straight into his heart. She made it a point to be off with the old love before she was on with the new.

I had a consciousness of this all the time, and I didn't respect the girl, and I grew to have in my heart an under-current of hatred for her; but she had only to look up at me with that smile on her dimpled moonlight face, or to put her hand in mine, or to sing to me with her voice like a bird's, and every other feeling would yield to her fascinations.

Some women have a bewitching way that does not depend on beauty or goodness, and she was one of them. I fancy, too, that she could not help exercising her fascinations. It was her one thought and pleasure. But she was prudent in her coquetry. She never went a step too far, and her talk was of the finest. The noblest sentiments were frequently on her lips, and she spoke of truth, honor and religion as though they were flesh of her flesh.

I lived in a tremor between agony and bliss all that fall. Pearl had promised to marry me in the spring. Besides the ordinary chances, she was as likely as not to break her promise. I knew that her word wasn't worth a breath, but do you

think that I loved her less for knowing that? By no means. The knowledge rather gave my love an added sting of fervor, as you prize that with a yearning passion which may slip from you any moment. Once sure of anything, you grow calm, think of other things, and are next indifferent.

You may prate about respect, honor, constancy and the like. Where do you find constancy chiefly? In dogs, I think. Human beings change. I knew that when Pearl leaned on my shoulder, with her soft curls glistening against my coat, and protested with her sweet voice that she never had loved anybody but me—I knew that she told a lie. I knew that when she vowed eternal fidelity to me, she meant that she was pleased with me at that moment, and that was all. She was not a hypocrite, in that she never said she loved a man unless she did love him at the time. When her heart cooled, you may be pretty sure that her manner would not be warm. There was some comfort in that. You need not despise the girl for such inconstancy. She followed her nature, which was not to love passionately and entirely, but to be very much pleased with persons and things. Real love indeed was not possible to her. She liked men as she liked her bonnets, and changed them as often. I did not envy any one her love, but I envied him *herself*, her witching beauty, her sweet presence, her nameless fascination.

She had been an affectionate and obedient daughter, a kind sister, a tender and dutiful niece, and was a scrupulous and highly respectable member of society, taking great care not to offend Mrs. Grundy. I believed that once my wife, she would be tender and true, having bound herself irrevocably, and that I should then be happy. But to make her my wife. That was the difficulty.

Well, I did my best. I was a handsome fellow in those days, and I made the most of myself. There were other girls I might have had for the asking, and I gave her just a faint touch of jealousy. It did her good. And I took her to theatres, concerts, rode, drove and promenaded with her, and gave her presents. It was all I could do.

The winter went some way. I believe I didn't have one good night's sleep while it lasted. It seemed to me that I held my breath all through. I know I was pretty nervous and worn out when spring came. Then I began to ask Pearl to name the day.

Of course she played off a little; women always do, I suppose, but at last she said the last of May. That was putting it off as far as possible without breaking her promise, and I didn't dare to say too much. It was March, and though three months longer of living on the rack was hard, still three months was not forever.

Besides, by good luck I got promotions in the firm, and could now promise my wife a little more. We went and looked at houses, and I put all my money into one that pleased her. She wanted to partly furnish it with a small portion she had, and her aunt insisted on furnishing the remainder. Then my salary would keep us going. When I saw Pearl choosing carpets and hemming towels, I began to believe that I was safe, and was to be happy, after all, and when she would turn to me as we went through the house, and smile and speak of our home, and tell what we would do when we came to live there, I thought my heart would break with happiness, and I would turn away from her lest she should see how wild she made me. I feared she would care less for me, if she knew her full power.

March crept past, and I counted the minutes to April. And with the first week of April came a break in my affairs. The head of the firm wanted me to go South on some business of importance which would detain me about six weeks. I had no excuse that I would give, and my position depended on my going. If the business were well done, it would be a great advantage to me, and Mr. Wild told me smilingly that I should have a percentage on the commission to buy my bride a wedding gift with. Of course I could not say, "Pearl is coquettish and fickle, and I am afraid she will jilt me if I leave her a chance." I tried to get off by the most flimsy excuses, but without success. Go I must. Even Pearl urged it, reminding me of the money gain. Pearl was an uncommonly good manager, and quite well aware of the value of money.

I couldn't help reproaching her a little with her willingness to part with me; but she only laughed at me, and called me sentimental. Then I tried to persuade her to marry me privately, and go with me. To this she only gave me a stare of mingled astonishment and indignation. To be sure, it was not a nice proposition to make to a lady who was studying night and day how she could make herself the most charming

and admired bride of the season. But I did not quite understand the value that ladies set upon such things.

The upshot of the whole matter was that I went, with what a sinking of the heart I do not say. I asked no promises of Pearl. I scarcely said good-by to her; but I held her in my arms with such an agony tugging at my heart as I never felt before nor since. She wept, of course, and promised to write twice a week, and to think of me constantly, and to be all ready to be married when I returned, and she laid her sweet face close to mine, and—then I went.

I got two letters the first week, one the second, none the third, a long one on the fourth taken up chiefly with excuses; and that was the last. I was returning so soon that it was not worth while to write again.

I announced my return to take place a few days after I was expected to arrive, intending to give Pearl a surprise, and to spare myself being watched for and given a prepared welcome. Take people by surprise if you want to get at the hearts of them.

I felt choked with excitement when I drew near the city, and as we steamed across from Jersey City to New York in the evening, my head was so unsteady that I didn't dare look over the rail into the water for fear I should fall in.

I wouldn't take a carriage, but hurried up Broadway with my portmanteau in my hand, and almost ran home. I let myself into my boarding-house without seeing any one, and went up to my room. I was glad to escape observation and the necessity of greeting acquaintances. Perhaps I wanted to hear my first welcome from Pearl.

I dressed hurriedly and went down to the square where she lived. I was so excited and fearful, that I wouldn't have been surprised to see the house a heap of ruins, or to find a church built on the site of it, or to behold any change. But there it stood just as I left it, with the light shining out through the colored glass over the street door, and the parlor window curtains softly glowing. I stood on the opposite side of the street looking and trying to calm myself before entering. I never was piously inclined, but as I stood there so near to the girl whom I loved better than my life, and knew by the looks of things that all was safe, and when I remembered my long journey and the many ways in which harm could have fallen on me or Pearl during that

separation, I had a sudden perception of God—of the Being who overrules and who pities. He seemed good to me at that moment, and if I didn't thank him with my lips, I did with my heart.

I believe that then my future hung in the balance, and the good and the evil bid for my soul at that hour. Pearl Blanchard's hand turned the scale, a white little hand loaded with rings I had given her, a hand which should have been mine in a fortnight; and as the beam tilted, down went my soul!

As I looked with my heart softening so, I saw a shadow on the curtain. Such a pretty shadow! A regular profile, with a flow of light curls swinging about it, and a hand was put up to put the curls back as she stopped in crossing the room as though to answer some one who spoke to her.

I couldn't wait another instant, for it seemed as though she looked directly towards me and beckoned me. All fear and doubt faded out of my heart, and I ran across and let myself in by the latchkey which they had given me. For I had been such a constant visitor, and was so nearly one of the family, that it was not worth while to ring. I opened the parlor door as softly as possible, and eagerly looked for my beauty. She sat facing me smiling and lovely, with that sweet infantine expression which her face sometimes wore, and which I always thought she knew how to put on. She held some bright flosses in her hand, and her aunt sitting near, was bending to look at them. Opposite them, with his back to me, sat a gentleman. The light fell bright over my Pearl, and I saw clearly the expression of her face when she first caught sight of me. It was a look of surprise and momentary embarrassment.

"Why, can it be?" she exclaimed. "What a surprise! We did not expect you for several days."

As she spoke she came forward and gave me her hand and a smile, and did not refuse the kiss I offered. Her aunt gave me a cordial enough welcome, and the gentleman also rose and offered his hand. It was Mr. Wild, the head of our firm.

"Dropped in to see when they expected you," he said, smilingly. "Perhaps I need not remain any longer."

"O, don't go, Mr. Wild!" Pearl said, eagerly. "I am sure you must want to ask about the business, and why not now as well as to-morrow?"

After a little urging he took his seat again, and instead of an hour alone with my betrothed, I had the pleasure of recounting my business transactions, and seeing Pearl give Mr. Wild two glances when she gave me one.

Wild wasn't a handsome man, but he was distinguished-looking, and a gentleman. Moreover he was rich. He was a bachelor of forty or thereabouts, and had the reputation of being insensible to the attractions of women, consequently they all tried to attract him. There was a romantic story of his having been deceived by a pretty jilt when he was quite young, but I don't know how that was.

Well, we talked stocks and sales, and percentage till ten o'clock, when Mr. Wild started in earnest.

"You will come up to-morrow?" said Pearl to me, seeming to take it for granted I was going also.

I looked at her. She never blushed, but met my look with the most perfect coolness, and seemed to think that I had answered her.

"Where did you get your flowers, Pearl?" I asked, while the aunt and Mr. Wild were saying last words.

There was a magnificent bouquet of hot-house flowers on the table.

"That?" she said, carelessly. "I think aunt claims that as a gift from Mr. Wild. Nobody brings me flowers when you are away," with a tender tone and glance.

"Are you all ready, Pearl?" I asked at that.

"Ready for what?" she asked, with a look of surprise.

"To be married, darling."

"O, now, I've got to disappoint you, my poor boy!" she said, coaxingly. "You have not heard of Cousin Allen's death?"

"No. But what difference does that make to you? He was only your second cousin, and you were hardly acquainted with him."

"Good-evening," said Mr. Wild at my elbow, and Pearl smiled bewitchingly and held out her hand to him.

It was as though a flame of fire wrapped me when I looked at him as their hands met. In his eyes I saw that he loved her. That searching passionate gaze, the lingering touch, told the story. And Pearl's cheeks suddenly blushed as they had never blushed for me.

"Are you going?" Mr. Wild asked, looking at me with eyes that sparkled.

"Not yet, sir," I answered. And then he bowed and went, and the aunt disappeared with him.

"Pearl, what does this mean about your cousin?" I asked, taking a seat opposite her.

"Are you ill?" she exclaimed. "How pale you are!"

"I am well. Will you explain?"

She pushed a stool to my side, and sat down, leaning on the arm of my chair, and touching my sleeve with her white fingers.

"As I told you, Cousin Allen is dead. He died after I wrote you for the last time. And though I was not intimate with them, still he was my mother's cousin, you know, and I must pay some respect to his memory. Then he was a man of high standing, and it would be commented on if I were married just on the edge of his death. Besides, and a still stronger reason, he left me in his will a thousand dollars, and his wife wrote inviting me to the funeral, which will be tomorrow, and saying that she would like to have me wear black six months. There are so few relations."

"Then our marriage will have to be quite private," I said, looking at her till she had to look down.

"It will have to be put off till the mourning is over," she said, in a low tone.

There was a silence of a minute, then I said, "We might be married privately, Pearl. You promised me, you recollect."

"How can you persist in asking such a thing?" she exclaimed, rising indignantly. "A private marriage is mean, it does not look respectable. And I will never consent to be married while I am wearing black. I think you are very cruel and unreasonable. I tell you I cannot be married till fall. If you are displeased with that, I cannot help it. If I am not worth waiting for, I am not worth having."

I swallowed down something that rose in my throat, and answered her gently, "You are worth waiting for, Pearl, and I will wait."

She didn't look altogether delighted, but we had a sort of reconciliation, and I went home.

Men have gone crazy with less than I endured that summer. Pearl and her aunt over to New Jersey and boarded during the hot weather, and Mr. Wild boarded

with them. I used to go down twice a week, but couldn't leave every day. Of course Mr. Wild came in town every day, but he was not confined as I was. Anybody could see that he and Pearl were lovers, or that he loved her and she allowed him to. But there had been no explanation between them, and I still apparently kept my place in relation to her.

They were coming back to town in October, and Pearl was going to leave off black then. All this time I had been so patient with Pearl's caprices and coldness, that sometimes she would look at me in wonder and with a sort of suspicion. I wasn't noted for the lamblike virtues, and I think that she sometimes suspected mischief under my silence. But she was too much engrossed in other things to give much thought to my words.

But she looked a little frightened one day, the day they returned to town. I went down to come up with them, though she had told me I need not take that trouble, Mr. Wild having offered to escort them. We came up all four together, a pleasant enough party, apparently. But when I found Mr. Wild's carriage waiting for them at the ferry, I felt the blood rushing hot to my head.

"Thank you, sir, but I will take a hack for Pearl," I said, and I couldn't help my voice having a deep hard sound.

"Since Mr. Wild is so kind," interposed the aunt.

"You can accept his kindness of course," I said. "Pearl and I will go in this." And I took her hand to lead her to the carriage I had signalled. She hesitated and colored, but my hand held her like a vice, and I drew her along in spite of herself.

"What a temper you have!" she exclaimed, as the door closed on us. "You are quite white. I am afraid of you."

She did look afraid, and she had reason to be, for at that instant I had as lief have seen her dead as alive. I was no fool, and I saw the end that was to come; but I determined not to give up tamely, and that my defeat should not be their triumph. I resolved, too, that she should have no excuse for a quarrel with me. I spoke as gently and softly as I ever did in my life.

"Am I bad-tempered because I prefer to have my little Pearl all to myself? Remember she is almost my wife, and I must begin to practise claiming my rights."

She colored deeply, and sat looking out of the window in an embarrassed silence.

"Our six months is almost up, you know," I went on. "It has been a long and bitter six months to me, but I do not regret it now. You are worth waiting for, and now that my waiting is almost done, I feel rewarded. You know I tried to please you."

She still sat silent and embarrassed, looking out at the window. One soft ungloved hand lay on her lap. I reached and touched it with mine. She withdrew it pettishly.

"I don't like sentiment in the street," she said.

"Where do you like it, Pearl?" I said, quietly. "You check all such things in private also. Will you tell me what place you consider the suitable one for me to be allowed to touch your hand?"

"Always sarcastic and ironical," she said, poutingly. And here we drew up at the door of their house and the driver stood at the step. "Are you coming in?" she asked, over her shoulder.

"Not now. I will come up this evening," I said, and went away.

I walked up and down a long time that evening, watching the windows, before I could muster courage to go in. I saw Mr. Wild go in, saw their shadow on the curtain as they met hand to hand, and knew that they were sitting there alone. For there was a light in the aunt's chamber, and she was probably resting after the fatigues of her wonderful journey of three hours. Women are so delicate upon occasion! I had made up my mind to have an understanding that very night, and was getting myself up to it.

"I went in very softly, and instead of going into the parlor, went into the dining-room just back of it and connecting with it. I did not propose anything to myself in going there, except that I wanted to be near them, and yet dreaded to face Pearl and know the truth. When I first heard their voices it did not occur to me to listen till I thought I heard Pearl weeping. Then I went near the door and heard her say, 'I was grateful to him for saving my life, and I fancied I loved him.'"

That was enough. It showed what their conversation was. I went through the hall without waiting for another word, and, opened the parlor door. Mr. Wild was walking up and down evidently trying to com-

mand himself. The man had some sense of honor, after all. Indeed I never blamed him. Pearl sat wiping her eyes, her head drooping till her fair curls swept the table beside her.

I greeted them both civilly, took a seat opposite Pearl, and asked Mr. Wild if he would sit and talk a few minutes.

"Certainly," he said, firmly, evidently knowing perfectly well what was to come.

"We are all so intimate that there can be no secrets," I said, as he took a seat. "I have a question to ask Pearl, Mr. Wild, and I am sure she will not object to answering it before you."

Then I turned to her as she sat pale and frightened. "Pearl, you promised to marry me when the six months of your mourning were over. Will you fulfil your promise now?"

"I cannot! I cannot!" she cried, wringing her hands.

"Will you ever redeem it?" I asked, then.

"I cannot!" she said again. "I do not love you well enough. It was only gratitude, and not love."

"It looked very much like love at one time," I said, coldly. "I think it was your kind of love while it lasted. You vowed that it was love, and that you had never loved before. You said the same to poor Bert Neal who lies thousands of miles away with a curl of your hair in his dust. You said the same thing to Frank Ayre, who went to sea when you jilted him, and has never been heard of since. I do not know how many others may have heard the same story. Perhaps Mr. Wild has."

"You insult me!" she cried, indignantly, her face crimson with shame at such exposure.

"You take an unmanly advantage of your position, I think," Mr. Wild said, firmly. "You have some reason to complain, and no one will wonder that you find it hard to give up such a prize. But it was easy for Pearl to mistake her gratitude for love, and if her pity and tenderness, and her ignorance of her own heart have led her to speak more warmly to those who loved her than she should, the ones so favored should be the last to complain of the amiability which would have made them happy if it could."

Pearl lifted her face from her hands where it had dropped, and gave him a look of beaming and tender gratitude. She had reason for she could never have excused her-

he excused her. Probably she never had dreamed that she was so amiable.

"May I ask if you intend to marry her yourself, Mr. Wild?"

"I have not mentioned the subject to her," he said, "and shall not while she is engaged to you."

"I am no longer engaged to him," she exclaimed, angrily. "I have borne insult enough, and tyranny enough. I insist that this conversation shall cease. I dismiss you, sir. Never come near me again!"

She drew the rings from her fingers and flung them on the table.

Mr. Wild stepped forward, flushed with eagerness, and extended his hands to her. She turned to him, and for an instant hid her false fair face in his bosom.

Then—no matter about telling particulars. The papers were full of them. Columns and columns were devoted to that scene and those that followed it. I had the pleasure of seeing my picture, and Pearl's, and Mr. Wild's, and the aunt's, and everything in the house, even to the cat, I believe, pasted on walls, rocks, fences, even on sidewalks. Thousands crowded to catch a glimpse of the wretch who had flung vitriol in the face of his lady-love because she preferred another man, and every item of our story, with the most absurd changes, additions and exaggerations, was published from Dan to Beersheba.

In it all I had one comfort. Pearl's beauty, that had been the bane of so many lives, was gone forever. She was almost hideous, I heard, and was blind of the eye. Such tales reached me in my cell of the sufferings of this lovely girl, that I could but laugh, thinking what fools people are. If they could look into the heart, they would have seen more selfishness, more refined cruelty under that soft exterior, than in a dozen like me. I would not harm a worm unless he stung me. And Pearl Blanchard had stung me to the soul. I lost heaven for her.

But she could break no more hearts, and win no more, and I was avenged. I did not pity her. Her soul was hideous in my sight, and I had been held only by the mesh of her witching ways. They were gone forever, and I was free.

As I have said, the town rang with the affair. It was said, or pretended, that Pearl was in danger of death from distress of mind; and such was the sympathy felt for her by fools whom she wouldn't wipe

her shoes on, that it was feared I would be torn out of jail and lynched. They took me by night from one jail to another for safety.

Then came the trial. By that time Pearl's life was out of danger, but she was blind of one eye, and was so prostrated by "suffering of mind and body," the papers said, that she could not leave her room. It went hard with her, you see, to have her pretty face spoiled.

Of course the trial was one of the events of the day, and gossips came from far and near to stare at me. I let them stare and threaten, half because I could not help it, half because I did not care anything about it.

But there had arisen another party. First, young ladies began to think I had been ill-used, and to make a hero of romance of me; next another class of philanthropists made up their minds that I was crazy. So that in all the sea of faces that made the courtroom one mass of life, there were many which expressed sympathy and pity.

The case was a clear one, and I called no witnesses. Mr. Wild came in with a very pale face and told his story. Everything was just as he said. He never looked toward me. I think it was more through shame than horror, for my lawyer had told me that the affair between him and Pearl was quite over. Of course he did not want a one-eyed fright for a wife. Nobody blamed him. But I think he knew that I would have married her had I been in his place. Everything went on straight to the end. The doctors testified to the state of the patient, and the faces of my friends grew dark, while my enemies could scarcely be kept quiet. At last I rose to plead my own case. I had kept all my strength for that. I meant to brand her name with a deeper stain than I had burnt into her forehead—and I did it.

There were murmurs at first, but they subsided as I went on. I began with my first acquaintance with her, and described her lures, her encouragement, her rejection, Bert's acceptance, his death, all the story from first to last. I told that gaping crowd more of my heart than I had ever told her; how patient I had been, what agonies I had suffered in silence, how I had stood outside her house night after night leaving her, to watch her light till it went out, how I had spent on her every dollar that I could earn,

and sought to gratify her every wish. All my hoarded passion broke out and swept them like a torrent. I showed them the pretty, supercilious, heartless toy, of which they had made an idol, walking over the souls of men with a smile on her lips, treading truth and honor under her little feet. I called on every man hearing me to defend his own heart against such ruin as mine had known; I called on every woman to make herself worthy the name of woman by denouncing such baseness as that which had ruined me, body and soul, through my holiest and most sacred affections.

I don't know how long I spoke, but I know that I spoke with breathless vehemence, and that men and women were weeping about me. I ended with one sentence:

"I would not kill her, because life is sacred, and I wished her to repent; but I have put it out of her power to inflict on any other heart the tortures which mine has suffered."

I sat down amid weeping and applause and cries of "Discharge him!" "He is innocent!"

Of course I knew what it was worth. I knew that if Pearl could have come into court at that moment with the pretty face she had worn a few weeks before, and could have looked at the judge and jury, and the crowd, with her appealing tearful eyes, and have stretched out her white hands in one mute entreaty, they would have found me guilty of any crime of which she might have chosen to accuse me.

As it was, the jury had to find me guilty, of course, but they recommended me to the judge for mercy. His honor, who, fortunately for me, had been shamefully jilted when he was young, gave me one year in the State prison instead of two, as he had probably intended. And three months after the governor pardoned me out.

Pearl Blanchard still lives, dragging out a miserable existence, nothing left of her now her beauty is gone; and I am unmarried, and shall always remain so. I am prosperous in my worldly affairs, but peace and happiness are far from me.

On dark nights I go and walk about her house, and look up at the windows. Last night I saw her shadow on the curtain. There was a veil over her face. They say that she wears that veil even before her aunt, and that no one ever sees her.

Don't imagine that because I walk there I wish to look on her face now. I would rather the dead rose from their graves to look at me than ever meet Pearl Blanchard face to face again. But some fascination seems to draw me there; and last night when I saw that shadow, and remembered the graceful witching creature who once met me there, clasped her hands over my arm, leaned on my shoulder, and smiled in my face, the wild sobs rose in my throat. It was as though I had buried my love alive, and heard her stir in her grave.

Do you wonder that I wish I had left her in Lake Nicaragua for the sharks to eat?

STAR OF MY NIGHT.

BY HARLEY BROOK.

The dear spell yet lingers,
Still I feel thy soft fingers
Interlocked with my own in a
Clasp warm and tight;
And I gaze in thine eyes,
Where a witchery lies,
Which makes me thy willing
Slave, Star of my Night!

The lips fondly meeting,
So lovingly greeting
Each other with kisses of
Tender love born;
I feel them this present,
Those greetings so pleasant,
Far sweeter than dewdrops
On roses at morn.

Ann Arbor, Mich., Sept., 1876.

The hour that I waited
Upon thy words freighted
With sweetness to lull my
Worn soul into peace;
Companionship holds
With my spirit that folds
To its keeping a thought
That on earth shall not cease.

No lover's wild fancy,
No mere necromancy,
No ghost of a faith clad
In garments of white;
But a real persuasion
That beyond life's probation
Thy presence shall bless me,
Thou Star of my Night!

THE HEIRESS AND HER GUARDIAN.

A TALE OF ENGLISH COUNTRY LIFE.

BY MRS. H. LOVETT CAMERON.

[*This Story was commenced in the November Number of the Magazine.*]

CHAPTER X.

THE MELODIOUS MINSTRELS.

WHEN Cecil Travers had met with that rebuff from the lady of his affections which has been recorded in a previous chapter, he had not been at all sorry to carry out her parting injunctions.

Broadley House became, so to speak, uninhabitable for Squire Travers's only son, and Squire Travers himself had taken care to make it so. During the two days that he had remained at home after having been refused by Juliet, Cis ardently wished himself anywhere but under the paternal roof.

His father sneered and scoffed at him all day long.

He wasn't surprised that no sensible girl would have him; he shouldn't wonder if he hadn't had the pluck to ask her right out; he supposed he went whining and whimpering to her like a schoolgirl, instead of speaking up to her like a man; girls, especially spirited clever girls, like Juliet, couldn't abide mollicoddles—and so on, till Cis very nearly lost his temper; and it was a pity that he didn't quite do so, for his father would have respected him ten times more if he had.

Finally, Cis having declared that he was not at all hopeless of eventual success, his father answered that it was like his vanity to say so; but that he was very glad to hear it, for he intended to see Juliet Blair his daughter-in-law before he died; and that, if Cis stuck to her like a man, and asked her often enough, she was quite certain to give in at last.

The upshot of it was, that old Travers gave his son a liberal check, and told him to go up to London, away from his mollicoddling mother, and see if he couldn't get some sense into his head, and see a little life.

Cis accordingly, feeling very much like the prodigal son, pocketed his check, and, nothing loth to escape from the storms of home life, went his way up to London.

There, as has been seen, he visited Mr. Bruce, took that gentleman considerably into his confidence, and felt much cheered and consoled by the very hopeful view which he took of his prospects, and also by the eager partisanship for his cause evinced by the worthy solicitor.

Mr. Bruce, like Mr. Travers senior, was of the opinion that perseverance was the main thing required, and that, if the young lady was but asked often enough, she was certain to yield at the end.

Only of course time must be given.

"Take your time, my dear Mr. Cecil," he said, assuringly; "take your time; ladies never like being hurried. A little management is all that is required, and plenty of time." And Cis, as he wished him good-by, felt almost triumphant already.

Cis, left to his own resources in London, was not nearly so much a fish out of water as he was in his own home. He belonged to a young University Club, in its first stages, and here he was sure to meet plenty of his friends—men of his own college and of his own standing, who did not know nor care that he could not sit a horse, but who did know and were mindful of that first in "mods." of which his own father had spoken so disparagingly, and amongst whom he had in consequence some reputation for talent.

These young gentlemen—whose whiskers, like Cecil's, were small, and whose heads were for the most part filled with inordinate vanity, coated over with a thin layer of information—nevertheless counted themselves among the rising minds of their time.

When they met together they discoursed eagerly upon the principal religious and political subjects of the day, and honestly believed that their opinions were altogether new and original, and were destined to exercise a great and lasting influence on the history of their country.

Amongst these young men Cis found himself quite an authority. Instead of being snubbed, sneered at, and sat upon from

morning till night, his opinion was asked, and he was attentively listened to when he gave it; he made little speeches, and they were enthusiastically cheered; and altogether he was conscious of being considered by his clique to be a very clever and rising young man. So true is it that a prophet hath no honor in his own country!

All his friends were not, however, of the same stamp. One day, as he was wandering idly down Piccadilly, staring in at the shop windows, a tall young fellow, in loose ill-made clothes, and with a ragged red beard, stopped suddenly before him, exclaiming:

"Surely you must be little Cis Travers!"

"So I am, at your service—and you? Why, it's David Anderson! We haven't met since we left school—fancy your remembering me!"

"I should have known you anywhere? What are you doing in town—nothing? You must come to my diggings. Wont you? What are you going to do to-night? Nothing particular—I thought so; well, then, you must positively come to our meeting. We hold our weekly meeting to-night."

"Who are we?" asked Cis.

"Why, the 'Melodious Minstrels,'—our musical society, you know. Of course you are fond of music?"

"Ye—s, I suppose so," said Cis, doubtfully, recollecting that he was rather fond of listening to Juliet's singing.

"Yes, of course you are; every one with a soul loves music. Well, then, I can promise you a treat to-night; none of your trash, I promise you—real good first-class—the music of the future, you know—Wagner, and Beethoven, and Schumann, too. Here is the address," giving him a card on which was inscribed—"Herr Franz Rudenbach, 114 Blandford Street."

"But, my dear Anderson," objected Cis, "how on earth can I go to this place, and who is Herr Rudenbach?"

"O, he is our conductor and fiddler, you know, and with such a daughter! perfectly lovely! plays like an angel! You'd come for the daughter if you knew what she was like, I can tell you!" And Mr. David Anderson lifted up his hands and eyes, smacked his lips, and went through other gymnastic exercises indicative of his extreme admiration of the lady in question.

"You must come, you know, Cis; you'll

be delighted. Nine o'clock sharp, mind; be sure you come. Good-by." And Mr. Anderson bolted swiftly round the corner of the street.

Cis felt very dubious about the evening's entertainment; but, when the time came, partly moved by curiosity concerning the fair Miss Rudenbach, and partly through a wish to please his old schoolfellow, he found himself, a little after nine o'clock, at the indicated house in Blandford Street.

As he went up the narrow stairs of the dingy little house, a strange Babel of sounds met his ear: scrapings of violins, too-toosings of cornets, mixed with noises the like of which he had never heard before, made him imagine that a farmyard had been let loose in the room above him.

As he reached the top step a guttural German voice cried out:

"Now then, gentlemen. One, two, three, four—off!" And the performers started.

It was Beethoven's Toy Symphony. And any one who remembers his impressions on hearing this performance for the first time will understand the absolute amazement with which Cis Travers, to whom it was a complete novelty, listened at the doorway.

He thought at first that he had stumbled on a company of lunatics. Ten young men were grouped around the piano, each armed with a different so-called "instrument." One had a child's drum, another a penny trumpet, another a whistle, one had a row of bells on a stick, another a sort of tambourine; but the most awful instrument of all was a small box, exactly like the stand of a child's toy dog, which when pressed emitted two sharp, short deafening squeaks, supposed to imitate the note of the cuckoo.

When all these varied instruments burst into play at once, with doubtful tune and most uncertain time, the effect was simply Pandemonium. Herr Rudenbach stood in the midst, with his baton, and shouted "Time, time!" at every bar, whilst his daughter Gretchen slaved away at the piano. Innocent, blue-eyed Gretchen, with her calm sweet face, and her smooth brown Madonna-like head! Cis Travers could not but acknowledge that David Anderson had shown his good taste in admiring her. She looked so out of place, so superior to her surroundings, like some garden flower grown up by chance in a field of weeds.

Wonders were never to cease that evening. Looking round the room towards the

six or eight young men who composed the audience, Cis was astonished to recognize Wattie Ellison lounging back in an arm-chair and sketching Gretchen's profile in his pocket-book.

David Anderson, who was gravely playing the tambourine—indeed, the intense gravity of all the performers struck Cis at once as something very ludicrous, considering the ridiculous childishness of the instruments on which they were performing—David nodded at Cis over his music, and went on with his playing, and Cis sidled up to Wattie.

"Are they all mad, Wattie? and how on earth do you come here?" he whispered.

"I might ask the same," answered Wattie, in the same tone. "Aren't they idiots? But it is very amusing, and little Gretchen's face is perfect. I am going to paint a historical picture; I don't know quite what the subject is to be, I haven't settled—the massacre of St. Bartholomew, or the burning of Joan of Arc, or something of that kind. I think I shall make something of it, and I want Gretchen's face for one of my figures. That is what I am here for; I am studying it. It's miserable work losing all the hunting season for this sort of thing, isn't it? How are your people, Cis?"

Here the Toy Symphony came providentially to an end, and David Anderson went up to speak to his old schoolfellow, and introduced him to Herr Rudenbach, who bowed and smirked upon him with exaggerated humility, whilst Gretchen came forward in her gray stuff dress, made high up to the neck, and spoke a few gentle words to him.

Then two young gentlemen played a duet on two violins, which was really a very creditable performance, and was boisterously clapped and vociferously encored by the rest of the community; after which an unpretending little tray of refreshments was brought in and handed round—lemonade, and gin, and water, the latter beverage being generally preferred; slices of pound cake, and dry untempting-looking sandwiches from the ham-and-beef shop round the corner, which were nevertheless partaken of with avidity by the guests.

"Come home to my rooms, Cis," said Wattie Ellison, when, having feasted upon the abovenamed refreshments, the little society prepared to break up; and, linking his arm within that of Georgie's brother, he

carried him off with him to the Temple.

But that was by no means the last of Cis Travers's visits to the house in Blandford Street, nor to the meetings of the "Melo-dious Minstrels."

Partly through sheer idleness, partly through a certain pleasure in playing the great man among a set of men who, being chiefly city clerks, or else embryo solicitors, looked up to him as to a superior order of being, Cis grew rather fond of dropping in sometimes during these weekly musical performances.

And little Gretchen got to look for his coming. With the instinct of true refinement, she learned at once to distinguish him and his friend Wattie Ellison from the other young men, of David Anderson's stamp, who came to her father's rooms. Cis was kind to her, and took pains to talk to her and to be interested in her. And he was to her as a god.

It was very pleasant to him to be so regarded. In the present sore and wounded state of his heart and feelings, consequent upon his rejection by Juliet Blair, it was inexpressibly soothing to him to be worshipped and waited upon by any woman so young and so pretty as Gretchen Rudenbach. This girl did not snub him, nor laugh at him, nor pity him with irritating compassion, nor call him "poor Cis" to his face, as if he were an inferior being. She sat and gazed at him in speechless worship, or spoke to him, in low timid tones, of her daily life, and cast adoring respectful looks at him when he talked to her or gave her advice, in a manner which no young fellow could possibly fail to find excessively flattering; he was grateful to her for her devotion, and began in return to pay her many little attentions. He brought her flowers and poetry books, and copied out music for her; once or twice he called at the house in the morning and found her at home; and having one day met her accidentally in the street, on her way to give a music lesson to two little girls, where she went three times a week, Master Cis carefully ascertained the exact route which she invariably followed on her way thither, and then found that, by some extraordinary coincidence, he was always turning up at unexpected corners of the street just at the moment when the little quietly-dressed music teacher appeared in sight.

Gretchen began to confide her little trou-

bles and experiences to this kind-mannered young gentleman.

She told him that her father was not very kind to her, and that she was not at all happy in her home. Her mother, she said, had been a real lady—an English girl, who had run away with her father from the school at which he had been music teacher. As long as her mother lived, although she was a very unhappy woman, in very bad health, little Gretchen had been still not altogether uncared-for and unloved; but since her death the poor child had had but a troublous life of it with her father. From what she had told him, Cis gathered that Herr Rudenbach, although he spoke kindly to his daughter before others, was rough and harsh to her when they were alone. He was avaricious and greedy of gain, looking upon his child and her talent for music solely as a means whereby he might make money out of her, of which he gave her hardly enough to clothe herself; whilst he himself spent every farthing that he could lay hands on upon his own selfish and not very respectable pleasures.

Gretchen also confided to Cis that David Anderson was anxious to marry her, and owned to him that, although she did not care for him in the least, she was half ready to do so in order to escape from the unhappiness which she endured at home.

But here Cis became quite eloquent in his remonstrances and admonitions. It was, he declared, the greatest sin a woman could be guilty of to marry a man she did not love. How could she possibly hope for a blessing on a union entered into from so unhallowed a motive? She must not dream of marrying David Anderson—it would be an absolute wickedness! She must promise him solemnly never to consent to become the wife of a man she did not love, and who was so utterly unsuited to her as honest David.

And Gretchen tearfully, timidly and blushingly gave the required promise; and Heaven knows what wild impossible hopes dawned in the poor child's heart as she did so!

Cecil Travers was doing her a dreadful and incalculable injury. He was not in the smallest degree in love with her. Was he not as much in love with Juliet as it was possible for a man to be? He did not want little Gretchen for himself, but he did distinctly object to David Anderson having her. Men are very frequently found to re-

semble closely the typical dog in the manger. And women are very slow to see this; they cannot understand a man being full of jealous objections to another man from any motive save one. Gretchen fancied (and who shall say she was to blame?) that because Cis was hotly, unreasonably indignant against David Anderson for wanting to marry her, therefore he must necessarily be desirous of doing so himself—whereas, as we know very well, nothing was further from Cis Travers's thoughts than such a misalliance.

David Anderson, although he had been educated at the same country-town school where Cis Travers had been sent for two years before going to Eton, was not exactly in the same rank of life as our young friend. He was the son of a worthy and respectable Glasgow merchant, who had given him a fairly good education, and had got him a junior partnership in a young but rising firm in the city, dealing in hemp and flax. It was a splendid opening for young Anderson; for although his share of the profits was at present exceedingly small, in the course of a few years they would probably be much enlarged, and he would be in receipt of a very good income.

There was nothing in the world to prevent his marrying Gretchen Rudenbach, if he felt so disposed. His old parents were homely simple-hearted people, who had no other wish than for their David's happiness; and they would have welcomed such a sweet gentle-mannered girl as she was with delight and affection. And David would have made her an excellent husband; but, alas for her! there came between herself and this rough but honest red-bearded suitor the vision of a tall, pale, gentleman-like youth, with blue eyes and yellow locks, who met her in her daily walks, who gave her paternal advice coupled with fraternal sympathy, and who, by occasionally pressing her hand sentimentally and looking at her tenderly, completely turned the head of the simple-natured little maiden.

One day, as the two were sauntering together down Wigmore Street, they came suddenly upon Wattie Ellison, who only nodded to them as he passed, but who looked back at them rather curiously after they had gone by.

"What can Cis Travers be walking about with little Gretchen for, I wonder?" he muttered to himself, as he walked on; and

Wattie came to the conclusion that Cis must be taken to task on this matter.

CHAPTER XI.

GRETCHEN GETS INTO TROUBLE.

WATTIE ELLISON's rooms in the Temple do not, as it will be imagined, belong to himself. They are the property of a well-to-do bachelor friend, who seldom visits them, and who lends them to Wattie whenever he cares to come and occupy them. Wattie is one of those lucky men who always fall on their legs in these matters. He has friends by the score: friends with moors in Scotland, friends with fishing in Norway, friends with shooting in Norfolk, and friends to give him mounts in "the shires;" and one and all of these friends are ready and anxious to welcome him and to give him of their best, whenever he may feel inclined to come to them.

And so, amongst others, he has of course a friend who has nice airy rooms, conveniently situated in the Temple, and who is only too delighted to place them at Wattie's disposal.

Wattie, who has been reading for the bar ever since he reached mau's estate, comes to these pleasant chambers occasionally, by fits and starts, as it were, whenever a sudden fit of industry is upon him, takes possession of his friend's household gods, gives pleasantly-spoken orders with a smile on his handsome face to his friend's old man and woman, who are left in charge, and who are ready to work their old fingers to the bone in the service of such a winsome-mannered, liberal-handed young gentleman; and, taking down his friend's musty law-books from their shelves, sets to work with a will, and burns the midnight oil in the study thereof.

And accordingly, when his utter rejection by Georgie Travers's father drove him in honor from the neighborhood in which she lived, Wattie thought he would go up to London and toil at the law-books again. He had romantic ideas of remaining buried in hard study for several years, and then of bursting out suddenly into a Coleridge or a Cairns, when, having realized a large fortune and been raised to the top of his profession by his perseverance and genius, he would go down triumphantly to Broadley, and claim Georgie for his wife.

He set to work very hard indeed; for the

first week he made himself almost ill by the ardor and energy which he threw into his labors. For the first week—after that, he began to find it rather monotonous. It occurred to him that, as he had a good deal of talent for painting, the fine arts might possibly open out a quicker road to fortune and fame than the bar could do. At all events, the study would be pleasanter and more attractive in every way. Accordingly, the law-books were replaced on their shelves, and the friend's rooms were quickly transformed into a studio. If, argued Wattie, he were suddenly to present to the world a striking and original picture, full of genius and talent, would not his fortune be as good as made? Why condemn himself to years of dry and uninteresting study, when possibly a few months of much more congenial work might place him on "the line" on the Royal Academy walls, and lead him at once to a comfortable income and to Georgie Travers? And, even supposing he should not succeed, and his picture be a failure, why, then, he could always go back to the law-books; for, after all, a few months more or less would not make much difference in the long run.

It was just at this stage of his proceedings that he stumbled across Cis Travers in Blandford Street.

Wattie Ellison was exceedingly cordial to Cis; he had never taken very much notice of him when they were both down in the country together, but here up in London they met like old friends.

Georgie's brother was a person whom Wattie Ellison could not fail to find exceedingly interesting to him. When Cis sat in his friend's rooms writing to his sister, Wattie, without actually sending her any direct message, would suggest little allusions to himself, and give bits of information, or make little skillful inquiries, which Cis would duly report as he wrote.

"Wattie says he is going to do such and such things," or "Wattie has been asking me how your new mare goes, and what you have been doing this week," and so on; and then, when Georgie's answers came, you may be sure that all these little remarks were noticed and commented upon, and that the letter was as freely read by Wattie as by her brother.

Cis was fond of Georgie, for she had always been good to him, and protected him from his father, and he was glad to do a

good turn for her. Moreover, he became very fond of Wattie Ellison, and the two young men frequently spent their evenings chatting together in those pleasant Temple chambers, whilst Wattie, with a bit of charcoal, sketched out numberless rough designs for his great picture on a white board upon an easel hard by, and then asked Cecil's advice upon them. Cecil invariably said of each that it was very nice; and then Wattie shook his head and said it did not please him yet, rubbed it all out, and began it over again.

The same evening of the day when Wattie had met Cis and Gretchen walking together in Wigmore Street, the two young men were as usual sitting together over the fire in the Temple rooms, when Wattie said, rather suddenly:

"Do you intend playing Faust to our little friend Gretchen, Cis?"

"Eh, what? What on earth do you mean?" said Cis, getting rather red.

"Don't you think it rather a pity to walk about with the child? And I saw you buying those flowers for her the other day at Covent Garden. She is an innocent little soul; one wouldn't wish her to get into any trouble."

"There's no question of any Faust, as far as I am concerned, I assure you," said Cecil, earnestly, leaning forward in his chair and staring into the fire. "Why, you can't think so for one moment!"

"Well, I am glad of it; at the same time she may get fonder of you than is good for her, poor little girl, and it may put ideas into her head and give her hopes."

"Hopes? My dear Wattie, you don't imagine that Gretchen can expect me to marry her?" cried Cis, laughing.

"There's no knowing what a woman won't expect when a young man begins describing to her his views of marriage, as I heard you doing the other evening," said Wattie.

"O! as to that, you know, one can't allow her to throw herself away upon a boor like David Anderson, and I was giving her a little advice."

"Why should she not marry David? he would make her an excellent husband," replied his friend.

"My dear Wattie, what a sin it would be! Such a pretty, refined, gentle little thing to be wasted on a great rough fellow like that!"

"It would be a very good match for her. I don't see where she would get a better," persisted Wattie.

"Good heavens! how can you suggest such an outrageous combination? Beauty and the Beast would be nothing to it!" And Cis began impatiently walking about the room.

At this moment there was a slight scuffle outside the door, and in another instant the stern-visaged old woman who "did for" Mr. Ellison broke in upon the tete-a-tete of the two friends with the information, which she delivered with evident disapproval of such proceedings, that a young woman was wishing to see Mr. Travers.

She was almost immediately followed by a small figure, wrapped in a long black cloak, who, brushing past her into the room, fell at Cis Travers's feet in a passion of hysterical tears.

"Good heavens, Gretchen!" cried Cis. "What on earth is the matter? what has happened? Here, Mrs. Stiles, go and fetch this young lady a glass of sherry." And Wattie helped Cis to raise the sobbing girl and to place her on a chair.

"It is my father!" sobbed the girl. "O Mr. Travers, save me from him! He has beaten me so dreadfully, and he has turned me out of the house. Look here!" And she turned up her sleeve and showed the two horrified young men a sight that made them both shudder.

Her arm, once round, and white, and smooth, was covered with fearful bruises and bleeding wounds, and hung almost helplessly by her side.

"And my back is worse!"

"Good heavens, Gretchen, how dreadful!" exclaimed Wattie Ellison, in great dismay. "What was the reason of it? what made him so brutal to you?"

"Alas! it was because I have lost my situation as music teacher. I am sure I did no wrong, did I, Mr. Travers, by walking with you? But Mrs. Wilkins, the lady whose little girls I was teaching, saw me with you to-day, and she saw me once before, she says; so she came this evening and told my father I was a bad girl, and that she would not have me teach her children any more—and father was dreadfully angry, and beat me and then turned me out of doors; and O, do help me! What shall I do?" she cried, in her agony.

Cecil looked at his friend in blank dis-

may. This was what his mistaken kindness had brought upon her.

"Why on earth did you come here? had you no woman friend to go to?" asked Wattie, almost angrily, of the weeping girl.

"No, no one; and I knew Mr. Travers would take care of me, he is so kind to me. I haven't a friend in the world but you," she added, looking up imploringly at Cecil.

"What shall we do, Cecil? Shall we take her back to old Rudenbach?" asked Wattie, in great perplexity.

"O no, no, no!" cried Gretchen, imploringly. "I can never, never go back to him. If you knew how cruel he is, how often he beats me and kicks me, you would not want me to go back—I would rather beg my way in the streets. But, dear Mr. Travers, may I not stay here?"

She was evidently as innocent as a baby; no idea of any wrong or impropriety in coming alone at ten o'clock at night to throw herself upon the mercy and charity of two young men ever for an instant crossed her mind. Cecil was kind to her, and she loved him devotedly; so in her trouble she had come straight to where she knew he was likely to be found, and, having found him, she trusted herself implicitly to his protection.

No two young men were ever placed in a more awkward predicament. Here was this girl suddenly thrown upon their hands, without a friend in the world but themselves, and common humanity compelled them to take care of her. Cecil, moreover, felt himself responsible for the whole situation. It was his fault that the poor child had got into such a dreadful scrape; it was his foolish sentimental flirtation which had cost her her place and had made her brutal father turn her out of doors, and Cis felt in a perfect despair of misery and self-reproach as he reflected upon it.

Wattie Ellison forbore to reproach him. Fortunate it was that Mrs. Stiles was on the premises, and the two young men retired to consult with her over what was to be done.

Mrs. Stiles began by being exceedingly stiff and virtuous. She had never heard of such proceedings, she said, as a young woman coming alone to a gentleman's chambers in the middle of the night; she didn't know how she, Mrs. Stiles, a respectable woman, could mix herself up at all in such doings—with sundry other cutting remarks of the same nature; but when the whole of

Gretchen's story had been circumstantially related to her, and when she had seen the poor girl's maimed and bruised condition, feelings of humanity and charity awoke in her ancient bosom; and old Stiles, coming in at this juncture, proved a valuable ally, and suggested several useful and practical ideas.

Between the four it was settled that Mrs. Stiles should carry off Gretchen in a cab to the house of a cousin of her own—a certain Mrs. Blogg, who kept a small baker's shop in a street leading out of the Strand, and who, "for a consideration," which Cecil Travers eagerly offered to make as liberal as could be desired, would, she thought, take in Gretchen for a few days, until it could be further decided what to do for her.

This idea was immediately carried out. Poor little Gretchen, much bewildered and rather reluctant, was carried off by the stern but by no means unkind old woman. Cis wanted to go with them; but Wattie, who had more sense and more knowledge of the world, would not allow him to do so. Mrs. Blogg, a fat shrewd-faced woman, with a sharp eye to the main chance, fingered the installment of two sovereigns sent by Cis with greedy joy, and consented as a favor to take in the young woman.

And between them both the poor girl was put to bed.

But when Cis went the next morning to inquire after his protegee, he found that Mrs. Blogg had in much alarm sent for the nearest doctor, as Gretchen had awakened in high fever and was quite light-headed.

For nearly a fortnight the poor child lay in raging fever and burning thirst between life and death, and then her youth asserted itself and the disease left her, to live, but O! so weak and pale, such a poor little shadow of her former self, as made even the heart of the hired nurse whom Cecil had engaged to tend her ache with pity at the sight.

Meanwhile our two friends had not been idle in her service. They had, in the first place, repaired to Blandford Street, there to find that the wretched old German music teacher had departed and utterly vanished, leaving no direction behind him nor clue as to where he was to be found.

"And a good job, too!" said his indignant landlady; "although he do owe me for five weeks' rent, and for three pounds ten as he borrowed of me just the day be-

fore he went; but a more disrespectful drinking beast never came into an honest woman's house; and I am glad he's gone, even though I've lost the money. I am right down sorry for the poor young lady, that I am; and if I'd been at home he shouldn't have turned her into the streets; but then I was out, and never knew nothing about it till I got home, an hour after, and found that furrin beast lying dead drunk on the landing."

No more information being obtainable in this quarter, the two friends began seriously to discuss what should be done with poor Gretchen.

Cis Travers's funds were getting low, and he hardly knew how he should be able to go on supporting the girl if she were to be ill much longer.

Driven at last to desperation, he wrote to his father, and, vaguely stating that he had got into a little difficulty in which his honor was concerned, besought him to ask him no questions, but to send him a check for fifty pounds at once.

The squire was delighted with this letter from his son. It so happened that there had been a Newmarket meeting the previous week; and the sport-loving old man settled it in his own mind at once that Cis had been lured into making some imprudent bets, for which this sudden and mysterious demand for money was to pay. Any iniquity connected with horses and horse-racing was pardonable in the old man's eyes. He was positively enchanted.

"The boy is coming round at last!" he said to himself, with a chuckle; "I shall make something of him yet; that sending him to London by himself was a fine idea!"

And when Georgie came into his room, he said to her, with quite a beaming face:

"Cis wants money; he has been getting into trouble; he has been to Newmarket and lost his money, the young rascal!"

"To Newmarket!" repeated Georgie, in amazement. "Are you sure, papa?" For Cis had corresponded pretty regularly with his sister of late, and certainly there had been nothing in his letters to lead her to suppose that horse-racing had in any way formed part of his pleasures.

"I tell you he has been to Newmarket," repeated the squire, doggedly; for he was determined to believe it. And he turned the key of his cash-box and took out his check-book, filled up a check for seventy

pounds, and sat down and wrote a mild exordium to his son on the evils of betting if you backed the wrong horse, which letter considerably surprised and puzzled that young gentleman when he received it.

Georgie had her own opinions on the subject of what the money was wanted for, but she did not think it necessary to impart them to her father. She pulled old Chanticleer's ear, and the ancient hound winked his one eye gravely at her, as much as to say, "We know better, don't we?"

"So we do, old boy!" said Georgie, in answer, half aloud; and left the squire to his own delusions and to his letter.

But, although Cecil could make neither head nor tail of his father's letter, the meaning of his father's check was clear and very delightful, for with it he could do everything he wished for poor little Gretchen.

He and Wattie soon hit upon a plan for her. There was an old governess whom Wattie knew, who had once lived with the Ellisons, and who had now settled down in a little house in Pimlico, where she thankfully took in lodgers to eke out her small income.

This lady, Miss Pinkin by name, would, they soon found out, gladly receive Gretchen Rudenbach when she was well enough to leave Mrs. Blogg's not very comfortable mansion. Cecil was to pay for her lodgings and for the hire of a cottage piano for her use until she was well enough to begin her teaching again. Miss Pinkin's educational connection enabled her to ensure at least two or three young pupils for the girl at once, and in time she would, they hoped, get many more.

Gretchen, on being consulted, thankfully and meekly acquiesced in anything and everything that Cis had settled for her; and when she was well enough to be moved she took up her abode in Miss Pinkin's upper-floor rooms, and under that lady's care soon became strong enough to begin her work.

Cis took Wattie's advice, and went but very seldom to visit his little protegee. The poor child was very sad. She sat and watched for him day after day at her window, and when day after day passed, and he did not come, she wept miserable tears in her loneliness. Now and then, once perhaps in a fortnight, he did come and see her, and then Gretchen became a transformed being; her pale face was suffused

with a blush of delight as he entered, her heavy eyes became bright with happiness, and her gratitude and love for her young benefactor beamed out in every look and word.

But Cis was very prudent, and was determined not to put himself again in the wrong concerning her; only it did annoy him considerably to hear that David Anderson had tracked her to her new abode, and was constantly visiting her and repeatedly urging her to become his wife.

He might have made himself quite at ease concerning this. Gretchen was in no danger of becoming Mrs. David Anderson.

"I do not think about him," she would say to Miss Pinkin, when that good lady urged her not to turn a deaf ear to so advantageous an offer.

"But you do think about Mr. Travers, I am afraid, Gretchen," the ex-governess would say severely, "although he is far above you in station, and is not likely to think about you."

And to this accusation Gretchen could give no answer whatever.

CHAPTER XII.

REJECTED AND LEFT.

WITH her feet on the fender, the last new novel on her lap, and her eyes fixed on the fire, Juliet Blair is sitting one evening in the twilight in the little morning-room to which she is accustomed to resort for her five o'clock tea.

It so happens that an emissary from Madame Celeste in Bond Street, armed with cardboard boxes of every size and shape, has with much commotion arrived half-an-hour ago at the house, having come down from London by the afternoon express with an entirely new selection of Parisian bonnets, hats and headresses, for inspection.

Mrs. Blair, who would barter her soul away for a French bonnet, has retired with Ernestine to her bedroom to unpack and look over all these treasures, and it is possible that Colonel Fleming is not altogether unaware of these arrangements, nor of the superior attraction which retains the widow up stairs.

For he shortly afterwards steals into the morning-room and, drawing a chair in front of the fire, sits down by the side of his ward.

Juliet makes room for him with a smile,

and then for several minutes neither of them speak.

"I have been doing a very unpleasant duty this afternoon," says Colonel Fleming, at last.

"Yes?" from Juliet, inquiringly.

"I have sent off a letter that I have too long delayed writing. I have written to secure my return passage to India in the 'Sultania,' which is advertised to sail in a fortnight."

"What!" Juliet starts to her feet. "To India—are you mad! What have you done? The letters are not gone!" and she makes a step to the door.

He puts out his hand to stop her. "I am afraid they are, Juliet; the bag was just going as I came in; but even if they were not, it could make no difference. I have quite made up my mind that it is high time I went back."

"Surely this is a very sudden determination you have come to," said Juliet, trying to speak calmly.

"Not at all; I have been thinking of it for some time," he answered; "only it was no use talking about it until I had made up my mind to go; and now the deed is done," he added, with a half sigh.

"I do not see that the mischief is in any way irremediable," she answers, speaking quickly. "It is easy to write to-morrow, and retract your letter of to-day. Colonel Fleming, I entreat you to think better of it; we cannot let you leave us like this, indeed we cannot!"

"You are very good," he begins, rather formally; "but I have not acted without due thought, I assure you."

And then all her self-control forsakes her, and she bursts into a wail of despair, clasping her hands entreatingly—"O! why, why should you go? are you not happy here?"

"Yes, I am happy—too happy, perhaps," answers Hugh, gloomily; "but one doesn't live for happiness, unfortunately. I have quite finished all that I came home to do for you, Juliet; and now I am only wasting my time and my life here."

"But why need you ever go back? Why not throw up your Indian appointment, and stay at home?" she asks, despairingly.

Colonel Fleming smiles. "I don't quite see my way to that, Juliet. I am not likely to get anything else so good at home, or indeed anything at all, good or bad; all my interest is in India, and this appointment of

mine is a very good one. You forget that I am a poor man. I should not have enough of my own to live like a gentleman in England."

Juliet was leaning up against the mantelpiece with her arms folded upon it, and her head bent down upon them. He could not see her face—the firelight flickered red and warm over her dusky head and bowed figure; something in the utter despair of her attitude touched him strangely.

As he finished speaking, she raised herself abruptly and began walking rapidly up and down the room behind him.

"You must not go, you shall not go!" she kept on saying aloud. He would not look round at her, perhaps because he could not trust himself to do so. He sat leaning forward on his chair and staring fixedly into the fire.

Then all at once she came and stood behind him; her heart beat so that she could hardly stand; her voice trembled so that she could scarcely speak; her very hands, which she laid one on each of his shoulders, shook as they rested there.

There was no light in the room but the firelight, and they could not see each other's faces.

"Hugh! don't go. Why should you go? Have I not enough for us both? Stay and share everything that I have—dear Hugh!"

And to her trembling words there succeeded an utter silence in the little room.

Why had she not worded it otherwise? why had she not said, "I love you; stay for my sake, because I cannot live without you."

Then, indeed, he could hardly have withstood her; then, indeed, for her sake as well as for his own, he must have taken her to his heart at once and forever. But a something of maiden bashfulness and reserve, even in that moment of impulse, when in her despair she had let him see too much perchance of what was in her heart, had kept her back from the actual confession of her love.

She had spoken of her money! Ah, fatal, miserable mistake! She had brought up before him the one thing that in his own mind stood as an insuperable barrier between them, the one thing that for honor's sake bade him hold back and leave her.

Rapidly there flashed through his mind the utter impossibility of what she had asked him to do—"to stay and share all that was here!" How could he do so? how could he,

her guardian, place himself in the utterly false position of her lover?

Still he did not speak. Ah, will no good angel prompt her to fall at his feet and to cry, "I love you!"

The opportunity is gone. Hugh turns round, and takes her hands—gentle hands, that were still on his shoulders.

"My dear Juliet"—and his voice betrays some unwonted emotion—"you are, I think, the most generous-minded woman I ever met—but—"

"Ah, say no more! say no more!" she cries, wrenching away her hands from his grasp and burying her face in them.

"Do you not recollect, my child," he says, very gently and tenderly, "do you not recollect that I am your guardian, and you my ward? In such a position, that I should accept any gift or loan of money from you is utterly impossible."

He had willfully misinterpreted her meaning! With bitterest shame she saw that he misunderstood her purposely—that he spoke of her money where she had meant herself! Was ever woman subjected to such soul-degrading humiliation?

She, Juliet Blair the heiress, the owner of Sotherne, young, beautiful and talented, had made a free offer of herself to this man whom she had been weak enough to love. She had offered herself—and—had been rejected!

With flashing eyes and burning cheeks she turned upon him.

"Say no more, pray, Colonel Fleming. I am truly sorry that I should have offended you by offering to lend you money. As you say, I should have remembered that between you and me such a transaction was impossible. Pray forgive me, and rest assured that I shall be very careful not to offend you again by the repetition of such a proposition."

Her voice was full of scorn, and as she ceased speaking she made him a sweeping bow and left the room; and, hurrying up stairs into her own bedroom, she flung herself down upon the sofa and burst into a fit of passionate tears.

Bitter tears of anger and self-reproach over her own abased pride and mortified self-esteem! What demon had prompted her to speak those miserable words? Why had she committed the fatal, irretrievable error of wooing instead of waiting to be wooed? And the worst of it was that it was

all a mistake! She had thought herself loved, and she had been awakened rudely to find herself scorned and rejected! For that he had really misunderstood her she could not for one instant delude herself into believing. In his pity and his compassion he had answered her about her money, feigning to ignore her true meaning—which, alas, she had all too plainly betrayed!

To any woman the position would have been a sufficiently painful one; but to Juliet Blair, with her proud spirit and independence of mind, such thoughts were absolute torture.

There was no untruth in the statement which she made to her maid, when that functionary entered her mistress's room to put out her dress for dinner, that she had such a frightful headache that she felt quite unequal to going down stairs again, and that she would have a cup of tea in her room and then go to bed.

But when this message was brought down stairs to the two who were awaiting her appearance to go in to dinner, Colonel Fleming offered his arm in silence to the widow, and became very grave and silent indeed.

Not all Mrs. Blair's blandishments, backed up with an entirely new head-dress just come from town, could extract from her companion more than the most absent monosyllables.

When it came to the mistress of the house being forced to keep her room because of his presence—for it was thus that he interpreted her absence—Colonel Fleming felt that something must be done. Sotherne Court was no longer a fitting abode for him.

After dinner was over, he studied Bradshaw attentively for some minutes, and then, going into the library, rang the bell for Higgs.

"Higgs, can I have the dog-cart to-morrow morning to meet the eight o'clock train?"

"Yes, certainly, sir."

"Very well, then; will you send James to my room to pack my things? I find that I am obliged to go up to town rather suddenly to-morrow."

"Yes sir—sorry you are obliged to go, sir; we all hoped you would have stayed," said the old man, lingering for a minute to poke the fire and sweep up the hearth. "I'll send James at once, sir."

And Higgs went his way to the back region, where, to the select community in the

housekeeper's room, he gave it as his opinion that Miss Juliet had "given the colonel the sack; and more's the pity," says I, for a nicer, pleasanter-spoken gentleman than Colonel Fleming never stopped in the 'ouse!"

Colonel Fleming and James the footman were busy packing up for the best part of the night.

"He'll never come back no more," said James to his superior, when at last he was dismissed; "he's packed up every stick and every straw; he's not coming back no more, Mr. Higgs."

It did not behove Higgs to lower his dignity by confiding to one of the under servants his views of the part which he supposed Miss Blair to have played in this sudden departure. He contented himself with gruffly desiring James to "clean up that there mess, and to go to bed and be quite sure he called the colonel in plenty of time the next morning;" an injunction which James, mindful of parting tips, was not at all likely to forget.

When Juliet awoke at eight o'clock the next morning, her maid stood by her bedside with a cup of tea, and on the tray lay a small sealed note.

"Colonel Fleming desired me to give you this note, miss, before he went."

"Before he went! is he gone?"

With what a sudden faint sinking of the heart she asked the question! but how foolish! Of course he had only gone up to town for the day.

The maid, perfectly unconscious of her mistress's agitation, said cheerfully that, yes, the colonel was gone, and that she had heard Mr. Higgs say he had started in plenty of time, and was sure to have caught the train.

Juliet waited feverishly until the girl had left the room, and then tore open the note. It ran thus:

"Forgive me for leaving you so suddenly without a word of farewell or thanks for all your hospitality and goodness towards me; but you will not, I know, think me ungrateful. After all that has passed between us, I do not think I could have stayed any longer under your roof, and I have thought it best to leave you thus without the spoken farewell that must have been full of pain to us both. God bless and reward you, dear Juliet, for all your generosity and affection towards me. I can never forget either; and,

if ever you think of me in future years, do me at least the justice to believe that it is not inclination, but duty and honor alone, which have told me to leave you.

"I do not know where I shall stay in town, but I will write to you again before I leave England."

Mrs. Blair and Ernestine were as yet deep in the mysteries of rouge and crimping-irons, when, preceded by a short sharp knock, the door was flung open, and Juliet entered hurriedly, with an open letter in her hand.

"My dearest Juliet!" cried the widow, hastily flinging a dressing-cape over the small collection of pots, and phials, and camel's-hair brushes that stood on the table near her—"how you startled me! What on earth is the matter?"

"Did you know that Colonel Fleming was going away this morning?" asks Juliet, shortly.

"Going away? No, certainly not; has he gone?" answers Mrs. Blair, with an astonishment too real to be feigned.

"Yes, I have just had this note from him to say he is gone; and I don't know if you are aware of it, but he starts for India in a fortnight."

"No, indeed; I had no idea of it. So he is gone! very rude of him, I must say, to go without wishing us good-by." Mrs. Blair has some difficulty in concealing the satisfaction she feels at this unexpected news.

"Not rude at all; he is suddenly called away—it is perfectly natural. Of course he could not wake us all up at so early an hour," answers Juliet.

"What does he say? Let me see the letter," says her stepmother, stretching out her hand for the note; but Juliet does not dream of giving it to her.

"There is nothing in it that would interest you," she says, folding it up slowly and replacing it in its envelop. "Besides, he says he will write again from town."

"Ah, he will write again?"

"Yes, so he says."

"Then perhaps, Juliet, you will leave me to finish my dressing, as there is nothing very serious the matter, and it upsets my nerves to be obliged to talk so early in the morning. Go on with my hair, Ernestine."

And Juliet goes.

Somehow that promise that he will write again prevents her from despairing.

That letter, she thinks, will in some way make up to her for all the suspense and un-

certainty of the present. It is impossible that he can intend to leave her like that for years, perhaps indeed forever. Vaguely, indistinctly, as women see such things, she begins to see the duty and the honor by which he has said he considers himself bound; but, womanlike, she does not think very seriously of them. He has not at the same time more than implied that his inclination would lead him to stay with her? Do not such words mean that he loves her? And if so, then what need she fear?

What does a woman care for duty or for honor when set in the balance against love? Love in her mind outweighs everything; give her love, and she laughs at every other earthly consideration. To Juliet, with her impulsive enthusiastic mind, and her passionate temperament, it seemed impossible that so cold-blooded a thing as honor could in any man's mind win the day against love.

He would come back to her, she said to herself; he would not be able to stay away; a few days of waiting, and then he would come back to her, as he had come back before, sooner even than she had dared to hope for him.

She read his letter over and over again, she pressed it gladly to her heart and her lips, for she could not, possibly she would not, see in it a farewell.

And Hugh Fleming up in London is pacing objectlessly up and down Piccadilly and Pall Mall, wondering what he shall say to her, and feeling more and more angry with himself for having left her, and more and more inclined to go back to her by the next train.

Curiously enough, he does not feel at all sure that Juliet does indeed love him. Even her last interview with him, when she had of her own accord offered him everything, had but partially opened his eyes. He knows her to be impulsive and impetuous, and generous to a fault. What more likely than that such a woman, fond of him as she undoubtedly was, should in a moment of exaltation be carried away into offering more than she intended or realized?

Should he be right or justified in taking advantage of that moment of weakness?

Had he known how completely and utterly the girl's heart was given over to him, he would certainly never have left her; but he did not know it—he knew, indeed, that if he chose he might win her, but he did not understand that she was already won.

He wandered about the streets, trying to settle in his own mind how he should write to her—or whether, indeed, he should write to her at all; and at last he decided to give himself one more chance of happiness.

He turned into the club, and sat down and wrote to her. He begged her to tell him truly if indeed what she had said to him had been the voice of her own heart—or merely an impulse of generosity; he told her that he loved her passionately, entirely, devotedly, with a love that he never thought to feel again after the death of his first love, and which she, Juliet, alone had had power to waken in him. But he told her at the same time that every feeling of honor, of duty and of delicacy bade him leave her; that her money stood between them like a wall; and that, moreover, his own peculiar position as her guardian made it almost a breach of trust to the dead that he should aspire to be her lover. One consideration alone, he said, could surmount these objections—the consideration of her happiness. If, indeed, she loved him so entirely that without him she could not live nor be happy, then indeed, and then only, would he throw all these most weighty objections to the winds, and devote his whole existence to her. And in this case he entreated her to write to him at once and recall him to her side; but if it was not so, if it was merely a grateful affection, a generous friendship, or even but a brief-lived fancy, which had made her for one short hour imagine that she loved him—in that case he prayed her to put his letter into the fire, and to send him no answer whatever, to it; he should know too well how to interpret her silence. He concluded his letter by naming to her the very latest date at which he could receive an answer from her in town before starting for Southampton, and by telling her that up to the very last minute he should still not despair, but hope to hear from her.

Even when he had directed and stamped this letter, Colonel Fleming did not immediately post it. He was still so doubtful about the wisdom and the propriety of writing to her at all that he walked about with the letter in his pocket the whole of the next day. It was only on the third day that, having, I think, previously tossed up a sovereign, drawn lots from a number of blank slips of paper for one marked slip, and made use of sundry other most childish and

undignified tricks of chance, in every one of which the luck came to the same decision, he finally determined to send the letter, and, going out with it on purpose, dropped it himself into the pillar-post.

And then he waited—at first confidently and patiently—then, after a day or two, less confidently, but still patiently—then with restless impatience, and finally, as the days slipped away one after the other, and the posts came in in regular succession, and brought him many others, but never the one letter he looked for—finally his waiting became despair.

The last day of his stay in England dawned. He was obliged to go about his business to a few shops and to his banker's—but all day long he kept returning to his hotel to ask feverishly if there were no letters for him, to receive ever the same answer—none.

Then late in the afternoon he went to see a friend whom he could trust, and charged him solemnly to go the last thing at night, and again the first thing in the morning, to his hotel, after he had left, and if he found there any letter for him with a certain postmark, to telegraph to him on board the 'Sultana,' at the Southampton Docks, to stop his starting.

The friend promised faithfully—and then he could do nothing more, and he was obliged to go down to Southampton. To the last he would not give up hope; he watched and watched all that night and all the next morning from the vessel's side, long after he had gone on board, for anything in the shape of a telegraph boy; and he would not have his things taken into his cabin, nor settle even that he was going, until the very last.

And then all at once the anchor was raised, and it was too late.

And as the good ship "Sultana" steamed slowly over the gray waves of Southampton Water in the early morning, and stood out to sea in a light and favorable wind, Colonel Hugh Fleming beneath his breath cursed his native land, and Sotheby Court, and Juliet Blair, with deep and bitter curses.

"She does not know how to love—she could not stand the test. Her pride has ruined us both!"

And he turned his back on the white shores of the old country, and set his face fixedly and determinedly towards that far Eastern land to which he was bound.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SKY-ROYAL JACK:

—OR,—

AN ADVENTURE ON THE GUINEA COAST.

BY M. QUAD, OF THE DETROIT FREE PRESS.

I WAS mate of the old barque David Roberts, and it was my third voyage in her to foreign shores. We had loaded at New York with Yankee notions, powder, lead, hatchets, knives and cloths, and I can't tell you what not, and were bound for the Upper Guinea coast to exchange our cargo for ivory, gold-dust, palm-oil and ginger.

She was a stanch old barque, carried a jolly crew, and Mr. Ashley the captain was one of the old-style captains who could be commander without being a tyrant.

She had been towed down to Sandy Hook in the morning, but there being a stiff gale outside, we cast anchor, and bounced and tossed the day out. The wind fell a little at dark, but was still in our teeth, and it was not until an hour after midnight that we shook out the canvas and sent her off. The men were aloft shaking out, when an old sailor called down:

"On deck, there—I've found a boy!"

The barque hadn't carried a boy for years, and the hail produced amazement on deck.

"Lay out, man—lay out lively!" called Captain Ashley, in reply; and we heard nothing further from Thomas until he came down behind a bit of a boy only eleven years of age. The lad came down the shrouds as if going up and coming down had been an everyday occurrence for years; and as we all rubbed our eyes and looked again, he leaped off the rail, walked directly up to the captain, and said:

"Please, sir, I haven't any father or mother!"

"Sharks and sarpints! but who are ye, and how did ye come aboard?" exclaimed the captain, backing off in amazement.

"Please, sir, I climbed up just before the tug took hold of you in the harbor," answered the boy.

Well, you may guess that we were thunderstruck at the idea of that little shaver being hidden away in the rigging for as good as a day and a half, hungry and thirsty, and the barque tossing as if she meant to throw her jibboom over the topsail-yard.

He hadn't suffered much, or was too plucky to own it; but he was much relieved at his kind reception on deck. When the watches were set, the decks cleared, and the old barque was tossing spray clear back to the mainmast, we took the youngster below, gave him food and drink, and got his story.

He hadn't much of a yarn to spin. He had been kicking around New York ever since he could remember, never knowing father or mother, and had come up a regular *gamin*. However, in spite of his evil associations, the boy wasn't half as bad as might have been expected. He was bright, intelligent and interesting, and as we could not get rid of him unless we tossed him over the rail, he was booked for the voyage.

As I told you a little while ago, the Roberts hadn't carried a boy for years; and perhaps it was this fact, as well as the fact that most of us were fathers, which acted to make the lad a general favorite from the hour he came on deck. He knew what good manners were, and his respectful demeanor towards the crew went far to secure each man's good opinion. We had to get a name for him, and after considerable thought it was decided to call him Sky-royal Jack. He told us that he had always been called "Putty," and he didn't know what his last name should be. Sky-royal Jack was too long a name for everyday use, and in a little time it was abbreviated to "Sky," and Sky it is to this day.

You would be amazed if I should tell you that the lad hadn't been aboard the barque a week when he could name almost every rope, and lay his hands on every article called for. He learned more in a week than some men know at the end of a year's voyage. It seemed to come natural to him, and all the tossing and bouncing we got did not make him lose a meal.

Sky was as ragged as a scarecrow when he came aboard, and we had a general overhauling of chests until he was fitted out. As soon as he had been robbed of half a peck of hair, and the dirt had been peeled

off, he looked like a yacht under a new coat of paint, and he began to take pride in keeping himself clean.

Well, long enough before we struck the tradewinds and headed for King Dahomey's country, every man aboard the barque felt like a father towards Sky. I don't know as I gave him any more attention, or addressed him more kindly than any one else, but he seemed from the start to cling to me. I did not repulse him, of course, and in a little while the crew got to look upon him as an orphan who had a guardian and a step-father in the second mate. Many was the hour, when off duty, that I instructed the lad to the best of my ability, and no teacher ever had a more patient willing pupil.

It seemed as if the boy brought good luck with him. Such another splendid run as the barque made I have never known. Foul weather or fair, she was always going ahead; and the black squalls, simoons and dead calms passed to one side, and gave us a level keel, until the men almost wished for a touch of a hurricane to break the monotony.

We ran down through the trades at last, got a blow-hot-and-blow-cold wind for three or four days, and finally sighted the coast. In those days—for I am writing of thirty years ago—the Guinea coast was but little known, and the natives had had but little intercourse with the whites. The English and French settlements were little colonies, maintained at great expense, and the Dahomey coast had never been visited except by a few ships in our line of trade. There was considerable hazard in trafficking with the natives, who couldn't be trusted out of sight; but when once the ship's cargo had been exchanged for the products of the coast, and the voyage home safely made, the profits were enormous.

The Roberts was provided with a four-pound cannon, twenty muskets, a score of lances, and her crew of sixteen were supposed to be strong enough to repel any attack which any fleet of canoes could make. Captain Ashley had been on the coast in another ship, understood how to traffic, and we had no apprehension of any serious difficulty so long as we kept the weather-eye open for signs of treachery.

Well, we ran in for the coast until about noon, when we came to anchor about three miles from the beach, loaded the cannon with slugs, got out the muskets, and ran up

a white flag as a signal for the natives. It wasn't half an hour before we saw them putting out in their canoes, and within an hour we had some of them aboard. The fellows were fierce ugly-looking chaps, and we allowed no more than five to come aboard at once. Of course, no man aboard could understand a word of their lingo, but we got along very well for all that. We exhibited samples of our stock in trade, made known by signs what we wanted in exchange, and sent the chief away loaded down with presents. He gave us to understand that he desired to be friendly and fraternal, and that his people would be glad of the opportunity of traffic. When he went overboard he called the canoes around him in council, exhibited his presents, and before night we had exchanged a hundred dollars worth of knickknacks for a thousand dollars worth of gold-dust and palm-oil. Of course we felt in good spirits, but we did not for a moment forget the sort of men we were dealing with. Everything had passed off smoothly and satisfactorily during all the day, but there was no telling when the treacherous natives would uncover a plot.

It was the same thing over the next day, and the next, and the next. After the first day the natives had endeavored to persuade the captain into taking the barque nearer the coast, and had also asked to have a boat and crew go ashore with them to help bring off the palm-oil and ginger; but the captain refused to do either, being constantly on the lookout for a trap. If the fellows were disappointed, they did not show it in their actions; but at the end of the third day they gave us to understand that they had disposed of all their stock in trade, and had nothing more to barter. We had been trafficking with but one tribe, simply, and having exhausted them, were ready to move down the coast and hunt a new field.

The old chief, who had spent a great share of the three days aboard the barque, gave us to understand that he was acquainted with several tribes down the coast, and that for a small consideration he would go along and serve as a medium of introduction. His services were gladly retained, but, much to his discomfiture, Captain Ashley would not allow the old fellow's body-guard, consisting of a dozen stalwart negroes, to go along in the barque. I think the plan was to get the fellows aboard, and

then make a sudden attack, in hopes to overpower us.

Just at sundown we shook out our canvas and ran down the coast about twenty miles, and then came to anchor. There was an indentation, or bay, good holding ground, and we ran in to within two miles of the coast before the anchor went down. We had counted on the chief remaining aboard during the night, at least, but he was presently in a great stew to go ashore. We had hauled his canoe in over the rail when leaving the former trading-ground, and finding that he was determined to put off in spite of all obstacles, the craft was tumbled into the water, and we bade the old heathen good-by.

"That's the last of him," remarked Captain Ashley, as the canoe vanished in the darkness. We thought he intended returning to his tribe, having got the compensation in his pockets, but it was of no great account whether he stayed or departed.

The night was a very quiet one, in spite of predictions to the contrary, and it was hardly daylight before the old chief was back again, bringing a dozen canoes with him. Each one was loaded with goods for barter, and we went right to business at once. The new-comers were a more jolly set than the others, and they gave us their goods at our own prices. They seemed far more interested in the barque than in securing a fifth of the value of what they exchanged, but they had an object in view. At noon the old chief gave us to understand that we hadn't yet seen a tenth of the wealth of the tribe, and that we must run in nearer the coast if we wanted to do any more trading, as the men were tired making such long voyages. The captain at first refused, but when the canoes all left, and when the wind changed to blow off shore, we concluded to run in for the afternoon, and bring the barque out again before dark.

There was plenty of water to within forty rods of the green beach, but we let go the anchor when about a mile away, and the natives cheered and shouted as if well pleased. Trade was at once resumed, and the way we took in and sent out goods would have astonished the senior partner of a wholesale London house.

About five o'clock in the afternoon, and when we seemed on the best terms with them, there was a sudden cry of alarm from Sky, followed by shouts from the men, and

we discovered the boy in one of the canoes, which was making for the beach at all speed. Sky had attracted the attention and admiration of the natives from the moment of their coming aboard, but he had been shy of them. One of them had suddenly seized him as he sat on the rail, leaped into the sea, and a canoe was in waiting to pick them up.

"Clear the decks—drive every mother's son of them overboard!" shouted the captain, as he understood the case, and we were not a minute getting rid of them. In fact, they deserted us as fast as they could tumble over the rail.

"Mr. Ratlin, lower a boat, take six men, and if you can't overhaul them give 'em all the lead you've got!" said the captain to me; and the boat was down and manned in thirty seconds. The muskets were passed down, four men picked up the oars, and away went the boat.

I had no hope of overtaking the fellows in so short a run and with such a start as the canoe had, but, nevertheless, it wasn't two minutes before I saw that we were gaining on them. Their plan was to make a great show of getting away, but to move slowly, in order to entice us forward, but I didn't understand it until too late. So long as we were gaining I had hopes, and gave no orders for opening a fusillade. Anxious and excited, and blood up to the boiling point, we drove straight ahead for the beach, and were not ten rods behind the boy and his captors.

"Leave the boat and charge them!" I shouted, as the yawl was beached; and away we went, following the negroes over a ridge. I went over first, and was pushing down a narrow valley, flanked with a tangled undergrowth, when a blunt-headed arrow struck me on the right elbow, and knocked me down as suddenly as if I had been shot. At the same instant there was a terrible yelling, several old muskets were discharged, spears thrown and arrows sent, and I sat up and saw that I was surrounded by natives. There were twenty of them to one of the crew, but the brave sailors didn't fall back until, as I afterwards learned, every man was more or less severely wounded, and the muskets had only one more charge apiece. They got the yawl off amid a regular bombardment; and I think the five would have been captured but for the fact that another boat put off from the barque to assist them.

Well, there I was, the bones of my elbow mashed until I couldn't raise my arm, and two hundred natives dancing around me like so many Pawnees. I was jerked to my feet, kicked, cuffed and tripped down until I was ready to faint, and I expected every moment would be my last.

Sky hadn't received a scratch. I doubt if any of the natives had ever seen a small white boy before, for they felt of him, walked around him, and looked upon him with that curiosity which children display in visiting a museum. I could see that he was pale and nervous, but he was pure grit, and didn't go to howling or lamenting as some boys, or even some men, would have done under like circumstances.

The natives gathered on the beach to oppose the landing of the boats, if a landing was contemplated; but after a consultation, midway between the barque and the beach, both boats rowed back to the ship. It was now dusk, and I listened to hear her cable rattling, and looked to see her sails shaken out, but neither event occurred. There were still fifteen men aboard, and it was evident that Captain Ashley had no fears of a capture, no matter what he thought of our case.

We were all on the beach looking toward the ship, and the natives jabbering and gesturing wildly, when little Sky crept up to me, plucked at my sleeve, and whispered:

"Don't be afraid, Mr. Ratlin! I guess we can get away to-night!"

"My child, I'm afraid we've got into bad water," I replied, in a whisper. "They are a savage race, and if they don't kill us both, they'll be sure to finish me, anyhow."

They came dancing and howling around us in a way to make me think they meant to do it then and there, but in a little while they were cooled down, and we were started inland. My arm was perfectly useless, and the pain was so great that I could not repress a groan now and then as they hauled me around in their wild joy at having secured two prisoners from the crew.

We had not travelled over half a mile when we came upon their village, which was a collection of tents and shanties situated on the greensward at the base of the coast line of mountains. There were a good many women and children, all half-naked or entirely nude, and their demonstrations of joy were exceedingly violent. They took to Sky at once, all their actions showing

that they meant him kindly, but with me the case was different. I think I received more kicks in two hours than any other man who ever had an existence, to say nothing of the innumerable cuffs and slaps.

After being on exhibition at the village for about an hour, Sky and I were separated and placed in different tents under guard. I was much grieved at this, as I believed they meant to spare the boy and wanted to give him some advice as to his future. I saw him crying as they led him off, and I felt sorry to see him break down after all the pluck he had shown. I was glad enough to get away from the crowd and their kicks, and as soon as pushed into the tent I worked my coat off, ripped up my shirt-sleeve, and took a look at the injured elbow. The arm was swelling fast, and I found that I had a hurt which would cripple me for many days, if not weeks. I could do nothing but bathe it in water, of which there was a good supply in the tent, and I found that the pain would prevent me from sleeping.

The howling and rejoicing was kept up until near midnight, and as near as I could judge from actions the fellows planned to call in their friends and have a good time over my death. It was generally understood then that the Dahomey men were cannibals, and it wasn't pleasant to be seated in their village and reflect that before another night they might be handing around baked sailor and asking each other's opinion as to the quality of the meat. And yet I could entertain no idea of escape. It would have been silly to think of skulking into the woods, and in my crippled condition it would have been impossible for me to have swam five rods toward the ship, even if she maintained her anchorage and the sharks let me alone.

The tent was made out of old sailcloth and grass mats, and was a large one, being about twenty feet long by ten wide. I think they must have used it for a sort of council tent, as it was by all odds the largest in the village. There was only one native set to guard me, and he walked up and down the beach side of the tent, musket on his shoulder, stopping about once an hour to look into the tent and see if I was there.

It was one o'clock at least before the village grew quiet. I had to sit and hold the wrist of my injured arm and bear the pain as best I could. It was a still calm night,

and I kept listening for some sound from the barque, half expecting that the captain might send a boat's crew ashore, although at the same time acknowledging to myself that it would be a foolhardy business which could result in no good.

It was somewhere about half past two o'clock, and the sentinel had just looked in on me, when Sky came creeping along from the rear end of the tent, coming so softly that I did not know of his presence until he put his hand on my leg.

"Don't be afraid, Mr. Ratlin—I've come to get you away!" he whispered in my ear.

He had been imprisoned in a hut with a family, but as soon as the other inmates fell asleep he had rolled out and crept on his hands and knees through the village to join me. I told him how badly I was hurt, and that we had no chance of reaching the ship, but he grew the more anxious for a trial, and I finally began to have hopes where all had been dark despair. He thought we could manage one of the canoes, and when we remembered that all the crafts had been brought up the creek to the village, he declared that if we could reach the beach, and if the barque was still at her anchorage, he would find a way of reaching her.

I give the boy all credit, for without his hopeful cheering words I should not have made a move towards escape. Finding the village very quiet, I at last consented to make an attempt. He went first. It was a plain road back to the beach, and he was to get outside the village and wait for me. He was off like a shadow, and after I had reason to believe that he was waiting for me, I became excited and anxious to make my escape. Walking to the rear end of the tent, I passed out, crouched down and skulked along, and as soon as I had put two or three tents between the sentinel and myself, I felt quite safe.

I was out of the village before I knew it, and there had been no alarm. Sky was waiting for me about half way to the beach, and he was so jubilant that he fell to dancing upon the grass. We both felt terribly anxious as we crossed the ridge for fear that the barque had hauled off the coast; but bless her! there she was on the same old spot, sails clewed up as if she meant to stay for a month. It was neither a dark nor a light night; we could make out her spars and sails against the sky, but could not distinguish her hull from the black cloud

which hung over the water. There we were at the water's edge, and there the barque was, and how were we to get aboard?

"I'm going to swim to her, sir!" whispered Sky, pulling off his coat.

I remonstrated with him, as the coast was alive with sharks, but he wasn't a minute hauling off his clothes.

"I'll come back in the yawl, sir, and you needn't be afraid, sir!" he whispered as he shook my hand; and next moment he had waded out and was swimming.

I would not have dared the dangers had I had a dozen lives to save. During the afternoon I had at one time counted fourteen large sharks around the barque, and I believed that the boy would be pulled under before he had made thirty strokes. I stood there with my heart beating fast, forgetting all about the Dahomey people as I listened to hear him scream out when attacked, but no scream came. I feared also that he would find the distance too far, and I worked myself into such a nervous fit that I sweat like a farmer in a hayfield.

Daylight comes early in that country. I had a fear that, even if the boy was allowed to reach the barque, he would not return in time. I estimated that it would take him half or three-quarters of an hour to swim, five or ten minutes for the sailors to lower away the boat and make a start, and from fifteen to twenty minutes to pull the boat to the beach. This would bring the time to broad daylight. It was certain that our escape from the village would be discovered at daylight, if not sooner, and the natives might kill me right there on the beach, with the boat on the way to rescue me.

Sky had been gone about half an hour when I heard a fierce yell from the village. The sentinel had discovered my absence, and it wasn't two minutes after the first alarm before I heard the negroes turning out and whooping and yelling. There was no hiding-place on the beach, but there was a mass of rocks close to the water which would partly conceal me. I had scarcely changed positions when a great crowd came rushing down to the beach. Daylight was close at hand, and as I had yet heard no sound from the barque, I gave myself up for lost.

The natives ran up and down the beach, seeking traces of us, and just then I heard Sky's voice calling over the water:

"Don't be afraid, Mr. Ratlin—we are coming!"

I escaped discovery for about two minutes longer, and then the crowd caught sight of me and made a rush. There was a broken lance on the sand, and as I saw the crowd coming I leaped out and secured the stick and jumped back. My position was standing in the water up to my knees, rocks in front and to the right, but my left flank was open for attack. On they came, and next moment there were fifty of them stabbing and striking at me with their lances. I had only my left arm, and it was more than I could do to ward off their spear-points, some of which pricked me every moment. I knew the boat was coming; I could hear the men jumping to their oars, and little Sky was shouting:

"Pull! pull! pull! We are coming, Mr. Ratlin—don't give up!"

The natives were furious at my resistance, and one of them, standing on the sands, took aim at me with his musket. I thought my time had come, but when the musket was discharged its contents killed one of the natives at my right. They were pressing me hard, and next moment I would

have been down, when the sailors opened fire with their muskets and came on with a yell. The boat grounded near me, some one pulled me in, and then I knew no more until I opened my eyes aboard the barque. Sky was crying over my face, and as he saw that I had my senses again he whispered:

"We killed a full dozen on 'em before we got off, and we thought they had done for you."

It was a close call. I had nearly twenty different wounds, and I wasn't a well man again for a year. It wasn't a great deal I could do for the boy then in a pecuniary way, and I had to repay him in kind words and good teachings. He has been a man for years past, sailing a ship of his own, and I am now an old tar, anchored in peaceful waters; but we haven't forgotten each other. When he comes to see me we talk over old times, and as we get around to the night among the Dahomey men he says:

"It was a long swim, Mr. Ratlin, but the Lord heard my prayers, and he kept the sharks away and gave me strength."

THE WIDOW ARMSBY.

BY ELIZABETH BIGELOW.

I WAS smoking my third Havana, and meditating upon a variety of things—among others the rise in Erie stock, the inscrutable fate that had left me a bachelor so many years, the depth of feminine depravity that made my sister Laura drag me to Newport, every season, when I might go to W—, and luxuriate in trout-fishing and shirt-sleeves—when the postman brought my mail. There was a letter from Laura. I read all the others first. Not but that I think a great deal of Laura, but she is addicted to the customary feminine failings, exaggeration and prolixity, which make her letters rather exasperating to a man of my temperament, who invariably calls a spade a spade, and says what he has to say in the smallest possible space. When I had finished reading the others I could scarcely summon courage to open Laura's—I knew so well that she was laying some new snare for my unwary feet. Doubtless Newport and her dear friend Miss Angelique De Plummerie were not enough for *this* season. Still fate is sometimes kinder than our de-

serts; there was a bare possibility that she might be going to let me off for this summer. Emboldened by that thought I opened it and read:

"DEAR JACK,—It is just the most fortunate thing imaginable that you are coming down next Tuesday, for my dear friend and schoolmate Marion Earl, of whom you have often heard me speak, is coming, too, and alone, and will be delighted to have you for an escort. She is visiting in Albany, now, but will be in the ladies' room at the — Station, at 10 o'clock, Tuesday morning. I send a photograph, so that you may be sure to know her. Don't forget that she is Mrs. Armsby now, she married Jo Armsby, three years ago, and he only lived a few months after, you know." (Yes, I did know Jo Armsby—a reckless dissipated fool. What could a girl be who would marry him?) "I know you will be delighted to make yourself agreeable to dear Marion, and you can't help being charmed with her—she is so brilliant and fascinating."

Brilliant and fascinating! If there is any-

thing in the world that I hate it is a woman who is called "brilliant and fascinating." I groaned in agony of spirit. But there was nothing for it but to hunt up "dear Marion," see to all her trunks, satchels, umbrellas and poodles—Laura's dear friends always travelled with poodles—see that she had a comfortable seat, and was neither too cold nor too warm, had plenty of books and bananas, and, worst of all, beguile her soul with small talk incessantly!—your brilliant and fascinating woman always wants to talk! Now perhaps you may think, especially if you are a she, that I was a cynical old bachelor. I was nothing of the sort. The trouble was that I had an ideal of womanhood, and my sister's dear friends didn't come up to it. They were all "women of the period." Abominable expression, but more abominable things!—at least I *used* to think so. My ideal was a dove-eyed, soft-voiced little woman, with light soft hair, not crimped, or frizzed, or any of those abominations, but combed "Madonna-wise," and entirely superior to the dictates of fashion in her dress. She wore plain, graceful, flowing robes, and artistic combinations of color, but flounces, overskirts and furbelows—never!

Laura was accustomed to ask me, sarcastically, if I ever expected to find this paragon of perfection, and if I did "did I expect to appear in public with her?"

I can hardly say that I *did* expect ever to find her, and therefore I expected to live, till the end of my days, a lonely, forlorn, melancholy old bachelor.

Still I am only thirty-three, and had not quite given up the search.

But among Laura's friends I should never find her, that was certain. And this one was a widow—worse and worse! But there was no need for me to "beware of vidders." I had, naturally, a perfect horror of them; not all the vidders in the universe could beguile me.

The Widow Armsby's photograph had dropped to the floor. It occurred to me, then, to see how she looked—a rather necessary proceeding, you will allow, if I was to recognize her in a crowded waiting-room, by that means.

There was nothing particular about the face. It was rather well shaped, and had a pleasant expression, the eyes and hair, I judged, were dark; the hair was gotten up in the latest style, of course, crimped, and

frizzed, and puffed, and fluffed, and braided, and curled, till the head looked like the tower of Babel.

I gazed at the picture till I thought I should know the Widow Armsby if I saw her, and then put it in my pocket, where I could have it to look at on Tuesday morning if I should get puzzled.

I *did* get very much puzzled, on Tuesday morning. The waiting-room was pretty well filled, but though I had thought the face such an ordinary one there was not a lady there who at all resembled the picture. I took the photograph out of my pocket and studied it furtively, until a pair of school-girls caught me at it, and began to giggle, after the manner of the species, thinking, no doubt, that it was affection which riveted my eyes upon the Widow Armsby's features—they never were more mistaken! I walked around the room, and looked inquiringly at every woman who might possibly be supposed to be the Widow Armsby. Not one of them looked at all responsive. My photograph had been forwarded to the Widow Armsby, and as it was a striking likeness—glasses and all—she must have recognized me if she was there. I made a frantic leap on board the last car, just as it was slipping out of the depot. I must be on duty at Newport, widow or no widow.

My spirits rose. I had done my duty, and yet I was not burdened with the Widow Armsby!

Suddenly an elegant embroidered little satchel, with the letter A on it, caught my eye. It was hanging directly over the seat in front of me. A stood for Armsby; that was what attracted my attention. I looked at its owner. She was a "girl of the period;" there was no question about that. She had on what is called a "stylish" travelling dress, a mass of crinkled hair drawn down over her forehead, a little hat with a bird's wing on it, set jauntily on the top of a heap of coal-black braids and puffs. Her profile was turned towards me, and I could see that she had a straight little nose, and long lashes. I scrutinized her face, because I thought she might possibly be the Widow Armsby, and had not liked the looks of my photograph sufficiently well to wait for me.

She turned and looked at me, as was quite natural. But then having looked once she turned and looked again. I would not have you suppose that was an unusual occurrence.

I am considered to be a particularly good-looking man, and young ladies often look at me twice, but I fancied I saw in her eyes a sort of recognition—bright black eyes they were, with a saucy make-fun-of-everything sort of expression to them—not my dove-eyed ideal by any means! But it might be Mrs. Armsby; the features were certainly not unlike hers; she might perhaps make an ordinary-looking picture, though those eyes were by no means ordinary!

But I couldn't quite make up my mind to speak to her, on the strength of an A on her travelling bag, and a resemblance that *might* be purely imaginary. Besides, if she were the Widow Armsby she had given me the slip, and I wasn't obliged to devote myself to her. But I *did* wish she would turn round once more. She didn't, however. She stuck her ticket in her hatband—(O those "girl of the period" ways!—my ideal could never be capable of sticking her ticket in her hatband) and devoted herself to a paper-covered novel.

I read my newspaper; it was singularly dull and uninteresting, and I flavored it, occasionally, by glances at a straight little nose and long lashes. I wondered if anybody beyond childhood ever had such very long lashes before. I had never thought of it before, but I added them now to the sweet and seraphic face of my "ideal."

Suddenly she laid down her book, and took a letter from her pocket. I leaned over and looked at the superscription. I considered it justifiable under the circumstances—not because I admired her eyelashes, you understand, but because she might be Mrs. Armsby. Sure enough! the letter was directed to "Mrs. M. Armsby." I rose impulsively.

"I have the pleasure of speaking to Mrs. Armsby, I believe? I—I—have your photograph." (Those saucy black eyes were looking mercilessly straight at me, and I blushed and stammered like a schoolboy.) "I expected to find you in the waiting-room. I—I—am very sorry to have missed you!"

"You are Uncle John, then?" she said, frankly, extending a daintily gloved little hand.

"Why—why, yes, Brother Ned's children call me so sometimes!" I stammered. Uncle John sounds very old bachelorish, some way. I didn't fancy it, at all.

"I am so glad to have met you! I dislike travelling alone so much? I quite dreaded

the journey! When you didn't come to the hotel, I thought something must have prevented you from meeting me. I didn't think of looking in the waiting-room."

At the hotel! O, that was so like Laura! I thought with a smothered groan. She had not mentioned a hotel to me, and here was this charming little creature thinking I had neglected her!

"It was bad enough coming all the way from Chicago, alone," she warbled on, in such a birdlike voice!—once I *might* have called it *rattling*, for she did talk a good deal, but ah! not now. Was it possible that I, a man of thirty-three, with an ideal, was subjugated by a pair of saucy black eyes, and some long lashes, belonging, too, to an unmistakable "girl of the period?"

Alas! I could not tell. Some change had certainly "come over the spirit of my dream."

"I am so impatient to see the dear children again—I think they are the cutest, cunningest little things! Flossy is my especial favorite."

Now as my niece Flossy had arrived at the mature age of five or six weeks I thought Mrs. Armsby had rather strange taste. As I had never had the pleasure of meeting my youthful relative, and had, indeed, been apprised only the day before that her name was Flossy, I could not be expected to respond very cordially to this sentiment.

I could not be expected to, I say, but I did!—what sentiment wouldn't I have responded to, backed by those eyes and that bewitching little smile?

"The loveliest of them all! and such a sweet name," murmured I, like an imbecile.

"And Nellie—isn't she a darling?"

Who was Nellie? Not one of Ned's children! Possibly one of Laura's friends; I didn't remember all their names. It wouldn't be safe for me to say that she was "a darling" upon uncertainties, but I *did* think it safe to respond, with some enthusiasm, "she's a very nice girl."

"A nice girl?" And the saucy eyes danced. "Why I mean the little Spitz dog!"

"O yes, yes, certainly! a very nice dog," stammered I, inwardly cursing my stupidity in not remembering the name of the wretched little beast that was always under my feet, at Ned's.

She talked about a good many other people whose names I didn't remember. How I wished I had taken more interest

Laura's friends! If they had only been more like *her* I should have had no occasion for that regret!

I took excellent care of her, or so she said, with a bright little smile, and what a delightful thing it was to take care of her!

After we got over talking about our mutual friends, and on to general subjects, I grew gradually more at ease; I felt as if the hours were slipping by in a delightful dream.

"We are almost there!" she said, suddenly.

"O, Newport is a good many miles away, yet!" I said, almost wishing we might never get there, to have any interruption to this blissful dream.

"Newport? But I am not going to Newport. Are you? I thought you were going directly to Alice's. She wrote me that you were."

This was very bewildering. I began to perceive that there was a mistake somewhere.

"I don't know Alice," I said. "I am going to Newport, to meet my sister Laura, who wrote me that you were going there, too."

"I am going to K——, to visit my sister, who is married and lives there; and she wrote me that her husband's uncle would come to the hotel for me. Aren't you Uncle John?"

"I am Uncle John to my brother's children, but not to your sister's husband, I am afraid," said I, dolefully.

The black eyes danced like will-o'-the-wisps.

"It is too funny for anything!" she declared. "I thought you were very unlike Ella's description of Uncle John—so much younger than I supposed he was!"

At this interesting moment the cars stopped, and the conductor shouted K——.

"O dear me! I mustn't get left!" said my fair companion, in a flutter. "It is such a funny thing altogether!—and I am so much obliged to you—"

"Allow me to give you my card!" stammered I, as I assisted her out, hardly awake yet to the situation, "and—and to hope—"

And then I saw her gathered to the embraces of half a dozen women, and a very black-whiskered young man, with a fierce pang of jealousy.

She was gone!—and I didn't even know the name of her brother-in-law; knew nothing about her except that she was the Wid-

ow Armsby! Did I even know that? Yes, I had seen the name on her letter, and she had acknowledged it when I spoke to her. But she couldn't be Laura's Widow Armsby, therefore she couldn't be Jo Armsby's widow. Of course not! She never could have married an unprincipled scamp like him.

I fell to wondering what her husband was like. What her second husband would be like. I would be the fortunate man, or perish in the attempt!

I reached Newport in a dream. I was introduced to the Widow Armsby, who had changed her plans and got there before me, still in a dream.

"Your very ideal!" whispered Laura, and I looked at her again.

She was a little pale woman, with drab hair, combed plainly behind her ears, and done up plainly in a "pug," behind. She had on a very long flowing robe, of white muslin, and not an ornament of any kind.

I have my suspicions that the Widow Armsby (*this* Widow Armsby) had gotten herself up for my especial benefit, as I afterwards saw her in very different guise.

"Jack, isn't she lovely?" said Laura, as soon as we were alone. "She looks so like an angel!"

"She looks like the Witch of Endor!" said I, ungallantly. And Laura said I was a brute, and she would like to know what my "ideal" was.

I went to K——, on the early morning train.

How I was going to find my inamorata was more than I knew, but find her I would.

I asked the proprietor of the hotel if he knew where Mrs. Armsby of Chicago was visiting. He didn't know. I went to the post-office, the two dry goods stores, the circulating library, with the same result. At last I went boldly up to the door of a private house. It *looked* as if she were there, I don't know why. Perhaps there is an additional sense bestowed upon people as much in love as I was—in compensation for the sense that is taken away. Anyway I felt sure she was there.

A round curly head stuck itself out of the door.

"My Aunt Mabel is here—she isn't Mrs.—she's only a young lady," it responded to my question.

Could it be possible that she *wasn't* the Widow Armsby, after all? Perhaps it might

have been *Miss* that I saw on the letter!

I had not time to reflect before the dancing eyes, the bewitching smile were before me. There was a bewitching blush too, now, and a little shyness, that set me quite at my ease. What is the use of telling any more? If I hadn't come off victor, if I hadn't been the luckiest fellow alive, do you suppose I ever should have told this story at all?

The Widow Armsby found her second fate at Newport that summer (but not while masquerading as my "ideal"), and I made her an elegant wedding present as a slight expression of the gratitude I owed her.

For if it had not been for her I might have been a forlorn and miserable old bachelor to this day, instead of being married to the brightest eyes that ever danced, and the truest little heart that ever beat!

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

BY DR. CHARLES H. CAMPBELL.

It would be a very pleasant and exceedingly satisfactory custom to many a despairing spinster, if once a year the first marriageable individual her solicitous eyes lighted on after dawn on the 14th of February should become, as well as being her Valentine, her property by the aid of a wedding ring, actually as well as figuratively. What a number of early birds there would be about after that stray worm—the eligible young man—by daybreak on the bird-mating anniversary! It is, however, a poor rule that will not work both ways, so it is easy to imagine that many a yearning youth, desirous of being "settled and done for," would leave his couch, flatten his nose against the window pane, and strain his eager orbs after the first pretty maiden who might, according to the doctrine of chances, be bound to come tripping at that precise time beneath his window to be his Valentine. It is a saying generally accepted, that marriage is a lottery, and though we admit the experiment would be an immensely hazardous one, it is not impossible some happy matches would ensue that way, if not so many as do by the usual course.

Whatever the result actually proves to be, there is something delightful in the idea that there is one day in the year when the young and single of both sexes can and do despatch votive offerings to each other of the prettiest, tenderest and beautifully executed designs imaginable—breathing love, affection, entrancement, devotion, all sweet emotions, a "chorus hymeneal," despatched to "I know whom," or received from "one secretly wished and therefore hoped for."

What a dove, figuratively speaking—a letter-bearing dove—the postman is on that eventful morning! What a duck if he ap-

pears to the smiling housemaid, who in her heart hopes she has not been forgotten, if he hands to her a whole bundle of letters, each far exceeding the usual size of such communications! What an odious object of aversion if he passes the house without an attempt to perform his double rap on the knocker! We can easily imagine the young maiden, whose personal charms have made her the "cynosure of neighboring eyes," lying waiting with a sick longing—that is, if she can rest on her couch—until the postman, a second chanticleer, makes his presence known by the vigor of his wrist in the immediate vicinity—how, with a perturbed expectation, she will have heard the rat-tat upon the doors of adjoining houses—she had no conception before there were so many—half so many. At last, upon her ears strikes the "beat of his unseen feet" on the door-steps, and upon her heart the rat-tat—a dynamitic shock—intimating that there is a valentine for her. One, two, or three—half a dozen! O joy! O happiness! Yet is there *one* looked for, hoped for, more than all the rest? Yes! Supreme felicity! She recognizes *his* handwriting, although there is apparent the shallowest effort to disguise it; and what a darling beauty it is! So she thinks of him after she has devoured it with her fondest looks.

What is true of the maiden is scarcely less true of the youth—the handsome boy, for he is yet but a boy. How his cheek flushes and his eyes glisten, and how much he displays his white teeth as he finds himself addressed in tenderest words, under a bunch of violets and forget-me-nots intertwined, or some other of the innumerable and charming devices which are now issued by enterprising publishers to the loving and lovable.

It is not so many years since the valentines which were submitted to "intending purchasers" were of a very ordinary character. Strephon was depicted with a bright blue dressecoat and salmon-colored tight pantaloons, holding the hand of Phyllis, garbed in a short-waisted frock, sandal shoes, and a five-story hat. A chubby Cupid was buzzing about their ears, while a corpulent Hymen was waving them to advance along a serpentine yellow path to a dome-covered temple, in which stood an altar, cooking in a flame on the top a pair of large hearts, skewered by an arrow. These wretched pictorial specimens, with wonderful doggrel appended, were much approved and patronized, and thought "lovely" by those who received them. Now we have changed all this, and some really very beautiful examples of artistic skill in design and execution may be obtained by those who think more of the affections than of "filthy lucre."

"What a dear creature St. Valentine must have been that such exquisite offerings are made in his name!" was the remark of a young lady just in her teens, and the recipient of a beautiful and expensive valentine. "Who was he? When did he live? Why did he invent such delicious things?" We may say briefly of St. Valentine that he was a Christian martyr who lived in the fourth age of Christianity. He refused under all inducements and menaces to abjure his religion, and was beheaded at Rome. He was canonized, and the place allotted to him in the calendar is the 14th of February.

That he had anything to do with the interchange of pictorial and poetical communications between the young of both sexes is out of the pale of probability. The custom of choosing a valentine may be traced back to a far earlier period in Roman history, when heathens celebrated the monthly festivals by games and ceremonies. February was the month in which Pan and Juno were sacrificed to, and among the ceremonies there was one in which the names of young virgins were inscribed on tablets and placed in an urn, to be drawn forth as a kind of ballot by the young fellows of that era. Those who were thus paired companioned each other during the continuance of the festival.

When Christianity attained the ascendancy it was found difficult by the priests of the Christian church to wean the people from their pagan rites, and they had recourse,

therefore, to the substitution of similar but more harmless feasts, which they arranged to occur about the same periods, but they appointed them to take place on saint's days. Thus the feast of Pan and Juno, which had been celebrated about the middle of February, was changed to the day of the celebration of the martyrdom of St. Valentine, which was on the 14th of February.

The custom of choosing partners by ballot from the urn was retained by the pastors of the church because of its harmless and humanizing character, and those thus mated were called Valentines, after the saint's name-day.

The origin of sending pictorial and poetical missives is, however, lost in the mists of obscurity, although it could not have begun until engraving became cheap and popular. Certainly they have advanced with great strides in excellence, both pictorially and poetically, within the last few years, and the area has been mightily extended, for instead of confining them to maidens between seventeen and twenty-five and youths from nineteen to twenty-eight, little misses with the shortest of dresses and the smallest of youths just elevated to knickerbockers are now the recipients and senders as well as the others. Papas and mammas, pleased with the delight shown by the tiny people, secretly send something to their children very pretty and attractive to youthful eyes, and it is seldom that grandma or grandpa permit the day to pass without despatching to one pet or another some such token of their affection. So the practice extends, and the pressure on the post-office and the postmen each succeeding year becomes something enormous.

It is a pleasant fashion, which will always hold its place, for it is an expression of affection and loving-kindness, and though there may be some subsidence at a future day, owing to overgrowth, as things do decline that are "done to death," yet it will never die out while young folk wish to reveal what the eyes may perhaps timidly disclose but the tongue fear to utter. We hope it may, for it is innocent enough, and cannot be abused, save in the way of what are called comic valentines, and those we abominate and reprobate. They can only be used in the way of insult, reproach or spite. They may make the witless laugh, but they make the judicious grieve, and they must inflict pain on whoever receives them.

OUR BOARDER.—A NEW YEAR'S STORY.

BY HENRI ELLIOTT.

Now we wished to improve our monetary circumstances, which was certainly a very natural desire; so that after we had considered in a careful and attentive manner the many means employed to accomplish this all-important end, we concluded to take a boarder; and then, as a matter of course, a female boarder—they are so much the most interesting.

Not long after we made our intent known we secured a boarder. Our boarder was a young lady from some rural village, of the quilting-party style, where the parson and the schoolmaster were the pride of the elite society, which moved along as smoothly and quietly as the ripples on the crystalline fountains of fable, seldom if ever thrown out of its tracks by any unseemly scandal; and gossiping had died out from sheer want of something to gossip over; the children were brought up in the way that they should go in, and staid in it. Such was our boarder's home; but she, with a woman's aspiration, was not content; she craved the education offered by the city seminaries.

She came on the day the school opened, in the fall, and was very attentive to her studies all through the term.

Our boarder said that she did not think it was well for a young lady in the city to go out visiting much, or running about the town; we told our boarder that we thought the same, so she never went abroad.

On several occasions our boarder informed us that she had a purpose in coming to the city for her education, and wanted us to be very inquisitive; but we would not be—we never asked a single question—we don't think it is right to pry into other people's (particularly boarders') business.

When, in a very natural course of events, the Christmas holidays came around, we asked our boarder if she did not expect to go home to spend them; our boarder replied no, but that she had a purpose for staying in the city (?). We were becoming very curious about this purpose, but we stood by our morals, and contented ourselves with the remark that it was common for pupils to spend the holidays at home, and that we, of course, would have to

charge extra for this week. Our boarder remonstrated, and said that she was boarding by the month; to which we responded yes, by the month of four weeks. Our boarder consented to pay extra, but remarked that she had a purpose in view (?), and always tried to be economical, and save pa when she could.

We said economy was a good principle, and as to saving pa—O, would all girls were half so thoughtful!

Then came New Year, and with it New Year's callers.

We did not think to tell our boarder about it; for we thought it would concern neither her nor her purpose. But young men are quick to find out about pretty girls, and our boarder was a pretty girl! So the very first call made was intended for her.

Our boarder was carrying a pitcher of water up the front stairs. Now, we made a rule when we first concluded to take a boarder, that our boarders must wait upon themselves, and not carry provisions up the front stairs. Well, as I said, our boarder was carrying her pitcher up the front stairs, when she heard a rap at the front door. She set down her pitcher and opened the door.

A young gentleman bowed, and asked, though he knew very well to whom he spoke, if Miss Smith was in; for that was her name, though we always called her simply "the boarder."

"I am she," responded our boarder. (She was studying grammar.)

The beau was a bashful youth. Our boarder was not a bit bashful, so when he poked out a piece of paper to her, as she told us, with something on it, she said, rather pertly:

"I don't want to buy anything to-day."

The youth turned very red, and stammered out:

"I am not a peddler. I only come to see—if—if—if—if you—"

"No, I won't subscribe, either," said our boarder, who was not to be taken in by any peddler's devices. "Not because your article may not be very nice; but then, it is against my purpose."

"Purpose—"

"I always have a purpose in view." (?) Here she lowered her voice confidentially, so that the man would ask what that purpose was. But he did not; he only said, apologetically:

"I meant to ask if you received callers to-day."

When our boarder, exasperated at having her purpose so slighted, said:

"I don't see what business of yours that is—but—"

The youth retired; and our boarder, muttering to herself, "Though if any gentleman of the city, having been struck with my appearance so soon, should make me a call, of course I would receive him!" shut the door with a bang.

In about an hour our boarder again answered the bell. This time it was two gentlemen instead of one. They both doffed their hats and said, "Happy New Year!"

"Merry New Year!" responded our boarder, good-naturedly, not to be outdone in good wishes.

It was a freezing cold day, and the wind whistled through their frozen mustaches, as they stood on the exposed steps; for our boarder still stood in the half-open door, with an elbow on either side—in anything but an inviting attitude.

"Miss Smith, I presume," said one of the men.

"That is my name," answered our boarder.

Then they handed her their cards.

"There was one on this street with the same thing to-day," said our boarder, not taking the cards, "but I would not sign it; for, as I told him this very morning, I am staying in town for a purpose. (?) Besides, I always try to be economical, and save pa when I can!"

One of the gentlemen laughed, and nudging the other under the arm, said:

"It is a very cold day, Miss Smith."

"O very indeed!" said she, drawing her shawl around her shoulders, and shutting the door somewhat tighter. Then in a lower tone, "You would not have thought it, but the water froze solid in my pitcher last night."

"No, we would not have thought it!" said they both in a breath. "Good-morning, Miss Smith."

"Good-by," answered our boarder, slamming the door.

Then our boarder came and told us how strange for three such well-dressed young men to be taking up a subscription for the same thing in one day.

We told her that they were New Year's callers—that it was the custom.

She said that she had never heard of the like; so then we told her that she must not go to the door herself, but must dress up and sit in the parlor, and when one came receive him at the parlor door, and sit by and entertain him pleasantly, and when he started to go ask him to call often during the next year.

Our boarder went up stairs, and after having arranged her toilet in a manner to suit her taste, and in a way which, I am sure, would have suited the Queen of the Canibal Isles, as regards to donning all one's trunk at a time, she took a seat in the parlor right opposite the door, and began her watch.

After a while our parson came in, to take a New Year's dinner with us. The boarder met him at the parlor door with a smiling face, took both of his hands in hers, and shook them pleasedly indeed! and then drew him onto the sofa, giving him no time to remonstrate, and there besieged him to come often during the coming year.

"Now wont you?" said our boarder. "O do!" She bent over him, looking down in his face in a most pathetic manner. "Now come!"

The good parson, who had all this time been astounded out of his wits, now made a desperate dash for the door, and vanished. He had never seen the boarder before, and besides was married. We stood awe-stricken.

Our boarder moaned out, "All in vain! When I thought I would treat him so kindly, to think the ungrateful creature rebuffed all my kind advances thus! Alas! alas! my poor dear purpose—to marry a city gentleman—for I was so tired of the country—all in vain!"

We read our boarder a plain English lecture. Our boarder left; so now the place is open. But this time we desire a male boarder—the ladies always have marrying on the brain; and though it does not always happen that their purpose is exposed, still they have it all the same. Now our boarder did not get married, yet many another boarder who came to town with the same purpose in heart, though to all appearances to go to school, has succeeded.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE AT BRIGHTON.

BY ANNA MORRIS.

How many of the worthy citizens of Boston are aware of the fact, that when they adopted Brighton as their Twenty-Second Ward, they came into possession of that valuable and interesting commodity—a haunted house?

Such is the case, however, and having just returned from a visit to it, I will, if the readers of the Magazine wish, give them an account of the ruinous mansion.

It is not generally called *haunted*, you must understand. On the contrary, the owner (who does not live there, and wishes to sell the property) speaks of it as “a fine old mansion, though now certainly out of repair;” and everybody wonders why it is uninhabited, and why the family who take care of the place do not occupy the more convenient mansion instead of the farmhouse.

Of course there are no ghosts there! Certainly not! No well-educated and rightly brought up person believes in *ghosts* nowadays. But ask any member of the aforesaid family why they prefer the farmhouse, and with a glance over the shoulder, and in a mysterious whisper, they will confide to you “there are too many *noises* in the large house. Mind, this is a profound secret.”

Of course it is. Just as profound as that of the young lady whom I met at an evening party not long since. While waiting for the dancing to begin, she went the round of the dressing-room, confiding to each of her “most intimate friends” (and their name might have been Legion) “the newest style of *doing up crimps*,” adding each time an audible entreaty, “don’t tell *any one*, for it’s a profound secret.”

But nevertheless that was, “once on a time,” a fine old house, though it now stands half ruined, amidst the splendid trees that guard it like faithful sentinels; and many doubtless were the stately dames and courtly gentlemen who gathered there.

Before visiting the house, I interviewed an old woman whose father had charge of the place at the time when the incidents occurred which gave it the unenviable reputation of being haunted, and from her I obtained the following story:

Long years ago the estate was owned by Colonel A. Here let me remark that when my grandmother relates some wonderful

tale of olden times, and I exclaim, “Why, grandma, I’ll write a story about that!” she always says, “Now, Anna, *don’t*, child! There are some folks living yet, and it might hurt their feelings.”

So, it being an undeniable fact that there are some folks living yet, and that it would be unkind to hurt their feelings, if they have any, I dutifully “don’t.” Ah me! how little the world dreams of the interesting articles it thus loses!

I was about to state that the gentleman in question did not receive the first letter of the alphabet either as his surname, handed down from a long line of illustrious ancestors, or as a baptismal appellation, but in deference to my grandmother’s views on such subjects. I will thus designate him, and if you are not satisfied with this, you are quite at liberty to call him by any other letter down to Z! Thus far, but no further! I solemnly protest against any hero of mine being termed *Ampersand*!

Well, Colonel A. had great possessions; amongst the rest, he was possessed of, or by, a very quick temper. Nevertheless, he and his wife and children managed to live in great apparent peace and prosperity, until the eventful night on which the ghost is supposed to have first come into existence. Now the birthday, or night, of a ghost is something a little out of the common course of events, but there seems to have been no expectation or preparation in the family.

The son was in Europe completing his studies. The two daughters were in Boston with their maternal grandparents. Colonel A. and his wife retired as usual to their room that night, and that was the last that ever was seen of them.

My informant says she was not born then, but has often heard her father and mother describe their astonishment when her father, next morning, found a letter on the table, instructing him to close the house, and remain at the farmhouse to take charge of the place.

This he did, and *fourteen years* afterward the two daughters, then grown up, came with their grandfather to visit the place.

Then, for the first time, the bedroom which Colonel A. and his wife had occupied was unlocked, and everything was found as they

had left it. The bedclothes were thrown back, as if they had risen hurriedly; the lady's slippers were by the bedside, and a half-burned candle stood on a small table, with the extinguisher over it.

The old lady who told me all this says she was then about six or seven years old, and remembers how much overcome the three visitors were by these silent mementos of their absent friends, of whom nothing had ever been heard.

Now it strikes me as quite natural that they *should* be agitated. I fancy I should be, to go into a room that had been shut up in that state for fourteen years! For pity's sake, why didn't the man, or if he didn't know how, his wife, make the bed, when they found the house deserted, and tidy up the room generally, and not leave it in that state, to harrow up the feelings of the relatives.

The ghostly part of the story is, that on the night of their flight (from what, or to what, no one knows) they were met as they were leaving the house by one of the negro servants, and in the fear of being hindered or pursued, Colonel A.'s quick temper for the time *possessed him*, and, killing the negro, he dragged him to the cellar, and laid him on a chest of gold which he had previously buried there, remarking that he could take care of the gold till he returned.

Now what I want to know is, to whom did he address this remark?

I incline to the opinion that it must have been to his unfortunate victim, who henceforth prowled about repeating those words, and that when the subsequent inhabitants have imagined that they heard wild snatches of song, or unaccountable moving of chairs in vacant apartments, or rattling of china in the closets, and yet could find nothing displaced, that it was in reality but the echo of this poor fellow's ceaseless refrain—"till I come back, till I come back."

One thing which happened in after years proves with startling distinctness that ghosts have at least one attribute in common with everyday mortals—the faculty of disposing of money! A lady who had lived for years in the house had occasion one day to go into her wine-cellar, when the ground gave way beneath her, and she fell into a hole some three feet in depth. On examination it was found that this cavity contained only some pieces of wood much like the rotten remains of an old box or chest, thus proving conclusively that the ghost, unfaithful to the

last command of his master, had spent the money, and left only the empty chest!

With the laudable determination of finding out all I could in regard to the ghost, I carefully searched all those parts of the house in which a respectable ghost—one connected with an old family—would be supposed to appear—such as the parlors, dining-room, library, etc. The dark closets and passages with which, like all old houses, the mansion abounds, and in which, of course, I should find only dust and cobwebs, I avoided, and while just congratulating myself upon having so thoroughly performed my task, my escort called out:

"See here, Miss Morris! Here is the old wine-cellar! Now for discoveries!"

"Down there?" I cried, looking with dismay into the black chasm which the half-opened door revealed. "Do you not know that it is very unhealthy to go into a place like that when it has been closed for years?"

"Unhealthy!" he echoed, mockingly. "There is plenty of good air down there! Just see!" and he struck a lucifer, which, it must be confessed, burnt brightly enough.

"Now will you come?" he called from the bottom of the stairs.

I looked down again, thought of the possibility of the stairs being rotten, and giving way as I descended—remembered that the hole where the chest was buried might still be uncovered, and I might fall into it in the dark, and summoning all my resolution, when he again called "Will you come?" I answered courageously, "No!" dashed out of the house, and through the garden, never stopping till I was well on my way home, and my companion overtook me breathless with running.

"Why didn't you come down cellar?" he asked. "Were you afraid?"

"Afraid?" I repeated, indignantly. "By no means, but it is nearly dark, and I promised grandma to be home before supper."

So I walked on in dignified silence, and asked no questions as to the result of his explorations, but to satisfy the curious, I will add that I just heard him tell grandma "that he couldn't see anything down there, as he hadn't another match, and that he *tumbled up stairs*."

I do not quite comprehend how he accomplished this feat, as it sounds contrary to all laws of gravitation, so I will leave my readers to explain it to their own satisfaction, hoping that they are now sufficiently posted in regard to the Haunted House at Brighton.



THE CHILD OF THE WILDERNESS.

A True Story of Early Life in the Northwest.

EDITED BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

CHAPTER III.

THE PLACE AND THE PEOPLE.

I NEVER heard that Gabriel was censured severely by either my father or mother for the dreadful danger he had put me in, and which we had so providentially escaped. They probably thought that the adventure would carry its own lesson, as I am certain it did. From that time Gabriel was doubly careful of me, and I could not have wanted a better protector from the many perils that surrounded me as I grew up from childhood to youth in this wild place. The time was soon coming, too, when such protection was to be earnestly required.

My home at the time of which I write was between the middle and the south line of what is now the State of Minnesota. This region was then a vast forest, filled with game of many sorts, some of it dangerous game, too. A glance at the map by those unacquainted with the country will show that it is well stocked with lakes and rivers. There were but few settlements north of the Iowa line, and these were far between. They were mostly the trading-posts that had been established with the Indians, and the few huts which had been

erected about them for the dwellings of those whose lots had been cast in this dense wilderness. Now and then a roving missionary appeared and stayed with us a day or two, on his way from one branch of the Sacs and Foxes to another; sometimes a courier to a government post further north visited us; and usually an expedition consisting of three or four men and horses went south to the nearest settlement twice a year, and returned with a supply of the necessities of life which the wilderness could not furnish us. By these means we kept up a kind of communication with the outside world; and when I became old enough to realize how largely we were isolated from the great world of civilization, it all seemed like a strange dream to me. My mother taught me to read, and the simpler branches of an ordinary education, with books which she had sent to the settlements for; and after that I seized with eagerness everything that I could find in print. Newspapers were scarce enough west of the Mississippi in those days, and for many a mile east of that, too; if the reader will reflect that St. Louis had but six thousand inhabitants at that day, he will begin to realize how sparse the civilization of that western

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country was. It is hard for me to realize it now. Very rarely I was able to borrow from a missionary or a courier a copy of an eastern paper, months after its publication; and I never left one of them until I had read it straight through, advertisements and all. For a poor little fellow like myself off in that wilderness, to read of the towns and cities of the east, the shipping, and even steamboats, seemed like a chapter read out of the Arabian Nights in later years. At the same time, all these revelations never made me dissatisfied with the life of the wilderness. I was a child of the woods, born among them, and reared there, up to this time. In all my little life I had never seen a village, nor a church; for the travelling missionaries preached in the open air when they came among us. I had never known the time, thus far, that I was not familiar with the sight of the dusky faces and queer skin dresses of the Indians who frequently passed our way, for one of their principal villages was not more than twenty-five miles to the west; and I was so used to hear Gabriel talk with them in their native tongue, that I had learned many words of it, and could understand much that they said. For aught that I knew, I was destined to be a hunter and trapper all my life; and I should probably have been well satisfied had I known that it was to be so. But other things were in store for me.

The clearing spoken of in the last chapter was on an elevation; the land sloping gradually away from it in all directions. It was not entirely a clearing, for there were patches of trees scattered all through it; in fact, all the clearing that there was had been made by the men of half a dozen families, who, desiring to live near each other in this wilderness, for mutual defence and assistance, had chopped and burned away neighboring patches, each large enough for a loghouse and outbuildings, and a small place for the raising of corn and potatoes. Of these people I shall not have to say much in detail. They were of the hardy pioneer class, both men and women, and their children. They hunted and fished a great deal, and tilled the land a little, and I believe they were all happier with this than they would have been with any other mode of life. I was the oldest child in the neighborhood, and never had any companions among the few children that there were.

Our house was built of hewn logs, "dove-

talled," as it is called, at the corners, and chinked in with clay. It had a stick-chimney, and was warmed by a stone fireplace, where all the cooking was done. The furnishing of the three rooms I will not speak of; it was rude and scanty, though it seemed then to me to be all that was wanted. Cloth for garments was hard to get and dear to buy, and most of the clothes of my father, Gabriel and myself, were made after the Indian fashion, from skins, with such rude dressing as we could give them. In winter we wore furs, of which there was always a supply.

Enough has been said, for the present, about myself. A few words now as to those who were "at home" with me; and then we shall have a fair start to unfold the scenes and events of my story.

Deborah—and if she had another name I never knew it—was a queer half-witted creature, who did the cooking, and made herself useful in many ways about the cabin. One of the strangest things about her was that she never seemed to notice anything, nor to speak to anybody. Every word that was said to her or in her hearing she understood perfectly; but when her turn came to speak, she never looked toward the person who had spoken to her. She would usually look at some other person or thing, and then reply in a round-about kind of way; never speaking of herself in the first person, but always beginning "Debby says," "Debby thinks," or some like words. She was a dull-faced, dull-eyed creature, always going about in a slovenly dress, her hair combed back with her fingers, and scissored square off from one ear to the other. It occurs to me now that I never have known a queerer, stranger human creature than she was. Although, as I have said, she never seemed to know any one, nor to speak to any one, yet I can remember a hundred instances where she showed her affection toward my parents and myself. The last chapter describes how my mother left me with Gabriel on that memorable occasion, because Deborah was sick. It may seem strange to those who cannot understand what a depth of fervent affection to my mother and all who belonged to her was hidden beneath this foolish vacant outside, that my mother never hesitated to leave me in care of Deborah; but it was so, and she always proved faithful. The earliest recollections that I

have are of this strange person walking the floor of the large room of the cabin with me in her arms, lulling me to sleep with her wild uncouth songs. She was accustomed to sing at her work, and when doing nothing, which latter was not often. What her songs meant, if they meant anything, no one could say; they were a confused jumble of words, and were sung to weird tunes which were never heard before nor since. She usually accompanied them with swaying movements of her body back and forth, and sometimes with clapping of her hands.

I remember now that she got well of her sickness a day or two after our adventure with the wolves; and having learned of it by the conversation of those about her, she took occasion to give Gabriel a kind of backhanded reproof for his share in the business. My father and mother were in the room they used for a chamber, and Deborah, Gabriel and I were in the kitchen-room. She looked straight into the fire, and said:

"Debby takes care of the boy; nobody but Debby takes care of the boy. If they leave him with any one but Debby, they'll be sorry—sorry—sorry."

Gabriel was sitting by the fire, mending a game-bag, and at once replied to this thrust:

"If you means me by them remarks, old 'oman, I just say you'd better keep still. What d'ye mean, anyway? What if I should say you didn't half cook the fodder this morning—you'd say it was a lie, wouldn't yer? Well, that's what I say, when you talk of my not taking care of the boy. Thunder an' lightning, you crazy critter!" and he rapped his knee as he spoke, "could I help the wolves coming? Didn't I do all any mortal could do, after they did come?"

"They don't take care of the boy," repeated the woman, in a singsong kind of way; and though the hunter continued to explain with growing warmth just how the adventure had happened, he could not pause to take breath but she would croak out the words, "they don't take care of the boy." Gabriel became thoroughly irritated at last, and left the room, saying as he went:

"I s'pose she can't help being a fool; but darn a fool, anyway!"

"Debby," I asked, "wouldn't you let the wolves get me?"

She caught me up in her arms and danced around the room with me, chanting some

words, which were, as near as I can remember:

"No, the wolves shan't get him,
For Debby wont let 'em,
And nobody shall get him
Not to-day, not to-day.
For the glory is a-shining,
And we're all the night pining,
Get away, get away, get away."

I have mentioned this incident merely to give a specimen of this strange woman's behaviour. Dozens of times have I heard her break out in this way, her songs usually beginning with some commonplace object, and winding up in a religious strain, which seemed to have nothing whatever to do with the first part.

It will appear in a future chapter that my parents came from St. Louis. Deborah, as I afterward learned, came with them; she had long been a servant in the family of my mother's father, and was determined not to part with my mother. So she followed her to her new life in the wilderness.

And now about Gabriel. Ah—what a grand fellow he was! I don't think he would have passed muster very well at an evening reception, in a St. Louis parlor; both his speech and his appearance would have been thought queer and perhaps grotesque; but from the first moment I knew him until the last time that my eyes rested on him, I always trusted him and believed in him, as one who was to be depended upon always, and in every emergency. The adventure with the wolves, described in the last chapter, was perhaps remarkable for one thing above all else; and that was, that it was the first and only time that Gabriel was found at all thoughtless about his duty to me, or to any one else. As for his place in our family, I may say right here that, as I have always understood, Gabriel took a fancy to my father the first time he ever saw him, which was many years before the time that I am writing of; that he never missed a chance to do him a service, from that time on; and that when my father came back from St. Louis one day with a wife, built his cabin, and settled down here in this clearing, Gabriel came promptly forward, welcomed him and his young bride, and zealously offered to attach himself to the fortunes of "Mister Creger," as he always styled my father, with a pull at his foxskin cap to accompany the words. I can't say of my own knowledge that my

father ever took him into his service, on a contract to pay him so much per month or per week for his services in furnishing supplies for the house by hunting, fishing and trapping; I should rather believe that there was no bargain about it, but that Gabriel made himself so necessary to my father that he could not any way dispense with him; but however this was, it is certain that Gabriel immediately attached himself to my father, and to all that belonged to him, and continued to be his most faithful servant and follower. Personally, Gabriel Slade was a splendid specimen of physical manhood. He was six feet two in height, with a wide brawny chest, long arms and legs, all cords and muscle, and with as keen an eye and as steady a hand as could be found west of the Mississippi. In short, he had all the qualifications of a woodsman to begin with; and when you add to all that nature could do for him, a twenty years' training in the forest, on the Indian trail, and in pursuit of game, you will see what kind of a man he had come to be. He had a long thin face, which usually wore a strange solemn look; but sometimes his gray eyes brightened, and his thin lips quivered, with the fun that his own or some one else's odd sayings had provoked. When I add that he was an excellent rifle-shot, that he loved nothing better than to be out in the woods, and that his prowess had been favorably tried in encounters with the ferocious bears and panthers which were often found in these forests, as well as with the Indians, during a serious outbreak, several years before, it will not be misunderstood as to what kind of a man he was.

And then my mother. It was little enough that I saw or knew of her; but the recollections that I preserve of her are clear and distinct. She was a beautiful woman of perhaps thirty odd years, with blue eyes and light hair, and such a sad sweet face as I shall never forget. She often smiled; but it was a very mournful smile, and always carried with it more of sadness than of joy. Little as I then understood about the ways of the world and its people, she seemed then to me as much out of place in that poor hut in the northern wilds, as a lily would be striving to grow in a desert. She attended to my wants, and those of my father; she was never neglectful of her part of the burden of our pioneer life; but, in some way, the truth very early came to my

childish heart, that she was far out of her own place here, and that something was wrong in the fact that she was here at all. That she dearly loved me, I never lacked the proofs. I have told how carefully she instructed me in all the studies that young scholars usually learn; she seemed to realize what the others around me did not, that perhaps I was not always to remain in these woods, and that some learning might be an advantage to me by-and-by. She it was who taught me to pray, and who made me repeat my prayers every night before I went to sleep. Sometimes, too, when nobody else was about, she would take me on her lap, and tell me something that I was to regard as a profound secret. I never did know the real meaning of it till long after.

"Hallet," she would say, "do you love your mother?"

What other answer could I make, but to throw my arms around her neck and kiss her?

"Well, then, Hallet," she would say, "I want you always to remember one thing. If I should die, and your father should die—"

And then, of course, I would hug her harder than ever, and insist that she and papa never *could* die.

"But if we should," she would say, smiling through her tears, "you are to go to Saint Louis just as soon as you can. Saint Louis is away south of here, on the Mississippi River. There, on Bourbon Street, near the river, you will find the great mansion of Arnold Eddy. He is your grandfather, boy; go to him, and tell him that your mother died, hoping for his forgiveness. Then—then—I trust he will take care of you."

Over and over again did she give me that message, making me repeat it after her, until she was certain that I understood it. And after all this, it will not be thought strange that some idea of the truth about my mother crept into my mind quite early.

Of my father, it ought to be enough to say that he was a tall handsome man, an excellent hunter and fisher, full of the knowledge of woodcraft, and skilled in all the knowledge of the Indians, the beasts of the forest, the birds of the air, and the fish of the lakes and streams, that any backwoodsman could desire. To me he was all that a father could be in such a place, and between him and Gabriel Slade I was in no

langer of lacking any information or experience that could possibly be given me, which was necessary to make me a superior woodsman. To these about him, Marinus Creger seemed a bold skillful pioneer, intent only on securing game and furs. To me, young as I was, he often appeared in another character. I had seen him sit moodily by the fire for hours; I had seen him bend over my mother when she slept, and utter passionate words of regret, and shed such tears of misery as only strong men can shed; and from the words that he spoke I knew that he feared that his fair young wife was slowly dying in this wilderness, pining away in her yearnings for her old home.

And this was the shadow that brooded over our cabin home in the north so early in my life. But with me it was only as the ripple on the surface of the pond under the beams of the morning sun. Sorrow, misery, unhappiness—what have they to do with childhood, or with the things that are childhood's? I was happy in myself, happy in the love and guardianship of all about me, and fast growing up with the ambition to be a hunter like my father and Gabriel. Such I would doubtless have been, but for—

But that is to be told in a future chapter.

So time passed on until I was ten years old. Then certain things happened which must be told. I will tell them in the next two chapters.

CHAPTER IV.

I LEARN TO SHOOT.

GABRIEL slept in the middle room, and I slept there, too. His bed was a pile of bearskins, and so was mine. I might have been more comfortable with sheets, pillows and pillow-cases, and all the bed-furniture that I have since learned the use of; but as I knew nothing about them then, I was able to sleep quite soundly without them.

But there was one night when I had a great deal of trouble to get to sleep. Gabriel had come late to supper; and though I had had mine, I insisted on sitting up with him, as was my custom, to hear his adventures during the day. This proved to have been quite an exciting day, and I listened eagerly to his recital of his experience, as he gave it between mouthfuls of bread and meat, and potatoes. He said that he had followed the trail of his dog to a pile of rocks as

much as three miles off. The dog stopped at the rocks and whined; and a slight examination showed Gabriel the prints of a bear's paws in the soft earth about there. Gabriel examined the pile of rocks, and soon became certain that the bear could not have gone in very far; and then he made his preparations for an attack. Perhaps I can do no better than to give his story from this point in his own language:

"It was a pretty narrow hole the creeter had gone into; not much bigger than a decent-sized bear would need to go in. I thought at first I'd smoke him out; but that takes patience and dry wood, and I hadn't neither. No patience, for I wanted to get back home by dark; and no wood, for it was a bare flat for sixty rod around, and while I was lookin' for wood, any sensible bear would ha' been sure to escape. So what does I do but try a chance shot. I call it a chance shot, though I fired in the neighborhood of where I s'posed the critter was, and where—by thunder and lightning!—it turned out that she was, sure enough! I just laid dat, and blazed away into the opening. Bless my soul, boy!—I hadn't time to get up on my elbow, before a great black object came rushing out, growling and bleeding, and tore right over me, ripping my deerskin coat from skirt to collar,"—and Gabriel turned himself round to show the proof of his words. "I suppose the critter was so blinded by the smoke, and bewildered by the wound, that she didn't see me at all, and the stroke I got from her paw was just accident-like, as you would call it. How-omever, I picked myself up, and getting my senses together, I began to understand that the dog was yelping off in the woods in a way that said he had cornered the bear. I run that way as fast as I could, loading as I ran; and just beyond the edge of the woods, I found the bear backed up against a tree, facing the dog, and the dog circling round and round yelping like mad. I don't think the bear would ha' stood it much longer; he would ha' charged the dog and tore him up, in about a minute more, for he was fierce from the wound I'd just given him. I come up just in the nick of time, and as he raised his great paw at the dog, I put a bullet in just behind his shoulder. O, thunder'n lightning, boy, how he did lie down on the ground and kick, and scratch, and grunt, and tear up the grass! I just loaded up again and

put in another bullet, and that quieted him; and to-morrow we'll hitch up the boss and go and drag him in."

This narrative made so powerful an impression on me that I could not sleep; and long after Gabriel was snoring away in his bearskins, I was lying awake thinking of his adventure, and wondering when I should be big enough to try my hand as a hunter.

My father and mother slept in the next room. The door between happened to be open, and I suddenly heard my mother's voice pleading with my father.

"Forgive me, Marinus," she said, while her voice was choked with sobs, "but I do so want *his* forgiveness. I know you love me, and perhaps that ought to be enough; but it is so hard to think of a father hating his child—and *my* father, too! O, it is too dreadful!" And her voice was smothered in sobs.

"I would do anything to please you, Angeline," said my father; "but is not this all useless? Do you not remember how contemptuously he answered the letter I wrote him?"

"O, but that was years ago. He might—I pray God that he may—be different now. Hallet is almost ten years old; you and I may die any day; and I can't bear the idea that he is to grow up here, nothing but a—"

"You might as well speak it out," said my father, bitterly. "Say like a woodsman, like his father."

"No, no, Marinus; I don't mean that. If it were necessary that he should be a hunter, I would not say a word against it; but I can't help feeling that there is a different and better career for him in St. Louis, if he could but reach it. And then—O, husband, I know you can't blame me!—I do so yearn for my father's forgiveness. I can think of nothing but that, and Hallet's future."

I was lying wide awake, you may be sure, and I heard every word, so far; but my father's answer to this was spoken so low that I could not understand it. But I distinctly heard what my mother said next.

"No—I don't want to wait for the next courier. It may be a month before he comes. I want to send Gabriel right away—to-morrow. There are a hundred other errands he can do in St. Louis besides this, for us; but this—I feel as if it *must* be done. Don't refuse it, Marinus, if you love me?"

I heard nothing more, for their voices

sank to whispers; but for an hour longer I lay wide awake, revolving in my mind a scheme which this conversation had suggested to me.

I ate my breakfast with the others in the morning, and then, slipping into my pocket a purse which I kept concealed in a safe place, and which was filled with the choice silver coins that my brightness and shrewdness had exacted from those at home, and from visitors, I took my way alone to the woods. I knew where the path was which led to the south; and I had not been settled by a great tree that overshadowed it more than half an hour, when Gabriel Slade appeared, travelling southward on our Indian pony, with a great pair of saddle-bags slung across the animal, rifle strapped to his back, and pistols in his belt. I noticed a haversack, too, over his shoulder, which I supposed contained provender for himself for twenty-four hours, till he could reach the next settlement.

"Hallo, now, boy!" he exclaimed, as he saw me rise up. "All the folks but you were at home to say good-by! I can't wait to bring the bear in; I guess your dad will I'm going—"

"Yes, I know, you're going to St. Louis," I said. "And I've come out here to say good-by to you, because I had an errand of my own I wanted you to do, and which I didn't care to give you when there were folks around to laugh at me. Gabe Slade, do you know I'm ten years old?"

"Yes, I think I've heard summat of that kind before, my game chicken;" and Gabriel, seeing that there was really something serious on hand, jumped to the ground, hitched the pony to a low bough, and turned briskly to me. "Now what is it, youngster?" he said.

"I want you to get me a rifle at St. Louis," I said. He answered with a long whistle.

"What in the name of Pontius Pilate and all the rest of the saints, can *you* do with a rifle?"

"Hunt with it, of course," I answered. He burst into a great laugh.

"Why, here," he said, unslinging his own rifle, and handing it to me. "Do you think you could carry so heavy a thing as that on your shoulder all day?"

"No, I don't," I replied; "but you can get me a light one in St. Louis."

"Yes, I suppose—Lord-a-mighty, look there! Shoot—shoot?"

And I did shoot. I did it on my own suggestion, not his; for if I had only taken aim after his warning, I should have shot in vain. These woods were full of game, as I have already said; and while we were talking, a noble buck dashed past, not twenty yards away. He came suddenly enough to have surprised a veteran hunter; but I had seen deer killed before, and heard a great deal said about the way they might be killed; and no sooner did I see that gray streak slipping like lightning through the woods, than I raised the rifle and fired at it. The deer fell dead in his tracks! I won't deny that I felt pleased myself; but Gabriel was fairly overflowing with praise. He slapped my shoulders and his legs, and jumped up and down with joy. Soon the party of our neighbors who had been chasing the deer with a hound came up; and while Gabriel was superintending the division of the carcass between them and me, he continued to shower his praises on me.

"Darn me, now, boy, if I think I could

ha' been quicker than that! It aint so much the good aim that tells in taking a creeter on the run, as it is the quickness of doing it. I reckon you'll do, boy! You had that fellow down a'most before I knowed he was comin'. Yes, I rather think you ought to have a rifle. But a rifle costs money, you know—"

"Here are fifty dollars," I said, pressing my purse into his hand.

"I'll bring you a beauty," he said. "Good-by, lad;" and he shook my hand and mounted his horse again. At a turn in the path he waved his hand to me, and then was gone.

As for me, I seemed already to be lifted into man's estate. I had killed a deer!—I, Hallet Greger, with so little practice, and only ten years old! It was the second of a train of memorable adventures in which I was to figure; and the others will come thick and fast from the pen that has written of Hallet thus far.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TOMMY BINGHAM.

BY WILLIAM L. WILLIAMS.

ONCE there was a little boy named Tommy Bingham. He lived with his father and mother, in a nice house, in a pleasant country village. There was a large garden for him to play in, a swing hanging from the limb of an old apple tree, a seesaw, a barn to play in when the weather was stormy, and a pretty summer-house, covered with honeysuckles, where little humming-birds built their nests, and darted in and out all day long, much to Tommy's delight; and many hours he passed in trying to catch one of them, but they were always too quick for him. Tommy had a number of pets, and he loved them all very much. In the first place, there was Ponto, a great black Newfoundland dog, so strong that Tommy could sit astride of his back, and ride all around the garden. In winter time Ponto could be harnessed to a box-sled, and haul Tommy all around. He was a good dog, and everybody liked and admired him.

Then there was a gray and white pussycat, and her name was Victoria, but Tommy always called her Vic. She was a very good friend with Ponto, and oftentimes would lie down between his paws when he

was asleep, and take a nap, too. Tommy had taught her a good many things, and she was very knowing. When she ate her dinner, she would eat from the plate, and not pull the food off on the floor, as cats usually do. Mr. Bingham had bought a pretty little collar for Vic, and she always wore it round her neck. It had Tommy's name on it, and the name of the street he lived in.

Another pet was the canary bird, which hung in his handsomely-painted cage all the day long, singing and hopping from perch to perch, pecking his seed, and pluming his wings, as contentedly as if he had not been a prisoner all his life in that narrow cage. Tommy had three white rabbits, which he kept in a box in the barn. They had long white ears, and bright pink eyes, but they could not be let out, for they visited the neighbors' gardens, and made sad havoc there, so it was necessary to keep them shut up. In one corner of the garden was a pool of water, and near it was a stake driven into the ground; to this stake was tied a turtle, the string being tied to a hole in the edge of the turtle's shell. This was a funny pet. Tommy had bought it of a boy in the

street; the price paid was six marbles, a piece of red chalk, the stump of a lead pencil, and a broken gimlet.

These were Tommy's pets. Many little boys would think themselves very fortunate to have one pet, but Mr. Bingham allowed his little son to have as many as he would take proper care of.

Tommy was generally a pretty good boy; but sometimes he would get out of sorts, and be mischievous, although he was always sorry when he had done anything wrong, and would resolve to be a better boy.

One day his mamma was obliged to leave him at home all alone in the house. The cook had got angry about something, and had gone off without any warning, so that Mrs. Bingham decided to go to a distant street, and get a young girl to come and do the work, until an experienced cook could be procured. Tommy thought it was fine fun to have the whole house to himself. He roamed through every room, leaving all the doors open, and everything in confusion. At length he stationed himself at the parlor window, and knocked on the glass loudly whenever any one was passing. He would then hide behind the curtain, thus causing people to stop and look at the house in amazement. Tired of this, he went to the store-closet, and filled his pocket with dried beans; then, taking a long tin tube, which he called his bean-blower, he went to an upper chamber, and amused himself by blowing beans at the passengers in the street. Tommy thought it was grand fun to see the beans strike on a gentleman's hat or a lady's bonnet, and go bounding off, before they could see what had hit them. At last he saw the minister. Parson Snoffin, coming along. He ought to have had some respect for the minister, and let him go by; but Tommy did not have a very large bump of reverence, so he blew a bean, and hit the parson directly in the eye, causing it to smart woefully. This frightened him very much, and he was still more alarmed when he saw the reverend gentleman open the front gate, and walk up the doorsteps. The next moment the doorbell rang. Tommy did not care to go, so he peeped out of the window, and could just see the minister's hat, as he stood on the upper step. Again and again the bell rang, but Tommy did not stir, and at last Parson Snoffin went off; but after he had got into the street, he turned his head quickly, and Tommy dodged

out of sight again, but he felt that he was seen.

Pretty soon an organ-grinder came along. When he got opposite Mr. Bingham's house he slipped the organ off his back, and, resting it on a short pole, threw back the cover, and showed a lot of little images, bowing their heads, and waltzing round in a very comical manner. Then he turned the crank, and the organ commenced playing a very lively tune. Tommy was much pleased with this new attraction; he laid down his bean-blower, and hurried down stairs, put on his hat, and went out to get a near view of the wonderful organ. Now his mother had charged him not to go out of the garden until she returned, but Tommy was very eager to see the little images, and thought that it would be no harm for him to venture outside the gate for just a little while. The man who had the organ was not a very honest-looking man. He had thick black hair, all shaggy and unkempt, a rough and dirty-looking beard, with small shining black eyes looking out from among it. He seemed to be much pleased to have Tommy come out and look at his organ. When the tune was finished he held out his hand, as if he wanted something.

"What do you want?" asked Tommy.

"A penny," replied the organ-grinder.

"O, I haven't got any money," replied Tommy.

"Have you got anything that I can eat?" asked the man.

"Yes. I will give you a slice of bread," said Tommy.

"I shall like that. Have you a piece of cold meat?" was the next question.

"I don't know—I will see." And Tommy moved to go into the house.

"Wait a minute, sonny; I will go into the kitchen and eat it," said the man. And he walked into the front garden, and left his organ on the grass-plot, near the gate.

"Where's your mother?" inquired the man.

"She's gone out," replied Tommy.

"And left you all alone?"

"Yes. I can take care of the house," said Tommy, boastfully.

At this piece of information the man began to look around more boldly than when he first entered. He walked around the room, and handled things very coolly. He went to the secretary, and opening a drawer, said:

"Here is where your father keeps his money, isn't it?"

Now it must be remembered that Tommy was only six years old, and not very discreet. He did not know that it was very improper for him to tell where his father kept his money, or very silly to let a strolling organ-player into the house, and let him know that he was all alone.

"Yes; father keeps some money there, and grandpa's gold watch," he replied.

"Well, now, little boy, I will have that luncheon. Let me see—is it in this closet?"

"No; the things are in the kitchen store-closet," answered Tommy; and he led the way into the kitchen, and entered the spacious closet.

The stranger followed close behind, and took a keen survey of everything. On one side of the closet was a row of shelves, and on the other side, high up on the wall, was a single shelf, too high up to be of any use. The organ-grinder saw it, and taking Tommy in his arms, placed him on the shelf, before the little fellow was aware of it.

"Now stay there a while," said the man; and he commenced making a feast from the many good things which the closet afforded.

Tommy was frightened enough at such treatment. The shelf on which he sat was very narrow, and he did not dare to move, lest he should fall. The distance from the floor was great, and he saw no way of getting down. When the man had satisfied himself with the nice things he found, Tommy heard him go into the dining-room, and enter the closet there, and to his great horror he heard the rattling and jingling of the silver forks and spoons, and knew that they were being stolen.

"O dear—that man is stealing mother's silver, and the next thing he will be going to father's secretary. I wish that I could get down from this shelf." And Tommy glanced down from his lofty perch, to the floor beneath. The height was too great, and he did not dare to jump, so he began to scream as loud as he could. "Help! Help! Stop thief!" But nobody heard him, unless it was the thief himself, and he knew well enough that Tommy was powerless. But Tommy's screams were heard at last; for Mrs. Bingham returned about an hour afterwards, and was somewhat surprised to find the front door open. She entered the parlor, and was again astonished to see the secretary opened, and her husband's papers

all disarranged. Then Tommy's cries attracted her attention, and she hastened to find him.

"Why, Tommy Bingham, how did you get up there?" she asked, on discovering him in the closet.

"A hand-organman put me up here, mamma," he replied, "and I could not get down again. Has he gone away now?"

Mrs. Bingham pulled a table from the kitchen into the closet, and climbing upon it, she could reach Tommy well enough to take him down. He was glad enough to find himself on the floor again, but he felt sorry when he saw how the wicked man had stolen his mother's silver, and robbed his father of the nice watch that had belonged to grandpa; he wished that he had obeyed, and staid quietly in the house.

"What shall we do, mamma?" he inquired, his eyes filling with tears.

"We must send word to father, right off, and he will notify the police of the robbery," said Mrs. Bingham. "I wish I had some one to stay here while I went to tell him. Ah, there is Parson Snodden going by; I will call him in."

So she went to the window, and called to the minister, who came to the door, his eye very much inflamed and bloodshot. He looked at Tommy, and said, solemnly:

"I am indebted to you for this inflamed eye, young man, am I not?"

Tommy hung his head, much ashamed, while Mrs. Bingham looked very much surprised, and wanted to know what he meant. Parson Snodden then related how he had been passing the house, and Tommy had blown a bean into his eye. Mrs. Bingham was much grieved to hear that her little boy had been so bad, and Tommy felt sorry, too, for his naughtiness, and he told Doctor Snodden so, and was readily forgiven.

Mrs. Bingham then hastened to her husband's store, and told him of the theft, and gave him Tommy's description of the man. The police were soon in search of him, but could not get any trace of him. Tommy discovered the hand-organ in a thicket in the garden, where the man had hidden it, as it was too heavy and too conspicuous to be carried with him. In three days the news came that the thief had been arrested in a neighboring town, and would be brought on in an early train. All the silver ware and the gold watch were recovered, but the money he had taken was not recovered. In

the course of time the fellow was tried, and found guilty, and the judge sentenced him to a term of twenty years in the State Prison.

Tommy learned a good lesson from this adventure of his, and always after that he was a very obedient boy, finding plenty of enjoyment in harmless amusements, and

troubling no one. The old hand-organ was kept in the family for many years, and occasionally the children were allowed to turn the crank, and "make it go." Finally it got out of order, and was put away in the garret, where everything goes that wont go down stairs.

LOST DAVIE.

BY GEORGE JAY VARNEY.

OUT of a village, and up a great hill, a little boy trudged on with his father. Straight on before them went their road, but about them they saw others sweeping down dark valleys and winding up high hills; for they were in Switzerland, the land of mountains.

"Keep just on this road, Davie, till ye get ayont the bridge, and then turn left; and diuna ye stop to play," said the father.

They shook hands and parted, Davie going on, while his father went back to the village.

"But do they speak Scotch in Switzerland?" asks my critical young friends.

Ah! wait a little, and we will see how this happens. After his father left him, Davie kept gayly on his journey; sometimes whistling to the goldfinches that fed on the thistle seeds and the berries of the juniper trees, or throwing stones at the jays and nut-hatches that flew about among the acorns and beechnuts. The village he had left was far away below, and he was now going along between two high mountains. Away up on the rocky sides of the nearest one, he could see the nimble goats feeding, and few flocks of sheep lower down. Then somebody away up above the goats began to sing.

When one stanza was finished, somebody on the opposite mountain answered back with another stanza in the same tune. For a long time Davie heard their clear voices sounding above him, from mountain to mountain. They were shepherds, and it was their business to stay up there to watch the flocks of sheep and goats, that they might not be lost, or destroyed by the wolves that lived in the wilder parts of the mountains.

Then he came to a bridge over a deep chasm, where, a hundred feet underneath,

the swift little river rushed through. Down below him the tiny wrens were chattering among the stunted twisted trees, and flitting about the ferns and red and yellow leaves of the vines that grew in the crevices of the steep rocks. Davie stayed there a long time, trying to hit the scolding wrens, and watching the stones he threw at them splash up the water. At last a kingfisher flew along beneath the bridge, his shrill clattering cry making such loud echoes come up from the rocks, that Davie expected to see whole armies of some wild creatures or other rush out; and he turned and hurried on his way.

Pretty soon he saw a brown and white animal hop out from a clump of bushes, into the road ahead of him. Davie felt rather afraid, for he was all alone. He picked up a stick, and went on cautiously. The little creature didn't seem to notice him, but went playing along the roadside, nibbling at sorrel and clover leaves. He had long ears that sometimes stuck straight up, and sometimes laid back over his shoulders. But the young chap saw Davie, and ran along the road. Davie knew it was a leveret now; and he ran after him as fast as he could, and almost caught up with him. But the running put him out of breath, and he dodged behind a bush at the roadside. The leveret didn't hear him coming now, and stopped to look around.

"I think I'll catch him this time," said Davie to himself; and he crept up close to him. But the leveret heard him, and looked about, winking his big eyes; then he took some very long leaps, and Davie hid again. The frightened little animal ran a great distance before he stopped, and Davie was a long time creeping up to him. This time he threw his stick at the leveret; which, instead of running along the road, went

ough the old fence, and among the rocks and bushes, out of sight. Davie looked over the fence. "Well! ye may gang; I canna want ye," said he; and he turned back to the road and continued his journey. The sun was behind the mountains, and the way was getting shadowy, and everything looked strange, too. Davie didn't remember to have seen that great broken tree, that great threatening rock, nor the houses along the road either. So he hurried on to find something that he had seen before. First, he met a little girl with long eyelashes, driving a flock of geese. The geese scolded, and ran at Davie, putting out their long necks. Then they would cackle among themselves, as if they were saying, "What a miserable little outlandish fellow he is, isn't he? Let's give him a good fright." Then they would run and hiss again; knocking their heads together whenever they turned, their necks were so long.

He went over a little brook, and a marmot scampered under the bridge. He got down and looked along the water course under the road, but the marmot had hidden among the stones.

Soon after he met a flock of goats, driven home by their owner. They looked very impish, with their bright eyes and long beards; and the young goats ran up to him and wanted to play. Davie ran away from the goats; but the way was getting darker and darker, so that he could see nothing down in the valley except the gleaming river. He was sure that he was on the wrong road. Pretty soon a man came along with a flock of sheep.

"Where be Mettendorf?" asked Davie, in broad Scotch.

The man looked surprised, but pointed over the height of the mountain.

"Do this road come there?" continued Davie.

"*Nicht verstehe!*" answered the man. This means, "don't understand;" but it was German, which is the language of the people of this canton, and Davie didn't know what the Switzer meant. Davie knew a little French, and he tried that.

"*Ich kann nicht verstehe,*" replied the Swiss man. And Davie had to go on without finding out anything. It was quite dark when he came to the edge of a little cluster of houses.

Here he met an old woman; and he asked her in French, and then in Scotch, where

Mettendorf was. She jabbered away a long time, asking questions with words that Davie didn't know, and never heard before. She kept pointing along the street toward a house with a roof a good deal too broad for it on the front side.

As Davie left her and went along, the big tears began to come in his eyes, for he was hungry and tired. Then he thought if he could find a place to stay all night, he could go back in the morning, and find the road he had missed. He saw a signboard of the shape of a great bottle, hanging on a pole before the house the old woman had pointed at.

There were letters on the sign, but so worn and faded that Davie could not read them. Underneath the long eaves were two benches, and Davie sat down to rest. There were loud voices and laughter inside, and Davie was afraid to go in. Then he thought he must go in, or he would have to stay out all night. As he opened the door a dim light from a couple of candles showed him a lot of men, some sitting, some standing, and all with a glass or mug of some drink or other.

The fat landlord caught sight of Davie, and inquired what he wanted.

"I want some supper," said Davie.

"*Nicht verstehe,*" replied the landlord, just as the man with the sheep had done. Davie tried French with no better success. He had come where his voice would do him no good. He was no better off than if he were deaf and dumb. He was going to cry again, but he thought of the deaf and dumb talk; so he tried signs:

He put his finger into his mouth and made believe eat it; then he put his hand in his pocket, and brought out several silver coins, and showed them. The landlord understood that. He nodded his head at Davie, and went out. Pretty soon he came back, and, taking hold of Davie's jacket with his thumb and finger, led him into another room. Here was a table with food and drink, and Davie sat down and had a good supper.

After supper, a sleek pleasant man came in, and the landlord talked with him, pointing at Davie. Then the fat sleek man talked to Davie in three or four languages that Davie didn't know. Then he asked in French where he lived.

"In Scotland," said Davie, quick as you could wink.

"And how came you here?" questioned the man.

"Daddie sent me home to mither, an' I lost the road."

"Where are your father and mother?"

"Mither's in Mettendorf, an' I want to go there," said Davie, beginning to cry.

"Don't cry, my good little boy," said the man, kindly; "you shall go to your mother. Where is your father?"

"At Maisterstahl, putting looms up," answered Davie.

"What are they for?" asked the man.

"To weave with in the mill," he replied.

"So your father came over to put up machinery, did he?"

Then the man took Davie to the barroom, and told the landlord that it was a little boy from far away Scotland, who had lost his way among the hills.

And the people were full of wonder and delight; taking hold of Davie and turning him round, and looking him all over. It was such a thing as had never happened before; and they were as much pleased as the boys here would be to see a little Turk. They all tried to get him to take a drink from their mugs and glasses; and he had to sip a little from each, and altogether it was so much that he felt light-headed.

The smooth pleasant man now shook hands with Davie, and told him he was the parish priest, and he would see him again in the morning. When the priest went away, Davie laid down on a bench by a great square oven or stove of brick; for he was very sleepy and tired. The landlord saw what he wanted, and taking a candle, beckoned Davie to follow him. He led the way up a flight of stairs that crooked and turned to right and left, coming at last to a neat little room where there was a nice big bed. The landlord pointing to the bed, said, "*Guten nacht, meine knabe,*" and left him

alone. There was a great quilt or coverlet on the bed as thick as his arm was long. Davie wondered how he was going to get under that. He took hold of it with all his strength, and was greatly surprised to find it light and soft as a feather. That was the last thing he remembered till the sun shined into his sleepy eyes in the morning. He was afraid he never should find his way down those crooked stairs; but, somehow, he was presently down below eating a breakfast. Then he began to fear that he wouldn't have money enough to pay for supper, bed and breakfast; and he felt frightened and homesick. Then the kind priest came in with a man who was to guide him back to his mother. When Davie was to pay for what he had received, the landlord would not take a penny, saying that it was pay enough to have a little boy all the way from Scotland in his house.

His guide led him right over the mountain, a much shorter way than the road by which he came. But there was no road the way they went, only a footpath. The dew was still on the leaves of the shrubs as they climbed along the steep ways, and the birds were singing, and the goats all browsing among the rocks. At length they came to a high part of the mountain, where they could see to the opposite side. The guide stopped suddenly, looked at Davie, and pointed down the valley before them.

"Mettendorf," he said.

Davie could see nothing at all in the valley, at first, except the thick morning mist; not a house, rock or tree. At last he caught sight of a glimmering steeple, and, pointing at it, looked at the guide, who nodded his head, and said again, "Mettendorf."

The guide went with him almost to the village, then he went back over the mountain; and in a few minutes Davie had got back to his anxious mother.

BACK NUMBERS OF BALLOU'S MAGAZINE.

We are constantly receiving letters asking if back numbers of BALLOU'S MAGAZINE can be obtained at this office, as none are for sale at many of the periodical dealers. We can supply, on application, all the back numbers of our Magazine from the first number of January, 1873, and parties wishing them have only to write us, enclosing the price, and receive, postpaid, what they ordered, by return of mail.

Address THOMAS & TALBOT, 23 Hawley St., Boston, Mass.

Send all communications for this Department to EDWIN R. BRIGGS, WEST BETHEL, Oxford County, MAINE.

Answers to January Puzzles.

1. Samphire. 2. G-ray. 3. S-cull. 4. C-rack. 5. S-w-ale. 6. Writing. 7. Burn-s. 8. Well-s.

9. C	10. C l e a N
C A P	B y r O n
C A P E R	C a R r y
C A P I T A L	V a g U e
P E T I T	A m i s S
R A T	
L	

11. Lovers. 12. Wash, Lash, Gash, Mash, Sash, Dash, Rash. 13. Spine, snipe, pine, pin, nip, in.

14. S e a T	15. X E R E S
P i n E	E X U L T
R u i N	R U S M A
A r C	E L M E R
T o u c H	S T A R K

16. Wake-robin.

17.—*Cross-Word Enigma.*

The 1st is in cover, but not in lid;
The 2d is in offer, but not in bid;
The 3d is in lost, but not in hid;
The 4th is in clear, but not in rid;
The 5th is in mother, but not in aunt;
The whole is the name of a plant.

RUTHVEN.

Drop Letters.

Popular Writers.

18. E-i-a-e-h-i-e-o.
19. B-a-c-e-h-w.
20. -o-i-e-u-e.

BETSY ANN.

21.—*Numerical Enigma.*

The answer contains 16 letters.
The 5, 3, 7, 9, 2, 10, 16, 1, is a trader.
The 12, 16, 14, 15, 11, is concord.
The 4, 11, 13, 8, 6, is a girl's name.
The whole is widely known.

ELDER BLOW.

22.—*Double Acrostic.*

A fish; a part in music; a plain; a strip of cloth; a solemn declaration; common; to issue out.

The primals and finals, downward, tell
The name of something we like well.

ED. WYNNE.

Curtailments.

23. Curtail to refresh, and leave royal.
24. A toy, and leave a girl's name.
25. A plant, and leave to settle.
26. To value, and leave a fruit.

ELLA A. B.

27.—*Diamond Puzzle.*

A consonant; a plant; an article of furniture; a noted American statesman; to change; a common contraction; a consonant.

WILSON.

28.—*Concealed Word-Square.*

- (1.) Did you feel a puff of air?
(2.) The American nation is great.
(3.) There's no money in Ezra's pocket.
(4.) He has gone to work with extra zeal.

JOHN QUILL.

29.—*Numerical Enigma.*

The answer contains 19 letters.

The 4, 12, 8, is an article.

The 19, 17, 14, is to know.

The 7, 13, 6, 15, is part of an arrow.

The 1, 2, 18, 16, 10, is to oppose.

The 3, 5, 9, 11, is a covering.

The whole is an old proverb.

CYRIL DEANE.

Word Anagrams.

30. Loans a pin. 31. Aim acre. 32. Let nice Ann. 33. Stay them.

JOHN QUILL.

Answers Next Month.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

Prizes.

For the best original puzzle, received on or before February 10th, we will give a year's subscription to *The Monthly Entertainer*; and for the second best puzzle, a handsome chromo.

Answers.

Puzzles in the October number were solved by Minnie L. Baker, "Puggy," William L. Allen, Charles A. Seaver, Meg Leslie, Mary P. Turner, May Sullivan, Ida Wilson, Stella Brown, S. Hemenway, Harry Dodge, J. W. M., Elwin G. Davis, C. E. Titus, Georgie Conrad, G. Rease, Clara Hiscock, W. E. J. White, R. J. Douglass, and W. A. Hampson.

Prize Winners.

Meg Leslie, Auburndale, Mass., for the first solution of No. 58. Ida Wilson, La Fayette, Indiana, for the first solution of No. 62. "G. Rease," Dover, N.H., for the first solution of No. 73. William L. Allen, Boston, Mass., for the best list of answers.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

EGG RICE CAKE.—Whisk the yolks of fifteen eggs for half an hour, then beat in ten ounces of loaf sugar finely powdered and sifted, and the grated rind of two lemons, and a half pound of rice flour. Mix these well together, and stir in the whites of seven eggs well beaten. Put it into a buttered ring, and bake it over an hour in a tolerably quick oven.

PLAIN PUDDING.—Lay dry bread in the oven till it is brown, then roll fine, and put a layer in the bottom of a buttered dish; then put on a layer of chopped sour apples; over this sprinkle sugar, a few bits of butter and a little ground cinnamon; another layer of the crumbs, and so on till the dish is full, having bread for the last layer with butter in little bits over it. Pour boiling water on enough to moisten, and bake till the apples are done. The top should be a nice brown; serve with sugar and butter—two teaspoons of butter and six of sugar, stirred to a cream.

SWEET POTATO PIE.—Boil the potatoes; peel and slice them. Put a layer in the baking dish, either with or without pastry. Dot it over with butter, sprinkle with sugar and a little allspice, or any other seasoning you may prefer. Proceed in this way until the dish or plate is full; then pour over the top milk or cream until the pieces are well soaked. Then bake slowly and regularly till done.

RICE CAKES.—Beat three eggs very lightly; then add to them half a pound of cold boiled rice, mashed up well with a lump of butter the size of a hen's egg. Put in a cupful of sour milk, with a teaspoonful of saleratus, and finally, after, of course, putting in a little salt, stir in flour enough to make a soft batter for gridiron cakes, or a little more, so that you can bake in muffin-rings. Use milk also in forming the batter. These cakes are delicious.

APPLE JELLY.—One peck of sharp green apples; pare and core them, put them into a well tinned saucepan, pour on them one quart of spring-water, put them over a slow

fire till all of a wash, pour through a new flannel bag; when cold, to every pint of juice add a quarter pound of loaf sugar, boil fast and skim it well until it jellies, pour it into molds for dessert; double the quantity of sugar if wanted to keep all year.

TO CRYSTALLIZE FRUIT.—Pick out the finest of any kind of fruit; leave on their stalks; beat the whites of three eggs to a stiff froth; lay the fruit in the beaten eggs with the stalks upwards; drain them and beat the part that drips off again; select them out one by one and dip them into a cup of finely-powdered sugar; cover a pan with a sheet of fine paper; place the fruit inside of it in an oven that is cooling; when the icing of the fruit becomes firm pile them on a dish and set them in a cool place.

NUTMEG OR CITRON-MELON PRESERVES.—Cut the melon into slices half an inch thick. Take off the rind. Keep them in salt water for three days. Boil them in fresh water six hours, changing the water three times. Make a syrup of one and a half pound of sugar to one pound of fruit, seasoned with extract of lemon, mace, cinnamon and white ginger, soaked and dried, to your taste. Boil the fruit in the syrup till it is perfectly transparent. During the whole process the boiling must be very slow, or the fruit will fall to pieces.

SOFT MOLASSES CAKE.—One cup of sugar, one cup of molasses, three cups of flour, one-half cup of butter, one-half cup of buttermilk, two eggs, one teaspoonful of soda, (or two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, with sweet milk.) A pinch of salt, spice with cinnamon, a sprinkle of cloves and the same of ginger. Bake very slowly, and it is very good.

TO PREVENT SILVER BUGS FROM DESTROYING WALL PAPER.—Make a starch paste of right consistency; then to every four quarts of paste add one ounce of arsenic. It has been tested thoroughly and found reliable.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

Exclusive.—Doctor: "I am pleased to say, Mrs. Fitzbrowne, that I shall be able to vaccinate your baby from a very healthy child of your neighbor, Mrs. Jones."

Mrs. Fitzbrowne: "O, dear doctor, I could not permit that! We do not care to be mixed up with the Joneses in any way."

A farmer who had sent a bale of cotton to a warehouse instructed the merchant to have the same sold. The merchant complied with the request, and the staple was disposed of. The farmer, upon examining his statement, was heard muttering to himself, "Drayage, wharfage, mistakeage, storage, leakage, weighage—well, I'll take the balance out in fightage."

"Speaking of bathing," said Mrs. Partington, from behind the steam that rose from her tea, as a veil to her blushes when touching upon so delicate a subject, "some can bathe with perfect impurity in water as cold as Greenland's icy mountains and India's coral strands; but, for my part, I prefer to have the water a little torpid."

A rapid and emphatic recital of the following is said to be infallible for lisping: Hobbs meets Snobbs and Nobbs; Hobbs hobs to Snobbs and Nobbs; Hobbs nobbs with Snobs and rubs Nobbs fobs. "This is," says Nobbs, "the worse for Hobbs' jobs," and Snobbs sobs.

A pedagogue told one of his scholars, a son of the Emerald Isle, to spell hostility. "H-o-r-s-e, horse," began Pat. "Not horse tility," said the teacher, "but hostility." "Sure," replied Pat, "an' didn't ye tell me the other day not to say hoss? Be jabbers, it's one thing wid ye one day, and another the next."

An athletic specimen of the Emerald Isle called on a wharfinger for a job. "The top of the mornin' to ye, Muster P. I've been told that ye're in want of help." "I've but little to do," replied P., with mercantile gravity. "I'm the very boy for yees! It's but little I care about doing—it's the money I'm after. sure?"

An honest farmer was invited to attend a party at the village doctor's one evening, when there was music vocal and instrumental. On the following morning he met one of the guests, who said, "Well, Mr. Jones, how did you enjoy yourself last night? Were not the quartets excellent?" "Why, really, sir, I can't say," said he. "for I didn't taste 'em; but the pork chops were the finest I ever ate!"

Christmas morning they stood before the altar, and the music of the marriage bells was sweeter to them than the music of the spheres. Christmas morning, four years later, a baldheaded man jumped out of bed, half distracted, and wanted to know why his wife was such a fool as to put a Christmas horn in that boy's stocking.

"Will you have a small piece of the light meat, or a small piece of the dark?" asked Bob's uncle, as he carved the turkey at dinner. "I'll take a large piece of both," answered Bob.

A Chinaman's teeth began to chatter over ice cream. He buttoned up his jacket and swallowed another mouthful. That settled it. He jumped up from the table, and started to where the sun could shine on him, exclaiming, "Whoopee! Plenty cold grub! No cookee nuff! Fleeze belly all same like ice wagon!"

"Does our constant chatter disturb you?" asked one of the three talkative ladies of a sober-looking fellow-passenger. "No, madam; I've been married nigh on to thirty years," was the reply.

"Don't trouble yourself to stretch your mouth any wider," said a dentist to his patient; "I intend to stand outside to draw your tooth."

"I don't think," says old Mrs. Prawn, "that bookkeeping is a very sedative employment. They must get," she added, thoughtfully, "so much exercise running up the columns."

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.



"T. Schwartz."



"Pat Flynn."



"Ar Fong."



"John Bull."



"Pompey Washington."



"Mons. Crapeau."

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WHOLE No. 267.

JAPAN AND THE JAPANESE.



A JAPANESE PRINCE.

What wonderful progress the people of Japan have made in the last ten years! When we think that a few years ago the nation knew nothing of other nations, and refused all trade or intercourse with them, except an occasional vessel from Holland, we are astonished that so much has been done in so short a time, and without the aid of a long and bloody war. We requested

Japan to throw open her ports to commerce, and at last she consented to do so, under certain restrictions; but one by one these restrictions have been removed, and all the maritime countries have been benefited in consequence. We send goods to nearly forty millions of inhabitants who have been isolated for hundreds of years, and in return receive from them silks, tea, gold, rice, cop-

per, and many articles which find ready buyers among our people. We see the natives of the islands asking us to send them books and instructors, financiers and skilled mechanics; and in all of our prominent institutions for learning are to be found natives of Japan, who outstrip our own countrymen in their eagerness to comprehend all that can be taught, and acquire knowledge which will be of use to them when they return to their homes and take part in the active affairs of life. Perry, when he forced his way into the harbor of Yokohama, in command of a United States fleet, little dreamed that some on board his ships would live to see the secluded race take a prominent part in exhibiting the productions of the earth at our Centennial, and that the department over which they presided would attract attention and universal admiration, so wonderful was it in its variety and completeness, and at the same time so terrible in the prices asked for even the most inferior articles on exhibition. The Japanese are shrewd, and thought that the white barbarians of the North would pay just what prices were asked; but in this they were mistaken, and were glad to lower their standard, so as to clean out their goods at the close of the exhibition.

Now we seldom hear of the mysterious Mikado and wonderful Tycoon, before whose awful presence none dared to stand upon their feet, but crawled on their hands and knees, when granted an audience, or else bowed their heads in the dust when the terrible rulers appeared in the streets, protected by nobles and savage soldiers, who were not backward in using one of their two swords, in case a subject did not move from the path quick enough, or made too free use of his eyes in gazing at the descendant of a hundred kings. The nobles have learned to keep their tempers in subjection, in a measure, when dealing with foreigners, and the Mikado and Tycoon take part in the opening of new railroads, and lay corner-stones with the ease of a Grand Lodge of Freemasons. The day of mystery has passed, and now Japan is doing what it can to make up for the time lost by years of non-intercourse with foreign nations.

A gentleman who has recently returned from Japan, where he resided several years, gives us the following account of what he saw in one of the villages, while travelling through the country. He is speaking of

the town of Koyias, nearly one hundred miles from Yokohama, and says:

"An air of dilapidation and decay pervades everything, and yet the little temple is never deserted. The number of people who undergo penance is wonderful. Here is one man—evidently, from the pack on his back and his weather-beaten straw coat, comes from a distance—walking to and fro between the two ends of the temple, a distance of twenty yards, with the regularity of a machine. At each end he leaves a piece of wood as a tally of his performance, and, until he has thus disposed of the bundle under his arm, his penance will not have been accomplished.

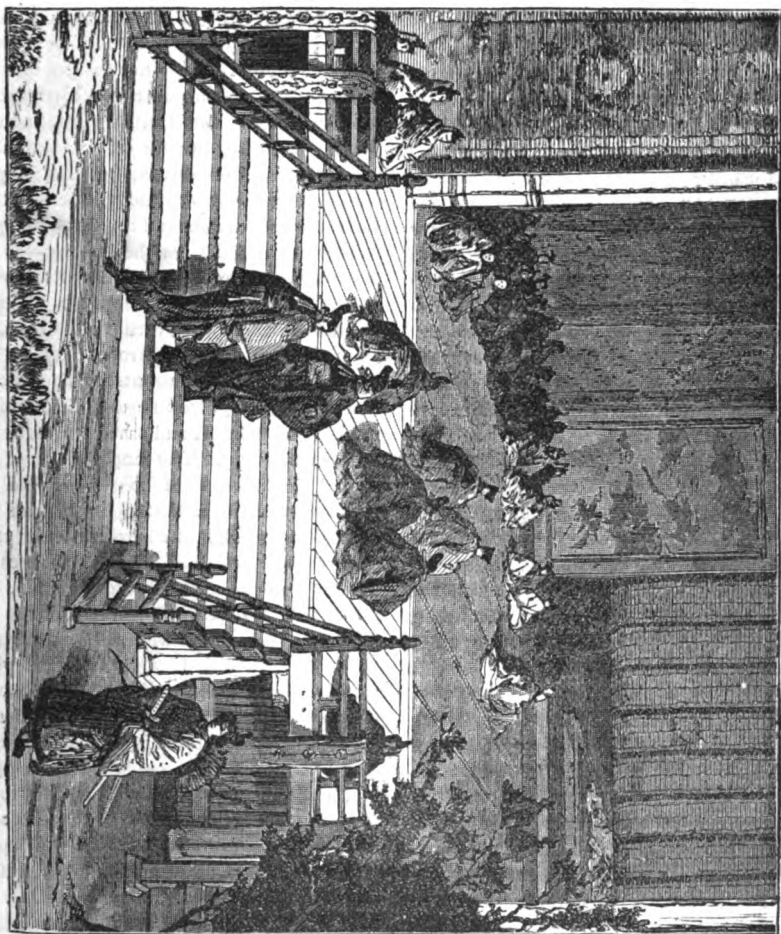
"Immediately behind the temple a torrent has been diverted from its course, to fall through a fantastically-carved dragon's mouth into a stone basin some twelve feet below. Beneath this cascade a man has been standing for the last quarter of an hour, and there he will remain till nature is exhausted. The gods of Japan are not lightly to be propitiated; women and children share with the men the fatigues of long pilgrimages; and I have met on the summit of Oyama—a climb of six thousand feet—troops of young and old ladies and small children, laughing and chattering, as if scaling big mountains was an everyday diversion. Above the temple, hidden from the view by a dense growth of trees and shrubs, is the little burying-ground of the village. Save the songs of the birds, and the plashing of the rivulet below, nothing breaks the stillness of this 'God's acre' of Koyias. The village, but a hundred yards away, is ever bustling and animated, but here, over this grassy plateau, hedged in by the natural growth of dense bamboo thickets and groves of cryptomeria, camellia and azalea, reigns perfect calm and solitude. Above is the clear deep blue sky, so exquisite in Japan; and looking through a break in the fence of twigs, flowers and leaves, the eye wanders over the vast plain stretching away towards Yokohama and the sea. The simplicity of the funeral monuments is quite in harmony with the scene. Here there is none of the bombast and display which are sometimes so offensive in our cemeteries at home. Rude and simple as the past lives of those beneath are the stones erected over the remains of the dead villagers. Some, standing higher than the rest, and perhaps decorated with a gilded

crest, denote the last resting-places of people above the social level of the ordinary tillers of the soil; but the greater part consist of little oblong blocks of stone, with the death name of the deceased, and generally, a verse of poetry, engraved thereon. All the most recent erections have saucers of water and bowls of rice in front; many

them over the mystic river, just as the bodies of the Romans were buried with oboli in their hands, to pay Charon for the ferry of the Styx.

"Past the temple, and over a rude bridge across the brawling torrent, is the public bathhouse of Koyias. What a contrast to the quiet of the graveyard we have just left!

RECEPTION OF THE MIRADO.



graves are simply marked by a lath of wood, as ninety days must elapse after interment before a more substantial monument can be raised. It is strange that the after-death mythology of the Japanese should resemble so closely that of the ancient Greeks and Romans. Corpses in Japan are attired in full travelling-dress, a staff in one hand, and a few cash in the other, to pay the old woman who sits at the three roads leading to Heaven, Earth and Hell, and who ferries

"Other establishments make a more imposing show, and apparently offer more solid inducements to the passer-by to enter; but, with the wineshop, the bathhouse seems to share all the public patronage. Every Japanese, of whatever position in life, contrives to take a bath at least three times a week. In the better-class houses there are regular bathrooms, but the poorer people, who are crowded in small cottages, go to the public establishments, of which every village has

one, and every town several. So at the Koyias bathhouse the stream of people passing in and out—especially towards nighttime—is incessant. It does not consist, as do many, of one large room common to both sexes, but is divided into two compartments, one for the men, the other for the women and children, but each equally under the eagle eye of the proprietor, who sits on a sort of rostrum placed between the two. Especially sly of movement must he or she be who could evade his glance, and contrive to get a wash gratis; and even those whose redness of skin denotes that they have had their full time in the boiling water, are warned, and requested to make room for others. As the English merchant anticipates his dinner, and the artisan his pipe and corner at the public house, after the toils of the day, so does the Japanese look forward to the hour of bathing as the supreme period of his daily happiness; so that at about sunset the crush, noise and confusion in the little bathing-house near the torrent at Koyias is indescribable. The children hate the hot water, and scream and kick as their mothers plunge them head over ears into the tank, much in the same way as do the poor little wretches we see ducked at Newport. The women laugh and chatter incessantly, the men shout, tumble, splash, and carry on practical jokes, till the old roof rings with the uproar; and if the noise and smell are a little overpowering, we cannot help admitting that if there is complete enjoyment anywhere, it is in this Pandemonium of a bathhouse.

"Next to the bathhouse, but lolling back in the trees with an easy self-satisfied air of superiority, is the house of the local 'Yakunin,' or mayor. Neatness is no word for the appearance of this mansion. A severe black paling encloses it, and all but screens it from the vulgar view. The gravel path—flagged at intervals with huge stones—is jealously kept free from weeds and rubbish; the sliding doors are of spotlessly white paper, set in a framework of polished wood; and within, the simplicity and utter absence of ornament or furniture is almost monotonous. Here all the local business is transacted by the elders of the village; tithes and taxes received; new laws promulgated; family quarrels settled, and criminals judged; moreover, a tall ladder fixed into the ground, to which is suspended a bell, a polished bronze ornamented engine, a pile

of wooden pails, and an assortment of hooks and ladders, proclaim to be also the local fire-station.

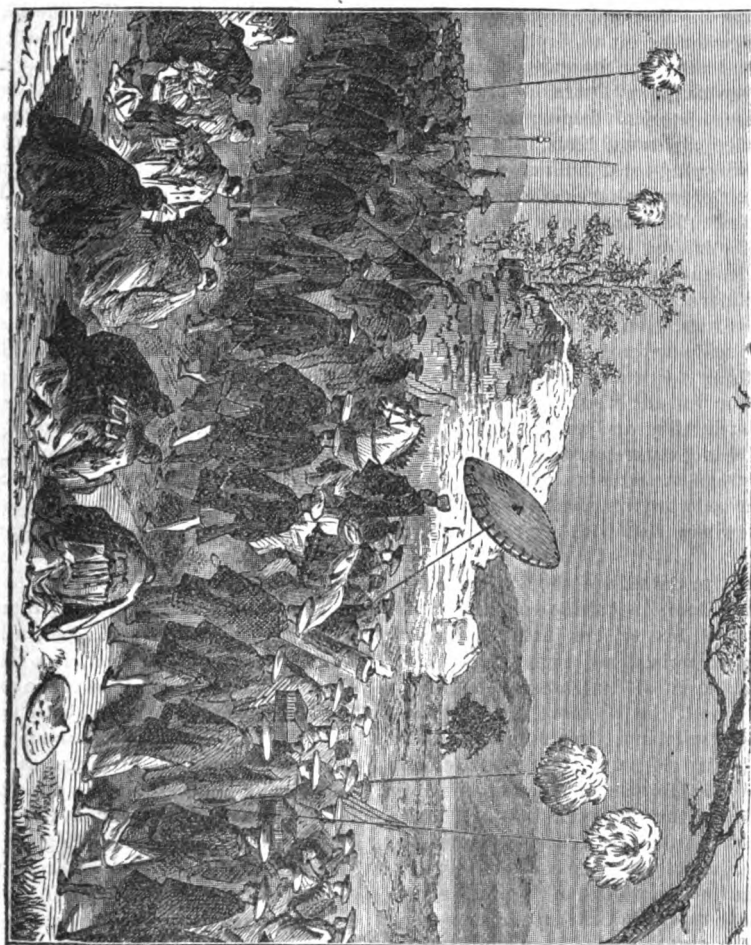
"Our Koyias 'Yakunin' is not one of the mushroom officials so plentiful in Yedo and Yokohama. His ancestors held office in Koyias long before him, and his son will succeed him, unless the eccentric government makes another dash at old institutions. He is a good specimen of the now almost obsolete race of old Japanese gentlemen. Rather than wear a hat, coat or boots of foreign fashion, he would resign office to-morrow; not that he bears any antipathy to foreigners; on the contrary, he admires them, 'so long,' as he says, 'they keep themselves to themselves,' and nothing can exceed the urbanity and politeness with which he receives us and answers our questions; but he possesses the faculty—as rare in modern Japan as in modern Europe—of seeing himself as others see him. The law obliges him, as a government official, to wear his hair in the European style; but, after all, this only amounts to the sacrifice of a dirty, greasy, troublesome little tuft on the top of his head, and saves him a deal of time in shaving. The importance of the official documents he has occasionally to peruse warrants a better light than that afforded by the tin of oil with a wick stuck in it, usually found in Japanese houses; so he has purchased a kerosene lamp, but further on the path of innovation he will not go. Half the awe and respect with which he is regarded by the villagers would vanish were he to discard the stiff coat with wide sleeves, embroidered with his family crest, the loose trousers and the wooden clogs, in favor of a seedy 'chimney-pot' hat, a rusty dress suit, and a pair of boots many sizes too big for him, in imitation of his confreres of Yedo. As it is, he is practically the monarch of the place. Half the rice and tobacco-fields around are his, and half the farms are held by his tenants. He has the first right to hunt, shoot and cut firewood on Mount Oyama. His sons are being educated in Yedo and America, for he is wise enough in his generation to foresee that in a few years those who mean to fight the battle of life in Japan, *a la mode Japonaise*, will be very speedily shouldered to the wall by those who have adopted Western notions and ideas. His daughters are fair bright specimens of Japanese womanhood, as yet unversed in the mysteries

of Western customs and dress, accomplished according to their national standard—that is, skillful on the guitar, deeply read in the poetic and romantic lore of their country, able to weave their own dresses, not above helping in the kitchen, and adepts in the art of ‘flowery’ conversation.

“Opposite the mayor’s house is the little

can conceive nothing more magnificent than the spectacles to which they are occasionally treated. Their standard is fortunately not a very high one, and they are advocates rather for quantity than quality, so that stage tricks, effects, and feats of juggling and legerdemain, which would be hooted by a Yedo audience, are sure to meet with ap-

PROCESSION OF THE TYOON.



theatre of Koyias, not one of the ornate gas-lighted playhouses of the modern Yedo or Yokohama type, but a dark, old, ill-smelling den of the purest Japanese style. It is rarely open, as Koyias must depend for dramatic entertainment on strolling companies of actors; but as much blood and thunder may be witnessed on its boards in half an hour as one would hear of, much less see, in the actual world without during many years. The good villagers, however,

plause at Koyias. Travellers tell them that they should see the great theatre in Shima-barra at Yedo, or at the Yoshiwarra at Yokohama; but they don't believe it, and stick up manfully for Koyias. When the playbills with the principal scenes thereon depicted are circulated in Koyias, the excitement is intense, and during the hours of performance even the bathhouse and the wine-shop are deserted; business is entirely suspended, for all Koyias is at the theatre,

gaping at the grimaces of the renowned Tsunemasa, absorbed in the doings of the forty-seven Ronins, or roaring at the broad jokes of the 'Ink Smearing.'

"Abutting on to the theatre is the 'village shop,' where you may buy any article useful or ornamental, from a suit of armor to a toothpick. On one shelf is a tempting array of innocent-looking indigestion, in the shape of cakes and sweetmeats; on another are masks of all devices, from the scowling features of the war-god Hachiman to the joyous face of Otafuku—plumpest of Japanese historical dames; kites in the semblance of beasts, birds, fishes and reptiles; whipping-tops, humming-tops, peg-tops, battledores as big as cricket-bats, miniature suits of armor, swords, hobby-horses, and dolls dressed in the latest Yedo fashions. In another corner are kettles, charcoal-braziers, pans, tubs, sword-racks, sun and rain hats, even a kerosene lamp, and a box of eau-de-cologne. Then there are suits of clothing for men; gorgeous 'obis' or sashes for women; wooden clogs and straw sandals; bedding and mats; strings of pilgrims' beads; water-gourds and staffs; books and musical instruments. In short, if the villager lacks anything, here he will find it, and nowhere else within a radius of ten miles.

"Next to the village shop is the village school. Here, squatting on the mats, each with his or her little bench for writing materials, are some fifty chubby little children of both sexes, yelling '*a toutes forces*,' the letters of the 'Iroha,' or Japanese syllabary, given out in stentorian tones by the old priest teacher. He has a blackboard at his side, and, as he pronounces each letter, he chalks it down, and the pupils shriek it out in a chorus of squeaking trebles. Even here, in out-of-the-way Koyias, signs of the spread of Western education have spread in the shape of slates, and after the alphabet has been duly howled through, an advanced class receives instruction in the Arabic numerals. A momentary lull marks our entrance, but at a word from the old priest all are hard at work again; and here we may observe one of the most striking features of the national character. There is none of the levity, or anxiety to 'skip,' so characteristic of the American schoolboy.

"Next door to the school, and opposite the wineshop, is the barber's establish-

ment. Now the proprietor of this house has long been a thorn in the side of the Koyias community. He is not a Koyias man, but a citizen of Yedo, lately settled here, and from Yedo he has brought far more refinement and foreign civilization than the sturdy old conservative villagers think good for the social body. Look at that striped pole impudently planting its brazen head in the air. Was the like ever seen in respectable Japanese barber-shop before? He tried to introduce a chair for his customers the other day, but they one and all refused to use it, and the obnoxious object has been removed to the backroom, where it serves as a plaything for the children. One man's chin he lathered with foreign soap instead of simple water, but the rustic, on perceiving it, rushed out of the shop with one side of his face coated with white, and had the shaving operation finished at home. Still, there must be a barber in the place, and so many of his little peculiarities are tolerated. Moreover, as he is full of chitchat and strange stories from the great capital, and is a humorous fellow to boot, he drives a roaring trade.

"His greatest crony is the wineshop keeper over the way, and the character of their friendship is peculiar, inasmuch as they belong to two distinct parties in present public opinion, and on most topics entertain diametrically contrary opinions.

"Thus, the wineshop keeper, a Koyias man by birth and education, is a stern upholder of all the old customs of the country. The barber, on the contrary, born near the great bridge of Yedo, affects an idolatry for reform. On summer evenings, as the setting sun is lighting up the distant landscape with a thousand brilliant hues; as the shadows are creeping over the great mountain side; and as the laborers are returning from their toil in the fields, right royal battles do the two politicians wage, to the amusement, not unmixed with awe, of the village gossips and tattlers. Their respective shops are the arenas for these combats, and many a man has his chin shaved unnecessarily, or calls for an extra bowl of wine, for the sake of hearing the disputants. That they never will agree is morally certain, that they never will be enemies, is equally so. Your true men of calibre respect each other's genius too much to fall out about trifles, so the barber and the tapster of Koyias, though they bicker, squabble

and fight day after day, have drawn indissoluble bonds of friendship around each other by the very oppositeness of their natures. Whether the fact that the barber has a very comely daughter, named O Kiku, or Miss Chrysanthemum, has anything to do with it, looking from the point of view of the man of liquors, it is not our province to discuss; but certain it is that the aforesaid O Kiku is always present at these encounters, and invariably sides with the foe of her father. However, we have arrived at

our tea-house door, where the damsels in afternoon toilet, fresh combed and painted, are waiting to inform us that our repast is ready; so we satisfy with cash the crowd of urchins who have been following us throughout at a respectful distance—for they are not quite certain that we are not beasts of biting propensities—and, obedient to the call of our fair waitresses, ascend to our pleasant little room, to do justice to a *banquet a la mode Japonaise*."

THE LOCUST.

The voracious winged insect illustrated on page 212, belongs to the class known among naturalists as the Grylli, and very closely resembles the grasshopper. The locusts are a great scourge in oriental countries at the present day, and have been equally troublesome in the past, as the existing accounts of their depredations prove. We, for our own part, have not yet forgotten the terrible "grasshopper plague" which so afflicted the people in some portions of the West. The sufferings caused by their destruction of the crops can scarcely be realized except by those who have been so unfortunate as to experience or to see them, and the cry for help that came with a terrible earnestness from Nebraska, Kansas, Minnesota and Iowa, coupled with sad accounts of families enduring privations and hunger, was enough to awaken active exertions for their relief.

In the Bible the countless swarms of locusts are represented as being directed in their flight and march by God, and used as a means for the chastisement of the guilty nations that incurred his wrath by their ill-doing. A swarm of locusts was among the plagues of Egypt; and we are told that they covered the whole surface of the country, so that the earth was darkened, devouring every green herb of the earth, and the fruit of every tree which the hail had left. But the most minute description of this insect, and of its destructive nature, to be found in the Bible, is in the book of Joel:—"A fire devoureth before them; and behind them a flame burneth; the land is as the garden of Eden before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness; yea, and nothing shall escape them.

pearance of horses; and as horsemen, so shall they run.

"Like the noise of chariots on the tops of mountains shall they leap, like the noise of a flame of fire that devoureth the stubble, as a strong people set in battle array.

"Before their face the people shall be much pained; all faces shall gather blackness.

"They shall run like mighty men; they shall climb the walls like men of war; and they shall march every one on his ways, and they shall not break their ranks.

"Neither shall one thrust another; they shall walk every one in his path; and when they fall upon the sword, they shall not be wounded.

"They shall run to and fro in the city; they shall run upon the wall, they shall climb up upon the houses; they shall enter in at the windows like a thief.

"The earth shall quake before them; the heavens shall tremble; the sun and the moon shall be dark, and the stars shall withdraw their shining."

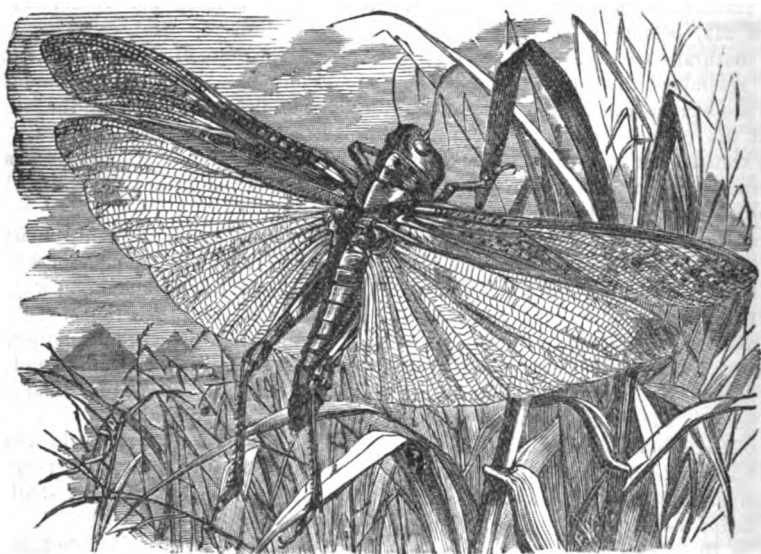
This striking and animated description is remarkable for its truth and graphic force, and the following extract from a traveller's account of his experience with these pests shows how wisely the prophet selected his comparisons:—"Those which I saw, were much bigger than our common grasshoppers, and had brown spotted wings, with legs and bodies of a bright yellow. Their first appearance was toward the end of March, the wind having been some time from the south. In the middle of April, their numbers were so vastly increased, that in the heat of the day they formed themselves into large and numerous swarms, flew in the air like a succession of clouds, and as the prophet ex-

"The appearance of them is as the ap-

presses it, they darkened the sun. When the wind blew briskly, so that these swarms were crowded by others, or thrown one upon another, we had a lively idea of that comparison of the psalmist, of being tossed up and down as the locust. In the month of May, these swarms gradually retired into the Metijiah and other adjacent plains, where they deposited their eggs. These were no sooner hatched in June, than each of the broods collected itself into a compact body of a furlong or more square, and marching afterwards in a direct line towards the sea, they let nothing escape them; eating up everything that was green and juicy,

one another, while the front was regardless of danger, and the rear pressed on so close that a retreat was altogether impossible. A day or two after one of these broods was in motion, others were already hatched to march and glean after them, gnawing off the very bark and the young branches of such trees as had before escaped with the loss only of their fruit and foliage. So justly have they been compared by the prophet to a great army; who further observes, that the land is as the garden of Eden before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness."

Another description of a flight of locusts



THE LOCUST.

not only the lesser kinds of vegetables, but the vine likewise, the fig-tree, the pomegranate, the palm and the apple-tree, even all the trees of the field, in doing which, they kept their ranks like men of war, climbing over, as they advanced, every tree or wall that was in their way; nay, they entered into our very houses and bedchambers like thieves. The inhabitants, to stop their progress, made a variety of pits and trenches all over their fields and gardens, which they filled with water; or else they heaped up therein heath, stubble and such like combustible matter, which were severally set on fire upon the approach of the locusts. But this was all to no purpose, for the trenches were quickly filled up and the fires extinguished by infinite swarms succeeding

is given by a writer on South Africa, as follows:—"Next day was warm enough, but the wind was desperately high, and, much to my disgust, right in my face as I rode away on my journey. After travelling some ten miles, having swallowed several ounces of sand meanwhile, and been compelled occasionally to remove the sandhills that were collecting in my eyes, I began to fall in with some locusts. At first they came on gradually and in small quantities, speckling the earth here and there, and voraciously devouring the herbage.

"They were not altogether pleasant, as they are weak on the wing, and quite at the mercy of the wind, which uncivilly dashed many a one into my face with a force that made my cheeks tingle. By degrees they

grew thicker and more frequent. My progress was now most unpleasant, for they flew into my face every instant. Flung against me and my horse by the breeze, they clung to us with the tightness of desperation, till we were literally speckled with locusts. Each moment the clouds of them became denser, till at length—I am guilty of no exaggeration in saying—they were as thick in the air as the flakes of snow during a heavy fall of it; they covered the grass and the road, so that at every step my horse crushed dozens; they were whirled into my eyes and those of my poor nag, till at last the latter refused to face them, and turned tail in spite of whip and spur. They crawled about my face and neck, got down my shirt collar and up my sleeves—in a word they drove me to despair as completely as they drove my horse to stubbornness, and I was obliged to ride back a mile or two, and claim shelter from them at a house I had passed on my route; fully convinced that a shower of locusts is more unbearable than hail, rain, snow and sleet combined. I found the poor farmer in despair at the dreadful visitation which had come upon him—and well he might be so. To-day he had standing crops, a garden, and wide pasture lands in full verdure; the next day the earth was as bare all round as a macadamized road.

"I afterwards saw millions of these insects driven by the wind into the sea at Algoa Bay, and washed on shore again in such heaps, that the prisoners and coolies in the town were busily employed for a day or two in burying the bodies, to prevent the evil consequence that would arise from the putrefying of them close to the town. No description of these little plagues, or of the destruction they cause, can well be an exaggeration. Fortunately, their visitations are not frequent, as I only remember three during my five years' residence in South Africa. Huge fires are sometimes lighted round corn-lands and gardens to prevent their approach; and this is an effective preventive when they can steer their own course; but when carried away by such a wind as I have described, they can only go where it drives them, and all the bonfires in the world would be useless to stay their progress. The farmer thus eaten out of house and home (most literally) has nothing to do but to move his stock forthwith to some other spot which has escaped them—so that his herds and flocks may not perish."

Comprehending as we do what a terrible infliction these migratory locusts must be, it is pleasant to know that they are of some benefit in some countries. Says one authority:—"In the first place, they afford food to innumerable animals. As they fly, large flocks of birds wait on them, sweep among and devour them on the wing. While they are on the ground, whether in their winged or imperfect state, they are eaten by various animals; even the lion and other formidable carnivora not disdaining so easily gained a repast. As the cool air of the night renders the locusts incapable of moving, they can be captured without difficulty. Even to mankind the locusts are serviceable, being a favorite article of food. It is true that these insects devour whole crops, but it may be doubted whether they do not confer a benefit on the dusky cultivators rather than inflict an injury.

"As soon as the shades of evening render the locusts helpless, the natives turn out in a body, with sacks, skins and everything that can hold the expected prey, those who possess such animals bringing back oxen in order to bear the loads home. The locusts are swept by millions into the sacks, without any particular exertion on the part of the natives, though not without some danger, as venomous serpents are apt to come to feed on the insects, and are sometimes roughly handled in the darkness.

"When the locusts have been brought home, they are put into a large covered pot, and a little water added to them. The fire is then lighted under the pot, and the locusts are boiled, or rather steamed, until they are sufficiently cooked. They are then taken out of the pot, and spread out in the sunbeams until they are quite dry; and when this part of the process is completed, they are shaken about in the wind until the legs and wings fall off, and are carried away by the breeze like the chaff when corn is winnowed. When they are perfectly dry, they are stored away in baskets, or placed in the granaries just as if they were corn.

"Sometimes the Kaffirs eat them whole, just as we eat shrimps, and, if they can afford such a luxury, add a little salt to them. Usually, however, the locusts are treated much in the same manner as corn or maize. They are ground to powder by the mill until they are reduced to meal, which is then mixed with water, so as to form a kind of porridge."

ELSIE'S SUCCESS.

BY MARY HELEN BOODEY.

"MAMMA!" said Miss Elsie Linwood one morning, as she sat with her father, mother and two brothers, at the well-appointed breakfast-table, "I think it is high time that I should understand how to cook better than I do."

"O sis!" cried her oldest brother, with a sly glance at his pretty sister, "are you going to begin practice so soon with a view to matrimony? Didn't I hear somebody say the other night that no young lady was qualified to be married until she understood the noble science of cookery?"

"Hal!" retorted Elsie, unable to repress a rising blush, "if you don't stop talking nonsense I'll never allow you to feast on any of the specimens of my skill. Not a mouthful, sir, shall you have, except you mend your speech!"

"Have mercy!" returned Hal, with a comically doleful countenance; "I'll never again accuse you of having an eye to future chances, but will affirm that you intend to live in 'maiden meditation, fancy free,' for the rest of your life. Pass on the goodies, Elsie, I'll sacrifice myself for your benefit and taste of all your failures;" and off went the saucy fellow before the young lady who was ambitious to be a cook, could make any reply to his speech.

"Don't be discouraged, Elsie," said George, the younger brother, as he gathered up his books preparatory to going to school. "I think every girl ought to know how to cook, and I know Mr. Egerton thinks so, too, for I heard him say the other day that most modern young ladies were good for nothing but to sit in the parlor and do fancy work or go to balls and parties like so many pretty-faced dolls. He thinks a high-souled woman will not disdain to make herself useful, and I think so, too!" with which wise conclusion and approval of his cherished authority, Master George took himself and his books away.

The Mr. Egerton mentioned by George and hinted at by Harry, was the gentlemanly principal of the Academy at L—, a finished scholar and a man of rare abilities and personal grace. He was held in the highest esteem in L—, and deserved the

high place given him in popular estimation no less for his cultivated mind than for his true nobility of character. It must not be thought that he was in the habit of inveighing against the young ladies of the nineteenth century; far from it—but in the course of a conversation which, we must acknowledge, chanced to be overheard by Elsie, he had been led to express himself somewhat freely, in regard to the dislike which many girls have for anything like household labor. Miss Elsie secretly admired Mr. Egerton very much, and thought him a very pattern of all excellence, although, as she was of a shy retiring disposition, he was by no means likely to guess how much he was appreciated by the pretty, modest young lady, whose quiet unobtrusive manners he had often compared favorably with those of more self-confident misses.

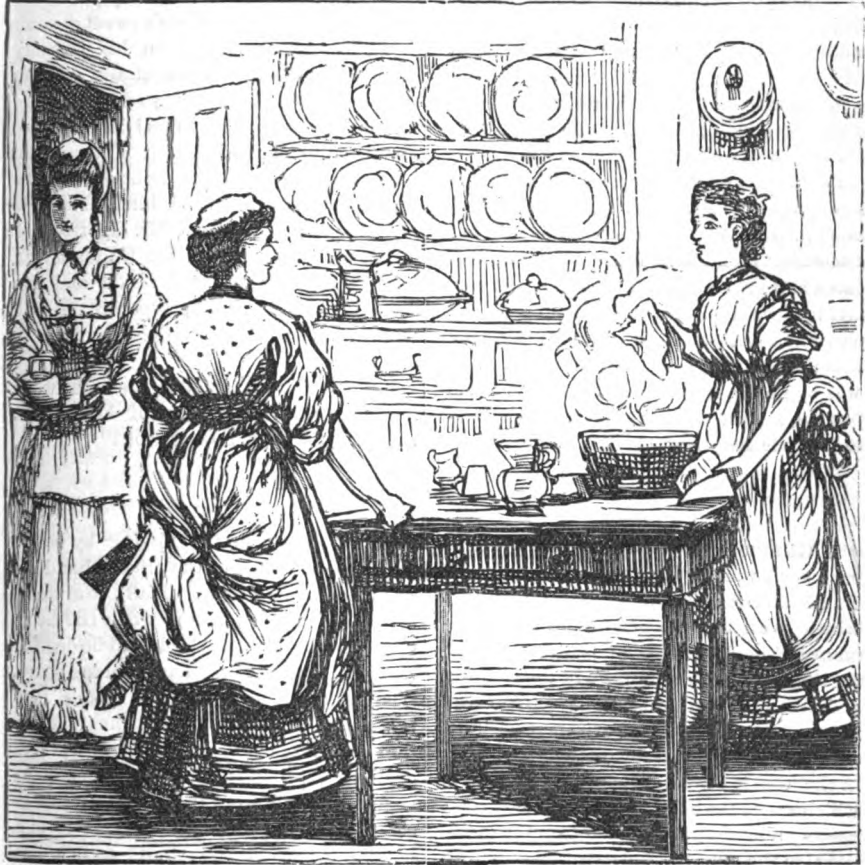
There had been no need in Elsie's life that she should confine herself to hand-labor, for her father's means were ample, and the two maids who formed the regular staff of help in her mother's kitchen rendered her aid there unnecessary. She had also been occupied with the task of getting her school education until within a short time, and music, languages and the more substantial branches had filled her intelligent little head to the exclusion of other ambitions. But if, as Mr. Egerton had declared, most modern young ladies are content with wholly superficial accomplishments, Elsie Linwood was certainly an exception, and, for one of her years, had remarkably earnest and sensible ideas of what a true woman's life should be. She was not satisfied to spend her time in selfish frivolity, and wished to make some good use of the knowledge she had so faithfully acquired from books. In fact, according to the light that was given her, she aspired to climb to those white heights of womanhood that are possible to every intelligent mind and feeling heart.

"But,"—you will perhaps say—"what has all this to do with the young lady's desire to know how to cook?"

Coming down to prosaic everyday life, this was one of the indications of Elsie's

constant desire for improvement, and as such, it is surely worthy of notice. She stood upon the threshold of life, dimly conscious that a different existence awaited her in the future than had been hers in the past; that duties hitherto unknown claimed her attention, and her energetic nature responded heartily to every call for assistance, sympathy

the fruit of Elsie's efforts was consigned to the oven; with the greatest care it was watched over, and the number of times that anxious glances were cast at the prospective pudding we should not dare to state lest we might be accused of exaggeration. At last it came forth, cooked to a state of perfection, to all appearances a decided success. Pleased



ELSIE'S CULINARY SKILL.

thy, or achievement. Cheered by her mother's approving smile, she donned the protecting apron, and armed with an invaluable receipt book, bravely entered the scene of action. Behold her, with round arms bared to the elbow, deep in the mysteries of culinary skill, visited by admiring glances from Kate and Susan, who think her the "*swat-est* young lady" in all the town; and surely they might safely say that there was no sweeter one.

With the greatest care the dish containing

and somewhat wearied, Elsie withdrew, leaving her wonderful triumph steaming upon the hearth.

In due time came the dinner hour, and with it Mr. Linwood, Harry, George, and, strange to say, Mr. Egerton! The fates had a hand in it, perhaps, but however that may be, it was evident that the handsome teacher was destined to partake of Elsie's pudding. He came at the cordial invitation of Mr. Linwood, who was always glad to secure the society of so agreeable a compan-

ion for an hour or two. Elsie's color deepened as Hal whispered, mischievously, "Been cooking, Elsie?" but she did not condescend to reply, hoping that nothing more would be said about her studies of the sublime art of cookery. But the irrepressible George addressed her in an *aside* audible to all at the table, with:

"Have you been learning to cook to-day, Elsie? Is there anything here that *you* made? If there is I want to know what it is!"

Mrs. Linwood came to the rescue. "Elsie made the pudding, George, and I think she did very well for a new beginner."

Poor Elsie, glancing up, encountered the kindly eyes of Mr. Egerton, and felt a tell-tale blush heating her cheeks, much to her discomfort mentally. But the pudding was eaten and praised, and Elsie forgot her momentary confusion while listening to the pleasant conversation to which Mr. Egerton lent the charm of his wit and intellect. She was by no means devoid of conversational powers herself, though she was too modest to intrude her own thoughts unless they

were sought for, but her air of interest and attention told how well she could appreciate others, and conveyed a more delicate compliment than words could give. Mr. Egerton, half unconsciously to himself, when he advanced any idea would turn to meet Elsie's quick glance of intelligent comprehension, and when he left the house he acknowledged to himself that he had never enjoyed a visit better; and somehow, Elsie's sweet pleasant face was very prominent in his memory. He began to think how sweet the companionship and ready sympathy of such a gentle soul might be, and to feel as if he were somewhat lonely without it. The sound of a soft low voice, and the light of a pair of expressive eyes, haunted him. Need we say more about Elsie and Mr. Egerton? Is it not plain enough whither they are drifting? to what enchanted lands and rosy dreams? Peace and prosperity be with them! Hal, when he wishes to tease his sister, says:

"It was all that pudding, Elsie; he would never have looked at you if he had not thought you knew how to cook!"

A GREEK WEDDING.—A correspondent says:—"I was fortunate enough to be in Patras on the occasion of a Greek wedding, which is an interesting and peculiar ceremony. Weddings among the Greeks are for the most part solemnized in the evening and at home, and from the nature of the rite must be very trying to the persons principally concerned. A small table is placed in the centre of the room, on one side of which stand the bride and bridegroom, each holding a long lighted candle; on the opposite side the officiating priests. Behind the former the best man takes his place; he has an important part to fill in the ceremony, and is ranked as a relation from the time of the marriage. The room is, of course, brilliantly lighted, and numerous guests throng as closely as they can towards the centre in order to gain the better view. Many prayers are chanted by the priests and their assistants. There is a very elaborate ritual—signing the bride and bridegroom on the forehead three times with the ring, the blessing two wreaths, which are afterwards placed on their heads by the best man, and, at a latter part of the rite, interchanged over and over again, the drinking of wine three times

from the same cup, the kissing by both of the office-book and of the priest's hand who has made them one, and, finally, the strangest part of the ceremony, when the clergy, closely followed by the bride and bridegroom hand in hand, the best man, and the nearest relatives of the newly-married couple, make the tour of the table three times. This is said to be a relic of heathen days, while the drinking of wine from the same cup has been continued from the Jews. When the ceremony, which lasts three-quarters of an hour, is over, and the young couple have been duly kissed and congratulated by their assembled friends, the festive part of the evening begins. Servants appear on the scene, carrying large trays heaped with bonbons, sugar-plums, and artificial fruits of different sorts. These are presented to the guests, who are expected to help themselves liberally, and to take their friend at home as much as they care to carry. Cooling drinks of various kinds are also brought in never-ending supply, and the evening ends, sometimes with a ball, sometimes with the departure of bride and bridegroom for their own home."

VICTOIRE:

—OR,—

THE TURNS OF FORTUNE'S WHEEL.

BY AMANDA M. HALE.

[CONCLUDED.]

[*This Story was commenced in the October Number of the Magazine.*]

CHAPTER X.

THE CAPTAIN FULFILLS HIS PROMISE.

ROSELANDS was shining in its summer glory. Still golden days and soft warm nights followed each other round and round the mystic circle. The day went out in such golden splendor you scarce could tell when the night came; and when the long, silent, starlit, fragrant hours brightened into dawn, the night had grown so lovely that you were loth to let it go. There were flowers everywhere; wild columbines swung their crimson bells upon every sunny knoll, and around the rough base of many a great gray boulder; the grassy banks along the edge of the brook were starred with Hous-tonia as white and pure as an angel's soul; the brook itself, coming from the heart of dark deep forests, and rippling through the silence of green lovely valleys, where only it and the birds made music, knew where the shy sweet violets and quaint cypridium were hidden, where the beautiful convallaria died in sweetness, and the orchis burned its rosy fires, and a hundred other charming secrets that the broad open fields, with all their opulence of waving grass and affluence of sunshine, were unaware of.

Victoire followed the brook into the forests, and the lonely places gave up their mysteries, and made friends with the girl. She was dazzled and bewildered—most of all by the roses from which the place had caught its pretty name, and which sheltered every hedge upon the roadside, and every copse by the way, and the long avenues that went down to the road, with pink fragrant blossoms.

It was the first summer the girl had known. There had, indeed, been long summer days, years ago, when she had looked out longingly upon the bright world, as the

prisoner looks through dungeon bars; but then, she, too, was a prisoner. Now, she was free to go and come, to dream pleasant dreams, and do pleasant things, to spend hours in the stately library, among the dusty tomes, the rare quaint missals, wrought and illuminated, and which had a peculiar charm for her, and with the perfect poems that are so few and so precious. Then whole rainy days were spent in the drawing-room; the old-fashioned grand piano allured her. Then Victoire forgot herself and all the world, and gave out her soul in the music, coming out when the darkness fell, with such a pale rapt face that even the servants noticed it; and in their humble estimation she was already canonized. For days and weeks this life sufficed her, or at least, she thought it did. But every day she grew more attenuated, the white hands became more transparent, her blue eyes more lustrous. What ailed the girl?

Rose Beauchamp, white lovely blonde as she was, with passions, affections, impulses, but with a soul that was as yet only a microscopic point, asked the question and wondered. Rose sat up stairs for the most part, and left Victoire by herself. One of those natures whose sweetness is easily acidulated, whose love is largely sensuous and self-complacent, I doubt if now she loved St. John. His step did not startle her now; her color was steady when he spoke to her. Out of the ashes of her dead passion had arisen a proud indifference that might be hate, but could never again grow into love. But there was not even this cold neutrality in her position towards Victoire.

How could she like the girl who might any day, by some fortuitous chance, come between her and her fortune? how could she tolerate the girl who had, in a week,

found her way to a heart that for years she had besieged in vain? With her nature it would have been impossible. A keen conscience would have startled her, shown her the enormity of her feelings; but to have been keenly conscientious would have been not to be Rose Beauchamp.

So she let Victoire alone, partly because she hated her; *du reste* she was going to be married in the fall, and was obliged to go into town often, to do her shopping.

After one of these visits, she sat in her boudoir, at a delicate lunch that she had ordered. Victoire passed the open door.

"Victoire, come in," Rose called.

Victoire came.

"Let me pour you a cup of chocolate." And Rose's dainty fingers lifted the pretty little silver coffee-pot. Victoire watched her dreamily.

"You are admiring the work? It is an exquisite thing, is it not? 'Tis an heirloom. Those are the Beauchamp arms and initials, 'Always conquerors.' Is it not a nice thing to be an heiress?"

Victoire's eyes were instantly lifted. Wonder, scorn, sorrow, flashed in the mute reproach. But she only said:

"By fair means or foul?"

Rose laughed, but a rosy color leaped to her face.

"What difference does it make? The end sanctifies the means, in most cases," she said, carelessly.

"But, as the Americans say, 'will it pay to do wrong?'"

Rose laughed again, but it was in a harsh unmusical tone.

"And then it must be so hard!" added Victoire.

"*C'est le premiere pas qui conte.* I can imagine how any one can commit murder at last!" Her face had whitened as she said this, and she shrugged her white shoulders, saying, "Apropos of such pleasant subjects. St. John has got his famous murder case off his hands, and is coming up on Saturday, for the rest of the summer."

The glad light that suddenly shone out in Victoire's face did not escape her.

"St. John coming home!" she repeated, involuntarily.

Rose sipped her chocolate with nonchalance.

"He said he was coming, and I suppose he will stay all summer—unless he follows Miss Windsor to the springs," she said.

Again Victoire echoed her words. "Miss Windsor?"

"His fiancée, you know! O, you didn't know it? Why, it was all the talk of his circle six months ago, and now it is understood to be an engagement. She is a splendid woman—not a beauty, but brilliant and accomplished. So you may as well make up your mind to a new mistress for Rose-lands. It's a pity, for do you know I almost thought at one time that if things had been a little different—you had had more advantages, you know—you two might have done very well together. He is really a good deal interested in you. Why, are you choking yourself with the chocolate?"

Victoire got up. "Pray excuse me. I am very awkward."

She went away—the arrows of that speech ranking in her heart.

A few days later St. John came home, and in a day or two more Ralph joined them. The year had told upon Ralph. He was more bronzed and manly, more reticent and cautious; but there was still the old fire in his eyes, the old hasty impulsiveness in his speech. Victoire watched him in his devotion to Rose, and half smiled as she remembered the little cottage in the environs of Baden-Baden. Yet she wondered if Rose really loved him. Her white proud face never flushed at his approach, the lily hand never trembled, the silver tones never faltered. But keener eyes than Ralph's might have been deceived—every word and look was so gracious and sweet.

And so the rosy weeks slipped by, and autumn came. St. John had been at home all summer, and yet it had not been in the least dull. He was never tired of studying Victoire. The long hours they spent together in the library, the music lessons, the rides, the long twilight talks, were precious to him. But he never once suspected that he was in love.

"Where is your protegee?" said Ralph, one day, as they were sauntering together in the grounds.

"Victoire? I don't know."

"You should, then. Rose says she spends her time either out of doors or at her music. The being out of doors is well enough, but the less she has to do with music the better. Rose says—"

"It seems to me that Rose does not take much pains to make her happy here," interrupted St. John, in a displeased tone.

Ralph's face flushed hotly. "You are always finding fault with Rose!"

St. John did not reply, and Ralph repented hastily. "Why couldn't you have fallen in love with her yourself?" he continued, with his usual recklessness.

St. John started. "With Rose?"

"O, confound it, no! It's fortunate for me you didn't. I mean with Victoire."

St. John did not change color or lift his eyes from the landscape he was examining.

"She is a mere child," he said.

"Rather old for a child. I believe she is seventeen," said Ralph, dryly.

They had drawn together as they walked, and now paused a moment, St. John looking over the country with thoughtful eyes, and Ralph studying his face.

"I say, old fellow!"—Ralph laid his hand on his brother's shoulder, and looked at him with tender eyes—"I say, I wish you'd think of it. It will be lonesome for you when Rose and I are gone. Think of it! Wouldn't it be pleasant to have such a charming little woman opposite you at the table, to pour your coffee and ask you for the news—to kiss you when you go out, and cry her pretty eyes out because you don't come home to dinner?"

"It's a pity Rose is not here to see your picture of domestic bliss," said St. John, smiling.

Ralph grew grave. "Really, though, St. John, it would be a good thing for you to do. You don't need money, and it would be a thousand times finer to call home to your nest this little lonesome fledgling, than to woo a bird of paradise who will only worship her own splendor. Still, if you prefer Miss Windsor—"

There was a soft rustle in the copse near by, a flutter of a white garment. They turned, but all was still.

"Only a squirrel anxious to get home before dark," said St. John.

"If you prefer Miss Windsor—" Ralph went on.

"Pray don't talk such nonsense!" St. John interrupted, gravely. "I shall introduce Victoire to New York society next winter. After that, I dare say I shall not keep her long. She would never fancy an old fellow like me."

"Pshaw! Who is talking nonsense now? She looks up to you with unmingled reverence. She believes in you as implicitly as if you were the Great Mogul. She calls

you master, in her pretty French-English way. You are as blind as a mole, if you do not see that you can have it just as you like."

St. John turned his back upon Ralph and walked away. He was afraid he might betray the emotion that he felt. Over and over again his thoughts went back to a picture that Ralph's badinage had suggested. Victoire queen of his heart and his home! Such sweet compensation for all the wrongs of the past! Might it be so? He went away quickly, trying to shake off the feeling that mastered him. In a moment he was deep in orders about a new summer-house that was building—acute, grave and business-like—not at all the man to be suspected of any concealed tenderness.

Ralph went back to the house. He had promised Rose a drive that night, and in a few minutes he had handed her into the carriage and taken a seat beside her. They drove out upon the main road, making a circuit of the estate. On their way down a hill they passed a tall shabby man, dressed in faded torn clothing, and hobbling forward by the help of a cane. A moment after Rose exclaimed:

"O Ralph, there are some cardinals! Pray get me some!"

He sprang from the carriage, giving her the reins, and ran down the bank towards the brook. A minute passed. Rose sat quietly looking straight before her.

"Would madam please to give a poor man a penny?"

Rose looked up with a start. The tall shabby man was close beside her, his hat extended, his head bent. Rose took out her purse, selected a coin, and turned to drop it into the hat. But the next instant a cry broke from her lips.

"My God! is it you?"

A sardonic smile curved the lips, and the haggard handsome face grew dark and fierce, as he answered:

"It is I, Miss Beauchamp!"

There was no time for anything more. Ralph darted up the bank, his hands full of the fiery scarlet blossoms.

"Why, my love," as the horses sprang forward, "what is the matter?"

She was white to the lips, but she tried to smile, saying, "That man startled me, asking for charity. I did not know he was near till he spoke close at my side."

Her voice trembled.

"I should not have left you," Ralph said, in self-reproach. "Do you know the man?"

"No; I never saw him before."

Ralph put his arm around her and kissed the rosy lips, never guessing how false they were. Then they drove slowly homeward, beguiling the way with lovers' talk. But Rose did not forget her terror. Her face was still blanched, when, as she bade him good-night, she said:

"Don't go out again, Ralph, to-night, will you?"

"Why, dear?"

She flushed a little. "I don't know exactly, but I wish you would not."

Ralph patted the round white cheek, saying, "Are you growing nervous, darling? That was an ill-looking fellow whom we met. I did not have a fair sight of his face, but I almost thought he was masked. Some moonstruck Hamlet, perhaps. At any rate, there's no fear of him."

Rose still stood by him, a perplexed doubting look upon her face.

"Ralph!" she began, putting her hand upon his arm.

"Well, dear?"

She hesitated. At last she said, laughing, but not naturally, "No matter. I will not tell you now, I think. Did you say you were going out?"

"No, I don't intend to do so. You may sleep without fear of burglars—St. John, William and I would be more than a match for any three, I think. Everything is ready for to-morrow, is it not?"

"I believe so."

"And we are to drive to church precisely at eight. So now, dear, you must go, if you are to look beautiful to-morrow—as all bride-do, and as you must, above all others. Now good-night!"

He wondered what made her lips so cold—why that repressed shudder ran over her. He had said, in the hot haste of his passion, that no other love of hers should stand between them. Was he ready to abide by that declaration? Not he, of all men, with his impulsive, headlong, exacting temperament.

Of course it was the thought of that love that made her seem so strangely to-night. And yet her eyes had been wistful and tender, as she besought him not to go out. Ralph glowed at the recollection. Well, to-morrow she would be his wife. He could

defy the world to come between them then. He wished it was over—he wished he was sure of her.

He walked about the halls for a time, oppressed by a strange restlessness; then he went into the library, where St. John was sitting. The fire burned low, and the light in the room was soft and mellow.

St. John was sitting there, in the great armchair; and Ralph, standing near him by the fire and looking down into the kindly handsome face—handsome still, but with the shadows of age fast creeping over it—realized for the first time how far this marriage would separate him from this brother whom he had so idolized.

St. John looked up suddenly, and met his wistful eyes. He got up, put his hand on Ralph's shoulder—he was the taller—and said, cheerfully:

"Well, Ralph, dear boy, are you a happy man to-night?"

Ralph's eyes dropped to the fire and rested there.

"I ought to be happy," he said, slowly. "I have gained what I have been hoping for all my life."

Yet it was not a happy face, not by any means the face of a bridegroom, that was turned towards the dying coals.

Late on in the night the remembrance of it haunted St. John and awoke him from his dreams—dreams in which Ralph's face was before him ghastly white, and wearing that strange pained expression which had filled him with vague apprehension the night before. He woke with a start—broad awake in an instant.

"St. John!" It was Ralph's voice, loud, quick and clear.

"Yes, Ralph!" He was up in an instant and had flung the door open. Ralph's room was across the corridor opposite his own.

"Are you there, Ralph?"

There was no answer, and St. John with a feeling of vague alarm went back into his own bedroom and lighted a lamp, dressed hastily, and lamp in hand, crossed to Ralph's room.

A whiff of air rushing out as he entered extinguished his light, but there was yet a pale glow from the setting moon, and by it he could see that the room was empty. The long window upon the veranda was wide open; the bed had not been slept in. Very much startled, he hastened to light a match to look at the time; but while he was doing

so the ponderous strokes of the hall clock struck twelve.

So late? He thought he had only drowsed, but he must have slept more than an hour.

He glanced from the window. Was that the figure of a man upon the lawn, or only a shadow thrown by one of those firs? No shadow, but something human, living; for while he looked it moved, slowly at first, than swiftly, and disappeared behind the tangled blackthorn hedge.

St. John took his pistols, went down stairs quickly and out into the night. There was a thin film of cloud overhead, but a fresh breeze blew out of the south, breaking it up every moment, and letting the pale stars look down. With these fickle gleams darkness alternated; the evergreen copses were black walls hedging in the lawn; the paths disappeared, the white avenue grew dim. The wind was soft and warm; it brought odors of heliotrope and rhododendron, and occasional hints of the sea not far away. The odors were rich, and lay heavy on the moist warm air. One or two nightbirds were chirping in the thickets; now and then a firefly would flash through the haze; the drone of the crickets filled all the interludes of the birds' music.

St. John went on and on, adown the long avenue till he reached the stone gateway at the entrance. There were no sounds but the harmonious ones of nature; nobody else seemed to be stirring; it seemed as if he, and the birds, and the crickets, and this riotous, fragrance-drunken wind had the world and the night to themselves. He stopped at the gate and listened. Once he fancied he heard the tramp of hoofs afar down the road, but it might be the steady fall of the water over the milldam by the village.

After all, his alarm might be needless. It was likely that Ralph had taken a fancy to sleep in some other room. Now he remembered a little bedroom off the library which he sometimes used, and he turned to go back, striking into a path which wound circuitously towards the house. But he had not proceeded a dozen paces in this direction before he stopped, all his forebodings realized, his worst fears eclipsed by the ghastly reality. For death barred his way. There on the dewy turf lay Ralph, his white still face upturned towards the stars, his blood flowing over and drenching the sod, and crimsoning the flowers that blossomed among the grass.

"O my God! What cruel thing is this?" And weaker than a child the strong man sank down beside the body, overcome by horror and grief, and quite incapable of any action.

An hour before Rose Beauchamp was walking up and down her room. Her face was pale and agitated, and sometimes she clasped her hands together, as if some impotent longing possessed her.

"I wish I had warned him—I wish I had," she muttered. "What could have sent that man here? O, if anything should happen to Ralph!" And the remembrance of the loving handsome face looking down so tenderly upon her, came now to haunt her like a phantom, to awaken the keenest remorse, to call up black memories that she had buried out of her sight. Now somehow her heart yearned strangely towards her lover. She had never thought she could care so much for him or for any one again.

"O Ralph! Ralph!" and she wept and wrung her hands.

The slow hours of the night went on. Sometimes she slept, but oftener lay broad awake, imagining all possible horrors, suffering keenly.

She was asleep when the gray dawn crept up the east. Something roused her. She started up. It was morning—her bridal morning. The thought flashed like lightning through her consciousness. Her bridal morning. Ah, what a terrible mockery! For there in the doorway stood Victoire, her hands uplifted, a rain of tears falling, her voice choked by sobs.

"O Rose, Rose! A dreadful thing has happened in the night!"

Rose got up, her eyes slowly dilating, her face whitening.

"I know what it is!" She shrieked out the words, but Victoire could hardly hear the faint whisper.

She had lain down in her wrapper, and now she moved towards the door, groping with her hand before her as if blinded. Victoire took her hand, and together they went down into the hall.

There he lay upon the floor, a crowd around him, white, unconscious and motionless. They fell back before her with pitying looks. She saw none of them, but walked straight towards him and knelt down by his side, all her remorse and grief uttering themselves in the one sentence, broken

by sobs that did not bring the relief of tears: "I did it—I murdered him—I murdered him!"

"Then may God forgive you, for I cannot."

It was St. John who said it. But Rose did not mind it; never heeded his look of reproach and horror, having only eyes for the pale beautiful face that till this bitter day had lighted up to meet her eyes, and shone full of love and tenderness for her.

Ralph had been singularly restless that night. Vague premonitions haunted him of some possible thing coming between him and his love. Once before a marriage had been broken off in that house when just on the eve of consummation. He shuddered in glancing over St. John's life—realizing now as he had never done before how lonely and loveless it had been. He tried to shake off this presentiment, but he laughed and poked at himself in vain. At last he got up from the window where he had been sitting, saying impatiently, it was no wonder he was going wild, sitting here gazing out into the night like any lovesick Judith.

He was just turning away, when something moving across the lawn caught his eye.

"Hillo!" exclaimed Ralph, all his mental tremors gone in an instant. "What's that fellow prowling around here for? I dare say it's that beggar—or possibly a burglar in disguise. I must see to it."

He raised the window gently and stepped out, hurrying quickly across the lawn in the direction in which the figure had disappeared.

"Hillo, sir! What do you want here? If you want a lodging, I can give you one; but if you've any dishonest plans in your head, you'd better be off."

He had come upon him suddenly as he turned an angle of the hedge.

The tall figure that was stretched upon the grass drew itself up slowly, turned and looked at Ralph.

"Well, what do you want?"

The man put up his hand, and with a deft movement removed the mask which he wore. The moon was low down, but its light striking across his face revealed it plainly.

Ralph started.

"Well, you know me, don't you?" said the other, shortly.

"I am sorry to say that I do, Captain Wallace."

"Ah! you are complimentary," laughed the captain. "There was a time when my company was not so distasteful to you."

"Yes, there was such a time, but considering the issue of our last meeting, I am rather surprised that you should refer to it," said Ralph, dryly.

"But now you are going to settle down into a family man, you cut your old acquaintances. It's a shabby thing to do; but I confess that Miss Rose is a good excuse."

"Rose! What do you know of her?" demanded Ralph, hotly.

"I know her very well. I was almost tempted to marry her myself. She was not ill-disposed towards me."

Ralph's eyes were blazing.

"Captain, take care what you say. I am not a forbearing man—"

"Nor I—and I'm not in a mood to bear contradiction. Ask Rose—"

"Stop!" Her name taken upon such foul lips! Ralph was shivering with indignation.

The captain laughed.

"Miss Beauchamp, then. Ask her if she remembers the summer at Torbay. Ask her who rescued her when she got herself adrift in the boat. It wasn't my fault if, as the novelists say, gratitude ripened into love—was it?"

A light was breaking upon Ralph—a lurid light that was so ghastly and hateful, that he would fain have shut his eyes to it if he could. Was it possible that this was the man whom she had loved? He had saved her life. It might be.

"I dare say you have told this hideous story at all the club-rooms in Paris!" said Ralph, huskily, after a moment's silence; and then he recalled slight innuendoes that had puzzled him at the time, but whose remembrance was now maddening.

"I dare say I have," answered the captain, carelessly. "But," he added, after a cautious glance at Ralph's face, "money will purchase my silence."

"Not my money!" said Ralph, sternly. "If it is as you say, why it lies between her and me; but if you have wronged and defamed her, you shall answer me for it!" he added, fiercely.

A white rage shone in Earle Vincent's face.

"I am ready to answer here and now." And the moonlight gleamed upon the silver-mounted revolver that he instantly drew out.

Ralph's own weapon was in his hand, and

he had quickly stepped back a step or two. But in an instant he said:

"Pshaw! I'm not a fool! Captain—" But the word died upon his lips; for the captain's bullet whistled through the air, and the next moment the moon shone down upon the white pain-distorted face, upon the crimson river of blood that deluged the dewy grass and innocent flowers, upon the murderer who knelt by the body and rifled it of money and jewels, and upon the guilty face that peered round in the darkness to see if any one was near—upon the criminal who stole away with soft step, eager to hide himself from all the world, not sorry, or remorseful, or conscience-stricken, but only intent upon personal safety.

CHAPTER XI.

MONSIEUR ONCE MORE.

THE old house in the Rue Montmartre has a very shut-up desolate air just now. Most of the great apartments are empty, for the lodgers are gone, and save one or two who hide themselves in the attics all day and prow around the streets by night, disreputable people, whom monsieur would once have scorned.

But monsieur's affairs have been for a long time in a bad way. There were one or two tragedies at Baden-Baden, for which the police insisted upon considering him responsible, and monsieur had consequently been forced to retire from his pretty establishment, and resume the personal supervision of the lodging-house in the Rue Montmartre. This had formerly been a lucrative profession, but somehow his lodgers always conceived a prejudice against monsieur, and this unreasonable feeling arose to such a height that not only the lodgers, but all the people in the neighborhood, shunned monsieur as they would the plague. Indeed, everybody avoided him except a few gentlemen who, though they usually wore a uniform, always appeared in plain dress when they sought monsieur's society, and were obliging enough to be exceedingly interested in everything that related to monsieur and his sister.

Yet after a visit from one of these gentlemanly persons, Le Grignac always rubbed his hands, and chuckled and leered, and said, "Ah, Marie, they will have to be very

sharp if they outwit you and me, eh, my dear?"

To which Marie invariably responded:

"You old idiot! You would have betrayed yourself twenty times if it had not been for me. You were always a fool, Pierre."

And then Le Grignac would crouch down into a corner by the fire, and stretch out his yellow hands over the blaze, and whine out:

"You are so hard upon a man, Marie! Haven't I always stood by you? Haven't I—"

"O yes, you have, without doubt. In the affair of the marquis's diamonds—"

"Hush, Marie! hush!"

"And in the assassination of the duke," proceeded the relentless woman.

"Marie, Marie! For God's sake, hold your tongue!" cried Le Grignac, shivering all over.

She laughed scornfully. "You were always a coward, Pierre."

"Well, what if I am? Why can't you let the past alone? Why can't you, I wonder? I'm sure it isn't so very pleasant to remember. But you always blame me. You always did—just as if you were always right. Why didn't you keep the captain when you had him—"

"Why didn't you keep the girl when you had her?" interrupted Marie. "The game was all in your hands, but you were too stupid to play it. If you hadn't been such an idiot, we might have been rich—rich, Pierre—do you hear?"

"I'm sure," he began, with a horrible distortion of face.

"It's no use quarrelling, though, now," she went on, without minding him. She was cowering in a corner by the wretched fire, and her dark eyes—firm and expressive eyes—were fixed musingly on the dull blaze. "The time has gone by, Pierre, both for you and me. We shall never have any chance again. We did our best. We kept in the way we were started in. We've done a good many bad things, and precious few good ones. I think perhaps we should have done better to have let the bad alone. But then it's easy to get absolution."

"Now, Marie," snivelled Le Grignac, "don't preach."

"I'm not. I'm above such meanness. I was never so perfect a hypocrite as you, Pierre, though I could lie upon occasion as well as another. But you! why, you are

deceitful to the marrow—dissimulation is your life.”

“Marie, you are so hard upon me!” he remonstrated, pathetically.

“Pshaw!” She stretched her thin white hands over the blaze. “It’s a doleful prospect, Pierre. No fire and no supper.”

While these two sat thus in their wretched home, mutually jealous, recriminating, starving, as they had seemed, together, another was coming toward them from over the sea. He had been hunted from place to place like a wild beast. His name was upon men’s lips linked with terms of execration. He hid himself from the light of day; he, once a refined educated gentleman, with a gentleman’s instinct and fastidious notions, had been herded with the vilest of people, with those whose outward filthiness was only equalled by their moral leprosy, in cellars, in noisome underground caverns too vile to be allowed that name; flying always from the officers who followed swiftly on his track, often almost overtaken, hunted down, scared, haunted till he had grown old, and thin, and haggard; till heart and hope failed him, and death would have been a friendly relief—till now, his passions dead, conscience awoke, caught him in a stern relentless grasp, and showed him to himself—turned him round and round, revealing his own soul to himself in all its hideousness, and showing him, too, by a lightning flash, the purity, the honor, the noble manhood, the goodness, which all his wicked life he had abjured, and sneered at, and mocked. And so loathing himself, and still clinging to his wretched life, he succeeds in crossing the ocean at last, and presents himself before the two who are cowering over the fire in the Rue Montmartre.

A gaunt, tall, grim apparition, ragged, dirty, dishevelled, unspeakably forlorn—he holds out his hands appealingly, and looks from one to the other.

“*Mon Dieu!* whom have we here?” cried Le Grignac, in a shaky voice.

“Don’t you see? It is I. I am hungry, and cold, and tired—and hunted for my life.”

“Ugh! Eh!” The spectre came nearer the fire, but Le Grignac never stirred, only whined:

“We are poor, Monsieur le Capitaine. We haven’t two sous in the world, and we have trouble enough of our own.”

“Hold your tongue, Pierre!”

Marie got up from her seat as she spoke and came up to him.

“Sit down, Earle!”

Without a word he obeyed, and she went to a closet, where she rummaged for a moment, and came out with an old bit of a broken cup, filled with something bright and odorous, that suggested sunshine, and blue skies, and purple grapes.

“Drink it, Earle!” And he drank.

“Now, Marie, I call that extravagant—”

“Stop your noise, Pierre. Here.” And she took a small gold cross from her neck. Everything else had gone long ago, but mademoiselle was a devout Catholic, and clung to this as in some way connecting her with the goodness and the heaven of which else she had small hope.

“Go out and buy food and coals!” He seized the bauble eagerly and hobbled away.

While he was gone Marie was busy. She gave him water to wash his face, and combed out the long curling hair which she once thought beautiful, and which was now luxuriant and untouched with silver. Then she brushed his shabby clothes, and brought from some unknown place a shabby old dressing-gown and slippers, and kneeling to put on the latter first, guessed how travel-worn he was—how terribly he must have suffered.

And so, ministering to him, the man, as he was, faded away from before her, and she saw him again in the guise of years ago—young, handsome, gallant, winning, and her lover; and thinking of those old days, some tears fell upon his hands.

He stirred. The apathy which had possessed him dissolved.

“Why do you do that, Marie?”

“I loved you once, Earle,” she said, simply.

“God bless you!”

Pierre came back with the food and the coals, and after eagerly clutching at the part she offered him, retired to some den below stairs.

After he had eaten, she said:

“Now tell me all about it, Earle!” And he told her.

She did not say much in reply, only once when he told her how intolerable life had become to him, she asked, “Why didn’t you give yourself up then?”

“I couldn’t, Marie,” he shuddered. “I am afraid to die.” She did not answer, only laid her hand softly upon his.

By-and-by she said:

"You must sleep now, Earle!"

She arranged the shabby old chintz-covered sofa, and he lay down upon it.

"Come and sit by me, Marie?"

She went, drawing a low chair near him, and letting her head fall upon his shoulder. After a while there came a low tap at the door. Marie got up, softly glancing at Earle. He was asleep. She opened the door.

"What do you want, Pierre?"

"Only to see that you are comfortable. I want you to be comfortable, my dear," he said, with a look and in a voice that instantly awakened her suspicions.

He went away, and in a few minutes she followed cautiously, and leaning over the balusters, listened. There were voices that she knew well in conference in the hall below; in a moment they retired into one of the apartments.

Then Marie, too, went back, and carefully shut and locked the door. Her face was white, her eyes glowing, and her breath came fast, but her hand did not tremble or falter in what she had determined to do.

She put the fender before the grate, and drawing an iron brazier into the middle of the floor, heaped it with coals. She broke up a little workbox—a relic of better or worse days—for kindling, and watched the dull coals as they began to burn redly.

"The law will be cheated of its victims, and you of your reward, Pierre," she said, a quiet smile parting her lips.

She turned then to the couch, and dropped upon the low chair beside it, her arms around his neck, her tears and kisses falling softly upon the haggard face. He stirred, half woke.

"To-morrow, Marie, we will go away together, and begin a new life," he murmured.

"Yes, dear. To-morrow—to-morrow." And then neither spoke again.

"This is the apartment, monsieur," said Le Grignac, his wolfish eyes rolling from one to the other of the stout policemen who accompanied him.

Monsieur the policeman knocked softly. The soft knock not being answered, he knocked more loudly. But that was also unnoticed. Then monsieur applied the strong club that he carried, and the door flew open in a trice.

"*Mon Dieu!*" went up in a cry. "Run, open the windows—open all of them!"

"What has happened?" asked Le Grignac, with chattering teeth.

They all pressed forward into the room together, and then all grew still in the presence of the great mystery.

"They must have been dead some hours," said the chief detective, looking at them not unpitily.

A month afterward—they do these things quickly in France—a hideous old man was led to execution. He made a little speech upon the scaffold to those around him. He had been the victim of circumstances—he had always a great regard for justice and virtue—and so on till his foul life terminated—a profound dissimulator to the last.

CHAPTER XII.

"THE KING SHALL HAVE HIS OWN AGAIN."

ALL through the beautiful October, while the Indian summer queened it in the woods, kindling her crimson fires among the maples, painting the oaks in purple lake and the beeches a tawny gold, weaving a saffron haze about the distant mountain tops, and touching the lakes with shifting opaline tints, the blackness of the shadow of death rested upon Roselands. In one of the stately rooms a slight young figure lay motionless—never stirring as the days went round and round, wearing a perfect semblance of death, only the slow scarcely perceptible throbbing of the heart preventing the seeming from being real. And so the days went on and on, and doctors and nurses, more in despair than hope, fought death inch by inch, and kept him at bay.

Up in a little room by herself, her eyes dry, and with no outward sign of sorrow except the white sphinxlike look in her face, Rose prayed for him all day long—with her lips over and over till she was weary, and with her heart always. And so by-and-by some news came up that made her turn sick with joy.

It was possible that he might live—live to lift from her soul the guilt of his death, live to hear her confession, to pity and forgive her. The faint hope gained strength, and at last became certainty.

And now, as his convalescence became established, Rose trembled to think that she must meet him soon. She dreaded yet longed for the meeting—longed to have it

over—shrunk from it in inexpressible shame.

The November snow was falling, when one day she was startled by St. John's voice close at her side:

"Ralph wants to see you, Rose. He has asked for you a great many times, but I haven't thought him strong enough to meet you till to-day. Will you go now?"

She got up immediately, went swiftly down stairs, without giving herself time to think, and into his room.

He half raised himself and gave her a long look. Whatever distrust he had had, whatever doubts, melted away in the light of her presence like snow-wreaths in the sun. Her superb beauty was dimmed by grief; her beautiful eyes were soft with unshed tears; her proud imperial beauty was gone, and in its place a drooping gentleness; her whole air and manner seemed to implore forgiveness.

Seeing her so, he could only hold out his arms, while his face became alight with love, and cry:

"O my darling, come to me!"

With a few swift steps she reached his side, and sank upon her knees.

"No, no," she cried, when he would have raised her. "Wait till you know how false, and dishonest, and cruel I have been, how I have debased the womanliness that you thought so pure and perfect—and then if you can forgive me—O Ralph! I shall bless you forever!"

He listened silently while she told him everything—never uttering a word, though there were places where his face grew white, and he set his teeth hard together. And still at the close the silence remained unbroken.

"O Ralph!" she sobbed, then, "wont you speak to me? I can bear blame better than this silent reproach."

"I have no words of blame for you," he said, tenderly. "You have suffered enough. My whole heart pities and forgives you. Did you think my love was so meagre and narrow? Dear, we will forget the past, and grow good and strong together."

She rose, her eyes smiling upon him through their tears—and just then St. John came in.

"Tell him!" whispered Rose, with burning cheeks.

Ralph told him, softening as much as possible, and extenuating wherever he could,

seeing how much she thanked him by her eloquent face.

St. John listened quietly, saying at last, with a grim smile, "And yet you are going to marry her?"

"If I can."

"She hasn't a dollar of her own, Ralph, and how do you know but the true heiress will exact the arrears?"

"It is no matter," Ralph said, with glowing face.

"Well, you are determined?"

"Of course we are."

"Then I don't know as I can do better than to give you my blessing. There is a certain will, dear boy, in which you are mentioned, and you know you are always at home at Roselands."

St. John went away with a suspicious dimness about the eyes. His face was a study when he opened the library door and looked in.

A great wood fire was dying out on the hearth in crimson splendor. The red sun hanging low in the west shone across miles and miles of snowy fields, and streaming in at the deep bay window, lay bright and warm upon the soft-hued carpet, upon the landscapes upon the walls—reminiscences of the lost summer—upon the dark oaken doors and wainscoting, and upon the lofty bookcase packed from floor to ceiling.

"Victoire!" he called.

There was a slight rustling of the drapery about the bay window, and Victoire came out.

"My master!"

She liked to call him so, having acquired the trick in the long lessons that had beguiled the winter—and the word had always seemed to him as sweet as a term of endearment. He looked at her, thinking that she had grown lovely with every day.

She stood by a great armchair, her white hand resting upon its purple cushion, her pure face full of a sweet repose, her innocent eyes meeting his fearlessly. As he looked, the resemblance that haunted him grew so strong and clear, that for half its sake, and half for her own sweet self, he yearned to take her in his arms and pour out upon her the hoarded tenderness of all the past silent years. But he controlled himself, and only said:

"Victoire, I have some news for you."

The innocent eyes smiled a little as she asked:

"What is it?"

He had a mind to startle her; he wanted to see her color come and go, to hear broken surprised exclamations, to see her deport herself like any other woman; for as she stood before him so calm and sweet, she seemed inaccessible, and his heart began to ache with a vague fear.

"You are the heiress to all the Beauchamp property," he said, abruptly. "It is not Rose at all, but you."

Her steady soft eyes did not falter, only the faint rose in her cheeks grew a little deeper as she said, quietly:

"I knew that a long time ago, master."

He was greatly astonished.

"How?" he asked.

She told him.

"And yet you have staid here contentedly."

"The money you have paid me for copying was enough for me," she said, smiling.

"But what will Ralph and Rose do?"

"Never mind them. What will you do? I cannot hope to keep you hidden here any longer."

For the first time she looked disturbed.

"Shall you send me away, then? O monsieur!"

"Victoire, little Victoire, do you know how my heart has yearned over you? Child, you have kept your mother's sweetness, but you are spared her faults. You are strong, when she was weak. You are what I fancied her to be," said St. John, with emotion.

"Perhaps, then, monsieur would let me stay with him," said Victoire, an arch smile dimpling her cheeks. "I could go on writing, and you could pay the money as usual. I shall not come into my fortune just yet, and monsieur is too generous—"

"Victoire!"

The repressed vehemence of the tone startled her. His face was luminous, his eyes glowing.

"I am old and gray, I have known sorrow; my life is looking toward sunset, but I want you, love, I want you the more for all these. Child, can you love me?"

Her voice was infinitely sweet and tender as she said:

"Dear master, I need you, for I do love you."

I LOVE HER.

BY HANNAH R. HUDSON.

I love her—ay;
I love this rose as red as wine.
Should I love more
If I should pluck and call it mine?

I love her—ay;
I love yon bright and distant star.
Do I love less
Because it shines so fair and far?

Ah, friend of mine,
The flowers we pluck the sooner die;
And yon pure star
Is only lovely in the sky!

Naught fair, naught rare,
No beauty that afar we crave,
When once our own,
Can wear the halo distance gave!

Why pluck the rose?
It blooms the longer by my door;
Or pine for stars
That gem my skies forevermore.

Woburn, Dec., 1876.

Why woo the maid?
Who breaks the rose may feel the thorn;
Who wins and weds
May live to hold his love in scorn.

'Tis only he [and time,
That guards his dreams from chance
Who owns for aye
Love's perfectness and beauty's prime.

Touched by the grace,
Flushed by the glow of memory,
The rose, the maid,
Shall be forever fair to me:

Fair as the springs
And sunsets of the finished years;
Dear as old songs [tears.
That charmed my youth to smiles and

Be yours the real;
Be mine, through years that yet are far,
A perfect rose,
A perfect maid, a perfect star!

A SOCIAL CHANG AND ENG.

BY CARRIE D. BEEBE.

CHANG was a little boy who lived in an elegant brown stone house in Thirty-Second Street. He was nine years old, and he came by his name from the fact that as soon as he could speak he made frequent use of the word "shan't," to the annoyance and vexation of his nurse. He could not speak it distinctly, and as there was at the time quite a commotion about the Siamese twins, and his rendering of the word sounded more like Chang than anything else, some one gave it to him for a name, and it clung to him instead of the one he had been christened, until long after he was a man and had gone out into the world for himself.

He was a beautiful boy, with earnest brown eyes, and he was a general favorite in the house, notwithstanding nature had been lavish of her allowance of temper when she measured out his gifts. One day he made faces at his governess, and the next spent all his pocket-money to buy her a book (generally Robinson Crusoe, or Mother Goose set to music, or the like), and whether he was good or bad, she nearly idolized him.

Eng was a little girl who lived in another brown stone house on the opposite side of the street. I suppose I ought not to mention her name at once, but then I'm convinced you would know in a moment it was really Eng, and I may as well acquire a reputation for honesty by being frank about it in the beginning.

The first view of her Chang had was a very unsatisfactory one. He was peering out from the nursery window (third story, front), and she was peering back from a corresponding outlook on her side of the street. He hadn't a very clear view of her features, for she had them pressed out of shape against the pane of heavy plate-glass through which, with the exception of her rides out to the Park, she had seen nearly all of that part of the outer world which so far had come under the limited range of her observation; she was only four years old.

Chang caught a glimpse of pale frowzy hair, too yellow to be white, and too white

to be yellow; a sort of pale lemon color; and it was gathered up in a knot of short curls at the top of her head, and tied with a bow of pale blue ribbon. A pair of cheeks which, though temporarily flattened, appeared to be rosy; a pair of big blue eyes, and no nose to speak of, since that was flattened, too. There was a white dress, a blue sash, a chubby hand, and then she was caught away from the window by her nurse, who scolded her for solling the glass in that manner; whereupon she put up her lip and cried. Chang, who heard nothing, but saw all, was so incensed that he cried out, "For shame, you old vixen!" apostrophizing not Eng, but her nurse; and he made a motion as if to strike her with one of the foundation pieces of his set of acrobats. Of course the nurse was beyond his reach, but the window was not, and smash went one of the great panes of glass, making such a crash that Chang's mamma, who happened to be passing through the hall, heard it, and came in to reprimand her little son. She told him patience was a Christian virtue which he needed greatly, and by way of giving him a lesson in the benign quality which is so hard to acquire, she ordered him put to bed for the remainder of the day; and to make sure the sentence wasn't commuted by the governess, she remained to put it into execution.

Accordingly, Chang was speedily arrayed in his nightclothes, a maxlm clinched with the fastening of each button, and the verse given which says something about little hands being never made to tear each other's eyes, as a sort of climax or after-piece to the lecture. He took the whole performance very meekly, and though he could see no possible connection between breaking windows and tearing out eyes, he wisely forbore to mention it, thinking it might prolong the interview, which was growing tiresome.

As soon as he was left to his own reflections, he rose quietly from his bed, and played at marbles for a full hour before any one came to see how he was getting along. Hearing footsteps at last, he scampered back and crept under the covers, showing such a perfectly patient face to Miss White, that

he went down and interceded with his mamma for his release. The petition was granted, and Chang was allowed to rise and come down for the early part of the evening. In consequence of his exposure in sitting up in his nightgown, he had the croup dreadfully that night, and scarcely an eye in the house was closed until near morning on account of it.

Next day, however, he was convalescent, and at his old post by the window, munching sponge cake and watching for Eng. His throat was tied up in red flannel; and when Eng made her second appearance, struck either by the face or the cake, or possibly the flannel, she pointed her finger toward him and laughed gleefully; and Chang, though he did not know how to express the idea, longed for the wings of a dove, or some other desirable bird, to waft him over to his lady's bower, or, rather, window. Now that he saw her plainly, he found she was a very dainty little lady indeed, with a smile so charming, Chang felt something beat very fast under the left breast-pocket of his jacket.

"Miss White," he said, "I want to go over to that little girl's house and see her."

"O, that would never do," returned Miss White, "as her mamma and yours are not acquainted."

"But I like her," he said. "Do please let me go, Miss White."

The governess laughed, as she explained to him that people of good society were never governed by impulse in such things, only by certain set rules, and it would be a great breach of etiquette for a gentleman to call upon a lady uninvited.

Chang mused thoughtfully over what she had told him, thinking it must be a dreadful thing to commit a breach of etiquette, though he had no idea as to what it was.

"What is etiquette, Miss White?" he asked, at last.

"It is conventional decorum," she answered, soberly, intending to puzzle him more than ever.

"I'm sorry I asked you," he said.

"Why?" she inquired.

"Because what you said is worse than the first. I don't mean to be naughty, but I wish I had such a little girl to play with me every day, and eat supper with me when I have to take it all alone."

During the day Miss White remarked to Chang's mamma that he had found his

Eng; and Chang, who implicitly believed all Miss White said, called the child Eng from that time.

Every day these two children might be seen at their separate windows, smiling at each other, and making mouths and signs across the street, always in the best humor imaginable. At Christmas time they displayed their numerous toys alternately, like playing a game of cards. Chang opened the game by bringing out a huge drum (which he was never allowed to use), and Eng responded with a wonderful image of Santa Claus. At this Chang exhibited his magic lantern, but Eng trumped it at once with a huge wax doll. And so they went through all the toys in their possession, never seeming to tire.

Fortune favored Chang at last, bringing about a closer acquaintance with his little Eng, as he always called her. If their mammas did not exchange calls, there was an intimacy between the cook down stairs and Eng's nurse; and once, when both mammas were absent, the nurse brought Eng over while she gossiped in the kitchen. The whole house knew of Chang's infatuation, and the cook came running up with the news of the little maid's advent. Chang rushed down, meeting Eng upon the staircase.

"O my dear little Eng!" he cried; and he hugged her tight with both arms and kissed her.

Eng returned his caresses more shyly, but seemed no less delighted than he at the meeting. Chang never forgot how she looked upon that day. A dainty cap of white silk and soft white lace framed the sweet little face, with its pale clustering hair, and she was wrapped in a robe of costly ermine.

"Why don't you come and live at my house?" he asked.

"Because," she answered, "I must stay with my mamma."

"I don't think you are fond of me," he said, with the wisdom of twenty-five.

"O yes, I am; but I've got the dearest little mamma of all the mammas in this world, and she would cry for me if I were to leave her."

By this time the nurse was ready to go, and she literally tore Eng from Chang's embrace, and took the child home. But the bright little face soon appeared at the window — Chang was watching for it — and

when she saw him she threw him a kiss with her dimpled hand.

I suppose you think they continued to "grow in beauty side by side," but truth compels me to say it was far otherwise. There are a few exceptions, but as a rule, people who are born in brown stone houses don't die there. In country homesteads generation after generation of the same family may succeed each other in the old house; in London, or any of the more staid cities of Europe, it might transpire; but never in New York, or any city of the United States. Here we all bow to and honor the law which rules us—the inevitable law of change. People may live in a four-story brown-stone one year, and the next in a fourth-story attic.

So it chanced that while Chang's father turned whatever he touched into gold, whether it was real estate, stocks or insurance, poor little midge of an Eng's immediate paternal ancestor failed in business utterly, and died, and the child went with her "dearest little mamma" to a far distant country town, to live with her grandfather.

Chang, with tears in his eyes, saw her depart; and Eng, too young to realize the affliction that had befallen her, but not too young to see her mother's face was always sad, kissed her hand to him sorrowfully, and then she was lost to his sight, as the carriage drove rapidly away. For days he was inconsolable; Miss White could interest him in nothing; but time healed the wound, and other pleasures absorbed his childish mind, though it was years before he ceased to look for little Eng upon the street when he went out to walk. The incident of his fondness for her was forgotten by his mother, except as one of the many whims of his childhood, and so it happened that Chang did not know his little sweetheart's name, only the one he had called her.

As he grew older he had other loves, to the amount of half a score, perhaps; but they were chosen principally from a fancied resemblance to his first love, little Eng; and as nearer acquaintance dispelled this illusion, they ceased to interest him almost altogether. He grew restless, unsatisfied, and was always watching; not with the persistence of Evangeline searching for Gabriel, but in a half-vague, half-real sort of way, for the lost love of his childhood, who must have drawn him by unseen bonds through all these years.

For he did meet her at last, else r had been very short. Chang's father, disbelieved in the forcing system for boys, sent his son to a boarding school for the languages, and when he returned, he required them thoroughly he returned of education prepared for and entered college in the town wherein the college was situated resided a friend of Chang's father, Colonel Lindsey. The colonel had a daughter who was the belle of the town, and deservedly so, for she was a wit and a beauty. She met Chang often, as he was a frequent visitor at the house, and became greatly interested in his welfare; so much so that she forgot nearly everything else, having little thought or care for any one but him. Chang was greatly charmed with Miss Lindsey, but remained heart whole; she was a brunette, and though he admired her exceedingly, he had long since determined to wed a blonde, if he ever did marry.

One day he chanced to call at Colonel Lindsey's when the whole family was absent from home, or at least the older members. He found one or two of the younger children, and amused himself with drawing them out into conversation. They were strolling about the grounds, and he rambled with them, enjoying, if the truth were told, the freedom he felt, with no critical eye to observe him, and no one to amuse except himself.

Joe, who was only ten, soon began to extol the exceeding wisdom of his governess, saying she knew everything, and was real good besides.

"She must be a wonderful woman," remarked Chang, lazily snapping some myrtle stems that had crept into the borders of the walk.

"Well, I guess you'd think so, if you saw her," returned Joe, warmly. "And what's more, brother Jack thinks so, too. Jack, he went to work and fell in love with Miss Engle, and she didn't care a pin for him. He raved about her awful, and wanted to marry her right off, but she wouldn't do it; she just went and told mother. I heard her, and she cried and said she would go away, but mother knew too much for that. She sent Jack off for two years, and kept Miss Engle on; for she said she couldn't find another governess who could teach Sadie and me for half the money—or double—I forget which. Anyhow, she didn't go, and I'm glad of it, for I'd rather have

else ^{for} than Jack, any day, for he just teases ^f Sadie and me all the time."

"Where do you keep this wonderful Miss Engle?" asked Chang. "I never saw her, did I?"

"I don't think you did, or you'd know it," answered Joe, decidedly. "She don't care about company, Miss Engle don't, and most always eats with Sadie and me. Mother pretends to want her to come into the parlor sometimes, but I don't believe she does. And I heard sister Belle say once she was glad Miss Engle had pride enough to know her place; but for my part I'd rather associate with her than any of the grand folks in the parlor."

Chang laughed, and began to feel slightly interested in Miss Engle, for the want of something better to do.

"Is she home to-day?" he asked of Joe.

"Of course she is, and coming out here for us to recite our French lesson in a short while. She's jolly in French—don't make us study in the book much, but just talks it at us half the time, till we can't forget if we try. For my part, I don't blame Jack for falling in love with Miss Engle—"

The sentence never was finished, for at that very moment a slender figure appeared in the opening of the hawthorn hedge near them, and paused hesitatingly as she observed Joe's companion. She had a pale but lovely face, deep blue eyes and yellow hair, and she looked sufficiently embarrassed to seem very charming in Chang's eyes.

For a moment she stood flushing and paling under his gaze, one slender hand grasping a hawthorn spray, and sending the white blooms in a shower at her feet; and Chang watched her, seeming to have lost all power of speech or motion.

"Pardon me," she spoke, at last. "I had no idea you had a visitor. I am his governess," proudly, "and I have come for him to take his French lesson."

She had conquered her emotion and grown very dignified by this time, and Chang rose and lifted his hat politely. He was about to make some remarks, but Joe interposed.

"Miss Engle," coaxingly, "wont you sit down and give the lesson to Sadie and me right here? I don't want to go into the house; and you wouldn't, either, if Mr. St. John was not here."

Miss Engle blushed once more, and Chang ransacked his brain for some plan to give him an opportunity to converse with the

fair young girl, but for once he had lost his usual self-poise, and he blushed almost as painfully as she.

"I will go away and not disturb you, Miss Engle," he stammered, at last.

"O, that is not necessary," she returned, in her low sweet voice. "Joe does not object to take his lesson in the house; and besides, we could go further down in the garden."

Chang made a movement as if to go, and Joe became importunate for him to stay, at once.

"Do, please sit down right here, Miss Engle," he pleaded, "and let us all talk French with Mr. St. John."

"Nothing could give me greater pleasure," began Chang, inwardly resolving to reward Joe; but seeing Miss Engle look rather doubtful in regard to his assertion, he added, "but I will go at once, unless you are generous enough to allow me to remain."

She tried to look forbidding, but Joe coaxed more than ever, and Sadie, who had joined them, added her plea for remaining, so Miss Engle sat down with the best grace possible; and Chang, to relieve her embarrassment, asked a question in French, and before long they were discussing with great warmth several social topics.

Two hours passed in this way, when Miss Engle, who was the first to remember that time was flying, looked at her watch, and rising, said the family would soon return, and she must adjourn to the house, as she had other duties to attend to.

"I hope I shall have the pleasure of meeting you often, Miss Engle," Chang said, rising regretfully.

The young girl paused a moment before she answered him, weaving her slender fingers out and in the loops of blue ribbon at her throat.

"It is not likely we shall meet again," she replied, "as I never see company."

"Is this seclusion a matter of your own choosing?" Chang asked.

The children were running a race down the garden walk, and Miss Engle turned toward him abruptly.

"It is," she said. "Mr. St. John," suddenly, "wont you please tell me how communicative Joe was regarding me this afternoon?"

She was looking straight in his eyes while she asked the question; she seemed annoyed, or slightly troubled, and a strange feeling

within Chang's breast made him long for the right to take her in his arms and kiss all trouble from the soft clear eyes, but he dared not so much as touch her hand.

"Joe said you were very wise, and good, also," he replied, at last.

"But I overheard something else," persistently. "You know what I mean, please tell me."

"Miss Engle, he spoke of an infatuation his brother had for you, and that you disposed of the subject in an exceedingly proper and very matter-of-fact way."

"Thank you, sir," her eyes drooped a little now. "I am sorry Joe was so very communicative, since the subject is a painful one to his mother and sister and—"

"My dear child," warmly, "don't fear that anything Joe may tell me in childish confidence will ever be repeated, or harm you in any way. And if I could ever serve you—"

"You are very kind. Are you sure you wish to serve me, Mr. St. John?" earnestly.

"Very sure," he answered, soberly.

"Then please do not speak to me again if you chance to meet me. I absent myself from society nominally of my own freewill. Really, I have no choice in the matter. Mr. Lindsey and her daughter are too lady-like and too kind to insult or annoy me in any way, and in turn I never forget my place. My position here is pleasanter than any I have held since my mother's death, and as the bread-and-butter question is of vital importance to me, I desire to remain here, at least for the present."

She bowed and was gone, and Chang stood rooted to the spot. He was very deeply interested in this young girl, but she had pledged him to remain a stranger to her, and this, considering the state of his feelings, was very hard to do. He did not wait for Miss Belle's return, but left the place at once, walking reflectively back to the college.

"She is right," he told himself. "My parents would never consent for me to marry a girl in her position, and as Miss Belle expects to monopolize my attentions it would only do Miss Engle harm if I were to desire to make her acquaintance. The only way in the world for me to do is to forget her altogether, though I never saw any one who resembled my poor little Eng so closely, and then her name is Engle, too; a strange coincidence."

But it was not the easiest matter in the world to forget her. He tried it a week without success; he could not imagine how it was the girl held such an influence over him as to take almost entire possession of his thoughts.

On the next Saturday he repaired to Colonel Lindsey's, and this time he found Miss Belle at home. He did not seem quite himself; Miss Lindsey was not long in discovering this, and when she had discovered it she was not long in making it known. Chang made an apology, and asked her to play for him. He took some new music from the stand and glanced it over, and at last asked for a certain piece which he thought he should fancy.

"O, I cannot play it yet," Miss Lindsey replied. "I don't read rapidly, and I always get Miss Engle to play over all my new music, and then I select the pieces I like best and learn them."

She was looking intently at the music or she must have seen him start.

"I would like very much to hear this particular piece," he said, in a low tone. "Wont you attempt it, Miss Belle?"

"O dear, no!" she replied, "I would frighten you. Only that Miss Engle is so shy, I would send for her to play all the new music for us, and then you could help me decide on the favorites."

"I should like it exceedingly," he replied, "but don't wish to distress or inconvenience any one on account of the desire."

"I'll go and see her," said Belle, springing up. "She is only the governess, but she is as proud as Lucifer, and we don't wish to offend her or hurt her feelings in any way, for she is invaluable in teaching the children."

She ran up the staircase, and soon returned, saying Miss Engle had consented to play.

"You wont mind if I introduce her to you, will you?" she asked.

"Certainly not," he answered.

"She is a very excellent girl, fair-looking, intellectual, and all that; worthy, as far as attainments go, of appearing in any society. But you know people would stare if we brought the governess into the parlor, and then she herself has too much pride and good sense to expect it."

Chang nodded, he had nothing to say, and at this moment Miss Engle appeared in the doorway. She wore white to-day, as it was

early June and warm, and the pale yellow hair was ringed in little soft curls over her forehead, and put back in a Psyche knot; but it rippled in bright waves all about her head. She did not pause for an introduction, but inclined her head slightly, entered the room and took her seat at the piano.

"What do you wish me to play, Miss Lindsey?" she asked, quietly, and ignoring Chang as completely as if he had been a thousand miles away.

Miss Belle responded by handing her the piece Chang had expressed a desire to hear, and running her nimble fingers over the keys of the piano, Miss Engle began the introduction.

Chang was passionately fond of music, and Miss Engle was a splendid pianist; it was a treat to listen to her playing after Miss Belle's mechanical performances, and so it happened that he endorsed every one of the new pieces of music, and astonished Belle by saying she must learn to play them all.

When she declared that it would take her a year at least, he said that until she had learned them he should ask her to try, and prevail upon Miss Engle to play for him at least once a week, whereupon Miss Engle smiled softly to herself, but uttered no word to say whether she approved or disapproved of his request. She left the piano with a distant bow, and glided from the room. Belle was arranging the music, and Chang, glancing in the direction of the hall said:

"Miss Belle, doesn't it strike you that Miss Engle is rather peculiar?"

Miss Lindsey laughed, a loud ringing laugh.

"Very," she replied, "but her life has been something of a disappointment, I believe. Her parents were wealthy at the time of her birth, but met with a series of misfortunes, too numerous for me to record. I never troubled myself to ask her about it, and she is very reticent upon the subject, but mamma questioned her when she came. She is so proud—I think she believes in the poor being proud and the rich humble—and I suppose her life is hard for her."

Chang brought his visit to a close soon after, and instead of walking directly out to the street, he took his way to the spot where the French lesson had been given, and where he received a lesson of another sort. To his surprise he found Miss Engle there,

sobbing as though her heart was broken. He scarcely knew what course to pursue, but at length said, gently:

"Miss Engle, it grieves me to see you so troubled—cannot I help you in some way?"

"No," she answered, coldly, "you have disregarded the request I made of you when you met me before—"

"Allow me to clear myself of one charge which I see you are ready to make against me. I plead guilty to your accusation, and throw myself upon your mercy; but it was Miss Lindsey and not I who proposed your playing to-day; and she does not know (unless through the children) that I ever met you before."

"I am glad to know this," she said, seeming in a measure comforted, "but it will not do for any one to see us together here, especially as I have been crying; so I will bid you good evening."

Chang walked away, perplexed, dissatisfied. It seemed like a sort of persecution to persist in seeing Miss Engle, and yet he was very sure he loved her as he had never loved before. Perhaps, if his parents could only know her worth, they would not object to receive her as a daughter, though this seemed almost impossible. Commencement was drawing near, he was to graduate and leave the town forever, except for an occasional visit, and these, he knew, would be few and far between. His father had his own especial plans for Chang's future, his mother hers; and as these would not be likely to conflict in any great degree, in all probability they would be carried out in a measure, at least.

The days passed; he saw Miss Engle almost always when he visited at Colonel Lindsey's, and she was required to play often for him. Belle being fond of sitting with Chang to listen, there was always such a soft light in his eyes, and he was so gentle for a long time afterwards, in voice and manner. Sometimes he met Miss Engle as if by accident when she was walking in the garden, and he managed to be polite without making love to her, and so she ceased to regard him with suspicion.

About a week before commencement a dashing young gentleman came up from New York; he was an elder brother of one of Chang's classmates, and he fell desperately in love with Belle Lindsey at sight; and she, being inclined to favor the latest comer, began to lose her interest in Chang,

and transferred it to Mr. Wentworth, in the short space of two days. Chang did not discontinue his visits at the house, but seemed to come oftener than before; and as a sort of balm for his wounded feelings, Belle would prevail upon Miss Engle to play for him, while she and Mr. Wentworth strolled about the garden walks.

Once when Chang called at Colonel Lindsey's he seemed particularly sad. It was the day before commencement, his father and mother were to arrive in the early evening train; when the exercises were all over he was to return with them, and it was utterly impossible for him to think of leaving Miss Engle for a week, even. For once Belle was disengaged, and she received him in a sort of conscience-stricken way, for she fancied he was pining for her. Somehow (I think Chang introduced the subject), the conversation turned upon Miss Engle.

"By the way," Belle said, "Miss Engle tells me she was born in Thirty-second Street in your city, between Fifth and Sixth Avenues. Her father was a wealthy merchant at the time—"

"How old is Miss Engle?" inquired Chang, springing to his feet.

"I think she is nineteen," responded Miss Belle, looking up in surprise.

"And I am twenty-four!" cried Chang, "it it the very, very same!"

Belle was certain that nineteen and twenty-four were not the same, but she did not contradict him, for she thought he had gone mad.

"My dear Mr. St. John!" she cried; "do you think I have trifled with your affections? If so, I will marry you in spite of my love for Mr. Wentworth, though to be candid I'd rather not."

"And to be candid I'd rather you wouldn't," returned Chang, more truthful than polite. "O Miss Belle, if you'll only help me I'll call you an angel!"

"What upon earth can I do?" she asked in surprise.

"Why, Miss Engle is my own dear little Eng—"

"And you don't really want to marry me at all?"

"No more than your mother, my dear child!"

Belle gave him first one hand and then the other, and laughed as though she was demented.

"And you do want to marry Miss Engle?"

"I do."

"You sly wretch! I don't think I was ever so glad of anything in all my life before. See here!" and she drew a diamond from her pocket and slipped it on her finger. "That is mine since last night, and I—"

"And you are Mr. Wentworth's," prompted Chang.

"Yes. Now what can I do? Ah, I see, your parents are in the way. Do you know, mamma is wonderful for finding out things? She says your father wants you to marry one woman, and your mother has set her heart on your marrying another, and neither is I. So she is all right as far as Mr. Wentworth is concerned—I mean mamma is. Now you must invite your father and mother here this very evening, mamma will send especial word, and Miss Engle must appear in the parlor, not as a governess, but my dear friend. Of course she will play, and—"

"You are very good, but it wouldn't do to deceive my parents about her position. I know she would object to that."

"Now hush! if I am to help you, you are to do as I say. We won't deceive them at all. They shall meet Miss Engle as my friend, and form an unbiassed opinion of her at first. When commencement is over, tell them all about it, and depend upon it they will come round."

"But do you think Miss Engle will accept me?"

"It is as well to take that into consideration," laughed Belle. "She won't unless she loves you—depend upon that. I'll send her down to play for you in a moment, and you had better find out whether she will or not."

Belle ran up to look for Miss Engle, but she was not to be found; so Chang, saying he would search for her in the garden, went out. He was not long in finding her in the very spot where he met her first; and for the second time in his life, without other preface, he cried out:

"O my dear little Engle!" and folded her close in his arms and kissed her.

Eng was slightly surprised, but she did not shrink from his embrace.

"Why didn't you tell me at first who you were?" he asked tenderly, but half reproachfully.

"Because I thought—"

"Well, darling!"

Her face was crimson and her lips unsteady, but she went bravely on.

"I thought if you—if I really was your Eng, you would find it out at last."

"And I had to be told, after all," he said, with a rueful frankness. "But I loved you from the first because you were like my Eng of old, and I have never ceased to regret that I lost you, or to fail to look for you at every opportunity; you will believe this—wont you, little Eng?"

Of course she believed it; and before Chang left, all was arranged. Belle was consulted, and she kissed Eng in an impetuous way which was very trying to Chang, and sent him off to meet his parents, and bring them back with him in the evening.

It was a trying ordeal for Eng that night, to meet Chang and his father and mother, all at one time, and to play divinely, and to be her own charming little self in everything; but somehow she managed to do it, mostly because it was quite natural for her to be charming in everything. Mr. and Mrs. St. John thought her exceedingly pretty and accomplished, and yet poor Chang had a stormy time at the hotel with them when the visit was over, and he announced his desire to make her his wife. His father and mother made known their separate plans for his future marriage, but declined

to compromise upon Miss Engle. But when Chang, at last, with tears in his eyes said:

"O mother! she is my own dear little Eng that I loved so when a child!" Mrs. St. John's heart relented. She reviewed with him the days of his tender boyish passion, and her husband, though he was a banker and did business in Wall Street, took out his handkerchief and wiped his eyes suspiciously; said he believed it was a genuine case of love, and, since the boy wished her for his wife, it made no difference if she was penniless, they had enough for both.

Next morning Eng moved uneasily about the house; Chang was to steal one early moment to tell her whether he had been successful or not in obtaining his parents' consent; but when he rushed in and caught both her hands in his, and looked into her face with eyes that were clear and smiling, she was quite content, before he spoke one word.

"They know all, and they have cheerfully consented, my darling," he said, holding her close, close in his arms. "So we shall not be divided, after all. We are to be married next winter, if you are willing; and all your life long—if mine is spared—you shall be my own dear little Eng!"

DEBORAH DRAKE'S GHOST STORY.

BY H. W. WEBSTER.

"Do you believe in ghosts, Miss Drake?" asked Corporal Scott, looking up from the paper he was reading, as I passed by his bed, sundry phials in one hand and a teaspoon in the other.

"No," said I, hurrying on, and giving the corporal or his question hardly a glance, with either physical or mental eye. But that night, when I retired to that end of the barrack called Nurses' Quarters, Conscience sounded a blast in my ear, somewhat after this fashion:

"How dared you, Deborah Drake, to tell such a lie as you told Corporal Scott to-day?"

"But," began Common Sense and Will, both at once, "I cannot and will not believe any such antiquated nonsense."

"You know you do believe in immaterial presence and communications—(and what's the difference, pray?)—and that to their agencies you owe your present happiness

and immunity from cares that weighed you almost to the earth during your youth and early womanhood; and, in denying it, you are not only guilty of untruth, but of ingratitude also;" and forthwith Conscience began scourging me with that flail she carries about, wherewith to thresh repentance out of our sinful husks.

"O," cried I, fervently, "I believe!"

"Then," said Conscience, deliberately folding up her instrument of torture, "I let you off until you shall have had sufficient time to make public recantation; if not made by that time—" and she brandished her flail, as a significant conclusion of her sentence.

Here followeth my confession of faith:

I believe in immaterial influences. I believe that at times they are so powerful that not only the influence, but the agency, is perceptible to us. I believe there is, in almost every person's life, a time when he

has had some experience of what are generally termed "supernatural manifestations." What these "immaterial agencies" are, I am not going to undertake to explain; though I've no doubt I could do it, just as unsatisfactorily as everybody else does—disembodied spirits—clairvoyance—electricity—humbug.

Perhaps, however, you will listen a moment to a fanciful conjecture of mine. I have thought, sometimes, that in ourselves (made, we are told, in the image of the Infinite) we held unwittingly all knowledge, as water may hold in its crystal clasp, unseen, some high-colored element, and that study, labor, surrounding circumstances or peculiar physical condition, acting upon us, as a re-agent upon the solution threw down the precipitate that we call consciousness. The circumstances that made me acquainted with my ghostly visitors I cannot explain, without going somewhat into my personal history.

My father was a clergyman in the narrowest lane of the Narrow Church. He was born, educated and settled among the Green Mountains. There he married; there I was born, and there my mother died. Then, I know not whether by the silent teachings of the everlasting hills, or the influence an earthly love made spiritual, he found the lane too narrow for him to walk in, and so he had to seek another path. He moved to Massachusetts, and there, when I was about ten years old, he married again, and in process of time, a son, and then another daughter, were born to him.

Of course, our names were all taken from the Bible. I only wonder they did not baptize me Jochebed or Haggith, for of all methods of mortifying the flesh, patent among the Narrow-laners, that of thus scraping people under lingual graters always seemed to me must be the most effectual. However, as father grew more liberal in his ideas, his taste improved somewhat in regard to names, or else his conscience allowed him greater latitude in the selection. I think his first visible descent from grace was the softening and shortening of mine into the rather doubtful diminutive, Dora. My brother's name was not a remarkable improvement on mine, for he was called Eutychus. Eutychus Drake! Think of that! Doesn't it sound like a scientific name for some newly-discovered species of water-fowl?

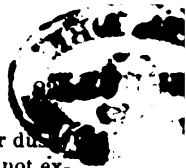
My little sister bore the sweet name Miriam. When I was nearly seventeen, my stepmother died, and the care of two little children devolved upon me, in addition to the burden of sorrow I bore for the loss of one who had been a true friend to me. And all this among strangers; for my father had just been settled over a church in New Bedford. But father's sorrow was too great for him to bear—his voice grew weaker, his gaze more abstracted, and he leaned heavily on me, as we walked to church, till one morning I lifted up my little brother and sister to stroke his soft silver hair, and kiss his white face, through the open coffin-lid. Then a girl of eighteen, with two helpless little children, turned away to seek her fortune and theirs in the wide, wide world.

When the funeral expenses were paid, I took an inventory of my earthly possessions, of which the following is a nearly correct schedule:

One boy, aged 6	
" girl, " 3	
Health,	x
(x representing a very small quantity.)	
Hope & energy, y	
(representing an infinite quantity.)	
A lot of old furniture,	\$100.00
Cash,	17.00

I stored my furniture, carried my little ones to the Orphan's Home, where I paid two dollars per week for their board, and went to work in the factory. The fact contained in that last clause was a very bitter one to me then, for I had a horror of factory life. I had taught some; but it was mid-winter, and I could not obtain a situation before the summer schools commenced. In the meantime we could not starve. But this life of toil and exposure was not without advantage to me, for exercise and the open air had a magical effect on my health, and I grew strong, and a stranger to all aches and pains. Every Sunday was a joyful day for us all; for then I went to see my darlings, no matter how fearfully the wind blew from off the cove, whistling through the tall scaffolds of the salt-works, beating great dashes of spray in my face.

Down on Cape Cod is an Indian reservation, where the last remnants of the Marshpee tribe are gathered. There, amid the dreary stretch of sand and lonely pines, is a spot fair and fertile, like an oasis in the desert; a clear bright stream runs through



it, and here and there, climbing over hills covered

"By forests which have known no other change
For ages, than the budding and the fall
Of leaves,"

one may drop suddenly into a little valley, in whose deep bosom, securely cradled from the storms, lies a lovely lake. Here and there, perched in the most lonely and inaccessible places, as far from each other as possible, in little frame cottages, dwell the meek, sad-eyed descendants of the fierce Pocknets and Ataquins, who used to startle with their war-whoops the early settlers in the neighboring towns.

"What has this to do with my story?"

I went down there to teach their public school, for my board, and a certain number of dollars per week, and took my babies with me. There they were with me all the time—in school hours, on the little benches in front of me, and after school, in summer I played with them, or walked along the shore of "John's Pond," whose blue water, thickly set with lilies, looked like another firmament besprinkled with stars. In winter I "popped" corn, or initiated them into the mysteries of "cat's-cradle," and tucked them in their little bed under the roof, where the pattering of the rain seemed to constantly remind us of our indoor comfort, and then sat down to my sewing, with as complete a sense of contentment and happiness as ever falls to our earthly lot, I believe.

To be sure, I was often lonely, and sometimes my desire for reading took hold of me like an intolerable thirst; but some one, I never knew who, sent me Harper's Magazine, and when I could live no longer without sight of a white face, I walked over to see the free-hearted, jovial people at Wauquoit, a little fishing hamlet, three miles distant, where the waves from the open ocean broke over the harbor's sandy bar, with a murmur as mournful and musical as its own name.

I remained there about eighteen months, for I could live there. The leaders of Marshpee fashion are not arbitrary, and one can wear seven or seventeen patches on her dress, without losing caste; and the one dollar per week that remained, after the children's board was paid, made us quite comfortable as to calico and little shoes.

I was not unmindful of the many favors

and kind deeds we received from our dear friends; yet an Indian settlement is not exactly the place where one would choose to bring up children, so I went back to New Bedford. I hired two rooms, in a pleasant house on Acushnet Heights, whose windows, looking to the south, gave us a view of the harbor—the shipping—the long bridge leading over to Fair Haven, and its white cottages shining through the trees. When the sun set, we could see the highlands on the Cape, lying purple in its light across Buzzard's Bay; and Miriam used to fall asleep counting the revolutions of Gay Head light, winking like a great eye in the distant horizon.

I taught music, gave lessons in fancy work; like Mr. Matthew Pocket, I "read with those who had lacked opportunities or neglected them, and refurbished divers others for special occasions," looked after the accounts of sailors' wives, and wrote letters for those who could not do it for themselves.

In every person's memory, I suppose there is a certain period of life that stands out in relief against the checkered background of his other days, to which he looks back tenderly, perhaps half regretfully, saying, "I was so happy then!" With one, it is childhood, with another, schooldays; with yet another, the springtime of love which quickened every pulse of my being. With me, those days of toil at New Bedford seem now the golden ones of my life. I find myself ever looking back as to the dearest picture in memory, to the long lonely walks up the county road, after an evening lesson, perhaps in storm and darkness, when I watched, growing nearer and nearer, the windows of our chamber, where the light, shining through petunias and heliotropes, showed little heads, with chubby hands on each side, shading away the light, that eager eyes might peep out into the gloom to find me.

Year after year went by, and my children grew up bright and healthy. Yute was in the high school, and Miriam attended the academy. We lived plainly, and I economized to the last cent in my own expenses, that I might dress them so that they should not feel inferior to their companions; and I was happy. To be sure, Yute played truant sometimes, broke the neighbors' windows playing ball, stoned their tabby-cats, tore his clothes, broke his slates and lost his

grammars—came home with his eyes blackened in some desperate schoolboy encounter, and ran himself in all manner of perils by fire and water; but he was generous and affectionate, industrious and ambitious, always thoughtful of me, and never refusing to take any part of what boys contemptuously call "woman's work," when he could lighten my burden. And though Miriam often tried me as only mothers, who have daughters anywhere from ten to fourteen can understand, she grew a helpful little housewife, and cheered me with her dally unfolding loveliness.

One night, when I came home, I found Yute looking quite grave, and, as I opened the closet door to hang away my shawl and bonnet, I saw on a shelf all his schoolbooks in a row.

"Why, Yute?" I exclaimed. "What are all your books at home for?"

He put his arms around me, pulled me down in a chair, and, drawing my head back, kissed my forehead, and said:

"It means, dear old sis, that I've left school."

"Left school! What for? O dear!" And visions of expulsion and public disgrace flashed before my eyes.

"I've taken a place in a store. Reason why? I've got too old to be a gentleman at large and you slaving about all the time for me; so you needn't shake your dear old head, and look so sorry. I'm going to earn something myself now."

"If I might be so bold, Mr. Eutyclus Drake, how much salary do you get?"

"Sixty dollars."

"Sixty dollars!" cried I, with mingled contempt and indignation. "What's sixty dollars, in comparison with your next year's schooling?"

"Sixty dollars is no small sum, when you have to earn it, Dora; and if I do nicely, I shall have double next year."

"Next year, too?"

"Yes, and every other year."

"But where is your education, and all your fine future gone?"

"Well, I know—I've thought it all over. Don't let's talk about it, Dora. I'd rather shovel on the railroad, than have you work so year after year—" And here his disappointment got the upper hand of his philosophy and his pride, and a great gulp behind me made me turn round, and I caught Mr. Eutyclus Drake, *Æt.* 14, crying like a baby.

However, I did not undertake to argue the matter with him, knowing by experience that he was as stubborn in his determination as any mule. I went to bed in no enviable state of mind, and lay awake half the night, planning to circumvent this new freak.

"Yute," said I, next morning, turning suddenly to him, as I was getting breakfast, knife in one hand, and loaf in the other, as if my forthcoming proposition were an immediate inspiration, "if I could get sixty dollars next year, without working for it, would you go to school?"

"If you could get Aladdin's lamp, sis, I'd go to school as long as you'd wish, and to college, beside."

"'A penny saved is a penny earned,' isn't it?" was my next highly original proposition.

"Why—yes—but—" And Yute looked at the furniture and the breakfast, at me, and then at a long darn on his jacket-sleeve, with most provoking significance.

"O, not so, you simpleton!" said I, half angrily; "but if we could save our rent and fuel—"

Yute pretended to read from the paper in his hand:

"Apartments to let. Inquire of Debbie Drake." "Wanted.—A powerful burning-glass, and an apparatus for concentrating moonbeams. DEBBIE DRAKE."

"Now quit that nonsense, will you? for I'm in earnest. You know the old stone house on Pleasant Street, that has been vacant ever since we've lived here? One can have rent and fuel, if they will live there."

"That's splendid," said Miriam; "such a great yard and lots of big empty rooms to play in! Can't I have a party my birthday. Dora?"

"Regular old sepulchre," said Yute; "damp and mouldy, I'll bet—haunted, into the bargain, they say."

"Pshaw! Any house that stands vacant a year, always gets that name. They'd say Aunt Prudie Francis's henhouse was haunted, if there should be a twelve-months' hiatus in the cackling there."

"Can you get it?"

"Will you go to school this year, if I can?"

"Yes. But Dora, the next year will be just the same, and I shall feel just as bad to leave."

"I guess Providence will provide," said Miriam, decidedly, with a mouth half full of bread and butter.

One month later we were comfortably settled in the south wing of the old house. I ought to have premised that this same house belonged to the heirs of a famous old Captain Clymer, who used to sail out of New Bedford, in the latter part of the last century. His voyages were always successful, and in those days, when the captain's was the lion's share in the whaling profits, it was no wonder that he grew rich rapidly, adding ship to ship, and real estate to real estate, until he was called the wealthiest man in town. After his last voyage he built this house—a great granite pile of four stories, with long three-storied wings extending north and south. Here, among the wonders he had gathered from every land, he sat down to enjoy himself with his children and the guests with whom he filled his chambers. But one night the messenger, who, soon or late, comes to us all, came unexpectedly, and summoned him to appear before his Owner, to settle the account of his life-voyage. No will could be found, although his lawyer testified to making one, and two of his friends to witnessing it. The estate had never been settled, and the state of feeling between the heirs was as amicable as such a condition of affairs usually produces.

The house, with its curious furnishings, stood for years without a tenant, and one and another of its treasures had been picked away by the descendants, till only a few massive pieces of furniture, that it gave one the backache to look at, and the portraits of the old captain and his wife, painted on panels in the large drawing-room, were left to tell of former glory. Then, when the heirs would have compromised matters sufficiently to rent it, no one would hire, for it was said that ghostly pedestrians had walked up and down its range of rooms so long, that they claimed right of way, and would not be dislodged.

We established ourselves very comfortably in the south wing, and Yute and Miriam greatly enjoyed chasing each other through the empty rooms, and running among the dusty barrels and chests in the attic.

I may as well confess that I am something of a coward, though nobody believes it, because I am ashamed to show it, and because I have either self-control or curiosity enough, usually, to investigate whatever alarms me. The first few nights I slept in the Clymer house (if indeed I did sleep), I

lay like a great polype, with every tentacle extended to catch the slightest indication of a goblin invasion, nestled close to Miriam, and thanked my stars that I was not alone. But, as I heard none of the traditional knockings, stampings, clanking of chains, or heart-rending groans, I soon gave up my vigils, and "lay me down in peace to sleep."

"Don't cry till you are out of the woods," says the old adage, wisely. Four weeks from the day we moved, I worked unusually hard, went to bed early, and quickly dropped asleep, sleeping so soundly that I did not even hear Miriam come to bed. Some time in the night I heard a faint wail, and, looking toward the foot of the bed, I saw, in the narrow slip of moonlight shining through a crack in the shutter, a little naked infant. When I first opened my eyes it was crying, but as soon as I became fully conscious of its presence it began to spring, tossing its little arms and smiling. As I looked at it closely, I saw that two faintly-defined hands supported it under its arms. It stretched out its hands to me, and retreated towards the door that led into the main part of the house. Then, as I did not follow, it began crying softly, then came back to the foot-board, there smiling and coaxing me to follow it, then retreating to the door, and weeping as before, when I would not. How many times this was repeated I cannot tell. Finally, Miriam turned, and threw her arms over me, muttering "Dora," and it vanished, nor did I see it again that night.

One grows brave in the sunshine, and the next day I reasoned the mystery away very satisfactorily to myself. I was tired; I had eaten a hearty supper—there was nothing strange in my having bad dreams, from which Miriam's touch had wakened me. All this was very fine while the daylight lasted, but darkness brought a fear of its repetition. And sure enough, it was repeated that night, and many others, always after I had been asleep, so that in the morning I could not decide whether it was a dream or a dreadful reality, nor could I, though I tried several times, keep awake the night through.

We became accustomed to almost everything, and after several nights I ceased to feel any emotion save curiosity. Then one night I noticed that the hands supporting the child grew more distinct, so much so that I saw they were a man's hands, small and delicate, but with the large joints and

full veins that mark the hand masculine. The next night I could see the arms, to which shirt-sleeves clung as if wet, and from them rolled drops of water that shone like brilliants as they fell towards the floor. Night by night the figure grew out of the gloom, as I have seen photographs develop from a dark background, till a young man, all dripping with water, and with rockweed and kelp tangled in his hair and clothes, stood before me. He also fell back to the door, beckoning to me most earnestly. Finally, one night he spoke:

"O won't you come? It is all my fault. You are safe; only come."

But I still kept in bed, and by day kept my own counsel, and brought all the strength of my reason and will to bear against this strange phantasmagoria. But I grew pale and thin, and my head ached as though I were undergoing the torture of the iron crown.

Next came the old lady, whose portrait still hung in the parlor. She was weeping; and wringing her hands, and pointing to the babe, she said, continually:

"Once they were like that, and loved each other. O take pity on my distress, and come."

I crept closer to my little sister, feeling that her innocence was my only safeguard.

At last in stepped old Captain Clymer himself, in a "dread-naught" jacket, with a queer old tarpaulin on his head, and in his right hand he carried a marine-spike. He looked at me a moment, and, making an authoritative gesture toward the door with his left hand, said, sharply:

"Go aloft!"

And in and out he went, time after time, always with the same short order. Captain Clymer may have been the pink of politeness when in the flesh, but if so, his manners have sadly deteriorated since that last voyage of his across the Styx, for when he came the next night he shook his marine-spike at me, and said, in a tone gruff as a fierce nor'wester:

"Blast your figure-head! Why don't you obey orders?"

Now this roused at last a little temper in me, and I had no sooner arrived at that state of mind, the articulate interpretation of which is, "I won't," than the phantom smiled sardonically, and glided through the door opening into our sitting-room—a course neither he nor his companions had taken

before. A moment elapsed, and he returned, with the same wicked look on his face. A cold hand was laid on my shoulder. I turned, and there stood Yute in the moonlight, as pale as his white nightshirt, his eyeballs dilated to their widest capacity, and cold drops breaking out all over his face and hands.

"What is the matter?" I asked, though I knew only too well.

"I had such a terrible dream, Dora—and it don't hardly seem like a dream, either." And he trembled in every limb. "Let me lie down by you?"

I put my arms around him, and reassured him by saying that he had overtired himself skating, probably, or perhaps he had been sleeping in a position that affected his circulation; and he soon slept with his head on my arm, as calmly as Miriam on the other side. And, counting their full even respirations, I dropped asleep again, in spite of my dreadful experience. I woke with a start, and there stood the shadowy captain.

"Yes, it was I," he said, answering my unspoken query; "and that one will be next," pointing to Miriam, "if you don't come along," he said, winding up with an oath consigning my eyes to a place where it is said the thermometer never falls below zero. "I tell you you won't be hurt," he continued, after a pause.

A thought arose in my mind as to the consequences if I did not obey.

"You can't stay here, if you don't," said the shade, with an oath.

"Will it be any better if I make the attempt, I wonder?" was the next thought.

"Yes; I give you my word of honor as a ghost," was the answer, though I had not spoken a word, "that you shall hereafter sleep in peace if you will follow me."

I lay still, and thought of all the circumstances that held me, like a fly in a spider's web—how willful Yute was; how my health was falling; how poor we were, and how comfortable the sixty dollars thus gained made us—and perhaps, more than all, was an indefinable instinct, like an unrelenting fate, driving me to dare the worst—and I said, audibly:

"Yes."

"When?" said the shade

"To-morrow night."

Now "yes" is a very easy word to say, generally, but think of promising to follow a goblin through a lonely castle of a house,

in the weird hours of darkness, and you can imagine how every nerve and fibre in your mortal frame might quiver, and cold sweat trickle down your face and limbs, as it did on mine. My terror became so great that I lost my consciousness. When I came to myself I heard Miriam sobbing somewhere, and saw Yute bathing my head with ice-water, and turning up his face, with a questioning anguish in it, to the doctor, our next door neighbor. He was discoursing to the student at his elbow in an undertone, somewhat after this manner:

"Considerable cerebral disturbance. Phrenitis to be apprehended—over-exertion, mental and physical—pulse—well—say—ninety-eight—Conium—depletion, unless better symptoms within twenty-four hours." (To Yute)—"See that your sister's head is kept cool—bathe her feet in warm water, and apply mustard paste."

A kind neighbor came in, who comforted the children, and nursed me carefully, and though the band round my head seemed crushing in its clasp, I never lost sight of my surroundings, or the ordeal I was to pass through when the night came. I refused my neighbor's offer to watch with me, and telling Yute to roll the sofa into my room, so that he and Miriam might be together while I was away, I laid my head back on the pillow, and resigned myself to my fate.

"I am ready," said the captain.

"So am I; God help me!" I said, getting up, and mechanically putting on my slippers, wrapped a shawl about me, and went out after my guide.

The way grew light as we passed along, and, with an attention that would seem incompatible with the deadly fear that possessed me, I noticed each spot on the walls, and every crack and nailhead in the floor, while every breath I drew was a prayer. On we went, through the long hall, up the stairs, and turned.

"Another flight," said the captain, then gliding through the chambers, till he reached the extreme northern one.

"Push aside those fireboards," said he.

I did so, and saw a little door I had never discovered.

"Open that door."

I obeyed, and the light streamed in from behind us, and I saw a low unfinished loft, which proved to be that of the northern wing—the wings being one story less in

height than the house itself—and there were three planks laid from the door to the further end.

"Come!" said the ghost, getting down and crawling in on all fours, which was the only way of getting in.

When we had reached the wall, he said:

"Put your right hand under that side of the flooring and take out that box."

I took hold of it, and pulled with what little strength I had; my hand slipped, and I fell back against the sharp edge of a rafter. There was a whirling confusion, succeeded by utter darkness; then a sensation of pain, and a warm bath poured down over my face and hands, which I was not long in deciding was my own blood. I tried to creep back to the door, but it seemed an interminable distance, and I grew faint from loss of blood. I reached out and gathered a handful of the cobwebs I had noticed as we entered, and stanching its flow. The band around my head grew loose, and I sat patiently, resting, and waiting for the morning.

I think I dozed; for when I heard my name called, and lifted my face from my knees, I saw the light glimmering through the low door, and heard voices approaching, which I recognized as belonging to Yute and the doctor. I made haste to crawl out of my den, and was just emerging as they entered the chamber.

"Thank God!" ejaculated Yute, with a great sob of relief; and then he burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter.

I have no doubt that I presented a comical appearance, begrimed as I was with blood and dirt, my nightgown a moprag and my shawl a duster, my hair hanging over my eyes, and one slipper gone.

"Ah, doctor," cried I, "haven't I undergone depletion with a vengeance?"

I was really better; my headache was gone, and I only suffered from great prostration. That night, undisturbed by dreams or apparitions, I slept calmly as an infant. The cause of this blessed exemption I leave as a question for discussion between the medical faculty and the spiritualists.

The next day was Sunday, and Miriam went to church, while Yute remained with me.

"Yute," I said, when we were alone, "will you do a favor for me?"

"Yes, to be sure, if it's anything I can do."

"I want you to take the lantern, and go

to the further end of that place where I was, and put your hand under the right side of the floor, and get the box you will find there. You need not look so wild—I'm as sane as you are. See how cool my head is, and how calmly my pulse beats."

"But I don't believe there is any box there, sis."

"I don't know as there is, Yute; but I believe there is, and that it is very important to somebody; and if you will go, it will be a great satisfaction to me, if nothing more."

He consented to indulge me in what he thought a sick fancy, and soon returned, bringing the box. It was about eighteen inches in length, and ten in breadth, made from some very hard foreign wood, and had a sliding cover. Yute brushed off the dust, pulled out the reluctant lid, and rested the open box on the arm of my rocking-chair, while I examined its contents. First, there was a little morocco case of instruments—forceps, knives, scissors and hooks—nearly eaten away by rust, and on the inside was written "Henry Clymer." Then a something—wrapped in an old piece of linen that dropped to pieces as we attempted to unroll it, and that something within was a baby's skeleton, in an imperfect state. Then several bundles of letters, addressed to Captain Philip Clymer, and lastly, the long-missing will.

I told Yute the whole story, which he seemed to regard as fabulous, until I told him what he dreamed the night he was so much startled.

"Whew!" he exclaimed, with a prolonged whistle running through the whole gamut of astonishment. "I believe every word of Anne Ratcliffe's stories now—and Monk Lewis and the Castle of Otranto into the bargain. But how *did* you keep it to yourself so long, or dare to go after the terrible thing? There! I don't believe it! What are you going to do with it?"

"That is the most sensible thing you've said. I'm going to notify the heirs that it is found."

Monday I wrote to the lawyer who managed the estate, and he summoned the heirs. Two lived in New Bedford, and one in Taunton, and children of immediate heirs

who were dead, came from Boston and New York. They all met in my sitting-room, where I told them my story, and gave them the box. The alarm lest some dreadful deed had been thus concealed was quickly dispelled by the oldest living brother, who was a physician.

"Why, that is a case of dissecting instruments I lost when I was a student! Cousin Horace was a student with me, and we had that north chamber for our room, and one night we got a subject—this thing, I suppose. The next day we went down to Ponagansett fishing, and Horace was drowned; and I never could find case or subject, which he had hidden, according to agreement, lest some of you children might get hold of it."

As may be imagined, I did not lack for either necessities or luxuries during my long convalescence, and when the weather grew warmer I enjoyed many a ride to the "Head of the River," and round the Point Road; and one night I was visited by a large "surprise party" of Clymers. There was much fun and feasting, and at the long table, improvised for the occasion in the drawing-room, I was still further "surprised" by receiving a formal speech from Doctor Clymer, as rambling and inappropriate as such speeches usually are; but the point of his discourse, and a very strong point it was, too, was the flourish whereby he deposited in my hands a little book, entitled "Deborah Drake in account with the New Bedford Institutions for Savings," which declared that institution to be my debtor to the amount of five thousand dollars. That was five years ago. Yute has been in college three years, and next July, when you read the commencement exercises of a certain university not far from Boston, you will probably find him masquerading in print (according to the time-honored custom of that institution) as Eutyclus Anas. Miriam is at boarding-school in Norton.

As for me—I had been so long accustomed to having some one to take care of, that when my children went away, I could not be contented at home, so I came to Washington to find happiness—where I know it can only be found—in a life of constant toil and usefulness.

A STAR-GAZING EXCURSION.

BY PROF. SERANOS D. PATRIE.

THE grand astronomical event of 1874 was the transit of Venus across the sun's disc. At the preceding transit, in the last century, France took a leading part, and, on the recent occasion, was naturally anxious to maintain her scientific reputation. But the premature deaths of those eminent astronomers, MM. Delaunay and Laugier, together with the disastrous events of 1870-1, raised considerable difficulties. Enterprise was shackled by a straitened budget. The commission, appointed to consider what France could do in this scientific rivalry of all civilized nations, could only decide on sending out four astronomical missions: two in the northern hemisphere, to Peking and Yokohama; and two to the southern hemisphere, Campbell's Island and St. Paul's Island (the St. Paul's in the eastern hemisphere, for there is another St. Paul's in the western hemisphere). This numerical inferiority was compensated by supplying the four missions with powerful instruments, and by appointing two auxiliary missions, one at Noumea and the other in Cochin China.

Astronomy has recently been complicated by a new mode of observation. Besides the direct study of the object observed, by watching it in the usual way through the telescope, photography has supplied the means of catching instantaneously and preserving the exact image of every phase of an astronomical phenomenon. M. Janssen, at the head of the expedition to Japan, took with him photographers and an instrument called a photographic revolver, which rendered great service by giving good proofs in the stations where the weather was favorable. For the conclusions thence obtained, M. Janssen tells us we must wait. In another year we shall have complete cognizance of the results arrived at by all the missions. At present he only gives an account of the dangers and difficulties he had to surmount, mentioning to what extent his party's combined observations were successful. After the first interior contact of the sun's and the planet's discs, two photographers, each at his instrument, took as many photographs as they possibly could; but the clouds interposed serious obstacles. Just before the

second interior contact, the sky round the sun became almost providentially clear, which allowed the exact instant to be determined with precision. The sky was clouded at the moment of the last exterior contact, which however is of slight importance. But it is not M. Janssen's adventures that we will follow now. Our course is directed towards that lonely spot, so hard to reach and to set foot on, high up (or down) in the southern hemisphere.

The great difficulties of navigation and of material installation on terra firma which it was foreseen would be encountered in the South Seas, induced the commission to confide that task to naval officers, even although they had no long experience in the use of large astronomical instruments. Commandant E. Mouchez, *capitaine de vaisseau*, of whose narrative this paper is a summary, was selected for the honor of conducting the expedition to St. Paul's; an islet isolated in the midst of the vast basin of the Austral seas, the crater of a scarcely extinct volcano, rising from the bottom of the ocean to nearly a thousand feet above the surface of the waters.

St. Paul's is an absolutely sterile rock, uninhabitable, without potable water, without apparent vegetation, frequented only by troops of seals, by flocks of penguins, and other sea-fowl. Every year, during the three summer months, from December to April, a few Madagascar sailors from Reunion (Ile Bourbon) take up their quarters there, to salt and dry some fifty or sixty barrels of cod, which they catch round the island. The weather then is sometimes tolerably calm; throughout the rest of the year the island is scarcely accessible. At every season gusts of wind and squalls are frequent. At the equinoxes they are continuous, acquiring the violence of veritable storms; and this was the intended epoch of the expedition's arrival there.

That ocean, completely unbroken by land over a breadth of two thousand leagues between Africa and Australia, rises and spreads its undulations at full liberty. Consequently the waves acquire dimensions unknown in other latitudes; and they break with violence all round this rock,

which is too small to afford sufficiently sheltered anchorage. In these regions the sky is generally hidden or very cloudy during the windy season, from April to November; whilst thick mists take possession of the entire horizon during summer, when warm winds from the equator replace the polar winds. These particulars, partly obtained from Mr. R. Scott, the learned chief of the London meteorological service, and partly from the Reunion sailors, decidedly proved that the chances of a clear sky at St. Paul's on the 9th of December were extremely small—eight or ten to a hundred at the very most. They were even smaller, according to the experience the mission was about to acquire. Such deplorable conditions of climate, the difficulties of landing, and the probability of damage to the instruments, left, at the moment of quitting France, very little hope of ultimate success. But the perfectly isolated position of St. Paul's in the middle of the Southern Ocean gave such value to the observations that might possibly be made there, as to render it absolutely indispensable that some one should attempt the enterprise, however uncertain the event might be.

In the second week of August, the party, passing through the Suez Canal, reached the Red Sea, which formerly took eight months' dangerous and difficult navigation to arrive at, and which then was but little known, but is now one of the most frequented thoroughfares in the world. Consequently, old sailors never leave the canal without feeling a combined sentiment of admiration and astonishment that so modest-looking a thread of water should have secured such grand results, with still grander consequences in the future. But the extreme rapidity of modern voyages obtained by fast steamers and divided isthmuses is not without its inconveniences for the traveller, whose temperament is not endowed with sufficient elasticity. During the few days required to pass from the chilly climates of Europe to the torrid heats of the Red Sea, the disturbed equilibrium of the vital functions has not time to reestablish itself. Sudden deaths, owing to inflammatory disease and cerebral congestions, are the frequent result. One of their young companions, prostrated without warning by a constant heat of from 97 to 103 Fahr., could only be recalled to life by twenty-four hours' application of ice to the head. It

was doubtless to avoid these accidents that the old navigators adopted the custom of being bled before crossing the equator.

At St. Denis (the port of the Ile Bourbon) they found the government transport, the Dives, which was to carry them and their instruments to St. Paul's. The captain of the ship, as well as the fishermen who annually frequent the island, advised them to delay their departure a month, urging the impossibility, at that season, of approaching the rock and landing their bulky stores without damage. The sea then is much too rough and the wind too violent for safety. But as the delay might compromise the preliminaries of observation, Commandant Mouchez, confident in his good luck and his firm resolution to do everything to succeed, started on the day appointed.

A call was made at Mauritius, for the sake of trans-shipping instruments, which would have been hazardous to attempt in the bad roadstead of St. Denis. Advantage was taken of the opportunity to visit Dr. Gill's observatory, the astronomer in charge of the expedition sent out entirely at Lord Lindsay's expense—a noble use of a large fortune, frequent, the commandant observes, in England, but less frequent, we may add, in France. The outlay this time was ill-required; for the sun was hidden by clouds at Mauritius during a portion of Venus's transit.

On the evening of the 9th of September they left Mauritius for St. Paul's. Their fortnight's passage was slow, but they had fine weather until they approached the island. Even within twenty leagues of it, strong hopes were entertained of landing during one of the rare calms of the season; but the disturbing influence which islets isolated in the midst of the ocean always exercise on the surrounding atmosphere was felt as they drew nearer. On the morning of the 22d it blew a gale, with continual showers of hail and rain; the horizon was completely shrouded in mist, the waves rose, threatening to drive them past the island without their seeing it. By skillful seamanship they managed at sunset to drop anchor about four hundred yards from the breach in the cliff by which the sea has made an irruption into the crater.

Nothing can convey an idea of the sombre and savage aspect of the spot thus suddenly revealed to view, and which was to be their



dwelling-place. The evening was darkening fast. At a very short distance rose black perpendicular cliffs, from seven hundred to a thousand feet high, whose sharp peaks tore the clouds which drifted with extreme rapidity overhead. The wind, accompanied by snow and hail, rushed in violent squalls into the basin of the crater, raising, as it eddied round it, columns of spray fifty or sixty feet high, resembling waterspouts, which the strangers at first took for an eruption of steam and water from the bottom, bursting from the bowels of the volcano. The Dives labored under these down-pouring gusts, lurching sometimes to one side, sometimes to the other, and tugging at her anchor, although the proximity of the shore rendered the sea tolerably smooth. But, a few cables' length from the ship, enormous breakers were leaping and foaming; the horizon was indented with the notches characteristic of a heavy swell—so restricted was the space of calm water in which they had found a precarious shelter. A few seabirds, the only perceptible living creatures, astonished at the intruders' presence, hovered around them almost within reach, as if inquiring by shrill screams what they wanted.

A glimpse was caught, in the hollow interior of the crater, of ruined roofless huts and pieces of wreck, which augured badly for the future. In the midst of the narrow channel leading into this basin, the vast hulk of an English frigate, the *Megara*, almost completely high and dry, lay surrounded by numerous fragments, on which the sea broke as if they were a mass of rocks. After resisting the tempests of three or four years, it was about to disappear in the storm which was soon to vent its rage on the new arrivals, and render their position so critical. In short, the most fantastic conceptions of modern artists would fail to give an idea of the picture of desolation which lay before their eyes. And an anxious night only served to show more clearly the dangers and difficulties of their position. The only level spot where the installation of an observatory was possible was a beach of pebbles, the rounded vestiges of the rocky downfall which admitted the sea into the crater, and which was by no means sure not to be covered by the waves in stormy weather. This beach formed part of the edge of the basin, which is the bottom of a circular gulf more than a thousand yards in

diameter, with vertical walls three hundred yards high, to scale which without a rope-ladder seemed impossible. The whole brink of the basin is literally covered with the remains of wrecks. Sufficient firewood was therefore obtainable, but for boiling, at least, it was not wanted.

The commandant visited the principal huts, to select those which could be most easily repaired. On approaching one of them he heard, with surprise, a strange confused noise, and suddenly found himself assailed at the door by a troop of kids (*cabris*), wild cats, rats and mice, making their escape in all directions. Without further examination he thence concluded that this one was less ruined than the other hovels. He had it cleared immediately of its accumulated filth, to convert it, the very same day, into their principal lodging.

It was the shipwrecked crew of the *Megara*, eight hundred men, who built those huts wherever they found sheltered nooks in the rocks; and, at the moment of their departure, effected doubtless very hastily, they must have abandoned considerable stores, which everywhere lay scattered about. The ground was covered with barrels and boxes still full of sundry articles; with masts, ropes, pulleys, household utensils, all sorts of furniture, small rowing-boats, and a strange medley of odds and ends. The sight of those objects, undeniable witnesses of a great disaster, filled the astronomers' hearts with pity, combined, nevertheless, with the satisfactory hope that the said objects, in spite of three years' exposure to the open air, might supply the new arrivals with unexpected comforts. Some boxes, stowed away in one of the cabins, contained several hundred volumes, comprising the principal English, French and German philosophical works of the eighteenth century, treatises of theology, big folios on the canon law, and the *Parfait Notaire*. For some years past rats seem to have been the only visitors of this library, so strangely composed for fishers of cod or for sailors wrecked on an inhospitable rock.

The party found on the circumference of the crater numerous springs of hot water, in which in a few minutes they were able to cook the lobsters caught in great abundance amongst the neighboring rocks. In many spots the soil round their cabins was burning hot at a few inches' depth. By

Digging a yard and a half or a couple of yards deep the naturalists of the expedition found a temperature as high as 200 degrees Centigrade, the boiling point of water being 100 degrees. They would therefore have found no difficulty in warming their huts and cooking their food had combustibles happened to run short. The only trace of vegetation perceptible was a tough grass, resembling the "alpha" of Algeria, which barely sufficed to afford a little shelter to the numerous penguins established on the face of the cliff, six hundred feet above the level of the sea.

No attempt appears to have been made by the expedition to follow Captain Cook's example during his voyages of discovery, by endowing the island with natural productions likely to be useful to strangers willingly or unwillingly landing on it. Seeds of the hardier and more succulent grasses and of antiscorbutic and maritime vegetables, as Scotch kale, parsley, dandelion, true samphire, sorrel and the garden cress, might at least have been sown and left to take their chance. Even innoxious weeds, as thistles, would furnish the commencement of a future stratum of vegetable mould. Fern spores, in so damp a climate, might find a congenial home amongst the rocks; whilst artificial hollows would prove useful recipients, at least at times, of the fresh water yielded by the clouds and mists. Vegetation of the kinds possible under the circumstances must precede the naturalization of serviceable animals. Those at present introduced and settled there may be regarded as mischievous rather than otherwise. Rats and mice are the almost inevitable introduction of shipwrecks. A few pairs of rodent-eating owls or hawks might be the most effectual means of keeping them down. Some carnivorous creature is wanted which will not injure the penguins or their young. The cats, as will be seen, are worse than useless. But the most destructive creatures in a spot which wants to acquire or retain its vegetation are goats. In St. Helena they annihilated many species of plants (most interesting, even if not valuable for their uses, because not found elsewhere), which are consequently extinct and lost to the world forever. In the Pyrenees, assisted by sheep and cattle, they have reduced vast tracts of once-wooded mountain to naked, sterile, burnt-up rock.

At St. Paul's those curious creatures, the

penguins, the future companions and the greatest source of amusement to their learned visitors, were so tame and familiar that, in order to walk through their crowded flocks, it was necessary to push them aside with feet and hands in order to avoid crushing them; and even then they did not make way without protesting. If the human strangers sat down amongst them they allowed themselves to be taken up and caressed; after which they went on with their own private affairs as if nothing had happened, except the arrival of a few penguins the more. Extremely slow and heavy in their hopping mode of progression on land, perhaps it is their conscious inability to escape from danger which makes them apparently indifferent to it; for in the sea, where they are exceedingly agile, they would not allow themselves to be approached nearer than a hundred yards. At that epoch, they were occupied with sitting on their eggs. But through what inexplicable motive, with the great difficulty they have in walking, did they select for their hatching-places the summits of cliffs, up which they must climb every day with infinite toil after their return from fishing, and where their young are especially exposed to the birds of prey that make the neighboring cliffs their home? The singular fact remains unexplained, no plausible reason having been discovered for it.

After a rapid inspection of the ground, an attempt is made to land material; but the wind blows and whirls round the tunnel with such violence, that the men can hardly stand upright. One martyr to seasickness begs permission to sleep on shore in company with six fishermen brought from Reunion. The storm increases; the Dives breaks, one after another, three anchors out of the four she possessed, and is obliged to run before the wind. She returns, to the delight of the individual left on the island, and manages to land her stores under precarious and difficult circumstances. It would have been convenient and reassuring to keep her lying at anchor off St. Paul's, but the loss necessitates her being sent to Reunion to procure other anchors, with orders to return in December, to carry away the mission after the completion of their tasks.

At three in the afternoon, therefore, of the 4th of October, the Dives weighed her last remaining anchor, and disappeared be-

hind the projecting point of the island, leaving the party to their own resources. She started with the beginning of a storm of much the same violence and the same duration as that which burst on them at their arrival, and rendered so difficult the first installation of absolutely necessary requirements—huts to dwell in, a kitchen, an oven, and the distilling-machine to produce fresh water. Sudden squalls fell eddying from the tops of the cliffs, beating the half-built cabins with sledge-hammer blows, knocking in the roofs, scattering the materials, and compelling the workmen to begin again afresh. Hail and rain never ceased; but the brave sailors, instead of being discouraged, only labored all the more manfully; perfect agreement reigned amongst all. They soon got their hands into the new employment, resulting in a few days in a fairly comfortable and solid establishment, permeable only to the heaviest rains accompanied by the strongest gales. It became, however, also the immediate refuge of all the rats, mice and wild cats on the island. Those animals, instead of making war on each other, lived together, unfortunately for their visitors, on the best of terms, feeding only on seabirds and their eggs, and making themselves at home in the new-built dwellings by tasting the provisions and gnawing the clothes.

The naturalists built themselves a very complete habitation and laboratory with the wardrobes, boxes and furniture found among the wrecks. On the 15th they were able to begin in their researches and collections. The construction of the observatory, in the middle of the bank of pebbles spread at the foot of their encampment, took nearly a month. About the 1st of November their five principal instruments were set up in five different cabins; and observations, the study of the instruments, and preparatory trials immediately began. During the month of November squalls were less frequent; the approach of summer made itself felt; but there was no improvement in respect to astronomical work. The warm winds from the equator, which replaced the polar winds, produced intense and persistent fogs, even more adverse to observation than the variable skies of stormy weather, which were often clear for several hours.

In general, from the bottom of their crater they rarely perceived a bit of blue sky. Like all lofty islands isolated in mid-ocean,

the summits of St. Paul arrest the passing clouds and assist their formation; but this island presents a further peculiarity which is still more unfortunate for astronomers. The numerous hot-water springs which break out all round the basin keep up a constant evaporation, which, rising as if from the bottom of a caldron, is condensed into mists by contact with the cold external winds. In October, these are frequently dispersed by gales, whilst in the calms of summer they close the crater with a permanent lid, hiding the zenith even in the finest weather, and when the sun is shining brightly within a few hundred yards all round the island.

These conditions threatened to be disastrous for observers on the 9th of December. One sole hope sustained them, namely, the Madagascar fishermen's belief in the moon's favorable influence. They hold that there is always a short brightening up of the weather on the day of the new moon; and at the two previous lunations the singular fact had been remarked with great satisfaction, because this 9th of December was precisely a new-moon day. Unfortunately, as the critical moment drew near, the weather got worse and worse. On the 6th, falling barometer, sky completely clouded. On the 7th, high wind, rain and mist. On the 8th, the eve of the transit, barometer still falling, torrential and incessant rain, sea rough; a fishing boat arrived the day before, broke her anchors and was driven out to sea; the whole island enveloped in haze so thick as to hide the opposite sides of the crater; impossible to repeat the last general rehearsal of the observation with every individual at his post, so heavy and continual was the rain. Although all chance seems absolutely and irrevocably lost, the preparations are continued all the same. At midnight, two hundred and fifty Daguerreian plates are ready to be polished and sensitized at the last moment. The party go to bed down-hearted, with the sky as black, the rain as heavy, and the barometer as low as ever. Despair is the prevailing sentiment.

The Madagascar weather-rule seems on the point of refutation, when at three in the morning the wind suddenly shifts from northeast to northwest, producing a great improvement in the weather. The rain ceases; the dark veil which covered the sky is torn; big masses of mist and low-hanging clouds, driven by a fresh breeze, continually

cross the zenith, allowing frequent glimpses of the sky. The barometer rises just a trifle. At sunrise, they run to the instruments; the last preparations are quickly finished, and at 6.30, about half an hour before the first contact, everybody is at his post, perfectly ready to play his part, which had been well defined and studied beforehand.

The first contact, the least important of the four, was almost completely missed, i.e., not determined within forty or fifty seconds; but as Venus continued her progress on the sun the clouds became fewer and fewer, the sky more transparent, the images of exceeding sharpness. About a quarter of an hour after the first contact, when half the planet was still outside the sun, the whole disc of Venus was suddenly apparent, encircled by a pale halo brighter towards the sun than at the planet's summit. Was it an illusion? The micrometer answered, No. This appearance, as remarkable as unexpected, may be attributed partly to the solar atmosphere rendered visible by contrast, and partly to the atmosphere of Venus. The sky had become so pure after the tempest, and the aureole was so brilliant, that traces of this curious phenomenon are visible on the photographs taken.

The second contact was observed under good conditions. From half-past seven till eleven they followed Venus's transit across the sun, which was very rarely obscured by clouds. The gusts of wind, however, which shook the equatorial, proved troublesome. Five hundred good photographs were taken in four hours. The clear state of the sky was so exceptional that the third contact was impatiently awaited, lest rains and mists should return to spoil it. Had they been able, the astronomers would have hurried the planet's progress; but as time and tide wait for no man, so no man can hasten them. At three minutes past eleven the third contact was observed under as favorable conditions as the second. Success was assured; and it was time it should be. The clouds came on, more and more dense and crowded; and the fourth contact, of less consequence than the two preceding, was only with difficulty observed through the haze. At noon it was just possible to take the sun's passage across the meridian to fix the time of their observations; but he was barely visible, and a few minutes afterwards

the pouring rain of the preceding night, accompanied by fog, returned. The storm was not over, but had only lulled during the five hours of the planet's transit. It lasted for thirty-six hours afterwards. The island had simply been in the centre of a cyclone. The rain had ceased an hour before and recommenced a few minutes after the phenomenon. The Dives had returned the day before, and was therefore ready to take the observers away.

During December the naturalists had gone to explore the Isle of Amsterdam, where thick fogs kept them prisoners for several successive days in the grotto which they had chosen for their domicile. Nevertheless, the results of their excursion and the documents they brought back possess very high interest. The interior of this islet, so difficult of access, never having been visited by any scientific mission, they accomplished a veritable voyage of discovery.

December was signalized by a curious final fact. After a high tide, they found stranded on the rocks a gigantic calmar (a species of cuttle-fish), whose body was more than five feet and its arms nearly twenty feet long. An enormous parrot's beak, big round protruding eyes, and multiple arms covered with countless suckers, fully justified the stories related of the hideous animal. They would have liked to bring it home to France; but it would have taken a barrel of brandy to preserve it whole, and their stock did not permit such prodigality; so they were obliged to be satisfied with the monster's photographs, and with dissecting its most interesting organs.

On January 4th the observers went on board the Dives, after building a commemorative pyramid of stone. Strangely enough, at the moment of quitting this desert island to return to the ways of civilization, no one could help bestowing a glance of regret on the spot they were never to behold again. A Robinson Crusoe life, in spite of its hardships, seems endowed with some mysterious attraction, especially when led in pleasant company. But the island soon disappeared behind its curtain of tempests, and they were returning to give a joyful account of their uncertain object fully attained. Only they sometimes asked themselves whether they had not been the dupes of a flattering dream, instead of being favored by a marvellous reality.

THE HEIRESS AND HER GUARDIAN

A TALE OF ENGLISH COUNTRY LIFE.

BY MRS. H. LOVETT CAMERON.

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CHAPTER XIII.

THE SOTHERNE LETTER BAG.

"ERNESTINE," said Mrs. Blair, to that talented damsel, during the course of the same day that Colonel Fleming had so suddenly left Sotherne Court—"Ernestine, you are looking very pale."

"Thank you, madame, my health is quite good."

"That makes no difference," persisted her mistress. "You are looking very pale, and I am not at all easy about you."

Here Mademoiselle Ernestine's gifted nature asserted itself, and she perceived that it was her duty to be pale and ailing.

"Out, madame, perhaps I am a little *souffrante*; I have had some aches in my head."

"Exactly so, Ernestine; and it is plain that you do not get enough fresh air; you want exercise, my good girl—a walk every day."

"Madame is very kind—but I have not much time for a promenade."

"Not during the day, perhaps; and that brings me to what I wish to say: I should like you to take a good brisk walk in the morning before you call me."

"Madame!" exclaimed poor Ernestine, with rather a blank face at the prospect of an earlier rise from her much-loved bed.

"Don't interrupt me; it is dull I know for you to walk out so early without any companion or any object, but you might go along the high road; it is always dry that way; and then when you meet the postman you can come back, and if you like to take the bag from him, and bring it to me, to take my letters out, it will give you some little interest to go out for—and, Ernestine, you are a good girl, and I am very pleased with you. Look here! I have put out that black silk mantle of mine for you; it will make you a nice jacket, and there is a bit of real lace on it, which I will give you too."

"How very amiable you are towards me,

madame!" exclaimed the delighted maiden, as she took up the silk mantle.

"I am quite sure that an early walk will do you all the good in the world; there is nothing like the morning air."

"Thank you, madame; and shall I begin to-morrow?"

"Certainly, I should like to see some roses in your cheeks as soon as possible. Here, put some scent on this handkerchief, and give me my gold eyeglass—that is all I want just at present; you may go now."

Ernestine fully comprehended what was required of her. She carried off the silk mantle, which was almost new, and a very handsome present to give to a maid, and prepared herself honestly to fulfil her part of the bargain.

She understood that Mrs. Blair wished to have the first sight of the letter-bag; and she probably guessed that it was her object to find out whether Miss Blair received any letters from the departed Colonel Fleming. Further than that, to do her justice, Ernestine's suspicions did not go.

It was the custom at Sotherne for the letters to be left at the lodge-gate about eight o'clock in the morning, by the walking postman, whence they were dally fetched by James the footman. Higgs the butler was supposed to keep the key; and when the letter-bag arrived, it was his duty to open it, and distribute the servants' letters to them, and then to lay the rest on the dining-room sideboard, save only Mrs. Blair's, which Ernestine always carried off to her mistress's room.

But Higgs, like many other good servants who have been long in their master's confidence, was rather spoilt and lazy; he was fond of shirking as many of his lesser duties as he found he could, without detriment to his own dignity or his mistress's interests, hand over to the rather meek-spirited footman. Amongst other little duties, that of opening the postbag, and distributing its contents, had of late years been completely entrusted to James.

The bag arrived just when Mr. Higgs was most comfortably enjoying his breakfast and his morning talk with Mrs. Pearse in the housekeeper's room. Higgs was fat, and Higgs was also getting old and lazy; it was therefore considerably easier, simpler, and less troublesome to himself in every way to give up the key to James; and, as he fetched the bag from the lodge, to let him also open it and distribute the letters.

Now, if there was one duty which James hated and detested above all other duties, it was that of fetching the postbag from the lodge. Every morning, wet or dry, fine or foul, he had to trudge out after "them draughted letters," as he elegantly expressed it; and as his own correspondence was of an exceedingly limited and most unexciting nature, being chiefly composed of bills for tobacco and beer from the village public house, and petitions for money from a drunken old mother whom filial duty commanded him to support, he was not very much interested in its contents.

These sentiments, being freely spoken and concisely expressed pretty frequently before his fellow-servants, were well known to Mrs. Blair's French maid.

She also knew—for trust a woman, above all a Frenchwoman, to discover such matters—that James was consumed with an absorbing passion for herself. Acting upon the knowledge of these two facts, Ernestine set to work to make an unconscious instrument of her admirer.

"Monsieur Jams," she said to him, with her sweetest smile, "do you not dislike very much to fetch the bag with the letters?"

"Ay, that I do, mam'zell," answered her swain, earnestly; "it just takes me off when every one else is beginning their breakfasts, having to fetch them blessed letters; and if there's one thing I can't abear, it's not being able to sit down comfortable to my meals."

"Well, look at this, Jams—I will fetch it for you for a few days."

"You, mam'zell!"

"But yes. I have given a dress to Mrs. White, the woman at the lodge, to make for me, and I wish to go and see how she does it every morning; and if you will give me the key, I will go fetch the bag at the same time."

"The key?" repeated James, rather dubiously; "well, I don't know about that—

I don't know as I ought to give you the key."

"O yes, give me the key, for I expect a letter from a friend in Paris—what you call a lover; but he is dying," she added, quickly, seeing that James looked as firm as adamant at the mention of a rival.

"Ah, he's dying! Are you sure of that?" he said, with a gleam on his face at the melancholy news.

"But yes, he dies, and perhaps he leaves me some money."

"Ah, ah!" with a delighted grin.

"Yes; and if he do, I can perhaps marry myself to one—whom I love much better." And here Mademoiselle Ernestine glanced at her admirer with a most telling *oillade*, and then looked cooly down at the corner of her apron. "So you see, Monsieur Jams, I am in impatience to see the letters; so please give me the key."

"You mustn't let out to Higgs, then," said the enraptured footman, clasping his beloved's hands, "and you must give me a kiss."

"If you give me the key," said Ernestine, who had been prepared to use bribery and corruption.

The kiss was submitted to, and Ernestine walked off triumphantly with the key in her pocket.

"*Qu'ils sont donc betes, ces hommes! Mon Dieu! qu'ils sont niais!*" she muttered to herself, as she went up stairs; and it must be confessed that, as far as James was concerned, she had some cause for her sweeping condemnation of the male sex.

The following morning Ernestine entered Mrs. Blair's bedroom soon after eight o'clock, triumphantly bearing the letter-bag and the key. That she had previously opened it and carefully looked over the contents herself, and then locked it up again, was of course a proceeding to which, under the circumstances, she considered that she had a perfect right, but which she did not think it necessary to impart to her mistress.

Mrs. Blair eagerly turned the key and tumbled out all the letters over the bed-clothes.

But there was nothing whatever to reward her curiosity; her own letters were only bills, and there were three for Juliet—one from Mr. Bruce, one from Georgie Travers (an answer probably to an invitation to lunch, which she knew Juliet to have sent her), and the third was either a bill or a

circular; there was certainly nothing from Colonel Fleming. She replaced all the letters, and Ernestine gravely took the bag from her hand, and carried it down stairs to James, who proceeded to distribute the contents as usual, and who was brought to acknowledge that it certainly made no difference who fetched it, and that he had much enjoyed eating his breakfast undisturbed. A second and third morning, Ernestine, undaunted by the wind and the rain, sallied forth wrapped in her waterproof cloak down to the lodge, and still there had been nothing to reward her energy nor to satisfy her mistress's curiosity. But on the fourth day, when the girl brought in the bag, she knew perfectly well, by a previous inspection, that there was a letter from Colonel Fleming to Miss Blair inside it. Mrs. Blair saw it, and pounced upon it the instant she opened the bag; it was impossible to mistake the large bold handwriting with which she was perfectly familiar, even had the crest and monogram on the seal been wanting to make assurance doubly sure.

She hastily slipped the letter under her pillow, waiting till Ernestine's back was turned towards her whilst she was pulling up the blinds and arranging the window curtains, to do so; then taking out her own letters, she gave the bag back into her hand, and sent her away.

The instant she was alone Mrs. Blair sprang out of bed, and, wrapping her dressing-gown around her, carried her prize to the light of the window.

Without a moment's hesitation she broke the seal, unfolded the letter, and began hastily reading through all poor Hugh's passionate love words. She had but just finished it when she heard Ernestine coming along the passage with her hot water. She had only time to tear the letter once across, and throw it hastily on to the fire, when the door opened. The envelop and one torn half fell on to the blazing coals, and were rapidly consumed; but the other half, unseen by Mrs. Blair, fluttered aside, and slipped down behind the coal-scuttle, where it remained between that household article and the wainscot, completely hidden.

"I did not ring," said Mrs. Blair, sharply, to Ernestine, for she was angry at her untimely entrance.

"*N'est-ce pas, madame?* Ah, I beg pardon, I heard a bell; it must have been Mademoiselle Blair's bell; and I thought it was

yours. Will you wait, madame, or shall I bring you your bath, as the hot water is here?"

Ernestine was not unmindful of the blazing papers on the fire, upon which she kept one eye whilst she spoke. Her entrance, it is needless to say, was not in the very least accidental; but had been, on the contrary, very carefully planned by her from the moment when she had ascertained that the letter for which her mistress was on the lookout had arrived.

She set about her duties of dressing and waiting upon Mrs. Blair with alacrity, and it was whilst bustling actively about the room that she caught sight of a small corner of white paper sticking out behind the coal-scuttle.

When Mrs. Blair had completed her dressing and left the room, Ernestine flew to the coal-scuttle, and triumphantly drew forth the torn half-sheet of Colonel Fleming's letter.

"*Ah, mais c'est trop fort!*" she muttered, with a slight compunction for Juliet. "I would never have imagined she would have opened it and then burnt it. Ah, but it is shameful to that *pauvre demoiselle!*"

But, in spite of her compunctions, Ernestine did her best to decipher the mutilated letter, although, owing to her imperfect education, and to its fragmentary condition, she was not able to make out as much of it as she would have liked.

"I will keep him! he will be useful to me some day," she said, to herself, as she carefully folded it up and put it in her pocket. Then she carried it up stairs to her own room, and wrapping it in a piece of silver paper, locked it up in a little cedar-wood money-box, side by side with her last quarter's wages, a packet of love-letters, chiefly in French, a withered bunch of violets, given her by Adolphe, her first love, who had gone for a soldier and died in Algeria, and a pair of pearl and gold earrings, her greatest treasures, which, being very handsome, and having been presented to her by a French count, she was afraid to wear openly in the sterner moral atmosphere of an English family.

Meanwhile Juliet was waiting and watching day after day for that very letter, of which one-half lay up stairs in that box in the French lady's-maid's attic bedroom, and the other half was in ashes in Mrs. Blair's fireplace. She was too proud to show her

anxiety; she would not send for the letters to her bedroom, but every day she got up a little sooner, and hurried down stairs to see what the morning's post had brought her, every day to meet with a fresh disappointment.

At first she was so full of hope, that when his letter did not come she hardly made herself unhappy; she felt so sure he would write to her, so certain that he would keep his word. But when day after day passed and brought her no word, no sign from him, her heart began to be very heavy. She read and reread the little note he had written to her before he left, and tried to comfort herself afresh with the assurance of that letter which he had promised to write to her. It was impossible, she said to herself, that he could break his word! But she began to get restless and impatient; she could settle to nothing; all her ordinary occupations and duties became hateful to her; she could take no pleasure in any of them. She began to torment herself with all sorts of horrible conjectures. Could he be ill? she wondered; or, good heavens! had there been any railway accidents the last few days in which he might have been disabled, or possibly worse? and a hundred ghostly fancies and imaginations haunted her from morning till night.

Every day she longed ardently for the next to come, and when the next day dawned, it brought her still nothing—nothing.

Every one knows the miserable suspense of that watching and waiting for news that will not come, that hope deferred which maketh the heart sick. Juliet tried to call pride to her aid; but, although she said to herself, over and over again, that if he did not care, neither would she—that it was unworthy of her to waste tears and sighs on a man who could care for her so little as to leave her so heartlessly, that he could not be worth her love who treated her so cruelly—although she said these things to herself a hundred times a day, she found all such arguments singularly unavailing.

Pride is very little help to a woman who really loves.

And the days slipped away silently, swiftly—uneventful days of misery—whilst she waited in vain for that letter that was never to come, and for the answer to which Hugh Fleming up in London was eating his heart out with longings that were all in vain.

At last there came a day when Juliet and her stepmother sat together in the drawing-room—the girl with her work in her hands and her thoughts far away, and the elder woman reading the Times—and the latter broke the long silence by saying, suddenly:

"Did you not say the 'Sultana' was the name of the ship Colonel Fleming was to go to India in, Juliet?"

"Yes; I think that was the name he mentioned," she answered, rather faintly; "what about her?"

"O nothing," replied her stepmother, unconcernedly; "only, I see that she has sailed, so I suppose he is gone. By the way, did he ever write to you again?"

No answer. The room seemed to swim around her; a mist was before her eyes; she rose unsteadily, and began mechanically folding up her work. Like one in a nightmare she got herself out of the room, and staggered across the hall towards the staircase, and then one of the housemaids, passing along the corridor above, heard a heavy sound as of some one falling, and uttered a shriek of dismay at seeing her young mistress fall forward in a dead swoon in the hall below.

Her cries of alarm speedily brought assistance, and Juliet was carried up to her own room and laid upon her bed, whilst a groom was immediately sent off by the frightened Higgs to summon Dr. Ramsden to the mistress of Sotherne. But Juliet was ill with a disease which it was beyond good Dr. Ramsden's skill to prescribe for.

When she recovered her senses after that short fainting fit, she came back to a state of misery and wretchedness compared to which the deathlike unconsciousness of her deep swoon had been a merciful condition.

For nearly a fortnight the girl was almost beside herself with grief. She had not known till now how much, in spite of everything, hope had buoyed her up—how impossible, in the bottom of her heart, she had thought it for Hugh to leave her. But now that he was indeed gone utterly beyond recall, an absolute despair took possession of her. She knew him too well to believe he would come back; he was dead to her. She felt—as much dead as if she had seen him in his coffin. In all the world that was before her, there would be no Hugh Fleming; others might fill her life or occupy her thoughts, but never again he who must ever, come what may, be first and dearest

in her heart. Ah, that long blank of years that stretches out hopelessly, grayly, before some of us—how shall we ever live through them! How long life seems to those who miss out of it the one face that can make it all too short!

Juliet Blair had none of those qualities that go to make a heroic nature; she had little reserve or self-control; hers was not the character that could "suffer and be still;" she felt things too intensely, too acutely, for that calm suppression of all outward emotion which is the gift of colder natures. She spent hours locked up in her own room in paroxysms of tears, or sitting dry-eyed staring into the fire with a white, scared, miserable face. She would see no visitors, and could hardly be persuaded to touch any food; and, to all inquiries as to what ailed her, she answered wearily, "I am ill; let me alone—I am ill!"

The sight of her stepmother, who had so calmly and lightly told her of Hugh Fleming's departure, became absolutely hateful to her. Sometimes she wandered about the house, or sat silently for hours alone in the library, in his chair; with her face buried in her hands. One day sitting thus, and leaning her elbows on the writing-table, half unconsciously she pulled open one of the drawers in front of her. Some things of Colonel Fleming's were still left inside: a few unimportant papers, a packet of envelopes stamped with his crest, a little ivory penholder she had often seen him use, and, right in the front, an old pair of dogskin gloves, molded and shaped to the form of his hands as if he had just pulled them off. Juliet's fingers wandered over each and all with a loving touch! and then she remembered how once before she had found his things lying about, in this very room, when he was away, and how she had smoothed them and put them straight for him with reverent hands; only, *then* he had come back to her—but now, now!—with a wail of despair she burst into a passion of bitter tears.

By-and-by she took out of the drawer all the dear relics of her lover—the gloves, the penholder, the envelopes and papers—and carried them up stairs to her own room, and there, showering passionate kisses on each insensate object that had been his, she locked them up in her dressing-case, by the side of that short farewell note which was all of his that she could call her own.

And they were a comfort to her. Hitherto she had possessed nothing that had belonged to Hugh Fleming, nor had she one single thing that he had given to her; and Juliet prized these things that she had found as her greatest treasures; for most women are insanely foolish over such relics of those they love.

As the days passed away Juliet Blair gradually recovered her self-possession; as the sorrow sank deeper and deeper into her heart, so it left her outwardly calmer. She wept no more; it would seem, indeed, as if the fountain of her tears had run itself dry.

By degrees she resumed her ordinary occupations; she rode and drove out, and paid visits as she had been accustomed to do; and Mrs. Blair, who had watched her misery with a good many pangs of conscience, and some uneasiness as to the result, breathed freely again, and congratulated herself upon having done quite the wisest and best thing for her stepdaughter's welfare.

"She has quite got over it—very soon she will have forgotten his existence!" she said, to herself.

But there was a change in Juliet which no one around her noticed, because none of those by whom she was surrounded loved her well enough to detect it.

She was altered. The old brightness, the old impatience were almost gone; her cheek was a shade paler, her sweet lips had a sadder droop; her step had lost something of its lightness, her eyes something of their fire; and to the end of her life these things never wholly came back to Juliet Blair.

But Mrs. Blair saw nothing of all this. In her suffering, as in her joy, the girl was alone—utterly alone.

Ernestine had discontinued her morning walks. Two days after the arrival and subsequent destruction of Colonel Fleming's letter, Mrs. Blair remarked to her maid that she looked so much better that there was no longer the necessity for that daily exercise which she had prescribed for her.

So Ernestine gave back the key of the letter-bag to James.

"Here, Monsieur Jams, is your key," she said, shaking her head, mournfully; "*he is dead!*" in allusion to the French lover.

"Dead is he?" cried James, eagerly; "and the money—have you heard?"

"Alas!" said Ernestine, "it is no use, my friend; the perfidious one has left it all to his cousin Annette."

CHAPTER XIV.

WHAT THE BROWN MARE DID.

SOON after the departure of Colonel Fleming on his return voyage to India, a hard frost set in which stopped the hunting for a fortnight.

During this fortnight Squire Travers was intensely miserable; he spent his days in alternately tapping the barometer, and going out to look at the weathercock.

"I think it's half a point to the west of north, Georgie," he would say, excitedly, coming in from these excursions of inspection; "just you come out and see." And Georgie would obediently throw a shawl over her head, and run out into the keen frosty air to stare up at the top of the house.

"Well"—doubtfully—"hardly, papa; and I am afraid the smoke is *very* due north, and that is the safest guide."

"Not at all; the chimneys all want sweeping; that sends the smoke all ways at once. I stick to the weathercock—but you're right; there isn't much sign of its changing yet."

And then the squire would stroll disconsolately round to the stable, and go into every stall, and mutter grievous things below his breath as he gazed sorrowfully at each sleek-coated animal—dire words relative to the process of "eating their heads off"—that strange and mysterious feat which horses are supposed to accomplish in frosty weather.

"D'ye see any signs of its giving?" he would ask a dozen times of Davis, the stud groom, who followed him about from stall to stall, taking off the clothing from each idle hunter's back.

Davis, who was of a sanguine disposition, would remove the everlasting straw from his mouth, and answer, cheerfully:

"O bless you, yes, squire; it can't last much longer. We shall have rain before night, most likely." And though these enlivening prophecies had not as yet been fulfilled, the squire pinned his faith to Davis, and derived much consolation from his hopeful assurances.

Georgie regretted the frost as well as her

father, but not so keenly as she would once have done. A good deal of the pleasure had gone out of the girl's life since Mr. Travers had so sternly banished Wattle Ellison from her side. She never thought of rebelling against his decision; in the long run she felt sure he was right. But sometimes she found it hard to bear. Her letters from Cis were a great comfort to her; from them she learnt that her lover was well, and that he thought of her, and that he was, as Cis said, "working hard;" and she, too, had her dreams of the fortune which his genius, in which she had unbounded faith, might some day achieve for her sake. Buoyed up by these hopes, she tried to bear her life cheerfully and patiently, and to be the same bright sympathizing companion to her father as she used to be; but it had become an effort to her, and the squire was dimly conscious of it. It made him irritable, and often sharp to her; her patient little face, with its somewhat sad smile, was a perpetual reproach to him. He knew at the bottom of his heart that he had not behaved quite fairly or rightly to his favorite child; he did not want to be reminded of it. He wanted everything to be as it was before that unwelcome episode about Wattie had taken place; and yet, somehow, everything was different, and the squire did not like it.

He had numberless little ways of trying to make up to her for his one great injustice. He took to making her endless presents: first, there was the saddle; then a new hunting crop; then a set of gold horse-shoe studs; then a number of books he had heard her say she liked—almost every day something came down from town for Georgie; and she was very grateful to him. She smiled, and kissed him, and tried to look as pleased as he expected her to be; but all the while she saw through it all perfectly.

"Poor papa!" she would say to herself, with a sigh, as she carried away his latest present; "poor papa! he wants to make it up to me."

Georgie's hunting was, as ever, her greatest resource. It took her out of herself; and the active exercise was good for her, and prevented her from moping; so that when it was stopped perforce by the frost, she was nearly as anxious for a thaw as her father.

"It's a good thing the brown mare has laid up just now; she couldn't have chosen a better time," said the squire, cheerily, in

family conclave one evening, trying to derive comfort from the smallest causes under the untoward state of the weather.

The brown mare, after she had been ridden for the first time, had caught a bad cold, which had prevented Georgie from using her since, for which she was not altogether sorry. Georgie was suspicious of the brown mare—there was not, when she was on her back, that complete understanding between the horse and his rider which it is thought should exist between the two to constitute a perfect mount.

If Georgie wanted to go one way, the brown mare had a habit of wanting to go the other, and an unseemly struggle would ensue. True she was good-looking and fast, and withal an undeniable fencer; but, in spite of all these good qualities, Georgie did not like her—she could not forget that Wattle Ellison had warned her against her.

When, therefore, the squire congratulated himself upon the mare's being laid up during the frost in preference to any other time, Georgie answered that she was sorry she didn't go dead lame altogether.

"I can't imagine why you dislike her so," said her father, testily. "She's a very nice mare. What's wrong with her, I'd like to know?"

"Well, papa, I was told she had a bad character," answered Georgie, looking down.

"Who told you?" And then his daughter turned very red, and was silent; and the squire knew perfectly well who it was that had told her. The discovery did not tend to improve the old man's temper.

"I will thank you not to go listening to tales against your father's horses from every ignorant young upstart who thinks he can give an opinion on what he knows nothing about," he said, angrily, and bounced out of the room, with a slam of the door behind him that made his wife jump and utter a little squeal like a shot rabbit; at which Flora laughed aloud behind her book of fairy tales.

"Your father is so rough," said Mrs. Travers to her assembled daughters.

Mary sympathizingly agreed with her mother, as she made a point of doing on every occasion, having no independent will of her own, and Georgie looked miserably into the fire, and said nothing.

All the world was out of joint with poor Georgie just now; there was no comfort

for her anywhere. Everything was going wrong, with her parents, with Cis, and with herself—they were all at odds together, and there wasn't even the hunting to fall back upon, she reflected, dismally!

A few days later Mrs. Travers and Mary went away together for a visit to an uncle in Devonshire, and the squire was left with Georgie and the two little girls.

The weather was still frosty, and the old man still grumbled; but things were rather better between the father and daughter; the smaller-sized party, and the absence of the mother, who was always a firebrand in the family, and never a peacemaker, made the home circle brighter and happier. During the last three days of that long frost Georgie was almost the gay light-hearted Georgie of old days; afterwards, when what was to come was all over, it comforted the squire to think that it had been so.

It was during these three days that Georgie told her father that she thought Juliet Blair was beginning to regret having sent Cis away.

"No! do you really think so?" he said, quite eagerly; for this was a scheme very near to his heart.

"I do indeed, papa; for I never saw any one so altered as Juliet is—she looks so ill and out of spirits; and the other day, when I was lunching with her, she hardly spoke and ate nothing. She is evidently very far from happy."

It was strange that Georgie never once connected the sudden departure of Colonel Fleming with Juliet's altered looks and spirits. But the Travers family had so long considered Cis as her lover that it did not readily occur to any of them that he might possibly have a rival.

"Well, that would be good news, indeed," said the squire. "Shall I write to him to come home?"

"Well, no—not yet. If she is coming round to him, it will be because she misses him; and his absence is doing him more good than his being here could do; she asked after him, and seemed pleased to hear about him."

"I'm sure I'm glad to hear it. She's a nice girl; it would be a great comfort to me if Cis married her. She would improve him wonderfully; perhaps, too, she might make him keep on the hounds when I am gone—she could do it, if any one could," added the old man, with a half sigh.

"We won't think of that yet, papa dear," said Georgie, coming round behind him, and kissing the top of his bald head fondly as she used to do in old days. "I hope you will keep them yourself for many a long year."

The squire pressed his daughter's hand for a minute, and then dropped it hurriedly, as if ashamed of his unwonted tenderness.

Like most male Britons past middle life, he was not prone to give way to emotion; the only exhibition of feeling he indulged in was that of anger. As for love, and sympathy, and religion, and so forth, the squire would have said that they formed a part, no doubt, of every Christian's nature; but he considered it unmanly, un-English, and almost indecorous to speak of such things, or to give any outward signs of their existence. So when his darling child, with a little effusion of repentant affection, made her little loving speech and kissed him, he just pressed her hand for an instant, and then hastened to change the subject to safer grounds.

"Ahem! yes, my dear," he coughed, nervously; "that puppy is growing very leggy; that wasn't half such a good litter as the last that Jenny had—nothing like."

Georgie dragged up the puppy on to her lap by the scruff of his neck, with all his big weak-looking paws hanging feebly out in front of him, and a general depressed appearance, as if he expected shortly to be beaten, whilst his chances of beauty and usefulness were discussed.

And old Chanticleer, half jealous, half confiding, rested his gray nose and one heavy paw on his young mistress's knee, and blinked up lovingly at her with his one solemn brown eye. Altogether, it was an evening like old times that the two spent together in the dingy, cosy little smoking den.

The next morning the wind had gone round to the southwest, and the frost was giving in every direction.

"Hurrah!" shouted the squire, as he bounced into the breakfast-room, with the energy of a schoolboy. "Hurrah! we shall hunt to-morrow if this goes on!"

"Hurrah!" echoed Flora, who always made a noise at the smallest pretext for doing so, jumping round the room, and clapping her hands, till her father started off and chased her round the table.

And what a commotion there was all

day!—the grooms and the whips rushing into the house for orders; the squire giving contradictory directions every hour according to the aspect of the sky; messages going up to the kennels, messages to the stables, and post-cards to be written to every member of the hunt in the county. Georgie had her hands pretty full.

About five o'clock in the afternoon a steady rain came on, which satisfactorily settled the question of the departure of the frost.

"I have told Davis to bring the mare round for you in the morning," said the squire to his daughter, coming in dripping wet from his last stable excursion, and taking off his shining macintosh in the hall—"she's all right again now, and it would do her good to be out."

"She will be very fresh," said Georgie, dubiously. "I would rather ride the chestnut."

"What does being fresh matter? I have settled for you to ride her—don't let me hear any more nonsense about it. Have you written all those post-cards? Well, then, I want a stitch put into that thick white scarf; it works up at the back. Go and fetch it, there's a good girl, and I will show you what it wants."

And Georgie obeyed in silence.

The morning broke calm, and mild, and gray. Georgie sprang from her bed, and peeped out from behind her window-blind at a green wet world, patches of water lying in the grassy hollows, and drops of moisture clinging on to every leafless branch in the garden. No frost, at all events.

When she was nearly dressed she drew aside the curtains, threw up the sash, and leant out of the window. There was a sort of gray distinctness over the face of the earth. The hills on the further side of the valley looked near and green; every tree upon them stood out clearly against the sky; the leafless woods were purple blue; not a breath was stirring—not a sound was heard; only the chirrup of a robin, hopping about on the garden path beneath the window, and the distant tinkle of a sheep-bell from the penned-up flock in the field below. There was something depressing, almost solemn, in the leaden sky and chill green earth.

A heap of fresh-turned mould lay in the flower-bed beneath. The gardeners had been uprooting an evergreen killed by the

trost; the brown earth lay wet and heavy by the side of the gaping trench, and the robin, lured there probably by hopes of fresh worms turned up with the soil, hopped lustily down into the dark-looking hole.

Georgie watched the bird idly, and then, with a little shudder, the thought flashed across her:

"How horrible it must be to be buried! how wet and cold the earth looks!"

And she turned hastily from the window.

"A letter for you, miss," said the little housemaid who waited upon her, standing behind her as she turned round.

Georgie flushed crimson, for the letter was in Wattie Ellison's handwriting.

She tore open the envelop nervously, and read:

"MY DEAREST GEORGIE, — You know very well that no ordinary cause would make me risk your father's displeasure, by writing to you against his orders; but what I have to say concerns him as well as yourself, and if you see fit you will no doubt show him this letter. It is about your brown mare. I have just seen a man who knew all about her down in Warwickshire. He says she is a runaway, and not safe for any lady to ride. She killed the man who last had her, by bolting with him into a wood, where his head was smashed against the branch of a tree, and that is why your father got her so cheap. Do tell him this, and I am sure he will agree with me that you must not ride her. I *entreat* you not to do so; if anything happened he would never forgive himself. I must not write more to you—much as I long to.

"Yours always devotedly,

"WATTIE ELLISON."

Dressed in her habit, and holding this letter in her hand, Georgie came into the room where her father was already at breakfast.

"Papa, I have had a letter from Wattie."

"What!" thundered the squire, and the piece of bacon half way to his mouth dropped off his fork back upon his plate. "Georgie, how dare you?" and his face turned as red as his hunting-coat.

"Well, papa, here is the letter; he wishes you to read it, and so do I—you will see that it is not a love-letter!" she added, with a little smile.

Her father took the letter from her hand and walked to the window with it, turning his back upon her as he read it.

And then he came back, crushed it up between both his hands, and flung it angrily upon the fire.

"It's all an infamous lie!" he said, furiously.

"Papa?" cried the girl, in dismay, "what can you mean? You don't suppose that Wattie—"

"Hold your tongue with your Wattie!" he answered, savagely; "don't you suppose I know what my daughter ought or ought not to ride, without being dictated to by an infernal young scoundrel who only wants to set her against her father?"

"O papa! that's not true—he never would do that; and if the mare isn't safe—"

"The mare *is* safe, I tell you!" shouted the old man; "and if you don't ride her, you shall not ride at all—there!"

"But, papa—" began the girl.

"Hold your tongue; if you are too great a coward to ride, say so, and stop at home."

Georgie turned very white, and set her lips hard.

"I am no coward, as you know," she said, below her breath; and then sat down and poured herself out a cup of tea with a trembling hand, and began nibbling a bit of dry toast.

No more was said. The horses came round to the door. Standing on the doorstep, ready to mount, Georgie turned round and made one last appeal to her father.

"Let me have the chestnut just for to-day, papa," she said, entreatingly.

The squire buttoned his gloves in silence, with a frown on his brow, before he answered her. The whole thing, he said to himself, was a plant—just a dodge for that good-for-nothing young pauper to set his own daughter against him—if he did not make a stand now at once, there would be no end of this sort of thing.

"Let me have the chestnut," pleaded Georgie once more. He looked at her for one minute angrily, and then said shortly, "No!"

Georgie put her hand on the pommel and her foot in Davis's outstretched hand, and vaulted lightly on to the brown mare's back.

"You see she goes quietly enough," said her father, when they had gone for some little way along the road, and the mare had shown no signs of misbehaviour.

"We are not off yet!" answered Georgie, with a smile. And then she made an effort to talk about the weather and the state of

the ground, as if nothing untoward had passed between them.

She shook off her vague apprehensions, which, after all, did not amount to nervousness, and with the fresh air and the pleasant exercise her spirits came back and her vexation wore off.

She was too good a horsewoman to be in reality in the least afraid. If it had not been her lover who had warned her, she would probably have laughed at the warning she had received. After all, thought Georgie, rousing herself from her depression with an effort, with such good nerve and such a firm seat as she had, and so accustomed as she was to ride every sort of animal, there could not be much risk for her, whatever bad qualities her horse might have.

By the time they had reached the "King's Head," a wayside public-house where the meet was to be held, she was too busy greeting friends, congratulating everybody on the thaw, discussing the chance of foxes, and the possibilities of a run, to think very much of Wattie's letter and its warning.

Juliet Blair was not out—a fact which Georgie was sorry for, as she had not seen her for some days; but there were plenty of men to crowd round and talk to her, for her well-known splendid riding secured her many admirers in the hunting-field.

There were no carriages full of ladies and no dawdling at the meet on this occasion—strict business was attended to.

The covert was drawn, a fox soon found, and then—off and away!

The brown mare behaved well during the early part of the day. True, she was somewhat fresh and excitable; she kicked at starting, refused once or twice, and bucked in a manner which would have unseated a less perfect rider; but, on the whole, she was not at all unmanageable in Georgie's strong little hands.

The afternoon was drawing in when, just as the squire was thinking of bringing the day's sport to a close, a fresh fox was started, and the hounds set off at a good pace straight in the direction of Sotherne Court.

The squire and Sir George Ellison were riding side by side well in front; only seven of the field were left, following close on the hounds, when straight in front of them, crossing their line at right angles, with her head well down and her tail up, shot the brown mare at a terrific pace, Georgie, with

teeth set, sitting like a rock, but having evidently lost all control over her.

"All right!" she shouted back, as she passed, turning her head for one instant in the direction of her father.

"That mare has bolted with your daughter, Travers," said Sir George.

"She's all right—she knows what to do," said the squire, looking after her a little anxiously, but keeping on his own way after the hounds.

And a momentary wish passed through his mind that Wattie Ellison were there to go and see after her.

A groom with a second horse was following a little way behind. The squire turned round, and waved his arm to the man to follow after his daughter. When they got over the fence into the next field the squire craned his neck forwards, and saw his daughter's slight figure, two fields off, being carried away in the opposite direction.

"She'll go along Dallerton Bottom," said he to his companion.

"Dallerton Bottom!" repeated Sir George, and reined up his horse with a sudden jerk that sent him on to his haunches.

The squire stopped too, with a bewildered face. "What?" he said, in a puzzled way; and then suddenly he struck his hand to his forehead and cried out wildly:

"Good God! the gravel-pits!"

Not a word more passed between them. With one accord they turned their horses' heads, and pressed madly, eagerly forwards in the direction in which the brown mare had now utterly disappeared in the gathering twilight.

Fainter and fainter waxed the sounds of the hunt—faster and faster flew the gray hedges, and the shadowy woods, and the flat even-colored fields as they sped by them; but urge on their steeds and strain their eyes as they would, still there was no sign, no sound of her they sought!

And when at last, frantic with an unspoken fear, they flung themselves from their horses and rushed in an agony of terror to gaze down over the yawning edge of the long row of disused gravel-pits that stretched half across the sheep-dotted meadow—what was it that they saw?

Down at the bottom a dark writhing object, but dimly seen through the gloom of evening—the brown mare in her dying struggles. And close beside, a small figure

crushed and crumpled up face downwards upon the dark damp earth—and quite motionless.

CHAPTER XV.

THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

JULIET BLAIR was sitting alone in the gloom of the twilight, with her face pressed against the window, her eyes fixed on the damp shadowy garden without, and her thoughts very far away.

She was thinking of Hugh Fleming. Alas! when was she not thinking of him now? She was thinking that every minute she lived, and every breath she drew, were carrying him further and further away from her, more hopelessly out of her life; and, as she thought, slow miserable tears welled slowly up into her dark eyes, and dropped down unheeded upon her lap, heavily one after the other, like thunder drops in summer.

And then she thought of that other girl whom he had left alone behind, when he had gone out to India once before—only she had been left in her grave.

"Would God I too had been left there!" she cried bitterly, to herself.

How much happier that dead girl had been than she was! To her had come no doubts, no spurned crushed feelings, no agonies of hopeless separation; up to the last she had known no shadow over her love, no uncertainties in her glad young hopes. Her death must have been so sudden, so instantaneous, that probably she had been spared every pang of terror, every pain of parting; and yet, for hundreds who would pity poor dead Annie Chalmers, not one probably would pity the rich handsome Juliet Blair, whose life was before her, whose world was her own, and whose heart was dead!

The garden into which she stared with blinded hopeless eyes, that saw not the objects on which they rested, grew grayer and dimmer. One by one the more distant trees and shrubs on the lawn sank away in the blackness of the coming night, and the bare bushes in the garden, lit up faintly by the firelight from the room, gleamed weirdly out, like the gaunt tree shadows in Gustave Dore's pictures, against the dark background beyond.

And as Juliet rose from the window, with

a little shiver at the dreary prospect, there came the sound of horses' hoofs clattering at full gallop up the drive to the front door, and, with a loud clanging peal, the hall bell was violently rung.

With a thrill of unaccountable apprehension, she threw open the door into the hall and listened, and at the same time Mrs. Blair, appearing on the staircase, called out nervously to her:

"What is it?"

The men servants had already gone to the door, and in another instant old Higgs came hurriedly back across the hall to find his mistress. She made a step forward to meet him.

"Who is it, Higgs?"

"It's Sir George Ellison's groom, miss; and O miss, he says there has been an accident!"

"An accident!" cried Miss Blair, falteringly, whilst her stepmother ran hastily down stairs to hear. "Who is hurt, Higgs? is it Sir George?"

"O no, miss—it is poor Miss Travers; and it was close by, in the field just below the village, that it happened, and so they are bringing her here, poor young lady!"

Juliet uttered one cry of dismay, and then her presence of mind came back to her. Without a moment's hesitation she went out to the door, and ordered the groom to ride off with the utmost speed to the town to summon Dr. Ramsden; then she sent for Mrs. Pearse the housekeeper; and a room on the ground floor, which was occasionally used as a bachelor's bedroom, was hastily got ready, Juliet running about and helping the maids, and superintending every arrangement herself, with blanched cheeks and a beating heart.

She did not dare to think in what condition her poor little friend would be brought to her house. She had just gathered from the groom that Georgie was not killed; but she knew well that she must be very much hurt, as much by the man's frightened face as by his saying that they were carrying her up to the house on a hurdle.

Meanwhile Mrs. Blair sat uselessly trembling and wringing her hands on the lowest step of the stairs, with Ernestine standing over her, plying her with sal volatile and smelling-salts. It made Juliet angry to see them there. She stopped for one moment as she sped past them with her arms full of pillows, and said impatiently:

"If your mistress is ill, Ernestine, take her up stairs at once into her own room, and wait upon her there. You are very much in the way where you are; I cannot have any faintings and hysterics going on;" and she passed on.

"Ah, you have no heart, Juliet," whimpered Mrs. Blair, affectedly; "nothing seems to upset you. My nerves are so shaken by this dreadful—dreadful—"

"Come into your room, madam," interrupted Ernestine, thinking it wise to take Miss Blair's hint; "it would be terrible for you to be here when the poor demoiselle arrives."

"O no—no! I couldn't see her!" cried her mistress, clinging hysterically to her; "take me away!"

And Ernestine did take her away safely up to her own bedroom, where in time a strong cup of tea and a couple of nice hot buttered muffins effectually restored her equanimity.

And presently they brought her into the house. From the mist and darkness of the winter evening, into the light and warmth and sweet scents of exotic plants in the hall, came the hurdle, with its living suffering freight, slowly, carefully carried between two men. Close behind, with a white scared face and chattering teeth, half dragged along, half supported by Sir George Ellison's strong arm, tottering and stumbling at every step, and staring in front of him with fixed crazy-looking eyes, came Squire Travers. Three or four gentlemen, with frightened awestruck faces, followed them, to see if they could be of any use.

And thus it was that Georgie Travers was borne over that doorway through which she had so often passed before—sometimes tripping in lightly in her habit, jumping up the stone steps two at a time; sometimes more soberly following in the wake of her parents, in all the sheen of her silken evening garments; sometimes with soft laughter, if she came in with others; or sometimes whistling a merry little tune below her breath, if she came in alone.

Often and often had she come up those steps and entered that hall before, but never as she comes in now.

Georgie lies stretched flat out on the hurdle, half covered by her father's scarlet hunting-coat. She is not unconscious; her eyes, big and blue, are very wide open, and on her deathly white face there are neverthe-

less two crimson fever patches, one on either cheek—for they had poured half a flask of brandy down her throat when they first found her.

As she catches sight of Juliet coming to meet her, she begins to speak, weakly, waveringly, with fever-stricken rapidity.

"O, is that you, Juliet? I can't think what they are bringing me here for. I am not hurt badly, you know—only bruised and stiff. Do tell papa I am not hurt. I know I could walk if they would let me try. I can't be hurt, you know, because I don't feel any pain to speak of—only so stiff. I'm just bruised and shaken a bit. If I could have got the mare's head round in time—but I am not hurt, Juliet; do tell papa I am not hurt."

And then they got her into the bedroom that was prepared for her; but when they lifted her off the hurdle on to the bed, she fainted dead away.

After a very little while Dr. Ramsden came dashing up to the door in his dogcart, and putting every one out of the room save Mrs. Pearce, who was a useful sensible woman, and had been accustomed to illness, he proceeded to examine his patient.

Sir George Ellison, and the one or two friends who lingered hoping to hear a favorable account, waited in the dining-room, where Higgs, mindful even in the midst of the general confusion of the traditional hospitality of Sotherne Court, brought forth the best sherry and a round of cold beef, and pressed the downcast guests to allay the pangs of hunger and thirst.

Juliet took the squire into her own little morning-room. There, with her own hands, firm but gentle, she fetched him a glass of wine, and cut him a tiny sandwich; and though at first he shook his head, somehow she persuaded him to take them.

"You must keep up your strength, dear Mr. Travers, for her sake," she whispered; and the squire obeyed her, and took the much-needed refreshment from her hands like a child.

"She will die—I know she will die!" he said, looking up piteously at her with his horror-stricken eyes.

"O no, don't say that! wait to see what Dr. Ramsden thinks," she said, soothingly. "She said herself she was not in pain."

"If you had seen her at first," he said, with a shudder; "and the height it was—thirty feet at the least; and the mare—curse

her!—was killed. And it was all my fault too—I made her ride the brute!” And then he laid his head down on the table in front of him, and groaned aloud. And so they waited.

Would the doctor never come out of the sick room? At most it was only twenty minutes, and yet never did twenty minutes pass so slowly!

The old man sat quite still in front of the table, with his head bowed down on his arms; and Juliet stood by him, now and then stroking the poor gray head softly with her gentle hand, or stooping down to whisper something—some soothing loving word, some fragment of a prayer, or some pitiful helpful text from the Bible—anything that came into her head. Heaven knows if it did him any good, or even if he heard it—probably not; yet, in a dim vague way, it gave him patience, and helped him over the agonizing suspense of those awful twenty minutes.

And then Dr. Ramsden came in. He was a gray-haired man, with keen clever dark eyes and a kindly expression. He had known Georgie Travers from her childhood. What he had to say of her was certainly very grievous to him, more especially when the hard words must be said to an old friend like the squire.

“I have made her a little more comfortable. I trust she will sleep,” he began, nervously.

“Tell me the truth, Ramsden,” said the squire; “I’d rather know the worst at once.”

“I am afraid, my dear friend, that the truth is the worst—the very worst!” he answered, in a very low voice.

“You mean, she must die?”

And the doctor nodded.

The old man staggered back with a groan, and leant against the wall with his face in his hands; but Juliet burst forth earnestly.

“It is impossible—quite impossible, at her age, and with her constitution. I will not believe it! We must send to London. I will telegraph at once. Tell me whom to send for, Dr. Ramsden—any one you like; but more advice we must have, and the very best that can be got.”

“My dear young lady,” said the doctor, laying his hand on her arm to detain her, for she had already gone to the door, “you may send for every doctor in London, but they could not save her. It is a perfectly hopeless case—her spine is dislocated!”

And then Juliet, too, fell back in despair.

“You had better go to her, Mr. Travers,” said Dr. Ramsden, turning to the old man; “she was asking for you; and had you not better send for Mrs. Travers?”

“Yes—yes, of course. Juliet, you will see to that, wont you?” said the squire, rousing himself; and then he added in a frightened whisper, “she is away from home, a long way off. Will there be time, do you think?”

“Yes; she may last about twenty-four hours. We must be very thankful that she is in no pain; and I don’t think she will suffer much. She is perfectly conscious, only a little light-headed at intervals, from feverishness.”

All night long Juliet and the squire sat by Georgie’s sick bed, one on each side. She lay very quiet, wandering a little sometimes, but for the most part dozing uneasily, in short fitful snatches. But neither of her watchers closed an eye all night.

During the silence of that long vigil, in the gloom of the darkened room, lighted only by the shaded lamp and the faint red flicker of the firelight, there passed through the squire’s mind many sad and bitter reflections.

He saw plainly now how hardly and selfishly he had treated his favorite child, and how gentle and dutiful she had been in her submission to him. With deep self-reproaches, he recalled his obstinacy and bad temper; he remembered how, by calling her a coward, he had goaded her on to ride the brute that killed her; and ever the words, “It is my doing—all my doing!” formed the miserable refrain of his thoughts.

When the morning broke, Georgie opened her eyes and spoke.

“Papa!”

“Yes, my darling?”

“I think I am going to die! tell me if I am?”

“O my darling child!” began the squire in a broken voice; and she interrupted him quickly.

“Never mind, papa. I know it. Poor papa!” and she stroked the gray head that lay bowed down on the bed beside her.

“Poor papa! I am so sorry for you; but you know it was a thing nobody could tell. I never should have believed that I couldn’t hold the mare. Don’t fret about it; it couldn’t be helped. What has become of her?”

suspicious, and anything out of the regular course would only increase them, and put him more on his guard. Besides, Jordy's the very man you must look out for, and he is not to be trusted at all, you see. I know more about this matter than you think I do, Mike, although I am with you heart and soul, if there's any money to be made; there are some that you think sound who will betray you before the time comes. And especially you must look out for the Shields man."

Now all this was a tissue of falsehoods, but it was said so coolly and impressively, that it carried all the force of truth, and did not fail of its impression upon one so suspicious as Mike Maroney. He was getting nervous and uncertain whom to place confidence in; and while he stood there undecided, I followed up my advantage.

"You have missed it, Mike," I said, "in not putting your trust in me and Joe Ashley. But we are ready even now to follow you, as far as you may lead, even at this short notice; and don't forget that Ashley is a good navigator, and the very man you need after you get possession of the brig."

"I'll trust you," suddenly exclaimed Maroney, with a terrible oath. "Tell Joe Ashley when you go below, and let the tricks at the wheel all go on as usual. If the Shields man blows upon me, he'll have to do it very soon; I shall strike the blow at two bells, and he won't know it till just before that time."

"Maroney, I wish you had trusted me sooner," said I, in an injured tone.

"Well, I didn't know really who was the safest man, and indeed I don't know now; but death to any man who proves false to me, for I'll have that money if I have to make the attack alone, and kill every man on board myself. Go below, and don't talk any more, for here comes the second mate forward."

My first act was to wake Joe Ashley and give him an outline of the matter. A few whispered words between us, and we understood the parts we were to play. I lay awake in the dark and heard Mike come down, and wake the little Spaniard Agustín, who stole on deck and held a low conference with Pedro. My knowledge of the Spanish language was quite imperfect, but I was enabled to gather a part of its meaning.

When my watch was called at four o'clock I went aft, without any further talk with

Ashley, but we exchanged looks, and each read the other's intentions. Maroney sat on the windlass end as I passed, and appeared nervous and fidgety, as is often the case even with the bravest and most resolute of men when on the eve of action, and just before their blood gets fired up with the excitement of battle. The discovery that I had overheard his talk with Pedro had unsettled and disconcerted him, at the very moment when he needed all his coolness.

"Joe Ashley is all right," I whispered, in a reassuring tone, as I passed him. "He'll follow you to the death."

"Good," he answered in the same low tone. "Remember, if you play me false, I'll have your heart's blood first of all!"

"Hush! not so loud, for there's Mr. Taylor just coming on deck. Never fear for me or Joe either."

As I took the helm, Tom Atkins, the man whom I had relieved, gave me the course, and passed away into the darkness on the lee side.

The next moment the mate sauntered aft on the weather side, and leaned over to look in at the compass. "Mr. Taylor," I said, in a whisper, without moving my head, "there's danger at hand."

He looked directly in my face.

"Don't speak, sir," I continued, in the same whisper, "There's mutiny brewing, and the attack is to be made at two bells. Let me speak to Captain Knapp. Ask him not to come on deck, but to put his face up here to the binnacle light. Be careful and quiet about it, and I will explain all. The steward is in the plot."

The mate, who was a cool wary man, at once took in the whole situation, and answered me only with a nod of intelligence.

He walked carelessly to the break of the quarter-deck, and then back again, five or six times, and then took out his pipe, and knocking the old ashes from it, clapped it into his mouth, and stepped below quickly as if to light it. It was hardly a minute before he returned, and resumed his march fore and aft the short quarter-deck, puffing away vigorously.

The Jupiter's binnacle, instead of being a separate box of itself, was only the after part of the large cabin gangway, so that a man at the helm and one in the cabin could see and converse with each other.

While Mr. Taylor paced the quarter-deck and smoked his pipe, Captain Knapp had

mounted upon the cabin table, thus bringing his face close up to the binnacle compass, and he and I were engaged in a colloquy, carried on entirely in a low whisper, but involving matters of life and death to us all.

We did not waste many words, for we felt that time was precious. The second mate was already astir, and he and Captain Knapp made all haste in loading up the firearms, and making ready to give the mutineers such a reception as would make the surprise mutual.

The mate did not leave the deck, but continued his measured walk as before.

In a few minutes loaded pistols for him and also for me were passed out through the binnacle window, so that we were now four well-armed men to resist the attack of six, for the captain whispered that he and Mr. Drew had fixed the black steward so that there would be no trouble from him. He had been gagged and fastened up in his own dormitory, and there was no danger from him, unless he could break out through the broadside of the ship.

I had tampered with the half-hour glass, so as to put back for a few minutes the time of striking two bells, but now that all was in readiness, I struck the rattle and some one on the bow rang forth the two strokes loud and clear. At the same instant a dark group of men sallied in two divisions from behind the long boat and advanced quickly upon us.

"Now!" Whereupon the mate, Mr. Drew, stepped from the companion stairs out upon the deck on one side, and the captain on the other, while I letting go the wheel stepped to the side of Captain Knapp, so that two men with loaded pistols confronted three on each side. There was a discharge from each of our batteries at the same time, but it was not so effective as could have been wished.

The Shields man received the ball from Captain Knapp's pistol and fell dead in his tracks, while my bullet extorted a yell from the little Spaniard Agustin, showing that it had taken effect somewhere. But on the other side the mate's pistol had snapped full in the face of the arch-mutineer, and Mr. Drew missed his aim and was disabled himself by a stunning blow from a handspike wielded by Tom Atkins. We rushed to the support of our friend, being now but three effective men against four who came on

pellmell, all regular plan of attack or defence being now abandoned.

The master-spirit, Maroney, infuriated with rage, singled me out as the main object of his vengeance, and rushed upon me with his long knife, while Pedro and the two Englishmen occupied themselves with the captain and mate. I parried Mike's desperate blows with the barrel of an old musket which I had seized upon after hurling my empty pistol at him without effect, for there were no revolvers in those days, and we had no time to reload anything. We were at too close quarters to aim and fire the king's arm. Which perhaps would have refused duty if I had done so.

I clubbed it and struck a heavy blow at Maroney with the stock, which took a partial effect upon his shoulder, but coming down with great force upon the quarter rail broke the stock from the barrel as short as a pipestem. Mike got an awful cut at my face, laying open one cheek—you see the scar here—and was following up his advantage with a savage thrust intended to stab me to the heart, when he was suddenly felled by the blow of a capstan-bar, delivered full upon the back of his skull, and Joe Ashley, our friend in the enemy's camp, turned his attention to Pedro who was getting the best of it in a desperate fight with the mate, just as Captain Knapp who had crippled the Englishman, breaking the head of one and the arm of the other, was also moving to reinforce Mr. Taylor. Short work was made with the Spaniard; a crack from Joe's capstan-bar staggered him and was followed up by another from the captain's large horse-pistol, which knocked him over the quarter rail into the sea. The victory was ours and the brig was safe from the mutineers.

But meanwhile, left to her own guidance, the old Jupiter had come up into the wind, got aback, gone round and round, and box-hauled herself about with a sort of roving commission. But as the breeze was light there was no danger, and no damage done. It was now time to get her under control again, to clear away the smoke of battle, and set matters to rights.

Maroney was found to be fatally wounded and died within forty-eight hours after the fight was over. Thus we were well clear of the two most dangerous men, and in all the other cases, were able to repair damages, though my own wound was a severe one, as well as that of Agustin, who had been shot

in the mouth by my bullet which was intended for his head. The poor black steward remained gagged and shut up in his room during all this uproar, and when released had turned nearly white from fright, expecting to be either hung at the yardarm or thrown overboard. But short-handed as we were, Captain Knapp took the wisest course in saying little about it, and assuming a conciliatory though firm tone toward the guilty men. There was no further danger, now that the two master-spirits, Maroney and Pedro, were gone to their final account.

The captain and second mate, when the alarm was first given, had found some of the firearms already loaded. This had been done privately by the steward, and was sufficient evidence of his guilty intentions, but he had not ventured to remove any of the guns before the moment for action had arrived, as their absence from the rack in the cabin would have been noticed. By the prompt action of the captain, in caging him quietly at the outset, we were rid of a powerful enemy acting in our rear.

Maroney had refused to trust Joe Ashley, and had left him in the fore-castle, trusting to strike the blow so quickly as to get possession of the brig before any harm could be done by the interference of Joe. His distrust of me had returned after I had left him to take my trick at the wheel, and he had stationed Tom Atkins at the corner of

the galley to keep a constant watch upon my movements, and to report if I was seen to hold the least communication with the officer of the deck. But all had been so cleverly managed that the mutineers had not the least suspicion of the warm reception in store for them when they moved aft to the attack.

We all felt sorry for the sad fate of poor Jordy the Shields man, a well-meaning but credulous fellow, who had been frightened into the business by Mike Maroney.

On our arrival at Liverpool, a legal investigation was held, and the survivors of the mutineers, three in number, were sentenced to seven years penal servitude, the steward, from not having been actually engaged in any overt act, escaping with an imprisonment of only one year.

It proved a lucky piece of business for me and Joe Ashley, as in addition to our pay, the owners rewarded us liberally for our agency in saving the vessel and their money bags.

I never knew just how much gold and silver were in those packages, but it was dearly bought with the lives of three men, and the wounding and maiming of nearly all the rest on board the Jupiter.

I shall carry this hideous mark through the whole voyage of life and have good reason to remember my first and last cruise in a lime-juicer.

INTO THE SUN.

BY OCTO.

Go out from the shadows that darken
 Thy life to-day!
 That thou hast long breathed them's no
 reason
 Thou must alway!
 Into the sun from thy twilight
 Gloomily gray!
 Raise thy white face to the shining,
 Disconsolate one!
 Look, for thy gray into crimson
 And gold shall run!
 Out from the past to the present,
 Stand in the sun!
Norwood, Mass., October, 1876.

Forget what is saddest in living,
 Through labor and prayer—
 Always the one with the other
 The doubly-high stair
 From which we reach for God's mercy
 And tenderest care.
 Dear heart, live thou for all living!
 And when thou hast done
 With the living that ends but in dying,
 O fortunate one!
 To go, and for aye, from the shadows
 And stand in the sun!

"HER VOICE WAS HER FORTUNE."

BY FLORENCE EDWIN.

"ONCE for all, no!" my father said, with stern decision. "I have no intention of throwing my money away for such a purpose. Singing lessons, indeed! Mrs. Denvessey might better have employed her time, than in putting such notions into your head." And he strode away, muttering angrily.

"Stingy old thing!" I cried, bitterly, as I watched him out of sight, with anything but filial feelings.

"Ethel! Ethel Marsden!" The hateful voice of my stepmother sounded shrill and distinct, but I paid no attention, and marched along as if I had not heard. Down by the brook, under the great apple tree, I flung myself down on the grass and burst into a passion of tears. Long and bitterly I sobbed, as if my heart would break, for the faint hope I had indulged, that my father might consent to my request, was now ruthlessly destroyed.

That summer, when Mrs. Denvessey had come to board at our house, I had just turned fourteen. The winter before, the only enjoyment in my desolate life had been taken from me. My stepmother had declared that I was getting too old to go to school. That was enough; her law was supreme, and I was withdrawn, and kept busy from morning until night. Do my best, no word of praise was vouchsafed me, only continual scolding and fault-finding, daily complaints to my father of my heedlessness and shiftlessness, until I grew callous and defiant, and so cross and morose that my stepmother was glad to let me alone.

But when Mrs. Denvessey came my life grew brighter. She took a fancy to have me about her, and though my stepmother would have liked to refuse, she did not dare. So for four long weeks I was exempt from any daily drudgery. With the happier life came happier feelings, and in a joyous mood I would break out into some merry song as I went about my work in Mrs. Denvessey's room. I had never thought my voice anything remarkable, until I sang for her. She declared that it would make my fortune if properly trained, and she had

promised to ask my father to let me take lessons, but she had left without fulfilling her promise. So I had plucked up courage on that memorable afternoon, and proffered my request, and it had met with a decided refusal.

All the afternoon I lay there on the grass, forming plans for the future. I had fully made up my mind to leave my father's house. I had a little money that Mrs. Denvessey had given me. With it I could pay my fare to the great city where she dwelt, and when there, it would go hard if I could not find her. I was confident that she would assist me, if I could get to her, for she had often expressed pity for me.

Fully resolved to carry out this plan, I went back to the house. My stepmother was bustling about, getting supper ready. She looked up with no pleasant expression as I entered.

"Well, Miss Lazibones, you've managed to come home when you got ready," was her refined greeting. And as I made no reply:

"O, your sulking won't do any good. You needn't think you'll gain your point in that way, or in any other, for that matter. A great pity that your father won't throw his money away. For my part, I do not see anything wonderful about your voice. Like enough, Mrs. Denvessey was making game of you."

I saw she was bent on provoking me to an outburst of temper, and therefore kept my lips shut tightly, going about my accustomed duties, the last I should perform under that roof. When my father came in he administered a stern reprimand for my idleness, but I scarcely heard him, so full was I of my new project. As soon as I had put away the supper dishes, I went up to my own little room. I gathered together the few articles of clothing, and tied them up in a bundle. Then, dressed as I was, I threw myself on the pallet—for my bed was ~~nothing~~ better—to wait until the house was still.

I had not long to wait, for our household retired early. I had procured a strong rope, and with this I swung myself to the

ground below. I had not dared to descend the creaking stairs, lest my intention of flight should be discovered. I picked up my bundle, which I had thrown out first from the window, and leaving the rope that had safely landed me hanging from the window, I turned my back on the home where I had known nought but unkindness.

Out on the highway, I trudged along the road that led to the neighboring town, where I intended to take the cars for the city, a distance of five good miles. I walked on and on. I met no one, and felt no lonely fear that would have oppressed me another time. Finally, footsore and weary, I halted at the edge of a dense wood. I secured a resting-place where I would be secure from observation should there be any passer-by. I had only intended to sit down for a few moments, but I was asleep before I thought of it. I woke up with a start at early dawn. Provoked at my inability to keep awake, but greatly refreshed, I resumed my journey. The sun was just rising as I walked into the station. The station-master regarded me curiously while procuring my ticket. From him I learned that I had half an hour in which to wait for the train. Never did a half hour seem so long, but at last I heard the welcome whistle, and soon I was seated in the cars, steaming as fast as steam could carry me to that unknown world where I was to find fortune and fame. After a ride of perhaps two hours I came to my journey's end. I followed the throng of people out of the depot and up a broad street. The crowd I was following steadily decreased, and at last the remaining two vanished into a large store. Still I kept on straight ahead. I passed a small cake shop, and the tempting display made me feel very hungry. My money was not all gone, so I went in and bought some cake of a pleasant-faced young woman. I ventured to ask if I might rest and eat. She nodded good-naturedly, eyeing me curiously the while, especially my bundle.

When I had finished I thanked her, and was about departing, when the thought flashed across my mind that perhaps she might know something of Mrs. Denvessey. I accordingly put the question to her, but she shook her head blankly.

"What street does she live on?" she queried. "You don't know!" with a surprised look. "Then I'm sure you'll never be able to find her. It's like looking for a

needle in a haystack, to try and find any one in this city, unless you know their street and number. I don't know what you'll do, I'm sure—stay, though; do you know her husband's name and business?"

Happily, I did. Mrs. Denvessey had told me that her husband was a successful merchant, and her letters had always borne the superscription, "Mrs. John Denvessey." Possessing this information, the young woman advised me to go into the opposite store and ask for the directory, giving me directions how to search for the residence of John Denvessey, merchant.

I did as she bade me. I looked in the book and found the street and number, but how to get there was my next puzzle. But I was not slow to ask for the information I needed. I was directed to take a certain car, and to ask the conductor to put me off at the street where I wished to stop. The ride in the car was a long one, and I was thinking the conductor had forgotten all about me, when I heard the name of my street called. The conductor stopped the car, and I got out, giving my last cent to pay the fare.

The street on which Mrs. John Denvessey resided was a very grand one, to judge from the stately edifices: 573 was the number of the house, and the one on the corner was marked 431. I looked at the next, and found that I must go up the street. At last I came to 573; there it was, an imposing stone mansion, with broad marble steps. My heart beat fast and hard as I ascended and timidly rang the bell.

The massive door was opened by a servant in livery, who stared at me as he might at some beggar child soliciting alms. In a faint voice I inquired for Mrs. Denvessey.

"Tell her that it is Ethel Marsden from Derry," I said, eagerly. "She will know, and she will be sure to see me." For the man had murmured something about her being too busy to see any one at that time.

Eyeing me askance, he bade me come in. I was conducted to a small reception-room, plainly but elegantly furnished, and there I was told to wait while the servant announced my coming. Presently the door opened to admit a lady in deep mourning, with a sad sweet face.

"You wished to see me?" she queried, in a surprised tone.

I shook my head. "It was Mrs. Denvessey I wished to see," I answered.

"Your wish is gratified. I am Mrs. Denvessey."

"You!" I cried, with dismay. "O dear, what shall I do? and how can I find my Mrs. Denvessey?"

"I thought there was some mistake when your name was announced. I could not remember ever having heard it before. But do not look so distressed, my poor child. How happens it that such a wee mite as you should be out alone on your mission, and with no sure direction to find the lady you seek?"

I could not answer for my tears. I dare say I was completely tired out, and this disappointment discouraged me. The lady endeavored in the kindest manner to soothe my distress, and by skillful questioning drew from me my story. She looked very grave during its recital, and when I had finished, said, seriously:

"You were very unwise to quit your father's house on such a wild-goose chase; for, my dear, it might have been from a small misery into a greater. God knows what your fate might have been had not Providence led you to this house. Even had you found the lady you seek, she might have been unwilling to help you, and you would thus be thrown on the cold charity of the world. But dry your tears. You shall sing for me. I know a great deal about music, and can tell you if there is any probability of the realization of your ambition."

I did her bidding quickly, my tears flowing back into their proper channel easily, now that her kind manner put new hope into my heart. I sang a pathetic little ballad with which I had often hushed to sleep my baby stepbrother. How vividly the scene comes back! The girl—scarcely more than a child, for I was small for my age—with her shabby dress, the bundle fallen at her feet, the hat pushed back from the hot brow, and the eyes so recently full of tears fixed earnestly on the face of the lady, elegantly dressed, with her refined patrician air, unbent a trifle now by her expression of kindly pity.

Need I say that I sang with all my heart and soul? I had not gotten through the first stanza before Mrs. Denvessey's eyes filled with tears. Later, I learned that she had lost both husband and daughter a year before, and it was breaking open afresh the wound to hear that song, recalling such bitter-sweet memories. Though I, of course,

could not know then the cause of her weeping, I stopped involuntarily, but she signified for me to finish.

When she had in a measure regained her composure, she said:

"You have, indeed, my child, a voice of rare power and sweetness. It were a pity to suffer it to be neglected. Therefore, give up your search for the Mrs. Denvessey you may never find, and stay with the Mrs. Denvessey who will give you every advantage that wealth can bestow. I feel a strong interest in you, and if you accept my proposal, you shall never have cause to regret it. What say you—will you go or stay?"

"You can't mean it! O, it is too good to be true!" I cried, utterly bewildered, incapable of belief in my good fortune.

"But I do mean it," she replied, smiling gravely—"really and truly, as you children say."

I do not now remember just what words followed. Mrs. Denvessey made it plain to me that she was thoroughly in earnest, and with a grateful heart I accepted her noble offer. From that day dawned a new life. Mrs. Denvessey's interest deepened into affection, and I felt for her a love almost idolatrous. Ere a year had passed I was adopted into her heart in place of the daughter she had so fondly loved, and who had passed away in her bloom and youth, leaving the mother heartsore and desolate.

One day, two years after my adoption, Mrs. Denvessey told me the story of her life. It was then that I learned I must give up my ambition. It was Mrs. Denvessey's desire that the gift so assiduously cultivated should be used only for her gratification, and that of the society in which she destined me to shine.

"You have no need to win a fortune, Ethel," she said, "for what is mine is yours; and as for fame, it is meteoric—dazzling while it lasts, but hollow and unsatisfactory; and with your generous noble nature, the heartfelt praise of true friends would be far dearer than the applause of millions. Nor are you fitted for the life of a public singer. You are too sensitive, too truthful; you would abhor the petty artifices, the jealousies and deceits too often surrounding the noblest in the profession. Your purity, your highmindedness, would receive many a severe shock. In fine, Ethel, I cannot conceive of a more unhappy life for you."

I was not convinced, nevertheless, but I could not persist in carrying out a plan distasteful to her to whom I owed everything. She saw that it cost me a struggle, and it endeared me to her the more.

"Your voice made your fortune, Ethel, that day when you sang for my criticism," she said, when the point was settled. "But for your ambitious dreams, you would never have left your father's home, and I should have dragged out a dreary desolate life. Your cheerful companionship, your tender affection, has been a great solace to me, and the fortune that will be yours when I pass away will be but a poor compensation. I wrong no one by bequeathing it to you. My husband had no kin, and mine are sufficiently wealthy. When I married my dear husband he was a poor barrister; I the daughter of a noble English family. My father was Lord Harcourt, who regarded the misalliance with horror. I would not give up my dear John, and as I was of age, no one could prevent our marriage. I had no mother to distress, she having died before I attained my majority. Enraged beyond measure at my marriage, my father discarded me, and used his influence to keep my husband from any employment. Disheartened and discouraged, he determined to come to this city in search of his father's brother. He carried out his plan, and found his uncle one of the wealthiest merchant princes. There had been no communication between the brothers for years, and Mr. Denvessey was greatly surprised at the meeting. He offered his nephew a position in his counting-room, and at the end of a year took him into partnership. Had my husband refused to accept the position, he would have done nothing for him, as he was bitterly opposed to the profession of law. Ten years afterward he died, leaving his immense fortune to me, to whom he was greatly attached. My married life passed without a cloud. My husband worshipped me, and the daughter that had come to bless our union. He was in the way of amassing another fortune when he was stricken down. I saw the two that I loved better than life drowned before my eyes. Alas! what a fearful blow that was to me, widowed and childless at one stroke! For a long time I was very ill, and small hope of my life was entertained. But I was not permitted to be so soon united to my dear ones. My work, you see, was not

done. I was to live and lift up a soul down-cast and neglected. I always felt confident that Providence intended you for my special charge."

"Have you never seen any of your family since?"

"O yes. My father willingly forgave me when I came into such a fortune, and I paid them a visit when we crossed the ocean to make the tour of Europe. I was glad that the reconciliation took place, as he died shortly afterwards. My brother succeeded to his title and estate. His daughter is the Countess of Cherbury by marriage; his son will succeed his father. My nephew Reginald has a warm affection for me. His sister is a fashionable woman of the world, devoting all her time to society, and between us there is little in common. I have written to them of you, and when we go abroad you will have a chance of making their acquaintance."

After that conversation I never again referred to my ambitious dream. I could better understand that it would wound my benefactress deeply to have her adopted child enter upon a professional life. Aristocracy is deep-rooted, and she shared the prejudices of her class. After a time I ceased to be unhappy about it, taking the goods the gods provided, and the two years intervening before my eighteenth birthday passed pleasantly, and in the ardent pursuit of knowledge. The intellectual food my soul had so long craved was mine. Music was my passion, and I studied it with an enthusiasm that delighted my masters. To my intense delight I found that I could compose. A rare old poem that I had read one afternoon recurred to me as I sat improvising, and the desire to set the words to music seized me. I rejected one and another improvisation. None seemed to suit the exquisite beauty and tender pathos of the words. I gave up at last, discouraged and vexed.

That night in my dreams I was still trying to succeed in my desire. O joy! I was at last triumphant. I played it over and over again, and each time was more and more enraptured by the delicious melody. But when I endeavored to copy it everything became faint and indistinct. When I awoke my dream was the first thing to occur to me, but I could not recall that entrancing melody; *mais voilà!* when about half way through breakfast it flashed into my mind

with sudden and distinct vividness. I rushed from the table post haste, startling Mrs. Denvessey greatly. She followed me hurriedly to the music-room to inquire the cause of my strange behaviour, and stood lost in admiration.

"Isn't it delicious, mamma?" I asked, joyfully—"and so nice and obliging for my dream to come back." At which Mrs. Denvessey looked as if she believed I had suddenly gone mad.

"You see," I went on, "I wanted to set those words to music;" and then I told her of my attempt and failure the day before, and of the dream that must have been an inspiration. She shared my delight, and offered no objection to my sending the song for publication.

"For if I place it before my dear old *maestro*," I argued, "he will no doubt criticise it faithfully, but favorably, because it is mine; but for a stranger's criticism it will have to stand on its own merit;" and in this opinion Mrs. Denvessey quite agreed.

It was some time before I heard one thing or the other about my production. Then one day the letter came, containing a check for a large amount, and the request that I would send another song: the one I sent had an immense sale and was very popular.

I carried the letter to my benefactress, and she shared my exultation and pleasure, though I must say I acted like a child with a new toy; I was so overjoyed to have it accepted; and then, too, it was the first money really my own; money earned easily enough, yet still earned, and that was why I was so proud and glad.

I wished to send it to my father, but Mrs. Denvessey begged me to wait until after my eighteenth birthday, which was near at hand. Then she proposed that I should visit them, and make my present in person. I may as well state here that I did so, and found my father had been dead a little over a year, and that his relic had married again. I caused a fitting monument to be erected marking the last resting-place of my parents, and left my birthplace forever.

Mais revenons nos moutons. A birthday fete launched me into society's *creme de la creme*. Mrs. Denvessey had predicted a sensation, and Mrs. Denvessey was right. Society went mad, or pretended to, over my beauty and my voice. When it leaked out that I was the writer of "that sweet song," that was the signal for another *furor*. But

then, you see, Mrs. Denvessey's thousands backed me. Allowance must be made for that. Gold throws such a dazzling halo about one. Is it a wonder that the beholder is so blinded that he cannot see fairly? Behind my back I dare say the comments were not so flattering, if I judged from a conversation carried on between two dowagers, and of which I was an unseen listener, the heavy curtains screening me! By the way, what a convenience are those same curtains. One is forever overhearing something to his or her advantage or disadvantage; and though ignorance may be bliss, I, for one, do not believe it.

After gossiping about every one in the room, a choice bit of scandal about this one and that, I, in turn, was attacked.

"I would give a good deal to find out where Mrs. Denvessey picked her up," dowager number one put in. "Rumor has it that she is a distant connection of Denvessey, senior, the child of a second cousin, but I don't believe it."

"And you need not," dowager number two returned. "You remember Mrs. Harkins, that used to sew for Mrs. Denvessey? Well, she recognized her at once. It seems, four years ago, she boarded in a place called Derry, and she is positive that Ethel Denvessey is Ethel Marsden, the daughter of the farmer where she boarded. But you must not say a word about it, for I don't want to get Mrs. Harkins into trouble, for you see she played off she was Mrs. John Denvessey, and if my lady should find it out, she might make it unpleasant for her. So you see Ethel Denvessey is only a charity child, with all her airs and graces."

"Never mind, she is Mrs. Denvessey's adopted daughter and heiress. Without that, with her beauty—"

"Beauty!" the other scornfully interrupted. "For my part, I can't see it. Her mouth is large, her nose decidedly *retrousse*, and she hasn't a particle of color."

"Yes, but her eyes are splendid, and so is her hair. If her mouth is a trifle large, it only serves to show to better advantage her beautiful teeth; and then her blood red lips contrast favorably with her skin's marble pallor. But the chief beauty of her face lies in its ever-changing expression, its dazzling smile, and the brilliant fire in her magnificent eyes. It is quite true what Charlie Wheeler says: 'Her eyes and smile would make the plainest face handsome.' Take

her altogether, she is just the sort of woman for men to run wild over, and to be labelled 'Dangerous' if she were poor. As it is, our doors are graciously opened to receive her, and we are quite willing our sons and brothers should 'go in'—to use a slang phrase—"for the great Denvessey fortune."

"And I'm sure I'm greatly obliged," I muttered, *sotto voce*, as some one came up and interrupted the charming conversation, and I emerged from my retreat half amused and half provoked. One thing was settled, however. Mrs. Denvessey and I had tried vainly to find the Mrs. Denvessey who had first roused my ambitious dreams, and now we need search no longer.

"Whoever holds the cap of Fortunatus must expect to be envied," I mused, a little bitterly perhaps.

But my bitterness soon passed. I would not let the words of two gossiping harpies interfere with my enjoyment. Let them talk. I was the centre of attraction, and I liked it mightily. I had plenty of offers, but my heart as yet owed but one allegiance, and until I found one to love me as disinterestedly as *she*, there was no probability of my saying "yes."

The summer was spent partly at Long Branch, partly at Newport. I was the acknowledged belle of both watering-places. In the fall we set out for England, and at last I was to meet Mrs. Denvessey's noble relatives. "Thank heaven!" I cried, "they know the ins and outs of the story of my adoption." They had sent me a warm letter of invitation, and though I was a charity child, my blood was as *sang azure* as their own. I was descended on my father's side from a noble family. His ancestor had left England in the seventeenth century, to enjoy in the wilds of America undisturbed religious privileges. A stanch Puritan, allied by birth to a family that dated their ancestry back to William the Conqueror, his had been one of the first families in the Bay State, till, through mismanagement and thoughtless prodigality, it had sunk to its lowest state. My father, through thrift and good management, had begun to repair it, and now, by an unexpected stroke of fortune, I was raised to the rightful position my ancestry demanded. No doubt you who read may exclaim at my vanity, but I confess without a quail that I *am* proud of the blue blood that flows in my veins, proud of my genealogy and ancestry.

"Her Majesty's Theatre" was crowded to its utmost capacity. From dome to parquet, tier upon tier of magnificently dressed ladies, their diamonds flashing brilliantly, fans fluttering in time to the dreamy music, eyes sparkling radiantly, rare exotics exhaling delicious perfume, the whole making a scene of life, and light, and beauty. On the stage that sweetest of singers, Nilsson, was warbling in dulcet strains her aria in *Il Trovatore*, concluding amidst a burst of applause, and a shower of floral tributes.

The curtain descending was the signal for the turning of lorgnettes in all directions. The gentlemen took advantage of it to pay their *devoirs* to the occupants of respective boxes, and the scene became more and more animated.

In the Earl of Cherbury's box were his lordship and lady, Lord Reginald Harcourt, the earl, his father, his aunt, Mrs. Denvessey, and the latter's daughter, "*La belle Americaine*." She was enjoying herself extremely, and more than one glass had been levelled at her box, and every now and then she would bend her head in return to the greetings of her numerous friends and admirers, some of whom were now entering the box to pay their *devoirs*.

Lord Reginald scowled as he watched the brisk flirtation going on between Charlie Devereaux and me, for, like most American girls, I could carry on a flirtation with tolerable grace, and if I flirted desperately that evening, it was that I knew I was disgusting his august majesty. What right had he to keep espionage over me? That he disliked me greatly was self-evident. Other titled lords had sued for my hand, but then, they believed me to be in truth Mrs. Denvessey's daughter, while he *knew*. Why, though, need he treat me so indifferently, so icily, when he was obliged to notice me?

I had disliked him from the hour of our introduction, which he acknowledged indifferently enough, honoring me with a prolonged critical stare. My composure is wonderful, but the circumstances under which we met were peculiar, and I felt that I showed agitation. Only for a moment, and then I looked him back unflinchingly, and his eyes fell before the look in mine. But I could not forgive or forget that he had ruffled my composure, and I vowed that I would bring him to my feet.

That was three months ago, and I seem likely not to have my vow fulfilled.

"I assure you, Miss Denvessey, that I think your voice far superior to Nilsson's," Charlie Devereux was saying. "Promise me that I shall have the very great pleasure of hearing you sing at Lady Vesey's—I could listen to you forever. Don't laugh! 'pon honor, I could."

"I fear you'd find it tedious after a while," I replied, smilingly. "Confess now, to hear, to see, to experience one thing forever would be decidedly monotonous to you, if I read you aright. But there, don't attempt an explanation. I knew you meant it for a neat compliment, and I'll take it for just what it is worth, and sing you your favorite at Lady Vesey's."

"*Merci, mademoiselle!* I wonder if all your country-women are like you? If they are, they must be awfully jolly. See how Harcourt is scowling at me"—mischievously—"I think it was too bad of you to become engaged to him before giving the rest of us a chance. O, you needn't look so surprised and innocent—not a particle of use! I had it from the earl's own lips."

"I think you must be mistaken," I said, serious at once; and then a suspicion swept over me that made me faint and dizzy. Was that the reason of Lord Reginald's conduct? Had his father and aunt planned the match, and was he bidden to fall in love and marry me? All the pride in me was aflame at the bare thought, and yet, and yet—a thousand and one trivial circumstances seemed to corroborate Charlie Devereux's story—and then I was conscious that he was speaking to me, and that "Her Majesty's" was not the place for revelry.

He persisting that he was not mistaken, I turned the conversation, and he readily followed my lead. He saw that he had made a *faux pas*, and he was just the person to be distressed by it. The curtain rising prevented any further conversation; thenceforward I had eyes and ears only for Nilsson and her *confères*.

At Lady Vesey's that same evening, while fulfilling my promise to Charlie Devereux, I met the eyes of a courtly dignified gentleman with an unmistakable military bearing, fixed upon me. Something about the face seemed familiar. Where had I seen that face before? Shortly after the Earl of Harcourt brought him up to me.

"Ethel, my dear! Colonel Marsden desires an introduction. Colonel! I have the

honor to present to you my niece, Miss Denvessey."

I was puzzled no longer. It was the portrait of my dead and gone ancestor that Colonel Marsden resembled. He offered his arm, and we promenaded.

"Do you know, Miss Denvessey," he began, "your face strangely resembles an ancestor of mine? Hearing you are an American, I am quite sure that I am to find a relative, for the brother of the person you so wonderfully resemble emigrated to your country in the seventeenth century, but my fallacious hopes are disappointed when I hear your name."

"But what if I were to whisper a secret, and I am half inclined to? What if my name were Denvessey only by adoption, and were instead Ethel Marsden, whose ancestor settled in America at the same time yours did? You don't believe it! Ah, I see you're not so eager to claim a relative, after all."

"Pardon me, my dear Miss Denvessey, if for a moment my bewilderment surpassed every other sentiment."

"I will freely pardon you," I answered, with a merry smile; and then I told him how his face had puzzled me until I heard his name pronounced. Then we compared notes, and it turned out that he was my third cousin. He begged permission to call next day, and I gladly consented.

"Ethel, I must congratulate you on your latest conquest," Lady Cherbury said, as the carriage bowed home. Mrs. Denvessey and her brother had retired an hour earlier, and my lady and her husband, Lord Reginald and I, were the occupants of my lady's luxurious equipage.

"He has resisted the fascinations of our belles season after season"—she went on—"and now, *voilà!* he bows at your shrine. Tell me the secret of your witchery, that I may go and do likewise."

"Have pity upon me, Ethel, and refrain," the earl interposed with a laugh. "Her ladyship needs no new arts, she is potent without, and though I put up with her flirtations at present, I won't answer for my good conduct forever."

"You are a fool to put up with them at all"—his brother-in-law observed, grimly—"Marguerite should not have such license—if she were my wife—it angers me enough as it is."

"Indeed!" his sister drawled contemptu-

ously. "Take my advice and don't mind me, but take warning and marry a woman 'who'll live for you alone! But, Ethel, what *was* Colonel Marsden saying to you? I am dying to know! something of great interest, to judge from your faces."

"Have you forgotten, Lady Cherbury, that my name is Marsden, also? May not that account for it? It should, for it appears that we are third cousins."

She sat bolt upright, all her listlessness gone, staring at me blankly.

"Good heavens!" she said at last, "can it be possible?"

"I am not much surprised," her husband observed. "I, with others, noticed the striking resemblance."

"And of course you'll have to be romantic and fall in love with each other," Lady Cherbury said, pettishly, with a sidelong reproachful glance at her brother. "But he's more than twice your age! He's forty odd."

"That is nothing; better be an old man's darling, you know; only Colonel Marsden isn't an old man, but is young-looking for his age if he is forty odd."

"People are not in the habit of doubting my veracity, Ethel," she answered, in a tone meant to be severe. "Don't apologize, I know you meant it."

"You need not fear; I hadn't the slightest intention of apologizing for an offence that I am not guilty of. *Hont soit qui mal y pense*, you know."

"Thank heaven, we are at home!" the earl devoutly exclaimed, as the carriage drew up before his stately residence; "I have always observed that the best-natured females are apt to—"

The rest of the sentence was lost as he disappeared out of the carriage. Lady Cherbury followed in high dudgeon. Silently Lord Reginald assisted me to alight. At the foot of the grand staircase I said to him:

"Charlie Devereux volunteered a piece of information this evening that demands an explanation. He asserts positively that the earl, your father, told him an engagement existed between you and myself. Of course I contradicted it, and I wish to say to you that I should have had a much higher opinion of you, if you had frankly told me that your father's desire was distasteful, hateful to you, than to show me by your words and manners that such was the case.

I, the person most interested, was left in ignorance, to find it out from strangers." And having said my say I left him standing there, thoroughly disconcerted.

The next morning Mrs. Denvessey was the recipient of my pent-up wrath.

"Don't take on so, my darling; pray don't!" she said, when I stopped out of breath with the recital of my wrongs. "Lord Harcourt and I have long cherished the plan, and it was my darling wish to unite you to me by the ties of blood. But you have wronged Reginald grievously! He has had nothing to do with the matter, and was as ignorant as yourself. It has pained the earl and myself to see you at variance with each other. My brother loves you dearly, for who can help loving you, Ethel? and, indeed, I think it is partly your own fault that Reginald—"

She hesitated with embarrassment.

"Dislikes me—" I finished promptly. "You needn't be afraid to say what I know. However, let it go for what it's worth. What an idiot I was to fly into a passion with *him*, for now there'll be the awkwardness of apology, and I suppose I must."

"My dear, would it be like you not to do so? It would be the first time in my knowledge of you. But what is this Marguerite tells me about Colonel Marsden?"

"I am glad, for your sake, my darling," she said, when I told her; "but nothing could make you dearer to me."

"I am sure of that," I said, throwing my arms about her, and giving her a warm kiss.

My relationship was settled beyond a doubt that day, and that was how the truth came out in the London circles, that I was Mrs. Denvessey's *adopted* daughter. My popularity by no means diminished. I was still the centre of attraction, *La belle Américaine*. I won't pretend that it wasn't because I was a Marsden, for I am quite sure that that turned the balance in my favor. The *amende honorable* was made to Lord Reginald, and after that we got on much better together.

My handsome cousin had not followed Lady Cherbury's prediction and fallen in love with me. I was his *confidante*, you see, and *knew*. But everybody believed he had, and we did not take the trouble to undeceive people.

At the close of the London season we went down to the Earl of Harcourt's country seat, situated in the county of Sussex. It was a



grand old place, and my passion for lovely scenery was here gratified. The earl presented me with a magnificent black horse, and never was I happier than when enjoying my daily canters upon "Prince's" back. At first, Colonel Marsden rode by my side, then somehow it happened that he became Lady Cherbury's escort, while her brother rode beside me.

Ever since that night when I had hurled at him those passionate words of anger, I had known the miserable truth—that I loved, with the full strength of my nature, this man who had of all others been indifferent to me. In vain did I try to conquer it. It had not come at my bidding, and therefore would not go at my bidding.

But I guarded my secret well. No one dreamed of such a remote possibility, least of all, *he*. But we were to return to America after a tour of the continent, and then, perhaps, I might learn to forget. Thus was I thinking that morning as we rode silently side by side. I dare say this was the reason that I held so loose a rein; and when Prince shied and set off on a mad gallop for no visible reason, it naturally followed that I was thrown. I was stunned, but not unconscious. Prince had been obliging enough to deposit me in the softest place he could find.

Somebody reached me almost as soon as I was thrown, and somebody cried in passionate tones as he stooped over me:

"My darling! my darling!" and actually was audacious enough to rain kisses upon me swift and fierce enough, so that I thought it necessary to open my eyes and tell him my exact condition. Of course, you know that it was Lord Reginald. The rest of the cavalcade came up, greatly scared. But as there were no broken bones their minds were set at rest. Prince was found at some

distance, quietly grazing, and behaved patiently after his escapade, for which I could not feel sorry. But for it, I should not have known that Reginald had loved me all the time, while we were at cross purposes, for you see, he believed that I had disliked him before we had met. It was owing to Lady Cherbury, however. She had described him to me in such a way that I had impulsively declared that he must be a prig, and that I, for one, shouldn't put up with his peccadillos. This she had maliciously repeated, not through any unkind motive toward me, but for the sisterly and praiseworthy one of wounding his pride and paying him off for some of his interference in her flirtations. Thus, from the first, you see, we were fated to misunderstand each other. She was the only one who was not surprised at the announcement of our betrothal.

"I saw it long ago, especially *mon frere's* attachment," she said, with a shrug of her white shoulders. "I pity you, Ethel; you don't know what an ogre he is! No more pleasant flirtations for you, *ma belle*."

But I did not care; for, you see, I quite agree with him on the impropriety of flirtation when one is married. I have never had a desire to engage in such amusements since my marriage, which took place three months after Prince's escapade.

Mrs. Denvessey sold her property in America, and lives with her brother, Reginald and myself. We are a happy family. Only last week Colonel Marsden came down with his wife to pay us a visit. You see, she was his first love, and some one had interfered, and they were separated and she married. Her husband was obliging enough to die, the year before I met the colonel, and he was waiting till her year of mourning expired—and this is all my story.

THE PRESENT.—In order to enjoy the present it is necessary to be intent on the present. To be doing one thing and thinking of another is a very unsatisfactory mode of spending life. Some people are always wishing themselves somewhere but where they are, or thinking of something else than that which they are doing, or of somebody else than to whom they are speaking. This is the way to enjoy nothing well and please nobody. It is better to be interested with inferior persons and inferior things than to

be indifferent to the best. A principal cause of this indifference is the adoption of other people's taste instead of the cultivation of our own; the pursuit after that for which we are not fitted, and to which, consequently, we are not in reality inclined. This folly pervades more or less all classes, and arises from the error of building our enjoyment on the false foundation of the world's opinion, instead of being, with due regard to others, each our own world.

THE HAMMOCK.

From the Spanish of Jose Fernandez Madrid, of New Grenada.

BY SANDA ENOS.

I.

I sing not the beauties
 That other bards sing,
 Nor affairs that were ancient
 When Wamba was king:
 That the dawning is rosy,
 That pearls the morn weeps,
 That the brook murmurs wild,
 That the lake calmly sleeps.
 May thy soul rest contented
 O thou who invented
 The hammock!

II.

What to me are the sceptres
 That great monarchs hold,
 Or the blood-dripping falchions
 Of conquerors bold?
 I quake when I hear
 Fame's clarion cries,
 And above palm and laurel
 The olive I prize.
 May thy soul rest contented,
 O thou who invented
 The hammock!

III.

As within their nests
 From the branches hung
 The tender birds
 Are balanced and swung:
 With movement soft
 Through the tranquil air,
 Thus I go and come
 In my hammock fair.
 May thy soul rest contented,
 O thou who invented
 The hammock!

IV.

Now over me pass,
 As gently I roll,
 Orient breezes,
 Refreshing my soul;
 And unto my view
 Plain and city are given,
 The loud-roaring sea
 And the blue-vaulted heaven.
 May thy soul rest contented,
 O thou who invented
 The hammock!

V.

No person on earth
 I envy the least,
 As I calmly repose
 Like a lord of the East.
 'Tis true I am poor,
 Yet I care not for wealth;
New Hartford, N. Y., August, 1876.

My food is not rich,
 But good is my health.
 May thy soul rest contented,
 O thou who invented
 The hammock!

VI.

The first, without doubt,
 Who the hammock invented
 Were the Indians—a race
 Mild, benign and contented.
 The hammock sustained them
 Through bitter disgraces,
 And lulled and caressed them
 With tender embraces.
 May thy soul rest contented,
 O thou who invented
 The hammock!

VII.

Poor are the descendants
 Of Huana Capac,
 And the opulent monarchs
 Of fair Anahuac.
 To-day they are slaves,
 All they once did possess
 They have lost, save their hammock
 And their laziness,
 May thy soul rest contented,
 O thou who invented
 The hammock!

VIII.

Let the citizen come,
 Who gold doth not spare,
 To deck his couch
 With tapestry rare:
 Let him come and with envy
 My hammock behold,
 More commodious and charming,
 Though costing no gold.
 May thy soul rest contented,
 O thou who invented
 The hammock!

IX.

The crests by the palms
 And the ceibas worn
 Are the curtains green
 That my hammock adorn.
 Beautiful birds
 Fill the branches above,
 And in quavers accordant
 Sing to me of love.
 May thy soul rest contented,
 O thou who invented
 The hammock!

A MISUNDERSTANDING.

BY LOUISE DUPEE.

"O Tommie, if you only would go into the kitchen with your playthings!" said Huldah, pleadingly. "The baby cannot go to sleep with all this noise in his ears. Singing school must have commenced already, and I never shall get there, never!"

"The kitchen is cold, and my lungs are 'fected," said Tommie. "I shouldn't wonder if I had the 'sumption. Ma said I must stay by the fire, anyway."

"But can't you keep still for one moment? O, you're such a trouble to me, Tommie!"

"Well, Sam's Sunday-school book says that troubles is good for peepul, makes 'em better. Grandpa was 'splainin it just now, and Sam didn't remember, and I did, so grandpa gave me peppermints. I want to make you better, Huldah, that's why I holler and make you tell Roberson Crusoe two times when I wont go to sleep at night; that's why I drum, when the baby wont go to sleep."

Poor Huldah! she thought if trouble made people better she must be on the eve of being translated, on account of her virtues.

"You needn't think Jack Long 'll come and take you to singin' school, Huldah," remarked Sam, who announced his approach by blowing a loud blast on a shrill tin whistle. The baby started up with a scream. Huldah looked anxiously at the clock, but restrained her desire to seize him by the collar.

"Why don't you ask me why?" remarked this gentle youth, after a little interval of silence.

No answer from Huldah, in whose soul a faint hope was dawning. The baby had closed its eyes, and crammed its little red fist in its mouth.

"Well, I told him the schoolmaster was goin' to keep you company, there," he revealed, with a triumphant giggle which made the baby start again.

"O dear! Huldah, how could you forget to mix my drops?" groaned her mother from the sofa; "my head is worse than ever, but nobody seems to have the least consideration for me. It *does* seem to me that you

might keep those children a little more quiet."

"I am sorry I forgot, mother," said Huldah, in a voice that was full of tears. "I'll mix them now, if Sam will rock the baby. Sam, if you'll be good and rock the baby gently, and keep quiet yourself, I'll give you something nice."

"How often have I told you, that you mustn't hire your little brothers?" remarked Mrs. Holmes, sharply. "It's a pity you hadn't a little gumption in managing them."

Sam commenced to clamor for money, and Tommie insisted with a scream, that he would undertake that little business transaction himself.

"Allow me to assist you," said the schoolmaster, in a tone full of sympathy. He had entered the room unperceived, and was regarding Sam in a way which made that sturdy youngster tremble.

"Thank you, Mr. Simmons, you are very kind. I thought you had gone to singing school." And she allowed him to take her place beside the cradle, a little amused, in spite of her afflictions, to see how funny he looked rocking a baby. But he did it to some purpose, and baby was soon in the deepest of dreamlands. Sam dared not whistle under the influence of his awful eye, and in spite of himself Tommie was beginning to grow sleepy.

"I'm too tired to make you good any more to-night, Huldah," he announced, rubbing his eyes. "Say, is the schoolmaster waitin' on you, coz Aunt Mriar she said so. What is waitin' on anybody?"

When the effect of this speech had somewhat died away, Mr. Simmons said to Huldah, "You haven't given up going to singing-school to-night? I took the liberty to wait for you, and it's not too late yet."

"I am so sorry you should have waited," said she, earnestly. "You will have lost so much. Then the schoolhouse is so near I don't mind going alone."

"O dear!" she thought, "Why couldn't he have gone alone? What will Jack think? How could that dreadful boy have told him that I was going with the schoolmaster, and everybody is saying that he is waiting on

me, just because he happens to board here! If I can only see Jack alone for a few moments, I will manage to let him know that there isn't a shadow of truth in the story." Then a little doubt crept into her mind, and made her miserable. Did Jack care for her as she did for him, or had the affection which he entertained for her when she was a little girl died out with the years? When he used to tell her that he liked her better than anybody in the world, and that he should always do so, that there was no girl in all South Harbor that began to have such red cheeks or such bright eyes. Of course he hadn't said so much as that to her since she had grown up. It wouldn't have been proper unless they were engaged, but then he had said a good deal, and looked more than he had said, when he went away six months before. He was first mate of the *Mary Susan* now, and was only home for a few days, and how she had looked forward to his coming! It was quite dreadful to think he had been in the place nearly four hours and she had not seen him at all.

After the morning's biscuit had been set to rise, Tommie's playthings were picked up and stowed away in the closet, more drops mixed, and the sleep-softened Tommie, himself, coaxed into bed, Huldah was free to go to singing-school if she liked. And she *did* like, though it was nearly recess time, and the kind but provokingly attentive schoolmaster *would* wait to accompany her, for Jack Long would be there, and a sight of his face would do her good. She had no time to arrange her curls or pay any of those little attentions to her toilet which, as Jack was going to see her, she longed to do.

"I look cross, and homely, and heated," she said to herself, as she took one hurried wistful look into the glass. But when she came down stairs with her little red hood tied turban-wise over her dark braids, the glance which the schoolmaster gave her told her that his eyes saw differently.

"They're singing *Merry May*, and that's always the last thing before recess," said Huldah, as she and her companion entered the dusky little hall of the schoolhouse. Almost every seat in the room was filled, and everybody turned to look at them when they went in, more than one smiling significantly, for it was a fine moonlight night, and lovers like to loiter under such skies.

Jack Long didn't look though, after one

quick sidewise glance, but he saw who they were, and colored a little under his brown skin. Then he commenced to be amazingly attentive to Del Stevens, who sat by his side flushed and smiling, and looking triumphantly at poor Huldah. For her part, she would rather have had the schoolmaster, but she knew that Huldah preferred Jack Long, and was delighted to have her see how thoroughly that gentleman appreciated her fascinations. They didn't attend to the singing at all, but whispered continually with their faces unnecessarily near each other, Huldah thought. Once Huldah met Jack's eye and bowed to him across the room, and he returned such a careless indifferent little nod, that it almost broke her heart. "He's forgotten me, and fallen in love with Del Stevens," she sighed, "but Del Stevens is such a flirt."

She thought he would surely come over and speak to her at recess, but no, he clung to Del's side, as if he intended that nothing should ever part them. Once when she happened to be near him, he leaned over Del's shoulder, and asked her if they were all well at home.

"Well as usual, thank you," she answered in a faltering voice.

"I'm glad to hear it; I shall call before I go," he said, carelessly.

Huldah's pride began to be aroused. Hitherto she had been sad and silent, for when her heart was sad, this innocent young woman had never thought of acting as if it were otherwise, but now it flashed over her all of a sudden that she was behaving very foolishly, that she was allowing Jack as well as everybody else in the room to see that she was feeling badly, because he saw fit to pay court to Del Stevens, and that it would never do in the world. So she swallowed the lump in her throat, and after a mighty effort succeeded in being gay, or seeming gay, at least. She brightened up wonderfully, she made funny little jokes, she laughed, her eyes flashed, and her cheeks were scarlet. Mr. Simmons was delighted. He had been oppressed by her sadness, and thinking it the result of overwork, and weariness, and worry, for Huldah's mother with that endless headache, and those dreadful children were enough to spoil life for any young girl, had been particularly sympathetic and tender in his manner toward her. She was more free with him, more gracious to him than she had ever been be-

fore, and the poor fellow flattered himself, though he was by no means conceited, that the influence of his society had something to do with this sudden lifting of the cloud which hung over her. What a feverish, wretched, weary evening that was! Huldah remembered it with strange vividness to the end of her life. Jack went home with Del, of course. Huldah watched them as they went up the frosty white road with such a lover-like air, and in her heart, said farewell to Jack forever. Once at home, and shut away in her own little room where there were no prying eyes to see her, she gave vent to her wretchedness in a perfect flood of tears. She fully intended to keep awake and be wretched all night. She wondered if she ever should fall asleep peacefully and happily as she used to do, when, after a prayer which was more for Jack than herself, and a parting glance at the sea, which held him somewhere on its broad bosom, she sank into such sweet slumbers and dreamed of him. She could not pray, now, her heart was too full of bitterness. Everything had gone wrong with her, and God did not help her, or care for her. But, after all, she had not been in bed fifteen minutes before sleep hung heavy on her eyelids and everything was forgotten in its dimness, even Jack.

The next day was Sunday, a bright golden November day, and Huldah felt a little more inclined to live than she had on the evening before, when she came down stairs in the morning. Her mother's headache was still raging, Tommie had crept into the baby's crib and was sticking pins into its plump bare arms, and Sam was drawing a picture of the schoolmaster and herself as they appeared on their way to singing school, with which to adorn the breakfast-table.

"O, if I could only go to church this morning!" thought Huldah. "I should see Jack, and—but it's of no use," putting the pleasant picture out of her mind, "mother's head aches, and I dare say Jack will go to church with Del, things seem to have gone so far, and he wouldn't walk home with me, after all."

"Huldah," said her mother, appearing from the bedroom, "I believe I shall try and go to church this morning. My head aches fearfully, but it's likely the air will do me good, if I don't have Sam and Tommie to worry me. I shall leave them at home with you, and I wish you would see that

they get their Sunday school lessons. Tommie does make such funny work with that question book, it distracts me to try and beat anything into his head. I guess the baby's going to be real good to-day."

"Very well," said Huldah meekly, taking up that lusty infant, who looked vengeance at her out of his lashless wide-awake eyes, in contradiction of his mother's premature statement.

That was a dreadful day to Huldah, but she struggled bravely through it, trying to perform all her duties faithfully. She helped to prepare breakfast, and dinner, and supper, she washed the dishes, she took care of the baby who screamed his worst from dawn till dark. She heard Sam say his verses over twenty times, and held Tommie resolutely by the arm while she endeavored to drill the answers of the three questions which comprised his Sunday school lesson into his obstinate and heedless little head. She dressed both boys, faithfully exploring their pockets and abstracting everything therefrom, which might detract from their piety, and that of their fellow-pupils in Sunday school.

But, after all, she only received severe rebukes for careless neglect from her mother, as it was reported that Sam produced three live frogs from his pocket in the midst of the prayer, and that Tommie made the children laugh, and shocked everybody, by the dreadful answer he gave to one of his questions.

The question was, "Why cannot we see God if he is always present?" The answer was, "Because God is a spirit, and we cannot see him with corporeal eyes."

Tommie had it, "'Coz we're spirits, and God has copper eyes!"

And in the meantime the world was as bright as if there wasn't any trouble in it. All the young people were out in holiday attire, and the sunshine was as golden and the air as balmy as if summer had stolen back to make a little visit before the snow covered the hills, and made the ground too chill for her feet. Jack Long went home from church with Del Stevens, and remained at her house to dinner. Del's little sister Ellen told Sam so, and Sam made haste to reveal the news to Huldah, divining that it would tease his sister, he could hardly imagine why.

Night came at last with its hush, and starlight, and peaceful atmosphere, but

there was little quiet in the Holmes household, no peace in Huldah's heart.

"I don't feel like bein' good, and goin' to sleep to-night," announced Tommie, at the supper-table. "I spects I shall have to have as much as free fairy stories—giant stories, I mean, after I'm in bed, Huldah."

Huldah's heart sank within her, for if Jack Long was ever coming to call, he would come to-night, and he would come early, he always came early. Tommie's threats were by no means empty ones; he often kept her by his side until nine o'clock, condescending to be calm and quiet while the wonderful adventures of Jack and the Bean Stalk, or the startling career of Jack the Giant Killer and Puss in Boots were thrilling his wide-awake ears. But if hapless Huldah were to refuse to dance attendance on him, and leave him to grope his way into dreamland in the stillness and the dark, all the neighboring echoes would be aroused by his cries, and the baby startled into such a degree of wakefulness, that it was doubtful if he ever slept again!

"If it wasn't for the baby, you might leave him, and let him scream as long as he likes," Mrs. Holmes used to say. "There's no sense in waiting on a great boy like him with such devotion. But, dear me, I don't know how we're going to help it, as it is. One of his dreadful shrieks is enough to frighten the baby into fits, and you know you haven't a bit of tact in managing him, Huldah."

So nothing remained for Huldah to do but to be the devoted slave of this powerful infant. If he wished to hear Jack the Giant Killer three times in succession, she must be at his service. On Sunday nights his tastes seemed to run in the direction of giants, particularly. Bible stories were too tame for him, after a day of comparative quiet.

With feelings of thankfulness Huldah saw that baby's eyes were already beginning to grow narrow and dim, for the earlier the baby was disposed of, the earlier she might dispose of Tommie.

"Hope told a flattering tale," however, for what with Tommie's popgun, and the new and delightful way of whistling through his fingers which Sam had just become master of, the young man brightened and became really hilarious. At half past six he manifested no intention of sailing for "Noddle's Island."

Huldah sighed, and endeavored to persuade him to keep his head on the pillow, while she rocked and hushed him.

"Dear me," said her mother, "you've no feeling for children whatever, you are always so anxious to get baby out of the way, no matter how good he is. Now, if it wasn't for my headache, I should enjoy their merriment. I guess you'll have to take Tommie and baby up stairs, though, for I am beginning to have that cutting pain in my temple; and Sam, if you are going to whistle any more, you must go into the kitchen."

Huldah departed for the upper regions, bearing baby on her arm, and dragging Tommie after her, who objected to going. An hour passed away. Baby was still looking about him with calm unwinking eyes. Tommie, who had smuggled a knife into the bedroom, had cut his finger, and was screaming lustily. Another half hour passed, and baby had suddenly yielded his dimpled self into the arms of sleep. Tommie, in bed, was clamoring for the "Seven Champions of Christendom," refusing to listen to the milder warfare of any of the Bible heroes instead, if it *was* Sunday night.

"Why didn't you come down to see Jack Long, Huldah?" said Sam, appearing on the scene with a provoking giggle.

"Jack Long! is he here?" exclaimed Huldah, the color flashing into her cheeks. "O Tommie, couldn't you go to sleep without me just this one night?"

"But he's gone now. He staid over an hour, and kept a lookin' towards the door all the time, as if he spected somebody. Then he looked kinder glum, and said he must go. He's gone to set up with Del Stevens, I'll bet my new pistol he has!"

"Why didn't any one tell me he was here?" demanded Huldah, desperately. "Where was mother?"

"O, she said I'd better not tell you, 'coz she had such a cuttin' pain in her temple she couldn't hear any more of baby's or Tommie's music to-night, and they could not have gone to sleep, 'coz if they had you would have come down, anyway."

Huldah burst into a passion of tears. Sam went down and reported that Huldah was cryin' 'coz she didn't see Jack Long. Mrs. Holmes looked amazed, the school-master colored with distress. But when Huldah appeared fifteen minutes later, they

concluded that Sam must have been mistaken, for there were no traces of tears on her face, and she looked quite bright and cheerful.

Miss Quimby, a neighbor, dropped in on her way home from evening meeting. After complaining of the low state of religion, this lady opened a little budget of news.

"They say Jack Long and Del Stevens is going to make a match. He didn't come away from there last night till one o'clock, and brought her a handsome Injy scarf that cost more money than he can afford to spend. They went to ride this afternoon, and he's there to-night, I make no doubt. I wonder at his makin' up to her, for I never set no store by Del, and he's a good likely fellow as ever lived, though he may be a little careless and unconcerned as regards religion. His mother, I know, don't 'prove of the match. They say she set her heart on you for a daughter-in-law, Huldah; but then, if Jack thinks different, I don't know what she can do about it. I used to think 'twas all settled between you and him."

Huldah colored, but could not speak.

Mrs. Holmes opened her eyes with amazement. She had been so absorbed in herself for so long, that she had never dreamed of Huldah's having any other interest than her sickness, and the little cares and pleasures of every day. Huldah was almost a child—what right had she to think anything about love affairs, when she was needed so much at home? O, the selfishness of some mothers!

"Nonsense!" she exclaimed. "There was never anything between Huldah and Jack Long. Huldah isn't old enough to be engaged. I don't see how anybody could get such an idea as that." But for all that, she was beginning to be a little enlightened concerning her daughter. Huldah was grateful to Mr. Simmons all her life for turning the subject with so much tact just then. In spite of all she could do the tears would come into her eyes, but he drew their attention from her by giving some wonderful little piece of village news, which, strange to say, Miss Quimby had not heard, and which she swallowed with great eagerness. After that, for many and many long weeks, there wasn't a glimpse of brightness anywhere for Huldah. The burden of labor which she used to bear so cheerfully when the thought of Jack cheered her soul

seemed intolerable to her now. Sam never had been so provoking. Tommie's inventive genius in the way of mischief had increased tenfold, and the baby never would give her even one moment to steal away and enjoy the luxury of lonely tears. How long life looked stretched out before her young eyes, and so dull, and eventless, and bleak, and cold! In another year Jack would come home again, and then he would be married to Del. They would have a merry wedding, and all South Harbor would be invited, she among the rest. But she never could see the marriage, never! It loomed up before her like something more bitter than death all the year. Outwardly, she was the same as ever. She went to singing school with Mr. Simmons, and sang "Merry May" in a voice that had no sound of heartache. Tommie and the baby graciously permitting, she helped trim the church for Christmas, and spent an hour or two at the Christmas festival, laughing and dancing with the merriest. But she rejoiced that her mother's headache prevented her from going to Sue Stevens's party, and that the state of the baby's disposition rendered it impossible for her to go on the sleighing party with Mr. Simmons. That gentleman's attentions, though they were so modestly and delicately offered, were by no means welcome. Still, when he asked her to marry him one soft spring night when they were returning from evening service, she caught a glimpse of Del Stevens, who was just ahead, wearing the India scarf which Jack had given her, and came near saying yes, out of sheer desperation. Why should she not marry him? It would prove to Jack, as well as to the gossips, that she cared nothing for him. Then Mr. Simmons loved her, and he was so pleasant, and looked so gentlemanly, far more so than Jack Long, with his sailor-like roughness and rustic ways. All the girls were envying her his attentions, even Del Stevens, who, forgetful of Jack, was continually inviting him to flirt with her coquettish glances and pretty flattering ways. He was studying to be a physician, and her position in life as his wife would probably be much higher than ever Jack's wife would be likely to attain, for Jack would be nothing but a South Harbor sea captain to the end of his days. But the difference was that she loved Jack, and she did not love Mr. Simmons. It would be doing him a great wrong to

marry him under such circumstances. So she told him that she did not love him, but she wept a great deal over it, and seemed so sorry for him that, in spite of her decided nay, he took hope, and was not utterly downcast. Love is ever hopeful, finding fair skies somewhere beyond the clouded years.

It was October again at South Harbor, and Jack Long was coming home. Del Stevens had the Port dressmaker domesticated at her house, and Huldah could hear nothing but wedding bells ringing in her ears by day and night, wedding bells that made strange discordance on the mellow autumn air, and filled her heart with pain. But she had learned to be patient now. Life was worth living, after all, even without Jack's love, even though he was going to be married to another. The baby's fretful little voice and Tommie's constant society were becoming less wearisome to her. It touched her to notice how lovingly the wee thing's arms clung about her neck, and that the first word it tried to speak was her name, dreadful mouthful though it was. Then Tommie had been sick, and sickness had developed angelic qualities that no one could ever have dreamed to exist in his mischievous little soul. He suffered fearful pain, but bore it all with the patience of a martyr, if only Huldah would sit by his side. He would swallow the most nauseous compounds, if they were dealt to him by her hand, and never asked for or seemed to think of any one but her. Huldah remembered every cross word she had ever spoken to him then, and thought if he were only well again, his most atrocious mischief would be even entertaining. He was just beginning to run about now, with a white wasted face, and great wistful eyes, the only thing about him that looked like Tommie, his funny little pug nose.

It was a soft rosy twilight. The harvest moon had not yet arisen from her bed in the sea, but a star glittered like a teardrop on the fading cheek of the sunset. Huldah had been on an errand to the store, and was returning by the shore road. It was long and lonely, but some fascination about the sea tempted her to take it. The lighthouse lamp threw its ghostly glimmer on a cluster of strange sails. In the morning the harbor had been clear. She wondered, with a sudden thrill at her heart, if Jack's vessel might not be there among the rest, as he was expected daily now.

"But it is nothing to me whether he has come or not; Del is going to be his wife, and 'there's nae room for twa.' O Jack, Jack!" she said, unconsciously giving voice to her thoughts.

But for all that, she climbed a rock which stood by the wayside, and was straining her eyes to discover the vessel through the growing darkness.

"You are mistaken about Del's being Jack's sweetheart, Huldah," said a well-known voice, though it was somewhat changed by some deep emotion. "I didn't imagine that the schoolmaster's sweetheart could take so much interest in my affairs, though. Is it possible that that story was not true, after all, Huldah?"

"What story?" said Huldah, when she had somewhat recovered of the surprise and consternation she felt at finding Jack close beside her, hearing her unguarded words. She had been so absorbed in her own bitter thoughts that she did not notice him as he came towards her.

"Why, the story that you and the schoolmaster are engaged. I heard it from every quarter as soon as I landed last year, and it almost drove me wild, Huldah."

"Mr. Simmons is nothing to me, never was anything to me," said she, in a tone that was scarcely more than a whisper.

"Then, Huldah, wont you let me be something to you, as you are more than all the world to me? Surely you cared for me a little in the old days."

Huldah was silent, she could not speak.

"Wont you speak one word to me? If you only knew what I have suffered for your sake the past year you would not treat me in this way," he said, impatiently, after waiting what seemed to him almost ages, for her lips to move.

"What you have suffered?" she repeated, like one in a dream. "O Jack, what does this mean? What is it about Del Stevens? Everybody—"

"Nothing," said he, interrupting her, "only she is going to marry my mate, George Holmes. He was here at the Harbor a day or two last fall, and I introduced him to her. The result was a leap in love, and they're going to be married next week."

"But the India scarf! didn't you give her an India scarf, Jack? And they all say in the Harbor that she is going to be married to you."

"O, George gave it to her; he bought it

for his sister, but forgot all about her when he saw Del. I bought one just like it for you, Huldah, but when I heard about Mr. Simmons, of course I did not care to thrust my gifts upon you. Will you have it now, and me with it? I don't know what will become of me if you say no. It would be harder for me to lose you now than as if I never had spoken to you again. I thought when I came that I must avoid you—I

could not see you the wife of another."

For all answer Huldah nestled her head on his shoulder and wept; but when the Mary Susan sailed again both the captain and the mate took their brides with them, and Huldah was never jealous of Del Stevens again, though Jack could hardly be coaxed to shake hands with the schoolmaster, because Huldah told him that she came very near marrying him, after all.

GOOD-NIGHT, DARLING!

BY KATE SEAFOAM.

Kiss me, darling, kiss me, sweet,
While our eyes in love glance meet—
Kiss me, darling, one fond kiss!
Ah, on earth no bliss like this.

Good-by, is it, love? Ah, no!
Loving lips cannot say so—
All my life is held in thine,
Say this little hand is mine.
Great Falls, N. H., Dec., 1876.

I will guard thee from all ill,
All thy life with blessings fill,
Keep dark sorrow from thy way,
Love thee tenderly for aye.

Good-night, darling, not good-by,
All too fast the moments fly—
Now God keep thee in his care,
Make thy life all bright and fair.

MR. MANLY'S EXPERIENCE OF KEROSENE.

BY ANNA MORRIS.

It was Jenkins, my old friend Jenkins, who first called my attention to the fact that I was squandering money by using gas instead of kerosene. Of course I knew that my gas bills were high, and sometimes grumbled when one larger than usual was presented; still, I enjoyed my well-lighted house, and had never thought of a change until one evening last fall, when Jenkins and his wife ran in for an hour's chat after tea, as they often do.

Jenkins introduced the subject by exclaiming as he entered:

"Why, you are a blaze of light. I really thought as I crossed the street that you must have a private illumination, or something of the kind going on here. I say, old fellow, I am glad I don't have to foot your gas bills!"

"Are not your own equally heavy?" I inquired. "Your house is larger than ours."

"My gas bills! Bless your heart, Manly, I haven't used any gas for three months! Why, I should end in the poorhouse! Such

exorbitant prices—such a swindle from beginning to end! No sir! I burn kerosene oil, and get more light and more satisfaction for one-fourth the expense."

Here his wife chimed in, and they talked kerosene steadily for two hours.

I could see my wife didn't like it much from some quiet remarks that she made, but the stream of kerosene swept all these aside, as well as what were termed my prejudices in favor of gas.

I didn't say much to Mrs. Manly on the subject after our guests departed, but thought the matter over in the "silent watches," and, as the result of my cogitations, I announced to my wife as I left the house the next morning, "I think we will try how we like kerosene. I will send home some lamps to-day."

She did not look exactly delighted, but made no reply, and I started for my office. I had gone but a few steps when I met the man who usually brought the gas bill to the house.

"Ah, good-morning, Mr. Manly!" said

he. "May I hand your bill to you, instead of going to the house?"

"Certainly," I answered, drawing forth my portemonnaie: "I may as well pay it now as any time. I trust," I continued, as I took out the three five dollar bills required, "that my next quarter's bill for light will not be one-fourth of this amount."

"Indeed!" said the clerk, with a somewhat puzzled air; "how do you expect to make such a reduction?"

"By burning kerosene," I answered, with perhaps a shade of severity in my manner, "and thereby dispensing with the gas swindle! Yes sir," I continued, planting my cane more firmly on the sidewalk, and warming with my subject, "I am going this very day to buy lamps and kerosene, and begin a new order of things in my house. I am determined to be imposed on no longer, and you may tell your employers so from me!"

I turned and left him before he could reply, and walked directly to a lamp store, where I purchased the handsomest pair of lamps that I could find. I was particular to select handsome lamps. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever," I said to myself, and, moreover, the feminine mind is easily swayed by outward appearances; so, recalling the expression of my wife's face when I said that we would try kerosene, I thought it wisest to invest in something a little out of the common style.

I could not help reflecting as I closed my portemonnaie that the cost of the lamps would have settled the next gas bill, but consoled myself by remembering that lamps did not have to be bought every day; of course there must be an outlay at first; didn't I have to pay for that new chandelier in the parlor? So I cheerfully ordered the lamps and a can of oil to be sent to my office, as I wished to see my wife's look of pleasure when I unpacked those lamps, and intended to carry them home myself.

I had a long and vexatious day, and it was dark when I reached home. The house looked strange to me—not so cheerful as usual, I thought, as I felt for my latchkey. Could Mary or one of the children be sick?

Opening the door, I found the hall in utter darkness, and in trying to grope my way to the parlor struck violently against the banisters.

"Take care, Charles," called my wife

from the parlor. "I am afraid you cannot see."

It appeared to me highly probable that I could not, but I merely inquired why the house was so dark.

"You forget that you have had the gas cut off," answered Mrs. Manly. "I tried to persuade the man to leave the meter, but he said he had his orders from the gas company, so I supposed you must have been to them, and told them to take it away."

I am naturally good-tempered, but I must confess that it was not a blessing that I invoked on the head of that rascally clerk. However, there was no use in standing there in the dark. I could not at that hour go to the gas office, explains matters and have the meter replaced, so I presently remarked to my wife that I had lamps and oil with me, and we could speedily light up.

"Are the lamps trimmed?" asked my wife.

"Trimmed?" I repeated, not exactly comprehending her question.

"Yes, the oil and wicks put into them, I mean," she replied.

"Why, no," I responded, with a vague sense of something wrong; "but Bridget can do that in a few moments, can't she?"

"She could, if she could see," was the answer; "but not in the dark. Don't you think you had better step out and get some candles?"

I had nothing to say to that, so I "stepped," and it was rather a long step, too, for a tired man, as we live several blocks from any store. I could not help fancying that Mrs. Manly might have sent out for candles before dark, had she not wished to give me the full benefit of my experiment with kerosene. However, I got them, and returned. Lighting one, my wife managed to find a bottle to put it in, while I proceeded to unpack the basket, and with some triumph see the two lamps on the table, looking up at the same time for my wife's approval. Her gaze wandered from the table to the empty basket.

"Only two!" she exclaimed. "Why, Mr. Manly, if one is put in the hall, as I am sure you have found will be necessary, and one in the parlor, what are we to do for the dining-room, kitchen or bedrooms?"

"You forget, my dear," I returned, mildly, "that I have told you I had no idea that the gas meter was to be taken away."

and merely meant to try these in one room at first."

The lamps were duly filled and lighted, but one on our dining-table made so little impression on the gloom and darkness, that my eldest son facetiously observed he could not see the way to his mouth; and on my reproving him for such a speech, he left the room, and presently the house, in sullen silence.

The younger children, cowed by the rebuke to their brother, sat whispering together after supper, in one corner of the parlor, and on my asking why they did not commence some game as usual, looked at one another without speaking, till finally the youngest, our little Alice, lisped out, "We can't see to play, papa; only Willie says it would be nice to have a game of blindman's buff, because we shouldn't have to be blinded." Thereupon the rest burst into a laugh, which was hushed by my ordering them all off to bed, and I was left in undisturbed possession of the parlor.

Somehow, I could not settle down to read as usual. I feared that I had been unnecessarily harsh, and besides, I could not see. I looked at the lamp. It looked bright enough, but there seemed to be no light in the room except in a small circle close to it. Never mind! I would get more lamps the next day. Why, as Jenkins said, one might have half a dozen lamps burning, and yet not pay half what you did for gas.

Meanwhile, where was that new piece of music that I had bought for my wife? She was an excellent performer on the piano, and I often accompanied her on the violin. When she reentered the parlor, a few minutes later, I had the music on the rack, the lamp on the piano, and my violin in hand. She smiled and took her seat at the instrument, struck the opening chords, and we started off. Presently she struck a false note, corrected herself, went on, struck another, corrected herself again, and again stumbled. I was astonished, for she is a rapid reader, and plays very correctly.

"What is the matter?" I inquired.

"I am not quite used to the change in the position of the light," she replied. "It seems to blind me, instead of shining on the notes."

"I'll change it to this side," I said, suiting the action to the word, and moving the light to my side of the piano. For a few moments that did better—for my wife! I

couldn't see just right, but didn't mention it—only endeavored to alter my position.

Presently I extended my bow to point out a favorite passage, when it unluckily struck against the lamp, tipping it over, and breaking shade and chimney. The lamp itself my wife dexterously caught before it reached the floor or was broken. Of course that lamp could not be used again that night, as I had not provided any extra chimneys, but we were thankful at having escaped so easily, and retired in peace and—darkness!

Next morning Mrs. Manly suggested that I had better have the meter replaced, but I declined. I said that I certainly should not have had it taken away until we had tried the kerosene gradually, but as it was gone, I preferred now to test the oil thoroughly, that our worst mishaps were over, and I would get a good supply of lamps that very morning.

I did so—I sent home lamps, oil, chimneys, shades and wicks—everything that I could think of that might be needed, and when I went home at night I found a decided improvement over the previous evening, though I still fancied there was very little light in the rooms. However, that might be a notion of mine, and I prudently kept it to myself.

As I hung my coat on the rack in the hall, I noticed a very unpleasant greasy odor.

"What have you for supper, my dear?" I asked. "I cannot say that I relish the smell."

"O, that is from the lamps," replied my wife. "See how they smoke against the sides of the chimneys."

"That is all owing to the wick not being cut smoothly," I returned. "The man where I bought them assured me that there would be neither smoke nor smell if they were properly trimmed."

Mrs. Manly made no answer, but when night after night the same greasy odor pervaded the house, and the chimneys were blackened by smoke, and I again suggested that the fault was in the trimming, she quietly offered me a pair of scissors, and advised me to trim the wicks myself, adding that she had taken the whole care of the lamps, fearing that Bridget would neglect them. I declined the scissors, and ceased to complain of the smell, for I knew that no one could be more careful and exact

than my wife, and if she could not do better, certainly I could not.

I not unnaturally began to have a strong dislike to kerosene. Half of my best books had a grease spot on the binding, and the marble top of the parlor table had various dark marks upon it, showing the exact size of the stands of the various lamps that had been placed there.

It was an undeniable fact that our evenings were much less pleasant than formerly. The children sat moping about, my eldest boy was generally away, and if my wife and I tried to play some of our favorite pieces, we generally made so many blunders that we gave up in disgust.

I sat one day in my office, thinking of all these things, and thinking also of what Jenkins had said when he met me that morning. He had congratulated me on "asserting my independence," "cutting loose from an infamous swindle," etc., etc., all of which sounded well, but somehow I had doubts of the good sense of it. After I left him I had met one of the members of the gas company, and told him the trick his clerk had played upon me. He was justly indignant, vowed to make him understand his business better for the future, adding that no clerk had any right to send and take away a meter in that informal manner, and offered to have it replaced at once. This proposal I did not accept.

"I have started the experiment, and I will carry it through," I said, as I bade him good-morning, though I was sorely tempted to agree to his proposition.

"I will try it faithfully for another month," I told myself, "and if I can learn to like kerosene, I will. Perhaps as we grow used to it we shall begin to discover its good qualities."

Vain hope! Not a week later I arrived at home one evening to find a scene of wild confusion. My wife had been bringing those two large and handsome lamps which I have spoken of into the parlor. Fortunately they were not lighted. As she entered the room her foot caught in a rug,

and she fell, while the lamps were dashed half across the room. One hit the piano violently, making a deep and unsightly bruise on the highly polished wood. The lamp was shattered to atoms, and the oil covered that part of the carpet; while the other lamp had struck the window, breaking both itself and the glass, and throwing its oil over the damask curtains.

My poor wife had gathered herself up, and stood tearfully surveying the ruin she had so innocently wrought.

"O Charles," she sobbed as I entered, "only look! See what I have done!"

My heart sank at the thought of that new carpet, but I never could stand my wife's tears, so—I hope my voice sounded as I meant it should when I said:

"Never mind, dear; accidents will happen; and what a mercy it is that you are not hurt, and the lamps were not lighted."

That night I did a little sum in addition—lamps, spoiled carpet, books and furniture—and the next morning I called on the gas company to replace my meter.

Need I say that I shall henceforth pay my gas bills in silent thankfulness, or that I have since discovered that Jenkins was deeply engaged in oil speculations?

BEAUTY.—The standard of beauty differs essentially in different races. The Chinese admire black teeth and eyelids. On the shores of the Mediterranean great copulency is preferred. "Hair like wheat," the "honey-colored hair" of Homer, is the most affected of late among us. "Brown in shadow, gold in sun," is a beautiful shade, but Elizabeth's bright red hair, "*capelli d'or*," as she called it, was inspiration to sycophant pens in her time, and even lovely Mary of Scots sacrificed her beautiful dark locks to the "red fronts." Lady Macbeth, and the much maligned beautiful and noble Lucretia Borgia had hair light and golden. The most beautiful women are not the happiest ones; yet a lovely face is an excellent card of recommendation all over the world.

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We are constantly receiving letters asking if back numbers of *BALLOU'S MAGAZINE* can be obtained at this office, as none are for sale at many of the periodical depots. We can supply, on application, all the back numbers of our Magazine from the first of January, 1873, and parties wishing them have only to write us, enclose the money, and receive, postpaid, what they ordered, by return of mail.

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THE CHILD OF THE WILDERNESS.

A True Story of Early Life in the Northwest.

EDITED BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

CHAPTER V.

GABRIEL'S JOURNEY, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

MY father called on me the same afternoon to help him bring in Gabriel's bear. As Gabriel had taken our pony for his trip to St. Louis, we had to borrow of our neighbors; and I went with my father to the other side of the clearing, where we obtained a stout horse and harness of one man, and a kind of low cart that had been made especially for such service, of another. Crossing the clearing again, we followed a beaten path west through the woods, until we came out on the open plain Gabriel had described. We had nothing but his descriptions to guide us in finding the place of the adventure; but the pile of stones where the bear had first taken refuge was a very prominent object, and we went straight to that, first. From that point we could easily trace the bear's tracks, and those of Gabriel and the dog, to the very place where the beast had fallen a victim to the hunter's bullet. A bevy of crows cawing on the treetops near by, and circling round the place, helped to guide us to the spot; and there we found the body of the bear. An inspection showed

us that Gabriel's second bullet must have reached his heart; the first seemed to have struck the head and glanced off.

"That second shot was a good one," said my father, "and a fortunate one for Gabriel, too, I think. "These are bad customers when enraged; and if that second bullet had not struck a vital part, Gabriel might have had the wounded bear to fight with his hunting-knife."

It required the united strength of us two to get the carcass on the cart. We were about to proceed homeward, when an idea struck me which I hastened to tell my father of.

"That pile of rocks may be the bear's den," I said.

"It probably is," he replied.

"Then there may be some cubs."

"So there may, Hallet! You think like a hunter, I declare. We will go back and see."

Arrived at the rocks again, having first collected a lot of dry branches in the woods, we thrust them into every crevice we could find, and set fire to them. A thick smoke poured out, and presently we heard a queer coughing and growling, and two cubs about the size of a half-grown Newfoundland dog

tumbled out of the entrance. I took hold of one of them, and found no trouble in compelling him to mount the cart and stay quietly by the dead bear; but the other one fought and scratched, and after tearing my father's hunting-shirt half off, exhausted his patience, and he killed him with a single shot. Loading his body also on the cart, we proceeded home without further adventure.

The dead bears were disposed of as usual with our game; the skins were taken off and prepared for domestic use, and the flesh was dried for future consumption, except what could be kept for present use. As for the cub that we had brought in alive—his career at our cabin entitles him to a few words more, and he shall have them. A pet bear is a very pretty playfellow so long as he is too young to be very strong; but when he begins to find out that he has as much strength as a full-grown man, he is generally inclined to use it, and he is not apt to be over-particular as to how he uses it. Nero, as I named this one, was a very playful docile animal, for some months, and I had a great deal of sport with him. I trained him so well that he would go through with all the tricks that are taught to intelligent dogs. He would shoulder a stick like a musket, stand on his head, pretend to read a book, with an old pair of spectacles on that I found about the cabin, and lie down and feign death, at a word from me. But I discovered, as the months passed on, that young bruin was getting his strength, and that he understood it as well as any one. I spent a great deal of time in training him; and I began to find out that when I struck him with my switch across the muzzle for disobedience, he resented it, and growled in a very warning kind of way. One day he seized the switch in his mouth and tore it away from me; and when I cuffed his ears for it with my hand, he seized my sleeve in his teeth, and tore it off up to the elbow. I thought I had better retire from the contest, and I did so.

This was perhaps four months after the capture of the cub. That evening, father, Gabriel, Deborah and myself were sitting in the middle room of the cabin, mother having retired to her chamber. I felt a good deal worried about the cub, and finally spoke out my mind on the subject.

"I don't believe it'll be safe to keep that cub about here much longer," I said.

"He's getting so fierce that I can't manage him, and I believe he's dangerous. Here's what he did this afternoon," and I held up my torn sleeve.

My father laid down the book he was reading, and looked gravely at me; but before he could say anything, Gabriel broke in, in a very rough kind of way.

"Nonsense, Hallet! That cub is about as dangerous as any rude boy would be, and not a bit more. Why, he smoked my pipe for a minute, yesterday, and then returned it to me with as polite a bow as any dancing-master could make. *He dangerous?* Pshaw!"

"You didn't lay your hands on him?" I said.

"No; but I'd just as lief! Why, I can control him as I would a puppy."

"Just you try it!" I said. "He's out in the shed; see if you can bring him in here."

Father did not interfere, and the hunter accepted my challenge. He went out, and to my surprise, he returned lugging the bear by the ear. He came in growling and struggling; but he did not at first offer to attack Gabriel.

"Here he is," he said. "Now see me put him down on the floor."

He was about to try it; when Debby, moved by one of her insane freaks, stepped forward and took hold of the bear's fore-paws. Gabriel and all the others of us stood back, and Debby began a grotesque dance with the animal, which drew shouts of laughter from all who saw it. The woman did not seem to realize all the time, that she was in any danger; she held the bear's paws high up, and danced round with him in a circle, singing while she danced something like this, to a tune which I cannot give my reader any idea of:

"O, bless the Lord!
O, bless the Lord!
Give thanks, give thanks,
For the bear didn't catch him,
For the bear can't hurt him,
Give thanks, give thanks, give thanks."

We were all laughing at the absurdity of the spectacle of old Debby dancing about with a tame bear, when a scream from her suddenly aroused us to the peril of the situation. Shriek after shriek followed; and when we sprang forward to interfere, the cub had fixed his claws in Debby's arm, and was growling defiance to all who might

approach. Gabriel happened to reach the bear first.

"Now then, cub, get out of this," he cried; and he took the creature by the throat, and hurled him to the floor, falling on him. In a twinkling the bear had turned him; and the next instant we saw Gabriel held down in the grasp of the bear, while his screams told us that he was in real danger.

"Help, help!" he shouted. I saw the claws of the cub ripping his deerskin suit off him, and I sprang forward and seized the animal by the throat. He turned on me, glaring and growling savagely; but my father took hold of him on the other side, and together we lifted the cub off from the prostrate hunter. Gabriel rose up, panting with fatigue, and not a little scared, and drawing his hunting-knife, he shouted:

"Darn the critter! He's as ugly as sin, and I reckon we'd better get rid of him. Shan't I?"

There was no protest, for my father had become as well satisfied as I, by this exhibition, that the cub was very dangerous; and an hour after we all learned without any regret that Gabriel had slaughtered him behind the house, and that his skin was nailed up in the shed for exhibition.

But enough about Nero. I must come back now to human creatures and their doings.

Gabriel had told me that he should be gone about a month. I counted the days; and as the end of the month drew near, I grew so eager for his return that I could hardly contain myself. By-and-by the exact day came when he might be expected; and I went out alone on the forest path which I knew he must take to reach the cabin. I felt sure that he would come this day; so sure, that I took a lunch with me, and waited patiently, hour after hour, till at last the gray pony appeared, coming slowly along, with Gabriel on his back, carrying the saddle-bags stuffed as full as they could hold.

"My gun, Gabriel—my rifle—where is it?" I said. The hunter laughed at my eagerness; and jumping from the saddle he hitched the pony to a limb, and produced to my longing eyes the object that I had wished for and dreamed of for months—my own rifle! I grasped it eagerly, and examined it. It was much lighter than any of the weapons I had seen, and much handsomer; the metal parts were burnished like silver,

and it looked more like a toy than like a deadly firearm.

"Try it, boy," said Gabriel. "It's a beauty, now I tell you! I ransacked the whole town over, and I could get you nothing better than this. It's loaded—try it! Take that crow up there!"

He pointed to a solitary crow sitting on the top of a neighboring pine tree a hundred feet high. It was a fair shot, and I should not have missed; but I was all in a tremble with the idea of my first shot with my new rifle. I never made a worse one! The rifle spoke out sharply, and the crow rose from the tree-top and sailed off, with a tantalizing "caw, caw, caw!"

"Bravely shot!" laughed Gabriel. "That isn't a very good beginning, boy, with your new rifle. Can't you give us a better specimen of your skill than that?"

"I can shoot just as well as you can, Gabe Slade, and you know it!" I answered, hotly. "I was nervous that time, and missed, just as any one would have done. Now give me something to shoot at, and we'll see if I miss! What shall it be?"

He did not reply; but his eyes answered me. A great fish-eagle had been circling about overhead, and apparently not alarmed by my shot, had settled on the top of a tree, perhaps two hundred yards from where I stood. While Gabriel was unslinging his rifle, I was reloading mine; and before he could bring his gun to his shoulder, mine spoke out again sharply. The eagle fell from his lofty perch, fluttered a moment in the air, and then fell like a lump of lead, almost at my feet. I ran and picked him up, and tying a string around his feet, hung him from the pony's saddle-bow.

"I reckon you don't want any instruction from me, youngster," Gabriel said, a little gruffly. "That last was as good a shot as any man can make nine times out of ten. But I glory in you, boy, all the same, though you don't need any of my help to make you a hunter. You've got a keen eye and a steady hand—two things very useful to have up here in these woods. I'm rather proud of you, boy!"

I shouldered my rifle, which its weight in gold could not have purchased from me just then; and chatting with Gabriel as I walked beside the pony, we shortly reached the cabin. My mother was expecting Gabriel, and on the watch for him; and he had hardly dismounted from the pony before she

was by his side, eagerly addressing him.

"You brought me a letter, Gabriel?"

"No ma'am—I'm sorry to say that I did not," he replied, shifting uneasily from one foot to the other.

"But you saw my father, Gabriel?" She spoke in a tone that trembled, as though she expected bad tidings; her hand was laid on Gabriel's arm, but her face was half averted, as though she feared his answer.

"Yes, ma'am, I saw him; and if you'll allow me to express my opinion, ma'am, saving your presence, I should say he was a hardhearted old pirate, ma'am! I found his great shiny house, and sounded the knocker; and the dapper fellow that answered it wanted me to leave my business with him. 'No, I shan't, my jolly fellow,' says I. 'You just bring your master down here, and I'll talk with him.' With that, I pushed past him into the parlor; and I declare, it was fitted up so gorgeous that I was afraid to move, for fear of hurting something. Pretty soon old Mr. Eddy came stumping down stairs, and into the parlor. He—"

"O Gabriel, how does he look?" My mother's hands were clasped over his arm, and her tone was full of anxiety.

"Well, ma'am—if I must tell the truth, and saving your presence, I should say he looked like a confounded old curmudgeon, ma'am! He came limping into the parlor with his gouty foot, and wanted to know my business, as savage as a meat-axe. 'I have got a letter for you, from your daughter,' I says; and I handed it to him. He put on his eyeglasses, and took the letter, and he growled and mumbled to himself all the time while he read it. When he had done with it, he just tore it in two and threw it on the floor—"

"O Gabriel! he didn't do that!"

"Yes, but he did, ma'am! And he said, 'You may tell that person that I haven't any answer for her.' That was all I could get out of him; and I left him with that."

My poor mother! Her face grew pale as she heard Gabriel's words, she threw up her hands, and she would have fallen to the ground, had not my father, who had just come up, taken her in his arms. It was a cruel, cruel blow to her, and she seemed to grow old that day, in realizing that there was no forgiveness for her. And she was so kind, so patient, so forgiving to all! It was very hard, indeed!

CHAPTER VI.

DANGER IN THE WOODS.

MY father and mother retired to their room and shut the door. I saw that she was sorely grieved and stricken; and curious as I naturally was to find out the whole meaning of the scene, though I understood in a general way what it meant, I saw it would be better for me not to intrude upon her just then. Gabriel had gone outside, and was cleaning his rifle by the door when I found him.

"Will you tell me what your main errand to St. Louis was, Gabriel?" I asked.

"I suppose there's no secret about it," he said, suspending his work for a moment. "Leastaways, she didn't say there was to be. Yes, I'll tell you. I'm about through with this; get your gun, and we'll take a little walk in the woods. We may see something before we come back."

And we did; something more than either of us expected to see!

I did not wait for a second invitation. We shouldered our guns, and in a few minutes we were beyond sight of any human habitation. We walked on a little further, and then Gabriel threw himself down at the root of a great birch, and I did the same.

"I s'pose no one has ever told you how your mother happened to come up into this wilderness with your father," he said. "Well, I fancy the long and short of it was, that she saw him at St. Louis one time when he went down there, and took a shine to him, as the word goes. He's a handsome enough man now, and was some handsomer then; and dressed out in his buckskin suit, he was as fine as a picter. He was as much struck as she was; and when he got ready to leave the town, they made a runaway match of it. Ever since then your mother has been writing to the old man, begging him to pardon her; and he wont. He wanted her to marry some town chap, so I've heard, and he was awfully mad when she bustled up that plan and pleased herself, a any young 'oman would. I've known her to send him as many as four letters by the couriers, for a few years past; but never so much as a line, nor a word of mouth, did the old curmudgeon send her."

"You know he's my grandfather," I said, "and you shouldn't talk that way."

"You'd talk worse'n that, if yer mother

had sent yer up to him, and he'd shown yer the outside the door, as he did me! I tell yer, boy, it stirred me up considerable to see how cold and unfeeling-like that old man, with one foot in the grave, treated that letter from his only child, and how he treated me, the man that had carried it hundreds of miles through the woods. It was hard work for me to keep my tongue from giving him a regular backwoods dressing down; but I managed to git out of the house without telling the old critter just what I thought of him."

"I'm glad you did, Gabe. 'Twould have done no good, and—"

I was looking away from the hunter when I began to speak; but turning my eyes to his face, I stopped myself in the middle of the words I was speaking. His face was as pale as such a bronzed and weather-beaten face could be, and his eyes were turned upward to the tree next us. I followed their direction—and what a sight was before me! A great tawny panther was crouched on a limb not forty feet from us, his long tail waving to and fro, and his fierce eyes glaring down on us. It was not a wildcat, nor yet a lynx, but a splendid specimen of the American panther, which is far more dangerous than either, and which has often been known to attack men. Gabriel saw that he was gathered for a spring; and raising his rifle, he fired quickly. His haste was so great that he fired almost without aim; and he missed the animal entirely! I never before had known him to make such a failure; but his haste and excitement did not allow him to take any aim.

"Shoot, boy, shoot!" he yelled. I believe if I had been one second slower, the

brute would have been launched upon us; he was already rising in the air for his leap when I fired. My shot saved us; the ball broke his shoulder, and turned him so that he struck the ground ten feet from us, where he rolled, lashing with his tail, and screaming with rage. We both jumped behind the trunk of a tree for safety, and were reloading as fast as possible, when the creature turned and tried to escape. We followed; but so swiftly do these animals move that we could no more than keep this one in sight, wounded as he was.

"I wouldn't lose that fellow now," cried Gabriel, "for all the small game 'tween here and Saint Louis. Ha—there he goes!"

We broke into a run; and the panther, finding us hot in pursuit, took to a tree, as is the invariable habit of these beasts. Full of cunning, he selected a tree, the trunk of which was large enough to completely shield him from us, by his taking the further side.

"Now you'll see me fix him," said Gabe. He dropped on one knee to steady his aim; and waiting an instant, he saw the panther's head appear among the leaves just above the crotch of the tree. That instant the hunter fired, and the animal fell dead.

We went up to him, and surveyed him with exultation, and with thankfulness for our escape. He measured more than nine feet from the tip of the nose to the end of the tail, and his great claws and teeth looked savage enough even in death.

"I never saw so big a one," was Gabe's remark, as he reloaded his gun. And I had not at that time; but eighteen years afterward I shot one in Texas which I think was the equal of this in every respect.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OUR TWO POLLYS.

BY ELIZABETH BIGELOW.

"PLEASE, ma'am, Mr. Leighton said I could stay and do chores, ma'am!"

We all looked in speechless wonder at the funny little figure that stood in the doorway, evidently just emptied, bandbox and all, out of Uncle John's sleigh.

It was a girl of not more than thirteen, probably, but with such an old and grave little face, that you couldn't help feeling, as Kitty remarked, "as if she were her own grandmother!" She had a very grand-

motherly bonnet on, too, purple in color, and coming so far over her face that only a mass of tow-colored hair was to be seen beneath it; the outside was adorned with a very dilapidated black feather, and a bunch of purple glass grapes, and the inside with three large purple roses. She had on a very thin cotton shawl (though it was January, and exceedingly cold), which had once evidently been a bright green, but was now happily considerably faded. Her dress was

oright red calico, of a very striking palm-leaf pattern, and stiffly, rustlingly new. Her baggage consisted of a very large and very dilapidated bandbox, around which she had both arms tightly clasped, as if she expected that some effort would be made to take it away from her.

"Where did you come from, child?" asked Aunt Elsie.

"From ole Miss Bettinson's, last, but she didn't use me well, and she said I didn't pay for my keep, and maybe I didn't, though the keep was dretful poor, and I worked like a bear! I can work like a bear, and I'm willin', too, I be. I'm a town pauper, you know; that's how I come to be at ole Miss Bettinson's; she took me out of the poorhouse. An' I was again back to the poorhouse, when Mr. Leighton he come along, an' said I could go home with him!"

"That's just like John!" said grandma; and though the tone was not exactly approving, she looked as if she were proud of "John."

"I don't know what Keturah will say to another one!" said Aunt Elsie. "She declares that Hetty is of no sort of use, and that she can do all the work herself—but there, child! come up to the fire and warm yourself! You must be nearly frozen with that thin shawl on!"

"It is kinder cold, but aint it a beauty?" said the child, gazing fondly at it as she took it off and folded it carefully. "Ole crazy Miss Fordham, at the poorhouse, giv it to me for pickin' cranberries for her; she liked to string 'em and rig herself all up in 'em. They say she was dretful rich, and used to go to parties once, and she's always a pretendin' she's going to one now. But they wont let her have the cranberries unless she hides 'em. Miss Bumpus she says it's wasteful. The bunnit I got from Miss Bettinson; do you think it's a pretty bunnit? She said I could have an afternoon a week to pick berries last summer, so's to buy me a bunnit to wear to meetin'; but when I got the money, she took it and giv me this. She means well, Miss Bettinson does, they say, but she used to lick me awful. I s'pose I be tryin'. An' town paupers can't expect much. Can I stay here, ma'am? Mr. Leighton he said I could, an' I'm real smart to work, true as you're born I be, ma'am!"

"Stay! stay! Polly says stay!" piped a shrill voice, so suddenly that we all started,

though we knew well enough that it was only Poll, Aunt Katherine's parrot, who had a word to say on almost all subjects. But the new-comer was evidently unaccustomed to parrots. She started to her feet, letting her precious bandbox roll almost in the great open fire, and looked in fear and amazement from one to another. She seemed to decide that one of the children was trying to tease her, though Johnny was deeply engaged in mending his skate-strap, and Floss was winding a skein of yarn for grandma, with a very serious face.

"It was only the parrot, child," said Aunt Elsie, seeing how distressed she was.

"O my good gracious! I never heard a bird talk! Miss Peabody she told me a story about a singin' tree an' a talkin' bird, but I thought, be sure, 'twas a lie! But how did he know my name when I aint told it?"

And she arose, and stood in front of Poll's cage, gazing at him with awe and admiration.

"Pretty Polly! Pretty Polly!" screamed the parrot.

"La!" exclaimed the child, coloring brightly, "that's the first compliment I ever got! I aint pretty, be I?"

I looked at the clear blue eyes, and the pretty pink-tinted cheeks, and wanted to say "yes," but grandma answered, primly:

"Handsome is that handsome does! If you are a good girl we shall think you pretty! But the parrot means that she is pretty; parrots are always called Polly. Is your name Polly?"

"Yes, ma'am, Polly Slocum. We used to live in the little brown house down by Beaver Run, and was as snug as could be; but father he got killed—a tree fell on him when he was cuttin' wood—and then mother she took on so that she jest kinder pined away, and died; and Nat was away to sea—Nat was my big brother—and we never heard from him, so I had to go to the poorhouse. I hope I aint a goin' back there, though it is some better than Miss Bettinson's, for the boys call me town pauper, and Miss Bumpus she's most awful cross. She's a clever woman, I expect, but you see she don't want so many round. There's plenty to do the work there besides me. It kinder seems to me as if nobody didn't want me, anywhere! Nobody ever said 'stay' real kind of hearty to me but jest that bird!"

Our Two Pollys.

"Stay! stay! Polly says stay." cried the parrot.

Aunt Elsie's tender heart was touched by the child's pitiful little story.

"We will all say stay to you here, my child!" she said, putting her arm around her, and stroking the tow-colored locks back from her high white forehead. "And nobody here will be cross to you. Keturah has a way of speaking a little sharply, but she will be good to you if you try to please her!"

"I will, you bet. I will!" exclaimed our new Polly. (While grandma looked horrified, and the parrot, delighted at a new word, repeated, chuckling, "You bet I will!") "And I can work like a bear!—you better just try me, if you don't believe me!"

"Beth, you had better show her to her room, so she can put away her things," said Aunt Elsie. "She can have the little squirrel chamber, next to Keturah's."

Polly took up her big handbox, and her shawl and bonnet, and followed me.

The "squirrel chamber" derived its name from its paper. The groundwork was a light blue, with now and then a brown tree bough, on which sat a bright yellow squirrel, busily engaged in cracking nuts. It was very gay, and took Polly's fancy at once. The room was very plainly but neatly furnished.

"I expect this room is too good for a town pauper, don't you? Be I a goin' to have it all to myself? Well, that's nice! I expect you are real nice kind of folks. I like you real well. That old lady down there has got a dimon ring on, aint she? I expect you could sell a dimon ring and get a real lot of money for it, couldn't you? This is the very beautifullest paper that ever I see! I don't expect Victory has got any much prettier, do you?"

And that was the way in which our second Polly became an inmate of our house.

Our first Polly had come years before. It had been given to Aunt Katherine by her lover, who was a sea captain. When Aunt Katherine was left a widow, she brought Polly home with her; and Polly was a privileged member of the family. She was let out of her cage for an hour or two every day, and hopped all over the house, at her own sweet will.

She had entirely forgotten the slang taught her by the sailors on her voyage from her tropical home, but, I am sorry to

say, that Johnny and his friends had taught her some phrases which she sometimes made use of with singular aptness. Indeed, I never could quite believe that Polly's conversation was all mimicry; there seemed to me to be shrewd keen brains stowed away in that gay green poll of hers. How else could one account for her perching on the back of the minister's chair, when he came to court Aunt Katharine, and, as soon as his conversation took a tender tone, requesting him to "dry up, old boy! dry up!" Or for her crying out "Too thin!" when Johnny said he wanted a quarter to put in the contribution box? I think there were times when Johnny heartily wished that he never had taught that remarkable bird any slang.

Our two Pollys were fast friends from the first. The parrot was rather capricious in her likes and dislikes, and, we thought, a trifle aristocratic in her ideas, as she never would allow Keturah or Hetty, our two servants, to come near her; but if she had such prejudices, she waived them in Polly's favor. Perhaps the awe and admiration with which the girl regarded her was understood by the parrot. Polly seemed to think a talking bird must have stepped straight out of the Arabian Nights, and she was never tired of looking at and listening to her.

Keturah was the only one in the house who did not become fond of our new Polly at once, and Keturah would have liked her if she had not set her face like a flint against having any more "help" about the house; she was blessed with great strength, as well as a "faculty," and wanted to do all the housework herself; "then things wasn't every which way," as she expressed it. But even Keturah was sufficiently won over at the end of a week to say that she was "glad Mr. Leighton took the child out of that old Miss Bettinson's clutches, for everybody knew that she was a case."

Our new Polly's chief failing seemed to be a love of finery. She had a perfect passion for gay colors, and for jewelry. She expressed her disapprobation freely if anybody appeared in a dark-hued dress, and inquired, several times, if I had not "money enough to buy me a bigger bosom pin." She was the happy possessor of a brass one, as large round as a teacup, which she had bought of a peddler with money earned by picking berries. Grandma gave her some

gay ribbons, which she had kept stored away for many a year, and she made them into bows for her dress and hair, and when she was "dressed up" no rainbow could vie with her.

Alas! it was this very love of finery that brought her hour of trial and sorrow to our Polly.

Grandma came into the sitting-room one afternoon, with such a look of consternation on her peaceful old face as I had never seen before.

"Elsie! Katharine! children, all of you look! I have lost my diamond ring!"

That diamond ring I think grandma prized above all her earthly possessions, for it had been her betrothal ring, given her by the young husband who had died within three years from their wedding day.

"I was sure that I put it on, this morning, as I always do!" said grandma. "But I discovered that it wasn't on my finger, and I went up stairs to see if it was on my dressing-table, and it wasn't! I have searched my room thoroughly, and it isn't there!"

Grandma's distress was pitiful to see. We all searched in every nook and corner, where we thought it possible for the ring to be, in vain.

"Elsie, do you think it possible it could have been stolen?" said grandma, at last.

"Stolen! stolen! ha! ha!" chuckled the parrot.

"Surely there is nobody in the house who would steal!" said Aunt Elsie.

Keturah and Hetty were summoned to assist in the search. Polly had been sent on an errand to the village.

Hetty dropped, trembling, into a chair as soon as she heard what had happened.

"O, I promised, sure as the meetun house not to tell, but I 'spose I'd ought to! I 'spose I'll have to, now!"

"If you know anything about the ring you must tell, Hetty, certainly," said Aunt Elsie.

"When Polly was a sewin' up in her room yesterday, I went in suddenly, and I see somethin' a-listenin' on her hand. And says I, Polly what's that? And she covered her hand up quick, and didn't want to tell me, but when she see I knew 'twas a ring she up and told me that she had a diamond ring that was give to her, and for me never to tell, but she wouldn't show it to me!"

An utter silence followed Hetty's revelation.

Keturah was the first to break it.

"Well, it's nothin' more'n I expected!" said she, grimly.

"I don't believe Polly stole it! I never will believe it!" cried Aunt Elsie. "If there's anything in faces that child is honest!"

"Honest! honest!" cried the parrot.

"But circumstances do very much against her, Elsie!" said grandma. "Though I find it hard, still I must believe that she is the thief!"

"Thief yourself!" screamed Polly from her perch.

Aunt Elsie sent Keturah and Hetty back to the kitchen, and we all awaited Polly's return with the greatest anxiety. Aunt Katharine proposed searching her things for the missing ring, but Aunt Elsie would not consent to it. "I want to hear what the child has to say for herself first, she said.

It was wonderful to see with what faith Polly had inspired Aunt Elsie, who was one of the most practical and sensible of women.

When Polly appeared, with the happy, beaming face which she always wore—very different from the case worn on which she had brought from old Miss Bettinson's—Aunt Elsie asked her, at once, if she had a diamond ring.

Polly colored and looked distressed.

"O my—did she tell? Well I can't help puttin' it on sometimes when I'm alone, it sparkles so nice! Yes, ma'am, I have got one; it was give to me; but I promised never to show it to anybody, nor to tell who give it to me!"

We looked at each other. Who would be at all likely to give Polly a diamond ring? Such gems were not to be found at the poor-house, certainly, nor at Mrs. Bettinson's, and Polly's own parents had been but a little above want.

"Polly," said grandma severely, "I have lost my diamond ring, and I want to see the one you have!"

Poor Polly looked incredibly from one to the other, and then burst into tears.

"O my! O my! does she think I took her ring? Ole Mis Bettinson she said I was lazy and shiftless, but she never said I stole! Nobody ever said I stole, before! O, I didn't! I didn't!"

"Polly didn't! Polly didn't!" screamed the parrot, beginning to manifest the great-

est excitement, and trying furiously to get out of his cage.

"I don't think you stole it, Polly," said Aunt Elsie, gently. "But you will surely let us see your ring!"

Polly dried her eyes, and sat up very straight.

"I couldn't, ma'am," she said, doggedly. "I promised solemn, and I couldn't!"

"There!" said grandma. "Doesn't that look as if she were guilty?"

"Guilty yourself!" screamed Poll, renewing her attempts to get out.

"Polly, I must insist on your showing the ring!" said Aunt Elsie, firmly.

"You've been dreadful good to me, ma'am, and all of you, and I wish, O I wish I'd never took the ring, nor promised! But I can't show it, and I'll just pick up my things and go back to the poorhouse, or to jail if I've got to. It's been just like heaven here, and I was a thinkin', last night, was too glad to last!"

"Wait a moment, Polly," said Aunt Elsie. "If you have promised not to show your ring I think when so much depends on it you might be justified in breaking your promise. Grandma's ring is lost—"

"Buried! buried!" shrieked Poll, dolefully.

Aunt Katharine sprang forward.

"I do believe that parrot knows something about the ring! He never would act so for nothing!" she said. And she opened the door of Poll's cage.

Poll hopped out, chattering unintelligibly, and chuckling, hopped along to the fireplace, poked his beak into the ashes, and drew up—grandma's diamond ring.

"Bless me!" said grandma. "I must have dropped it off my finger when I had my nap, this morning. I noticed that it was getting loose!"

"Ha! ha! Thief yourself!" chuckled Poll.

Is it too much to say that that parrot has brains?

It seemed as if grandma couldn't do enough to make amends to Polly for her unjust suspicion; and Polly's happiness was something touching to witness.

Grandma sent to Boston for a dress pattern of the richest and gayest plaid, for Polly, and had Miss Snipwell, the village dressmaker, make it in the latest fashion. And Polly, not content with displaying it at church and singing school, made a call at the poorhouse, and Mrs. Bettinson's, attended in it.

Nobody mentioned her diamond ring to Polly, nor did she allude to it, in any way, until three months after, poor crazy Miss Fordham at the poorhouse who was said to have been a belle and beauty in her day, died suddenly.

Then Polly brought forth her diamond ring. Miss Fordham had given it to her, having carefully concealed it herself lest the town should take possession of and sell it, first making Polly solemnly promise not to let anybody see it while she lived. A little while ago Polly's cup of joy fairly ran over. Her brother Nat came home from sea, a fine manly honest sailor, and brought her a whole chest full of finery.

He says that after his next voyage he is going to turn landsman, buy a snug little farm, and have Polly for his housekeeper.

But I don't see how we could spare Polly.

Every time the subject is mentioned the parrot screams, as he did on the day of Polly's coming:

"Stay! stay! Polly says stay!"

And our two Pollys are friends who would stand by each other to the last gasp.

"THIS WAS TOMMY'S!"—As we passed along the street one day, we saw a little boy sitting upon the curbstone. He was about five or six years of age, and his well-combed hair, clean hands and face, and tiny but well-patched pinafore, indicated that he was the child of a poor but loving mother. As we looked at him more closely, we were painfully struck with the heart-broken expression of his countenance and the tears rolling down his cheeks. We stopped, and

placing a hand on his head, asked him the cause of his trouble. He replied by exposing to our view the fragments of a tiny toy—the figure of a cow.

"O, is that all? Well, never mind it. Step into the toy-shop here and buy another one," and we dropped a fourpenny piece into the little fellow's hand. "That will buy you one, will it not?"

"O yes," he said, in a flood of grief; "but this was Tommy's, and—he's dead!"

Answers to February Puzzles.

17. Vetch. 18. Elizabeth Bigelow.
 19. Blanche Shaw. 20. Louise Dupee.
 21. The American Union.
 22. Brea M; Alt O; Law N; Lis T; Oat H;
 Usua L; Sall Y.
 23. Regal-e. 24. Cora-l. 25. Sag-e.
 26. Plum-e. 27. W—Tea—Table—Web-
 ster—Alter—Eer—R.
 28. Fair, Anna, Inez, Raze. 29. "Better
 bend than break." 30. Annapolis. 31. Amer-
 ica. 32. Centennial. 33. Amethyst.

34.—Cross-Word Enigma.

The 1st is in pork, but not in beef;
 The 2d is in flower, but not in leaf;
 The 3d is in bread, but not in cheese;
 The 4th is in hive, but not in bees;
 The 5th is in figure-, but not in sum;
 The 6th is in resin, but not in gum;
 The 7th is in fetch, but not in bring;
 The 8th is in queen, but not in king;
 The 9th is in run, but not in walk;
 The 10th is in read, but not in talk;
 The 11th is in come, but not in go;
 The 12th is in friend, but not in foe;
 The whole a puzzler's name will show.

ERSON.

35.—Diamond Puzzle.

A consonant; to lease; to adorn; spectres;
 part of an engine; a reptile; a sojourner; a
 pupil; a consonant. BEAU K.

36.—Diagonal Puzzle.

Across. — To transmit; an animal; to
 sound; a battle.

Diagonals, read from left to right, up-
 wards, are as follows:

1. A consonant; 2. A pronoun; 3. To
 color; 4. To wade; 5. An animal; 6. A pre-
 position; 7. A vowel. DICK SHUNARY.

37.—Double Acrostic.

- (1.) This is a title of respect;
 (2.) A country here you will detect;
 (3.) This is a Scriptural masculine name;
 (4.) Good, obliging, gentle, tame.
 Primals and finals oft is seen
 Tripping early through the green.

GOOSE QUILL.

Drop-Letter Puzzles.

38. —R—A—I—I—, an animal.
 39. —R—O—E—, a bird.
 40. —A—T—E—, an animal.
 41. L—O—A—D—, an animal.

ELLA A. BRIGGS.

42.—Numerical Enigma.

- My 9, 3, 4, is a useful metal;
 My 2, 1, 8, you'll find the same;
 My 5, 7, 6, is a useful organ;
 My whole a wanderer will name.

GOOSE QUILL.

Anagrams.—Names of Birds.

43. Tree dolt.
 44. So a cry was.

WILSON.

Curtailments.

45. Curtail a drink, and get an insect.
 46. Spirit, and get a tree.

JOHN QUILL.

47.—Numerical Enigma.

The answer contains 10 letters, and is a
 name familiar to every reader of American
 history.

The 1, 4, 8, is to touch; the 10, 6, 2, 7,
 is quickly; the 3, 5, 9, 7, 8, is to sing.

WILSON.

Decapitations.

48. Behead an animal, and leave an animal.
 49. A bird, and leave a bird.

PUGGY.

Cross-Word Enigma.

The 1st is in dog, but not in cat;
 The 2d is in rug, but not in mat;
 The 3d is in night, but not in day;
 The 4th is in light, but not in ray;
 The 5th is in river, but not in lake;
 The 6th is in pudding, but not in cake;
 The whole is the name of a bird.

ADELAIDE.

*Answers Next Month.**TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.*

*Answers to puzzles in the November num-
 ber have been received from "Dick Shu-
 nary," and Martha Pierson.*

*Prize for the best list of answers is award-
 ed to Martha Pierson.*

Prize.

*For the best original puzzle, not exceed-
 ing twelve lines in length, sent to us before
 March 10th, we will send a copy of "Ad-
 ventures in the Pacific: Or, In Chase of a
 Wife."*

*All are invited to send answers, and to
 compete for the prizes offered for contribu-
 tions.*

CURIOUS MATTERS.

A PANAMA HAT.—There was an exhibit lately in the Peruvian section of the Philadelphia Exhibition which attracted an unusual share of attention. It was what appeared to be an ordinary Panama hat, until the sight of the price-label, inscribed "\$300," induced one to examine it more carefully. Close scrutiny elicited the fact that the article was woven with wonderful fineness; and by the aid of a lens 108 stitches, or picks, as weavers would call them, could be counted to the inch, measured radially from the centre. The hat was exhibited by Juan Daste, of Monte Christo, Peru. The material was *jipijape*, a species of palm, the leaves of which are gathered before they unfold. After the veins and other coarse portions are removed, the leaves are made into bundles and macerated in boiling, and then in cold water, until they become white. Bleaching in the shade follows, and then the hats are plaited from the straw by the Indian natives of the country. For so fine a fabric as the hat exhibited at the Centennial the above process would be too rough. The only wetting the straw receives is done by the dew, to the influence of which it is exposed; then the braiding is done in a damp dark room; and to produce a single hat, a woman often works from five to six hours daily for three or four months. When the article is finished it will wear indefinitely, provided there be no defective straws in it.

PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT OF GIRLS.—The Hindoo girls are graceful and exquisitely formed. From their earliest childhood they are accustomed to carry burdens on their heads. The water for family use is always brought by the girls in earthen jars, carefully poised in this way. This exercise is said to strengthen the muscles of the back, while the chest is thrown forward. No crooked backs are seen in Hindostan. Dr. Henry Spry says that "this exercise of carrying small vessels of water on the head might be advantageously introduced into our boarding-schools and private families, and that it might entirely supersede the present machinery of dumbbells, backboards, skipping-ropes, etc. The young lady ought to be taught to carry the jar as

these Hindoo women do, without ever touching it with their hands." The same practice of carrying water leads to precisely the same results in the south of Spain and of Italy as in India. A Neapolitan female peasant will carry on her head over a rough road a vessel full of water to the very brim, and will not spill a drop of it; and the acquisition of this art or knack gives her the same erect and elastic gait, and the same expanded chest and well-formed back and shoulders.

A BEAR STORY.—A young English farmer, in the township of Compton, province of Quebec, noted a little for his convivial habits and his great personal strength, was returning from the village to his farm, in that state commonly known among sailors as "three sheets in the wind." On his way home he met a bear, with whom he alleged himself to have had the following *rencontre*: "About a mile from here last night, gentlemen, I met a big slouching-looking fellow in a buffalo coat, who refused to let me pass him, so of course I took off my coat and closed with him at once. I never wrestled with such a rum customer before. He did not use his legs at all, but seemed as if he wanted to hug me with his arms. At last, however, I tripped him up, and down he went in the snow. But, gentlemen, you take my advice—unless you are good wrestlers, as I pride myself on being—when you meet a big man in a fur coat who wants to try a fall with you, let him go by."

THE PELICAN.—The pelican starts with difficulty; but once on the wing, it seems to move, despite its size, with great ease. The birds generally fly in single file, after a leader, and if the head one mounts or descends, the others imitate perfectly all his movements. During their flight they make seventy strokes of their wings per minute. They have been observed with their wings extended, and apparently immovable, floating in the upper regions of the air; or, with their heads bent back and their long beaks on their breasts, they appear to be asleep. They sometimes skim across the surface of the water at the rate of thirty miles an hour, without causing a ripple.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

APPLE CHARLOTTE.—Pare and cut up eighteen good cooking apples, put them into a skillet with two-thirds their weight of loaf sugar, the fourth part of a nutmeg, two cloves, the grated rind and juice of two lemons; boil and stir till in a rich marmalade, then rub through a fine sieve. Cut off the ends of eighteen biscuit, butter a plain mould and stick the biscuits closely round it in an upright position, the flat side inward. Pour in the marmalade while hot, press it well in, and let it remain in a cool place, or on ice, till firmly set. Turn out carefully, cover the top with cream, and serve at once.

MEAT STEW.—Cut the fat off half a dozen mutton chops; peel and divide into quarters two pounds of potatoes; mix two-thirds of a teaspoonful of salt with one-third of soluble cayenne, rub the chops over with this on both sides. Place part of the potatoes at the bottom of the stewpan, and lay the chops on the vegetables, covering with the remainder. Pour in water till both are covered; boil on a slow fire two hours.

SNOW CAKE.—One cup of flour, half cup of corn starch, one teaspoonful of cream tartar, all sifted together. One cup of sugar, half cup of butter, creamed. Half cup of sweet milk, half teaspoonful of soda, and the whites of four eggs beaten to a very stiff froth. Frost the top.

COCOANUT, OR JELLY CAKE.—One cup of sweet milk, one cup of sugar, half cup of butter, one heaping pint of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and a pinch of salt. Flavor with nutmeg. Bake in four jelly tins. Put the layers together with a soft custard, sprinkle thick with prepared cocoanut. Frost the top, or cover it with the cocoanut.

SAUCE FOR PUDDING.—One pint of milk, two eggs, half cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of corn starch; flavor with lemon or vanilla.

POTATO PUFFS.—One pint of milk boiled, one-fourth pound of butter or lard, one tablespoonful of sugar, six good potatoes

mashed hot, flour enough to make a thick batter. Let rise very light, then knead into soft dough, roll thin, put two together; let rise two hours and bake in a hot oven.

BUTTERNUT CAKE.—Four eggs beaten separately; two cups sugar, one of butter, one cup butternut meats, one-half cup of sweet milk, two and one-half cups flour (heaped), one teaspoonful soda, two of cream tartar. Rub the black scales off from meats before putting them in the cake. Bake in two loaves.

STEWED BEEFSTEAK.—Peel and chop two onions, cut into small parts four pickled walnuts, and put them at the bottom of the stewpan. See that the rump steak be cut off a proper thickness, about three-quarters of an inch, and beat it flat with a rolling pin. Place the meat on top of the onions; let it stew for an hour and a half, turning it over every twenty minutes. Ten minutes before serving up throw in a dozen oysters, with their liquor strained through a fine sieve.

PUDDING SAUCE.—One egg, one heaping teaspoonful corn starch, a pinch of salt, butter the size of an egg; put in a tin pail and stir persistently until very light. Set the pail on the range and pour in one pint of boiling hot water, stirring all the time. Let the sauce come to the boiling point, then remove and flavor to taste.

POTATO BALLS.—Four large mealy potatoes, cold; wash them in a basin with two ounces of clarified fresh butter, a pinch of salt, a very little cayenne, a tablespoonful of milk or cream, and the beaten yolk of one egg; rub it together in a mortar for five minutes, shape mixture into balls the size of a walnut—cover them with an egg well beaten, and the finest sifted bread crumbs; fry them in boiling butter, lard, or bacon-fat—not dripping.

CRULLERS.—Two coffee cups of sugar, one coffee cup of milk, four eggs, six tablespoonfuls of lard, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of soda, flour to make stiff to roll; fry in boiling lard; spice to suit the taste.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

An Irishman, being tried for assault and battery, in Virginia City, Nevada, when asked by Judge Knox if he had anything to say by way of defence replied: "Well, your honor, I saw but little of the fight, as I was underneath most of the time."

It is roughly estimated that 5000 Western girls have taken husbands this year for the only earthly reason that they were thereby enabled to visit the Centennial at somebody else's expense.

At the show the other evening, a gentleman sarcastically asked a man standing up in front of him if he was aware that he was opaque? The other denied the allegation. He said he was not opaque. His name was O'Brien.

"Mick," said a bricklayer to his laborer, "if you meet Patrick, tell him to make haste, as we are waiting for him." "Shure an' I will," replied Mick; "but what will I tell him if I don't mate him?"

Lady—"Before I engage you I should like to know what your religion is."

Cook—"O ma'am! I always feel it my duty to be of the same religion as the family I'm in."

From the following paragraph one would think there is an intention to raise tall students out in Wisconsin. An exchange paper says: "Its board of education has resolved to erect a building large enough to accommodate five hundred students three stories high."

Some persons seem utterly incapable of appreciating a generous act. Merely because a young man calls on a young lady half a dozen evenings during the week, and occasionally drops in between meals, there are people mean enough, the Norwich Bulletin says, to insinuate that it means something else besides anxiety about the health of her sick mother.

Two young brothers may be as devotedly attached to each other as were Damon and Pythias, but (adds the Norristown Herald)

you will never hear of one snatching the scuttle from the hands of the other, and insisting upon going down cellar to bring up the coal.

"Kate, I understand you have accepted a situation as governess. Rather than that I would marry a widower with six children." "Yes, dear Sophie, and so would I; but where is the widower?"

When a Quaker sends a challenge to fight a duel, he says: "If thou wilt eat twelve unripe apples before breakfast, I will do the same, and we shall see who survives."

A little Portland boy being asked if he had reached the head of his class, said—"Well, I am where the head used to be, but the teacher has turned the class round."

Jennie June thinks a knowledge of cooking is what the poor need most. We don't like to dispute with a lady, but it seems to us something to cook might be fully as necessary, though we may be wrong.

As a man walks forth with his hands in his pockets, and icicles on his coat and hat, the assuring knowledge that he isn't liable to sunstroke for at least six months, sends a grateful glow along his frozen backbone.

Smidgkins asks the man who writes "Directions for Resuscitating Drowned Men" and "How to Prevent Sunstrokes" to please change his step for a season, and tell him what is good for a cold in the head?

A teacher fainted, the other morning, and a little girl, describing it at home, said: "She was so fainted, they couldn't come her to."

A fashionable but illiterate lady, who was travelling on the continent, in writing to a friend, said she had "just seen the museum of imiquities" in Greece.

Sicou squaws do not wear striped stockings. Three streaks of green paint are cooler and cheaper.

A DUEL OF RECENT OCCURRENCE.

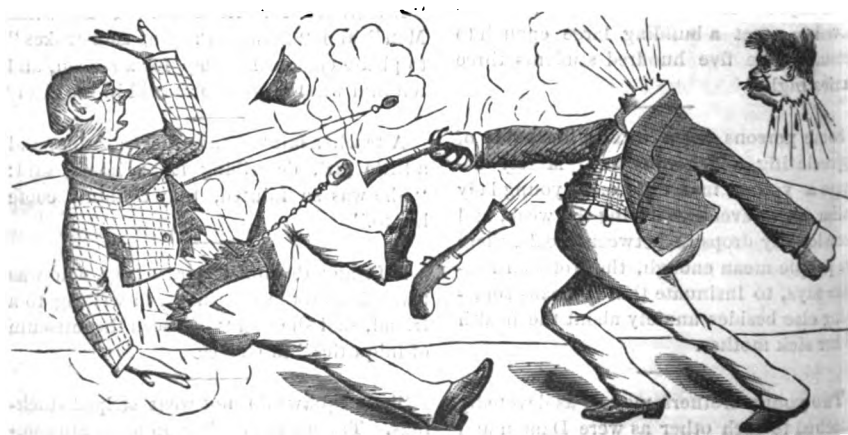
IF REPORTS ARE TO BE BELIEVED.



Shot No. 1.



Shot No. 2.



Shots No. 3 and 4.

BALLOU'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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APRIL, 1877.

WHOLE No. 268.

KANGAROOS AND THEIR HABITS.

The author of "The Gold Hunters," a book published some years ago, and which related many thrilling adventures in Australia, a land noted for the peculiarity of its animals and the ferocity of its bushrangers, or escaped convicts, devoted several pages

languid and melancholy, with its large dark eyes apparently taking no notice of those who surround it and poke it with canes and sunshades to make it jump, and then to watch the gambols of a dozen or more which have never known imprisonment, is



A FEMALE KANGAROO.

of his entertaining volume to the singular habits and appearance of the kangaroo, very few of which are seen in this country; and those that are on exhibition are generally found in circuses or caravans, and are poor wilted specimens of the *macropus giganteus*, and look no more like the lively bounding animal on its native plains of Australia than a caged lion resembles the free-born monarch of the jungles of Africa. Confinement and want of exercise deprive both animals of their native fire, and ease, and grace, and to see a kangaroo in a cage,

something that would strike the most indifferent observer with astonishment. In their wild state they are always on the alert to guard against danger, and if there is cause for alarm, the young ones take refuge in their mothers' capacious pouches, while the old ones stand erect on their hindlegs, and glance in every direction to see if there is real cause for flight. If the intruder is a stray ox or cow, they resume their gambols or feeding; but if it is a dog, or man on horseback or on foot, away they bound, and are soon lost sight of in the tall brush, or

grass. It must be a swift horse or a fleet dog that can run down a full-grown kangaroo, for they make the most marvellous bounds, clearing a space of thirty feet at a jump, going over bushes and rocks as though aided by wings. The motive power lies in their hindlegs and tail. The latter is large and muscular, and is used with all the precision and calculation of a piece of machinery.

The writer has been engaged in several kangaroo hunts during his residence in Australia. It is much more exciting than a fox chase, and at the same time more dangerous in every respect, for an aged male kangaroo, or an "old man," as he is called, is not to be despised when brought to bay. With his back against a rock or a tree, he will fight desperately, and woe to the man or dog who approaches too near him in the hope of making an easy capture, or of pulling him down. One stroke of his hindlegs, which are armed with formidable nails, long and keen, will disbowel either man or beast; or with their forelegs they will embrace an enemy so heartily, and tear with their claws, that a quick use of the knife or revolver will alone save the victim of their rage. In such an encounter a dog, even the most powerful, stands no chance for a fair fight, or even his life.

The most noted hunt that the writer ever attended was in the province of Victoria. A Mr. McFearing, a sturdy old Scotchman, who owned a cattle range of about five thousand acres near our station, sent word one night that a dozen or twenty kangaroos were quartered on his land and destroying his grass, and he wanted us to bring over our dogs the next morning and help him exterminate them. All of his neighbors within a radius of twenty miles had been invited to be present, and a lively time might be anticipated. As such an appeal is never refused under ordinary circumstances, we sent word that we would be present and bring a friend with us, a young American, who was on a prospecting tour, and did not know whether he had better invest in a sheep farm or a gold quartz mill, as both threatened to pay equally well. At daylight, after a cup of coffee and cold mutton, we mounted two of the best horses we had on the place, noted for their speed and bottom, and started for McFearing's, about five miles from our home. Half a dozen dogs followed us, and were wild with delight at

the prospect of having a run, for they knew what the preparations meant as well as we did. The dogs were of a mixed breed, half mastiff, half hound, strong powerful fellows, which we kept for protecting our place in the nighttime from wandering natives, and also to track stray cattle and drive them back to their proper feeding-grounds.

Half an hour's gallop brought us to the Scotchman's station, where we found half a dozen neighbors just sitting down to breakfast, and of course we joined them, after introducing our friend, who received a hearty welcome and much advice as to the best course he could pursue in making money. It was a substantial meal, for McFearing was a good neighbor and a good provider. His wife and daughters waited on the table, and saw that each guest had his wants supplied, and when all had eaten enough to have driven a Philadelphia landlady almost crazy with despair, each man was served with a gill of old Scotch whiskey, to keep out the cold and settle the breakfast.

"Now then," said McFearing, when we arose from the table, "we will be off, for the sun is up, and we must take the vagabonds while they are feeding. One of my native trackers tells me that the whole herd is about three miles from here, near the Dunney Brook, so we must surround them, and take them on all sides. Garney, you and Jimson ride down to the timber and pass through it, but don't let the 'old men' see you until all are ready for a rush. Pigley, do you and Pepper follow the stream until you are near the sinkhole. Powers, do you and Kelley take the road, while the Americans will come with me, as one of them is green at the business, and will need a little teaching; and if an 'old man' should take a fancy to him, he would not require earthly treasures, but heavenly ones. Let the trackers keep the dogs quiet and out of sight, and that is all I have to say to you at present, so mount and away."

We followed McFearing's directions and were off, the black fellows taking charge of the dogs, and following us on foot as fast as we could gallop. Our companions were soon out of sight, and we took up our positions in the rear of a high hill, on the other side of which we were informed the game was quietly feeding. We waited for half an hour, and then received signals that all

was ready for the attack. We put spurs to our horses, and dashed around the base of the hill, and there, right before us, were twelve full-grown kangaroos.

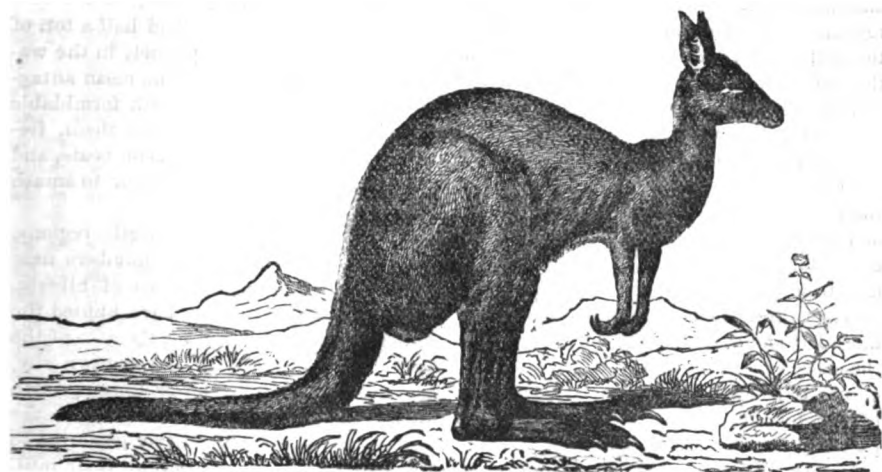
"Co-he," we cried, and after one quick glance, the animals bounded towards the brook, and we went after them as fast as our horses could go.

Over the brook went the kangaroos, but right before them was the party stationed to intercept their flight. The dogs had been let loose, and their cries, with those of the black men, caused the animals to suddenly turn and recross the brook, and come directly toward us.

Our dogs made a rush and fastened on an "old man," but he shook them off, and

friend's horse. The next instant his forearms were around the rider, and as the spirited steed reared and plunged, American and kangaroo were thrown to the ground, locked in each other's arms, and rolling over and over, a life and death struggle. I dismounted and ran to my friend's assistance. The kangaroo was making desperate attempts to rip him open with his hindlegs, but had not succeeded, owing to the closeness of the encounter. Watching a good chance, I put my revolver to the head of the "old man," and after a few struggles he ceased to live.

I assisted my friend to arise, and examined his person to see if he was seriously injured. His clothes were torn to shreds,



AN "OLD MAN."

made such prodigious leaps, that we should have lost the whole drove if Powers and Kelley had not appeared on the scene and headed the frightened animals, so that they appeared confused and uncertain which way to turn.

"Co-he," we yelled, and charged them, while the dogs rushed to the attack.

Suddenly one powerful "old man" dashed towards us. Half a dozen dogs went for him, but he struck to the right and left, and was free in a moment. Then he came bounding on, with such leaps as I never saw before.

"Stop him!" roared the Scotchman; but you might as well have attempted to stop a mad bull. My friend rode towards him, and as he did so the "old man" gave a mighty bound, passed through the air like a chain-shot, and landed on the back of my

but there were only a few serious scratches on his body and face.

"The devil!" ejaculated the American, as he attempted to adjust his drapery, "do you call this fun? Well, if it is, I don't want any more of it." And he never attended another kangaroo hunt.

Our friends had succeeded in killing half a dozen of the animals, and the rest made their escape, and never again returned to McFearing's range.

We gathered up the carcasses, and the black men carried them to the Scotchman's house, where we had a grand feast on roast kangaroo, a very delicate dish, and one much relished by settlers of Australia. It is tender and juicy, and resembles venison in flavor. In this connection I may as well mention that if my friend the American did not enjoy kangaroo hunts, he did take a

deep interest in a pursuit of a different kind, for he was so much pleased with one of McFearing's daughters that he haunted her home, until just one month after our hunt Miss McFearing captured a "young

man." And it was said that her embraces were much more agreeable than those of one of the early settlers of Victoria. He is now a prosperous cattle raiser, and lives near his father-in-law.

IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

The return home of the English Arctic expedition, which was fitted out by the nation at an expense of over seven hundred thousand dollars, and which was expected to discover the North Pole and find a passage around the earth, has disappointed the advocates of the expedition in this country and in Europe. One winter in the Arctic regions, amid snow and ice, was sufficient to satisfy the commanders of the vessels that all attempts to reach the North Pole, or to make a northwest passage, were useless, and so like wise men they abandoned the attempt and returned home, and reported that they found ice eighty feet thick, the cold seventy-five degrees below zero, and gales of wind so terrible that no one could face them and live an hour. Men died from the exposure, but still the plucky survivors drew sleds over the rough hummock ice, and thought they were advancing the cause of science and education in their efforts to penetrate the mysterious regions of the terrible North. Although the sled parties penetrated as high as 83 deg., 20 min.—further than any other adventurers ever went—yet no open Polar Sea was discovered, and no signs of life, except once in a while a huge white bear was seen, leisurely making his way over the ice, and as much astonished at the sight of the intruders on his vast solitude as the explorers were when they suddenly came upon the huge animal, sheltered under the lee of rough ice, and wondering where a nice lunch could be found, or an ample dinner in the shape of a fat seal.

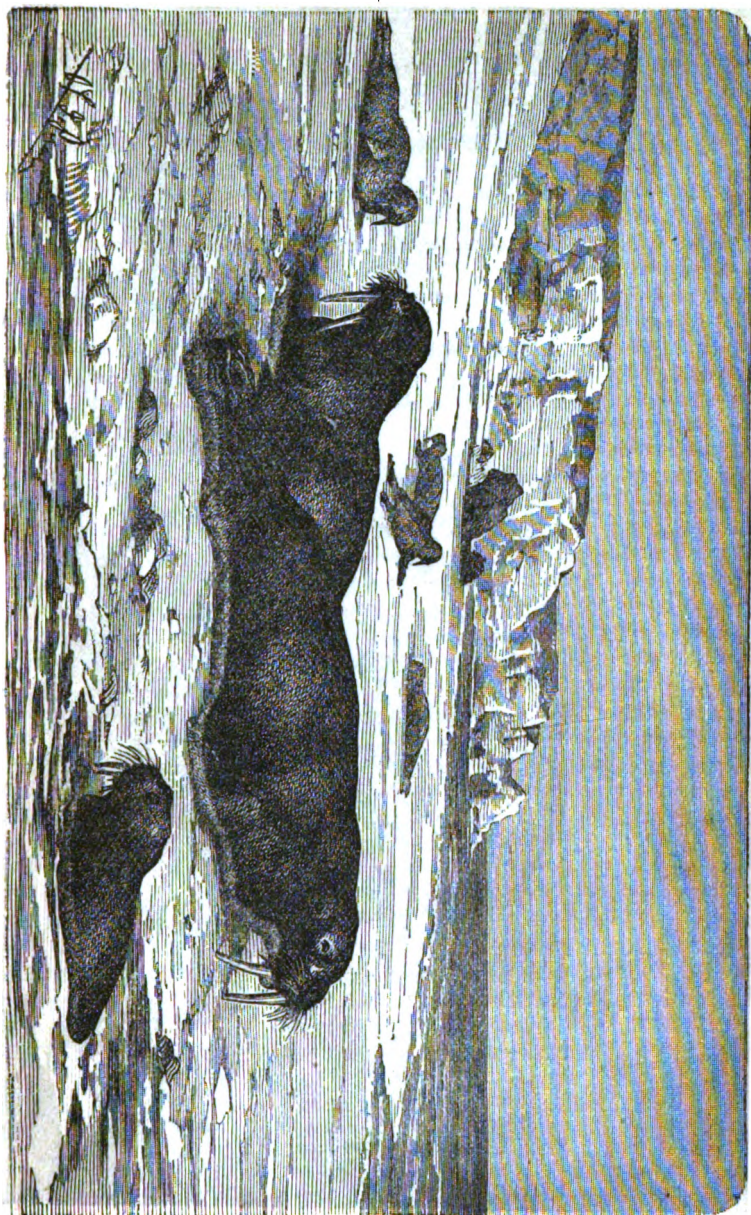
Before the solid ice encircled the vessels in its firm embrace, the crews and officers enjoyed the rare sport of hunting walruses, many of them being seen on drifting cakes of ice, unconscious of the danger by the near approach of their enemies. The flesh of the walrus is not agreeable eating, if other food is at hand, but the blubber makes capital oil, and the scraps good fuel, sending out an intense heat. Sometimes the

walrus is shot, but it is not often that one is secured or killed outright in that manner, as they manage to roll into the water and sink to the bottom. In their native element they are wonderfully quick in their movements, and this is the more remarkable when they are often met with weighing near three thousand pounds; and some, when in good condition, yield half a ton of oil. They will fight desperately in the water when attacked, and are no mean antagonists, as they are armed with formidable tusks, and know how to use them, frequently making direct attacks on boats, and endeavoring to overturn them, or to smash the planking.

The walrus inhabits the Arctic regions, and can be found in large numbers near Spitzbergen, and on the coast of Siberia. Of late years whalers have hunted the animals so remorselessly for the sake of the oil and tusks, that they have grown shy, and now seek secluded places to bring forth their young, and to feed and bask in the sun, where adventurers never penetrate to disturb their rest and prevent their multiplying.

A combat between a large white bear and a full-grown walrus is an interesting but savage fight, and it is not always that Bruin comes off the victor, for the walrus strikes terrible blows with his long tusks, and inflicts fearful wounds. But if the bear, or two or three of them, gain in the conflict, the result is never uncertain, and after the victory a grand feast is partaken of, and the victory celebrated by a gorge that lasts several days, unless a wandering tribe of Esquimaux suddenly appears and drives off the conquerors and takes possession. Then the natives feast and carry to their winter quarters enough meat to last several weeks. A dead walrus or putrid whale is always acceptable, and the flesh of the latter will keep a tribe all winter.

We learn that Captain Allen Young, who commanded the Pandora in her recent voy-



WALRUSES.

age of exploration, is not satisfied with what he has seen and suffered, and is anxious to make another northern trip. The scientific societies are eager to have him start, and it is probable that the project will be undertaken, and more lives sacrificed to the insane desire to find out how the North Pole looks and what surrounds it.

In this connection it may not be out of place to give the experience of an old whaling captain, who has often visited the frozen regions, and who seems to know what he is writing about. He advises explorers to try a new route, and is confident that the Pole can be reached if his directions are followed. We have but little faith in his



WHITE BEARS.

scheme, and yet it might be worth while for Captain Young to give it some little attention. The whaling master says:

"Thirty-six years' experience in the Arctic Seas convinces me that the Pole is accessible, and will ere long be reached, but not by the way of Baffin's Bay and Smith's Sound, for the following reasons: Baffin's Bay, or Davis Strait, is well known to be a

long arm of the sea stretching for several hundreds of miles from the Atlantic, and for eight months of the year nearly totally covered with ice; thence Smith's Sound, commencing at the extreme head of Baffin's Bay, runs several degrees further northward, and is a narrow channel, with high mountainous coasts, thus rendering it utterly impossible for the ice in the unknown

space ever to be reached or affected by any swell or other action of the sea likely to cause its disruption, and the only known decaying effect must be from the rise and fall of the tides, and the action of a very brief summer's sun. Hence the impossibility of finding a passage through it, or even getting over it, in consequence of its substance and high rugged surface. So much for the route the late expedition has been instructed to follow. I will now try to point out a far more likely way, and give my reasons. The north end of Spitzbergen, in Greenland, which lies in latitude 80 deg. north, and is therefore only 600 miles from the pole, is easily reached every year by the whalers and walrus hunters, and it has often happened that 81 deg. 30 min., and I believe, in some instances, 82 deg. north has been reached when searching for whales, thus reducing the distance from the ship to the Pole 480 miles, and this, it must be remembered, is without making any effort at discovery. Now, looking at the map or chart in this neighborhood, it will be seen that a clear uninterrupted roll of swell runs up from the Atlantic for the most part of the year, and annually smashes up the ice at an early part of the summer season. I myself when a boy on board the *Abram* was once in latitude 81 deg. north in the month of April, and it is well known that the average daily drift of a ship when beset in the pack, is from ten to twelve miles southerly, varying according to the winds, thus proving that the ice in latitude 81 deg. in April, if surviving at all, is in latitude 66 deg. by the end of July, which is an average drift of ten miles daily for three months or ninety days. Now this being the best of the summer months, when no new ice able to survive can make, I ask

what must be the natural result of this well-known southerly drift but the leaving of an immense body of water northward? And I am convinced that if a powerful screw steamer, such as has just returned from the other route (and it must be remembered this way has never yet been tried by any such means), could enter the so-called north water—say by the end of June—she would have abundance of time to survey the unknown space between the degrees of eighty-two and ninety north, and secure, without doubt, her return by the same route, as taken upward, and before any new ice could be formed to obstruct her passage back, it being all daylight during this interval. As to the certainty of drift, remember the portion of the American schooner *Polaris*'s crew who were abandoned by their ship accidentally only two or three years ago, when on a piece of ice in latitude 76 deg. north, in Davis Straits, and in the month of October, when winter was before them, and new ice constantly making, and more or less obstructing the drift of the old ice—yet they drove down the straits and were picked up on the same piece of ice on the coast of Newfoundland, by one of the sealers in the early part of the following spring, having drifted south about 1100 miles. As to what is in the neighborhood of the Pole, I am certain there is no land, otherwise there would be glaciers; and if so, then icebergs would be found drifting southerly from their native origin, as is the case on all the Arctic coasts, but none are ever seen or met with north of Spitzbergen."

The scheme looks plausible, and if people will go north in search of the Pole, let them try the new route, and see what it amounts to.

QUEEN VICTORIA.

Queen Victoria, by the grace of God and the will of the people, sovereign of Great Britain, Ireland and Wales, Empress of India, defender of the faith, etc., etc., is as much respected in the United States as she is in her native land, and for the simple reason that in all the relations of life she has performed the duties of daughter, wife and mother so that not a breath of scandal can be attached to her name. The high position in which she was placed, at an early age,

did not turn her head or prevent her remembering that she was called upon to look after the welfare of her people, to see that the laws of her great domain were justly executed, and that the rich and poor were awarded proper punishment when they violated them. If she has failed in these things, in some respects, the fault does not belong to her but to her ministers, or to those acting under them. For these reasons the name of Victoria is honored in this country, and



QUEEN VICTORIA.

when she is called to her final home (not for many years to come, we trust), there will be genuine sorrow in the hearts of our people, and her virtues and goodness will form the theme of many able articles in our papers and many a discourse from our pulpits. This must be a consolation to the noble lady in her declining years, for she must know that while living she was appreciated, and that dead she will be missed and sincerely mourned by millions of people.

Queen Victoria was born on the 24th of May, 1819, in the Kensington Palace, London. Her father the Duke of Kent, when the princess was but eight months old, died, and was in pecuniary embarrassment at the time, but his daughter, when she ascended the throne, promptly paid all the just claims, and thus cared for her parent's good name, and saved it from some of the disgrace which had obscured it, for the Duke of Kent was not a careful husband and father,

and never knew the value of money until he needed it, and that happened quite often. However, the princess was given all the advantages of education, was taught Latin, French, German, music, drawing, painting, and all the branches of an English course of study, and yet no one regarded her as very near the throne, until after the death of that shameless scamp and unprincipled *roué*, the fat and bloated George the Fourth, who was a baby and tyrant combined, who cared more for the cut of a coat and a becoming wig, than for the welfare of his subjects or the prosperity of England. His greatest ambition was to be called the handsomest man in Europe, and his parasites gave him the name of "Gentlemanly George," but he was neither gentlemanly nor handsome, neither brave nor wise, but a shameless spendthrift, a disgrace to England and the throne which he occupied.

After the death of George, William the Fourth was called to the throne. Victoria was then eleven years of age. It was supposed that the Sailor King would have children to succeed him, for he was a bluff hearty old fellow, rough and uncouth, and used more oaths in his ordinary affairs of life than there was occasion for; but no legitimate children were born to him, and as time passed on it was seen that the little girl princess was destined to ascend the throne and become the Queen of England. Victoria had been kept in ignorance of her high destiny; as it was not deemed best that her mind should be diverted from her studies, but she was gradually made acquainted with the facts, and then she said to her governess, after meditating over her destiny:

"I now know why you desired me to learn all that has been placed before me. I see that I am near the throne. I will be good—believe me I will be good and do all that you require me to do;" and put her arms around the neck of her teacher and kissed her, and applied her mind to her studies with renewed energy.

About this time her grandmother addressed her the following letter, in happy congratulation of Victoria's birthday:

"My blessings and good wishes for the day which gave you the sweet blossom of May! May God preserve and protect the valuable life of that lovely flower from all the dangers that will beset her mind and heart! The rays of the sun are scorching at the height she may one day attain! It is only by the blessing of God that all the fine qualities he has put into that young soul can be kept pure and untarnished."

When the princess was eighteen years of age King William was stricken with disease, which in four weeks terminated his life. Victoria was crowned queen in Westminster Abbey, June 28, 1830, and her coronation was the most splendid ever witnessed in England. In this trying ordeal the young lady was as modest and unassuming as the most humble woman in the audience, and when her uncle, the Duke of Sussex, at the head of the English nobility, advanced to offer his homage, and was about to bend his knee, the queen said:

"Do not kneel, uncle, for I am still Victoria, your niece," but he kissed her hand and passed on, deeply moved.

But for reasons of state it was necessary that the queen should marry, and her future husband was found in the person of Prince Albert, a poor young man, with but little more than his rank, and fine face and person. He was well educated, and just the person to suit the fancy of a young lady. The queen asked him to be her husband, for etiquette did not permit of his asking her to be his wife, and as Albert was rather glad to accept of such a lucrative position, there was no trouble, and the wedding took place on the 11th of February, 1840. Many children were the result of the union, so there is no chance of the throne becoming vacant for the want of direct heirs. The married life of the illustrious pair was happy, and since the death of her husband the queen has sincerely mourned him. More than she should, some of her people say, who would like to see her full of life and activity. But that is not in accordance with her ideas of propriety, and so she keeps herself as secluded as her duties will permit.

RALPH HUNTINGTON'S TRIAL.

TRANSCRIBED BY MARY A. DENISON.

[NOTE.—I lately read an account of a trial which produced a very strong impression on my mind. The man was hung—circumstances were strongly against him—but his persistent declaration of innocence affected me indescribably, the more as I came near suffering myself for a crime that was committed not so many years ago. I think I will tell my story—plain, unvarnished, for I am not, never was, and probably never shall be eloquent, though I have been a public speaker for years. But my experience has made me extremely cautious how I convict men of whose reputed crimes I have no direct proof. They call me too merciful—my brother lawyers—but it is a solemn thing to send a soul to its final account.

R. H.]

CHAPTER I.

ROSE WINDLE.

I SAW Rose Windle first when she was two months old. You may laugh at me, but it is true as gospel. I fell in love with her at that moment.

I was called a handsome child, and the servants all flattered and favored me. One day Nurse Hannah, seeing me playing outside the high granite steps leading to the entrance of the great house, asked me if I would like to see the new baby.

Now this new baby was an object of great importance. I had heard of nothing else since its advent into this breathing world; its wardrobe, its christening, its beauty. Papa Windle was a millionaire—you have heard of Windle the great manufacturer. He lived in splendid style, and knew how to spend his money as well as invest it. He had married a very beautiful, proud and lazy woman, and little Rose was their only child.

I think I was called precocious. Having no brothers, sisters nor little playmates, I was thrown a great deal into the society of older people than myself, and my father made me his companion and confidante. He was a strange man, my father, at least I thought him so, then. Tall, grave and gentlemanly, mixing but little with the other servants, and almost hated by them for his singular reticence which they could not understand, and called pride, I heard visitors often speak in this manner:

"So that's your gardener, Windle. Upon my word he's quite a genteel fellow."

"Yes," would be the reply, "and worth his weight in gold. I don't know what I should do without Robbins."

"Does he always talk like that?"

"Uses correct language, very. Puts me to shame, sometimes—this is his boy," for perhaps I would be standing near.

"Indeed! what a beautiful little fellow?" And sometimes I was offered pennies, sometimes sweetmeats. If the former, I generally threw my head back in a fashion peculiarly my own, and refused almost indignantly. My father had told me never to receive it; if confections, well, the temptation was great, and I have a sweet tooth yet.

But the baby; I jumped with delight when told that I might see it. I had listened to wonderful stories, day after day, and had a mental inventory of her accomplishments; when she had first smiled, when she had caught at something bright, when she had *seemed* to take notice of a picture that hung up in the nursery, and how like the picture she was herself. "The sweetest mortal baby," the nurse said, "that she had ever seen in all her born days," and how often that same speech had been uttered the last twenty years, nobody knew.

But I was to be taken into the great house now for my first introduction to this wonderful creature. I had never, in all my life of seven long years, seen so young a child, my birth having taken place the first year my father settled as head-gardener at Windle house, long before the rich manufacturer brought a wife home.

Up the high marble steps, into the beautiful hall, where the rich hues of stained glass fell over me like a cloud full of splendors, up into the handsome nursery, where

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by THOMES & TALBOT, Boston, Mass., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, Washington.]

pretty little Lettice Headly, having helped to dress the little creature, was admiring it at her leisure.

I remember to this day the thrill of delight that ran through my nerves, at sight of that beautiful child; the careful scrutiny I made, heedless of the smiles that were exchanged by upper and under nurse; how softly and reverently I touched the golden lustre of her hair; how earnestly I looked into the soft blue eyes, for even then she was a miracle of beauty.

It was a long time before I thought I could leave her, and then her sweet little face haunted me. When I went home I could think and talk of nothing else, until exhausted by my childish play and past pleasure, I fell asleep upon the lounge in the keeping-room.

I was awakened by hearing my father come in, but laid quite still, thinking of the baby image I had seen.

"Where is Ralph?" asked my father.

"Asleep on the lounge. He seems to enjoy the rest so much, I think we had better take tea without him," my mother replied.

"Very well; he's not ill, is he?"

"O no! but you should have seen how delighted he was when he came home. He had been to see the new little lady, and it set him wild."

"What! Windle's little one—humph!"

"Why, Hal," said my mother, laughing, "what do you think he would say to hear you call him Windle?"

"I don't know, and don't care. I'm his equal, anyway, if he don't think so. The time may come, though, when he will; I may be a wealthier man than he is, yet."

"What! on your gardener's wages?" laughed my mother; and as I looked at her through half-closed eyes, I thought her prettier than the new baby. I had never noticed before how soft and large her blue eyes were, what a lovely rose-color tinted either cheek, nor how her yellow hair, deeper in color than little Rose Windle's, rippled back from her low white forehead. I seem to see her now behind the small tea-urn, her happy laugh ringing out at some sally of my father's, deepening the dimples in her cheeks.

"Well, there's one thing sure," said my father, "Windle is no happier with his wife and child than I am with mine."

"Perhaps he's not as happy," returned my mother, with a meaning smile.

"Perhaps not; I don't see how he can be happy with that woman. She never condescends to speak with, or look at any one, and the airs she puts on when going out to drive, are sickening."

"I've seen her," laughed my mother. "She's worse since little Rose came."

"It would be curious though—" my father smiled absently.

"What would be curious?"

"If our Ralph here should marry Rose Windle."

My mother gave a little cry.

"Why, Hal, what an idea?"

"Such things have been; who would have thought,"—he paused a moment, smiled, then added, with a look I can never forget, "that you would have married me?"

"O Hal! a poor orphan like myself, homeless, almost friendless, keeping school for a mere pittance, boarding round among such people! I'm sure I had nothing to boast of but a tolerable face and an honest heart."

"But, my darling, you might have had Windle."

CHAPTER II.

AN AFFRONT.

My mother put both hands up to her face.

"The poor, lean, chalk-lipped man!" she cried; "but O Hal! I *was* sorely tempted before I saw you. I hope I should have been true to myself, and I knew he intended honorable marriage, but I'm so glad!"

Her beaming eyes were fixed upon my father, now, and young as I was I understood their expression.

"I don't think Windle has quite forgiven you, yet, for marrying his gardener," said my father, rising from the table, and placing his chair back.

"I have often wondered, myself, why you chose so very humble an occupation," said my mother.

"You have?" He seemed somewhat surprised.

"How could I help it? You are a man of refinement and education. You talk better English now than Windle can, and your tastes are so very expensive," she pointed to the silver tea-urn.

"True, I did spend a considerable on that little trifle, but it is worth all it cost, it gives me such satisfaction in looking at it; even *your* pretty face looks prettier behind it. But this boy must be waked up," and ac-

cordingly I was treated with a pat and a kiss, to which I responded by opening my eyes.

My mother had been my earliest teacher. As I grew older, from seven to ten, and from ten to twelve, I was sent to a select school. All this time, remember, I was paying my *devoirs* to Miss Rose. The little lady of six, a rarely beautiful child, was very fond of me. All the servants were my good friends, though I believe the majority of them disliked my father. Lettice Headly would often search for me when it was her turn to take the child out, sure that it could be in no safer hands than mine. The child grew very fond of me. I was her "big boy," as she called me, and she was lavish with her smiles and kisses. As for the "big boy," she could have done anything with him, her white fingers led him where she would. She was his idol then, as now.

At seventeen I was very tall for my age. One day Mr. Windle was walking down the garden with his hands behind him—his usual habit. My father was grafting some dwarf pear trees. I had seen before that Robbins the gardener was latterly no great favorite of the rich manufacturer.

"Well, Robbins, what are you going to do with this boy of yours?"

"Boy!" my cheeks flushed, hotly.

"I am going to send him to college, sir."

"Pooh, pooh! too ambitious, Robbins; you do wrong, I think. Why not have him learn some good trade?"

My father's eyes flashed, I could see, though he was looking down.

"He shows no predilection that way, sir," was my father's answer; "And if he did, a thorough education would do him no harm."

"O, of course not, of course not," said the rich man, with a condescending nod, "only—"

"You think I am educating him above his station, is that it?" And my father waxed his thread, busily.

"Well, perhaps I did have some such thought," said Windle, slowly.

"Did you never hear of a poor man's son rising to eminence in this country?"

"O ye-s, ye-s!" said Windle, but the words came reluctantly. "Still this spirit of aspiration, you know—"

"Is the heritage of an American free-man," said my father, speaking quickly.

At that moment beautiful Rose Windle came up the path, never lifting her eyes. She seemed searching for something. Look-

ing up suddenly, she saw me; her father, leaning over the fanciful iron fence, was somewhat hidden.

"O Ralph! dear Ralph!" she cried, delightedly, "you'll find it, I know."

I saw my father turn away to hide a quiet smile; I saw the lovely face of the twelve year old girl in all its bright winning childish beauty turned to me for assistance, as it often had been before. My heart beat with wild worship, with fear, too.

She had lost the little ring I gave her, a childish bauble, made of horsehair, but which she seemed to value more than all her golden store.

"Rose Windle!" thundered her father.

She started with something like a shriek.

"O father! I did not see you."

"You will go into the house, miss. *Dear Ralph!*" I heard him mutter, as he turned away; "that will do, upon my soul, that will do."

"Now, Rafe, we shall catch it," said my father.

"I hate that man!" was my only exclamation, for I had seen the downcast look and the blush of mortification in the face that I loved best, ay, more than father or mother.

"Whatever did you do yesterday, Mr. Ralph?" asked the pretty Lettice, the next day, as I met her, intent on some errand for her little mistress.

"What did I do?"

"Yes. I was busy with Miss Rose's dress, and O, it's a beauty, and in it she looks like a fairy. You see there are three rows of *châtelaine*—"

"Never mind that, Lettice," I said, "tell me what Mr. Windle had to say about me."

"O!—well, I was in the little room that leads off left from the hall, and I heard him come in after Miss Rose, quite angry."

"What do you mean, miss?" cries he, "talking to that—that—?"

"Never mind, Lettice, tell me just the words."

"We all know better than that, Mr. Ralph, but he *did* say, 'that lowborn fellow, Ralph Robbins, the son of my gardener.'"

"Well, well," I ejaculated, impatiently.

"I always talked to him, papa," she said, in a very low voice. "I always thought you liked him. I—like Ralph."

"Well then," says he, and I tell you his voice sounded angry enough, "I *forbid* you to like him, do you hear? I forbid you to

like him, do you hear? I forbid you to see him, or have anything to do with him from this time henceforth.' O Mr. Ralph! I decline to repeat the words he used, because we can all see that your mother is as much the real lady as—as Mrs. Windle, perhaps I may say—"

"Yes, I think you may," I repeated, with emphasis.

"Or any other," Lettice continued. "And your father has neither common ways nor looks with him; his worst enemies say that. But, dear me, how I am running on!"

"Well, and did Miss Rose make any other reply?"

"She began to cry, and sobbed a little. Then when she left her father, she ran in to me.

"O Lettice!" she said; 'do you think my father means that I must not even speak to Ralph, when I see him, my own Ralph?'"

"Did she say that?" I exclaimed, half beside myself with joy.

"Hush! Mr. Ralph, they will hear you. Yes, indeed, she did say that. Then she lifted her face, and thought a minute. 'I don't think he said, not to *speak*, but, not to have anything to do with him; does that mean not to speak? O, I am sure if I met him anywhere, and never spoke, I should be shamed to death. I've known him ever since I was a baby, and he's been so kind to me.'"

"God bless her!" I cried, choked a little.

"Said I, 'baby,' you know I'm silly enough to call her that, yet, says I, 'I guess there wouldn't be no harm done for either of you just to pass the time of day, when you do meet.' And you don't know how much that seemed to comfort her; why it dried her tears up directly. The dear little thing, I hadn't the heart to torment her, she's such a sweet little puss; not a bit proud or sarcastic, like her mother. Dear knows, I should hardly think she belonged to them."

My mother looked at me searchingly, as I came in.

"Father says there has been a little trouble," she said; "what is it?"

"Nothing, only I wish I could go off to college to-morrow."

"Mr. Windle spoke—said something you did not like, I fear."

"Mr. Windle, he's a—a poodle!"

She burst into her old merry laugh.

"You have described him exactly," she said, still laughing. "That's just what he looks like, but, poor man you know he can't help his looks."

Four hard working years, a brilliant closing up, and I was a man. A gentleman, it will do no harm to say, for that child's pure face kept me pure. My mirror and my mother both told me that I was handsome, and I believed both, as a matter of course.

On my first arrival at home, I felt there was a change, but in what? My mother seemed to me to be younger and handsomer, but that was not it; my father was in better spirits than I ever remembered to have seen him; our home was unaltered. The same cheerful keeping-room, with its well-worn carpet, and window full of plants, and yet I persisted in thinking there was a change.

"How are the folks?" I had asked my father, as, after the first greeting at the depot, we entered the stage together.

CHAPTER III.

A BIRTHNIGHT PARTY.

"I suppose you mean the Windles," he said, smiling. "Mr. Windle is sick with the rheumatism; Mrs. Windle is busy getting up a ball for Rose—it is her birthnight on the 17th—and Rose herself is very well, I believe."

"Sixteen," I muttered, musingly.

"Yes, that's her age," said my father, laughing. My cheeks felt scarlet.

"None but the *elite* are to be present, I suppose," I said, with some bitterness.

"Only the *elite*," replied my father.

"But I have procured a ticket for you."

"For me?" I started, faced him. I could scarcely believe that he said it.

"Yes, for you. It is to be a fancy-dress ball, and I hear Miss Rose will go in the character of 'Morning.'"

"For me? Why father! how did you obtain it?"

"No matter how I obtained it, I have done so, and all you have to do is to decide upon your costume. You are changed, you see. Four years have altered you, with that mustache."

But one thought, but one anticipated pleasure pervaded my whole soul. I should see Rose, and see her under the most favorable circumstances. My father put a purse into my hand the next morning.

"Go and order your dress," he said.

"We won't talk business till after the party."

I hired a court costume, a dress of great splendor. My mother was in ecstasies when she saw me in it.

"I procured your admission as Ralph Huntington," said my father.

"And why not in my own name?" I asked, hastily.

"For satisfactory reasons. You shall know them in time," said my father.

Then there *was* a mystery.

My ticket admitted me, of course. The charmed precincts of the Windle House had not been trodden by my feet, since that time—sixteen years ago—I first beheld the charms of baby Rose. The rooms were flooded with light; the walls charmingly trimmed with flowers.

"You are acquainted with Miss Rose, I presume," I said to a beardless youth with whom I had scraped acquaintance since my entrance, and the points of whose velvet sleeves seemed to give him great annoyance, as they dangled down below his knees.

"O yes, very well acquainted," he replied, catching up the left point, and forming it upon his sleeve. "Confound these things! I wish I dared cut them off. Why! have you never seen her?"

"The last time I met her was nearly two years ago."

"Indeed; well, she's changed, of course, developed into a splendid little lady. Look here, would you pin this down to my side? That won't do either. Confound this dress! It was the only one to be had, and I shall feel like a fool—O, there she is!"

I looked up suddenly. Our eyes met. I don't know what mine said that she so suddenly dropped her glance and blushed. Beautiful, most beautiful she was in her snow-white gauzy draperies, with sprays of silver, and little flashing things—I can't describe a woman's toilet—I only know that she was beautiful, bewitchingly beautiful, and that before a great while I was standing at her side.

"Do you know, Mr. Huntington, you are not so much changed but that I remember you?" she asked.

"I feared you would not," was my low reply. "My change of name—" I stammered at that, not well knowing what to say.

"It was very cunning of you," she said, not seeming to notice my embarrassment; "though in that dress I don't believe my

father would recognize you. I am sure my mother would not. The last time you came, if you remember, Lettice and I met you at the cottage; there was a friend with you, a young gentleman."

"Frank Bassett," I responded; "he proved himself unworthy of my friendship. We are not friends now."

"Ah! indeed! he seemed a very pleasant gentleman, though Lettice, I am afraid—" She blushed again, and was silent. I understood her, and if she had gone further, should have rejected her frankness.

"My love, who is that gentleman?" I heard her mother ask, after I had led her for the second time to her seat.

"Mr. Huntington." She looked down on her engagement card, her cheeks ablaze.

"Huntington," said some one near; "where did I hear or read that a great fortune had fallen to a family of that name?"

"Indeed?" queried Mrs. Windle.

"Yes, I am quite certain that *was* the name."

Was that the meaning of the change at home? Or had my father, hearing of that circumstance, imposed me upon them? Never; I knew my father's sense of honor better than to believe that for an instant, so I banished the thought.

The next day my father inquired about the party, and expressed an interest to hear the minutest particulars.

"My boy, you love this rich man's daughter," he said.

I could not deny it.

"And if she loves you she shall be your wife, too."

I looked up in amaze; Rose Windle the wife of a gardener's son!

"Listen to me, my boy," said my father. "For twenty-four years my life has been under a cloud. But for your mother I think I should have hung myself long ago. When a young man I was wild, but not vicious. One day a terrible crime was committed in a foreign city, the city of my birth. The murder was traced to me. I had no hand in it whatever; but the man who did the deed contrived to fasten the suspicion on me, and so cunningly that I could not clear myself. Finding escape impossible, I fled. My father, my brother, all but my mother, believed in my guilt. In this town I found the situation I now fill. This heavy beard and this arrangement of my hair have been quite sufficient disguise."

"Within a month the real murderer has confessed, and now my father, Judge Huntington, of Wiltshire, advertises for his son. I have written him, and received an answer to my letter. My father is very old. I am now his only son, and heir to millions, it may be. Thank God! my boy, the bitter past has not been without its blessing. I can stand now on an equal footing with—my master." The first and only time he ever used that word, and by his accent and expression I knew what his servitude had been to him.

His next step was to speak to the father of Rose. The old man was enraged, both at the presence of his gardener and the mission he came on, and vowed that if he was well he would horsewhip him for the insult. My father kept quiet, only laid a short paragraph on the book the old man was reading.

"Hum—how—ha! this alters the case," cried the old toady, holding it close to his eyeglasses. "Mr.—Mr. Huntington—I'm—I'm pleased, I assure you—I congratulate you—very fine thing—very satisfactory to you—must be. Well, well; this alters the case, of course. Yes, yes; alters the case very decidedly. I'll think about it."

CHAPTER IV.

SOMETHING WRONG.

"I'LL build a regular palace," said my father, laughing.

"With stained windows?" cried my mother.

"And your hands that are so little and white, darling, shall never be soiled with household toil again." That was me. I had always been so proud of my mother's hands.

"Silly boy!" But the look and the smile both contradicted her words.

"You will settle here, then, father?" I asked.

"Indeed I shall, my boy. I want nothing of the old country but my rights. Since my mother has died, all my interest for the old home has died out. I suffered too much there, God knows, and have no wish to revive old recollections. No, no; here I shall make my home. You know, love,"—turning to my mother—"the old knoll behind the great elm that you have so much admired."

"O, you will build there?" cried my mother, with sparkling eyes.

"Yes, I will build there, and it shall be the prettiest house in the country. I will make it resemble my old home, with its wide staircase and great hall—the hall much wider than two of these rooms, my dear. And the garden—well," he laughed, "I think I shall be my own head gardener; I am about perfect now, having served an apprenticeship so long."

This was six months after we had come into possession of our fortune. My father still remained at the little cottage, preferring to do so till all the business was settled. Lettice, pretty Lettice of the great house, as we still continued to call it, came down three or four days in a week, as often, in fact, as she could be spared, to help my mother. Lettice was a frank handsome girl, undersized, so that she looked younger than her age. She was, in fact, fully five years older than I, but one would never have taken her to be more than eighteen.

Of late there had come a change over the blooming face of this handmaiden. Sometimes at my speech to her, any little silly word, she turned scarlet, and again she eyed me in a defiant manner, or with glances that I could not at all understand. This had been going on ever since my return from college.

I had said to her only that day, "Lettice, what makes you seem so changed?"

"You know very well, Master Rafe," was her reply, with a severe look.

"I know *what* very well? What do you mean, child?"

"O, don't call me child," she answered, pettishly. "You know I'm older than you."

"Really, Lettice, if you are older than I am, I must say you act very childishly. I am displeased at it, Lettice."

Her lips trembled at this, tears came in her eyes.

"You know I am only a poor girl," she cried, a passionate pleading both in voice and eyes.

"Well, and what if I do know that? For heaven's sake speak out; don't talk in enigmas."

"You ought not to treat me so, indeed you ought not, Mr. Rafe. What would Miss Rose think if I told her?"

"Miss Rose—if you told her?—told her what?"

"Of—of your conduct," sobbed the girl, flinging herself out of the door.

I stood like one in a maze.

"What does the creature mean?"

I turned over in my mind all I had thought, and said, and done. I could find nothing to torment myself about. The girl was a fool, or something worse. What meant her turning pale and blushing rose-red by turns? her conscious looks, her stutterings and stammerings? The longer I thought, the more perplexed I grew.

"Does it strike you," I asked my mother one day, "that Lettice grows strange in her ways?"

"I was thinking of it that very moment," she said, looking somewhat searchingly at me. "I have noticed her gazing towards you with a strange expression. I hope, Ralph, you never trifle with her in that thoughtless manner young men often assume."

A strange heat broke over me; the next moment I felt chill. It had never occurred to me that my innocent little chats with this girl, my foolish little speeches, none of them savoring in the least of personal gallantry, could have had any weight with her. The pretty, vain, foolish, little thing! My cheeks tingled as I thought—first barely hinting it to myself, then dwelling upon it with a half-angry vehemence.

Did the girl think more warmly of me than she should? If so, she was a silly little fool for her pains; for before Heaven I felt myself clear of ever having, in thought, word or deed, any intention of provoking or in the least stirring her admiration. The poor silly little moth! And what if she should drop a hint to Rose?—or Rose, noticing her altered looks, should press for an explanation. I had thought better things of Lettice—poor doomed Lettice, over whom the shadow of approaching horror was slowly settling, even then. If she would say something that would give me any chance for an explanation. Well, well, time would tell.

CHAPTER V.

AT HOME.

SUPPER was over, and so was our castle-building. There would be a moon in the early part of the evening. Pretty mother laughed at me, seeing me step back and

forth before the small mirror in the keeping-room.

"Up to the great house, I suppose," she laughed. "What! you're not going to take it all down again?"

"Bother cravats!" was my reply. "I never can tie them nicely."

"Suppose I be your tire-woman?"

"O, gladly, most gladly bend I my neck to thee, royal mistress," I cried, in mock grandiloquence, bending on one knee.

How her silvery laugh rang out! Thinking of subsequent incidents, it makes me shudder to this day when the memory of that bit of acting comes before me. I see it all—the faint light of the early moon silvering my mother's beautiful face, her soft luminous eyes shining into mine, the tiny curls escaping here and there from the banded locks, the touch of those little delicate fingers, the satisfaction with which I surveyed myself, the loving kiss I laid on my mother's white forehead.

"Now I'm all right!"

"I suppose Rose would think so, if your toilet was wrong from head to foot," responded my mother.

"I should be sorry if she did," was my mental reply.

What a night it was! or rather what a twilight. The brown hills flushed with red at their tops, the amber shallows by the roadside in which was reflected the broad honest-faced burdock leaves, and the tiny grasses that crept up beside them, the hedges, in some places deep and dark, and the "Blackmere pool," as my father had always called it, a shallow irregularly-shaped body of water at the foot of two old heathery moss-braided rocks, and over which grew three stunted willows. It was very like a spot of water in his native town, father always said, and that was why he gave it the name. Ah! black and foul night. It well be called, that sullen pool, with sometimes a star-shadow trembling down to its depths, when it could find a loophole through the twisted branches.

It was not a long walk from our cottage up to the great house, but I lingered, I scarcely knew why—lingered to hear the bird-tittering in the hedges, to watch the little clusters of wild flowers that would soon be gone—for it was nearing autumn—lingered with such a heaven of happiness in my soul as almost made me forget my mortality. I have learned since then to trem-

ble at such bursts of ecstasy; for I verily believe the angels were not happier than I that beautiful hour.

Rose was at home, waiting for me in the large drawing-room. In my exalted mood, even the commonplace took on a new and fine loveliness; the roads, the fields, the trees, the brown hills, just fading into the silvery dimness of faint moonlight—what, then, do you think my Rose looked like? so lovely! so ethereal! robed in the fleecy muslins she knew I loved so well. I recall that long wide room, rich with splendors of upholstery, the clear sweet essence that seemed to waft in from the open window from the beds of roses and the long borders of mignonette. I recall the soft brightness of the astrals—gas we had not there then—how deliciously transparent the delicate statuettes cut in marble and ivory seemed, standing on their little brackets here and there.

But lovelier, more glorious than all, my own human flower, the sweetest thing God ever gave to earth, I whispered. I saw no shadows then, for Rose was ever all kindness. I heard no warnings in the wind, felt no chill of coming desolation. With life and all it held I was satisfied. Even a leaf could not have been placed on the brim of my happiness.

Rose was not quite like her old self. She complained of a slight headache. She had tried to sleep it away, and to will it away, she said, and even to laugh it away; but it was so obstinate! obstinate as myself in some things, with a silvery laugh.

Her cousin from the city was staying with her. Rose wanted me to see her. A quiet little thing, she said, who would take it as a great favor not to be noticed; but she wanted me to see her. And so reluctantly I consented.

She came in, a plain little thing, an excellent foil to my splendid Rose, but I knew my little girl better than to imagine she had ever thought of the contrast. She loved her very dearly, and the timid little creature seemed to worship Rose. She played delightfully; I have seldom heard such execution. Rose and I waltzed merely to see if she could dance away the headache, she said, until we were both too much exhausted to stand.

The clock struck. I counted eleven. It could not be, Rose said. I was positive. Cousin Marcia had counted it ten—only ten.

"I should be too sure it was ten," murmured Rose, "but this head." She pressed her hands on her temples.

I arose to go. She murmured dissent, but I saw that she was very pale. The dancing, instead of lessening, had increased the pain. Rose went with me through the hall, walking languidly, exclaiming as we stood together on the top step, how beautiful the evening was! All down the path the white light struck out every point that was capable of radiance, and the shadows of the trees, clearly cut and very black, laid at even distances as far as the eye could reach across the shining avenue.

I thought of the lines of some old poet long since mouldering in his grave, and could not forbear repeating them aloud:

"The busy world was still, the solemn moon
Smiled forth her silvery beauty, and the stars,
Like living diamonds in a sea of glass,
Danced in the sapphire canopy of heaven."

"Just such a night as this," said Rose, smiling. "I often wish I could remember such descriptions, but I cannot."

"Where's Lettice?" cried a quick startled voice.

"Why?" Rose had sprang from me. "What is it, Hannah?"

"Nothing." The girl was regarding me with a cold look, a look of which I thought more afterwards than at the moment.

"Isn't she in the house, Hannah?"

"O, I dare say," disappearing and shutting the door with a slam.

"It seems to me they all act queerly of late."

"Who, dear?"

"The servants—particularly Lettice," she added, a moment after, turning to me again.

My face changed; I knew it was observable in the clear moonlight, that deep burning red which would leap to my cheeks. Rose saw it, looked searchingly for a moment, then turned her gaze to the beautiful scene without.

"Well, I dare not stay longer—that head of yours!" I said, playfully.

"It is better, I think, for being out in the air. Did you see a dark figure moving down there to the left, among that clump of trees?" she asked, hastily and nervously.

"I saw nothing, my Rose."

"I did—or thought I did. Yes, I am

positive. The figure of a woman. Perhaps it is Lettice."

"What would she be doing skulking about in that fashion?" I asked.

"That I don't know. It is whispered round that Lettice has a lover. If she has to go *that* way to meet him, he must be, I should think, rather a sneaking fellow. It may be—no matter. I hope she will find some one who will make her a good husband. O, I am warm enough," as I threw a handkerchief over her head.

"But that headache. Go in, love; I will

stand here till I see the last glimmer of that pretty dress."

"A bad sign," she laughed.

"Well, then I'll stay here with my back towards it till I imagine it is gone. Is there any sign for that, except that I love you—love you so dearly, so wholly, my own white Rose?"

She was gone, and I took my way home in a different direction from that I had come by. I wanted to enjoy my happiness in solitude.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SONG.

BY SANDA KNOTS.

Nothing can keep me from thee,
O maid of the tawny breast!
Though between us should rise a mountain more high
Than the highest star that burns in the sky,
To thee I would rush o'er its crest!

Nothing can keep me from thee,
O maid of the torrid heart!
Though between us should roll an ocean so wide
That light could not travel from side to side,
To thee through its waves I would dart!
New Hartford, N. Y., May, 1876.

POSSIBILITIES.

BY M. T. CALDER.

"WHAT a beautiful and yet what a solemn thought!" said Aunt Mellicent, lowering her book, and looking over to her only companion in the lovely little breakfast-parlor of an aristocratic house on — Avenue.

"What did you say, auntie? I really believe I did not catch the meaning of a single word," rather listlessly returned Florence Craydocke, the queenly young girl who reclined languidly in the satin-cushioned arm-chair by the window, with a book in her lap also, but with white hands crossed idly over its closed covers.

"I noticed that your thoughts were wandering in dreamland all through breakfast-time, my dear Florry. I cannot declare it a very wicked, but I do believe it is a dangerous practice. Come, now, let me give you this sentiment for healthy considera-

tion. See what this author says: 'Once every day in every life some grand and noble possibility touches us lightly on the shoulder. Those who have open eyes and pure hearts see and hear, and follow the leading out into some issue that sooner or later returns a glorified fruitage. But the most of us are blind, or lost in selfish dreams, and never know that the waiting angel stood beckoning to us.' What do you think of it, my dear?"

"It is a charmingly poetical idea; but do you think it was written for this prosaic age of ours? I am afraid part of us are so wrapt in money-getting, and the rest so giddy with money-spending, that we do not give any angel the chance to touch us," answered Florence, with a little sigh.

And then the two ladies each fell into a profound revery, and not another word was

spoken until the waiting-girl put her head into the room to say:

"If you please, Miss Florence, the girl has come with some sewing of yours. Will you come and see if it is right?"

Florence rose up promptly, and in shaking out the silken flounces of her pretty dress made also a graceful little gesture with one white hand across her forehead, as if brushing off a cobweb there as well. This was the unspoken thought:

"What an insensible creature I must be! I have never felt that angel possibility's touch on my shoulder. I am sure I never have."

She was a bright earnest girl of quick impulses and tender sympathies, nevertheless. And so she came lightly into the waiting-room to the sewing-girl who sat there—such a grave still figure in her gray hat and worn waterproof! The latter's eye brightened as if a sunbeam had glinted into it; and she could not forbear a faint smile, she was always so touched by anything beautiful, this simple little Jenny Dorr. And Florence Craydocke looked like some being of another and more radiant sphere to her, standing there in her lovely flowing blue dress, with its dainty lace ruffles, with her bright untroubled eyes, her peach-bloom tinted cheeks, and the little sparkling adornments of chain and locket, bracelet and ring, scintillating here and there.

I think something of this involuntary admiration showed itself, even in Jenny Dorr's meek respectful glance, when she presented the bundle of fine needlework; for I must confess the time had been when Florence had come and gone, as if it were merely an automaton machine that brought and carried work for her, without a single thought of the human heart craving and aching, or rejoicing and hoping, beneath.

To-day she smiled graciously, and was lovelier than ever under the smile, and the humble little sewing-girl watched her furtively, and enjoyed it as she would have enjoyed a picture or a play, if her forlorn experience gave her chance to look at either.

"You have done the work very nicely," said Florence, graciously, while she bent her graceful head down a moment to examine the work. "I think I must try if you can copy a Paris pattern that I like very much. Would you mind coming up stairs with me to my chamber? I will show it to you there."

Would she mind, indeed? It was like a glimpse into fairy-land for beauty-worshipping Jenny to pass through the handsome house whose velvet-covered floors yielded only noiseless tread; to see the glistening silken draperies overhung with lace mists, like sunset clouds behind a fountain's spray; to catch a wondrous confused tableau of pictured walls, and flower-decked tables, and gleaming statuary, and all the while be following the stately princess who was so much at home amidst all this grandeur, which dazzled and awed her simple companion's eyes.

The Paris garment was brought forth out of a drawer, breathing forth delicate fragrance from a nest of carved woods that seemed marvels of rare workmanship. Jenny hardly dared touch it with the tips of her fingers, but the young mistress gave it a careless shake, as she asked:

"Do you think now you could make another like it if I got the materials for you? I tried everywhere to match it, and could not, and should be so pleased to have a pair."

"The yoke is not very difficult, and I understand the stitch. Yes, miss, I believe I could," answered Jenny. "Leastwise, I am sure I should be proud to try."

Florence laughed lightly.

"I'll pay you liberally, but I don't know as there's any cause to be proud about it, unless because you are so skillful with your needle."

"I wasn't thinking of that," answered Jenny, quickly; "indeed, only of the pleasure to make anything to come here—into that drawer—for you to wear."

Florence smiled again. This was a compliment that pleased her; those she listened to at the ball last night wearied her, and seemed to have no meaning.

"You like my room, do you? you think it pretty?"

"Pretty!" echoed Jenny; and this time there was a hungry thrill in the honest voice. "I couldn't imagine a queen ever had anything so beautiful. And O how happy it must make you!"

Again her eye went roving over the tastefully furnished room in ecstatic admiration, and lingered fondly at the lace-hung toilet table, on which stood beside the ivory and silver knickknacks a tiny crystal vase, with a bunch of creamy roses and a single scarlet camellia in it.

Here Florence gave her first earnest look at the speaker. She had unfastened the worn shabby waterproof, and underneath a snowwhite linen collar and a tiny bit of bright ribbon showed. Her hair was satin smooth, her dress was clean and neat, but very much worn, and her face—why, if it were only rounded out, and the clear straightforward-looking brown eyes had not the dark circle beneath them, she would actually be pretty; and she was young, too, not a year older than she herself. A young girl with a taste—nay, evidently a passionate love—for pretty things, and poor, and compelled to spend all her time in making them for other people, with none to keep for herself.

"O dear me! O dear me!" exclaimed Florence Craydocke, piteously.

The other looked up in alarm.

"What is the matter? Are you sick? Shall I call any one?"

And then meeting the bewildered stare of those other lovely eyes, the sewing-girl colored as if she had been guilty of some misdemeanor.

Florence had seen the greedy look at the flowers. She rushed to the toilet and swept them out of the glass.

"My dear girl, would you like these? I'm sure you are fond of flowers. Do take them."

"O thank you! poor mother will enjoy them more than I shall. How bright they will make our poor room! and how fragrant if I put them near her pillow!"

Miss Craydocke was actually wringing those slender gem-decked fingers of hers.

"O," she gasped, "and I said I never had any angel possibilities! You have worked for me before? you have seen me before, haven't you?"

"Yes, miss; twice before you've paid me for work. I'm very thankful. Mrs. Graham recommended me, you know," answered Jenny, wondering a little what queer freak was upon the lovely lady.

Florence dragged out two chairs from the alcove. What a rich color was glowing on her cheeks! how her eyes shone!

"Sit down, sit down. Don't you want me for your friend—a real friend, you know, that you can tell everything to? I wish you'd tell me all about yourself."

Jenny's cheeks were crimson now, and she sat a moment turning the flowers slowly in her hands, and too dumfounded to think of a word to say in answer.

"I don't understand," she faltered, at last.

"Dear me! I'm so stupid at it. But you look so good, and wise, and patient, and I have just discovered you're only a girl like me. I do want to be a friend to you, and to help you—to all the beautiful things I can!" exclaimed Florence; and there was hearty earnestness in her voice.

What did Jenny Dorr do but burst into a great fit of weeping? "Such a ridiculous stupid creature as I was, right there before that splendid girl in that lovely room!" she said, afterward, to her mother.

But I am not sure she could have studied up a wiser move. The next moment Florence had both her hands, and was crying herself; and there were broken ejaculations, and comforting adjurations, and presently a steady flow of confidential talk, as if the pair had always been closest friends.

"O you blessed angel possibility! I'm sure I heard you this time, and I was never so happy in all my life," declared Florence, presently; while little Jenny was wiping her drenched eyes, and seeking to steady her tremulous hands.

"Come right into my wardrobe, you darling Jenny. There's half a dozen dresses, at least, that I shall never wear again, and you will make them look like new. Let me put you into one of them. And wouldn't you like the astrachan sack there? I have not thought of it these two years, since the sealskin and the sable supplanted it. And O, I do want to see you in that brown velvet hat with the red roses. The velvet is just the color of your eyes! Let them dance; don't fill them up with tears. We are going to be two happy girls, and good friends always."

"O, you are just like an angel!" sobbed Jenny. "I can't trust myself to believe it. Why, I was almost afraid to speak to you when you came in down there. But what will your aunt say? I'm so sorry you have not a mother!"

"I do as I please with my wardrobe. Papa sets me an allowance, and it's queer how I manage to spend it all, no matter how much he enlarges it. This year I'm positively instructed to keep within bounds. And you'll help me? O!"

This last was at a sudden remembrance, and she darted toward the case where hung a dainty jewelled watch.

"Bless me, how late it is! and I thought

would know the difference. Come, you shall choose you some ornaments for your sitting-room out of my chamber. I'm so glad we both love pretty things, Jenny; that will help our friendship along wonderfully."

"You're just a born angel," sobbed Jenny.

And Florence kissed her, and laughed more merrily than ever.

"I do believe the child has found just the true stimulus she needed to keep her from growing stale and self-wearied," observed Aunt Mellicent to Mr. Craydocke; "or else from whirling off into the giddy butterfly you and I both despise so much. The dear girl is enthusiastic enough over her protegee, but don't you spoil it all by coming to her aid. Let her benevolence be bestowed out of her own sacrifices, if you want her to reap the blessing."

"Auntie, auntie, I want to read the rest of that book of yours," declared Florence, two months afterward, as she came to her aunt radiant with the smiles and tender blushes that were chasing over her face. "If the little scrap you read me proves such a wonderful prophecy, what must the rest be?"

again.

"But
ing to s
ance, wh
rayed in
blue feathers to silence be thy song,
the peachy washedge, nightingale!
ought to make western sky along
And I declare, we are growing pale.
not quite right if thy pearl-hued cheek
becoming thing here, O jasmine!
your brown eyes and morning wakes,
is grand, isn't it? We shall be mine.
up clean, and auntie in starlit dusk,
crowded closets and shadowy tree!
of hers any more."

"I wish you would tell her,
Jenny. "I'm half afraid to tell her
without."

At which Florence pulled lustily
bell, and the moment Aunt Mellicent
peared, she cried, gayly:

"I've felt both hands on my shoulders,
auntie. O the blessed possibility! I tell
you it's just gospel truth; we only want to
open our eyes, and here it stands."

Jenny opened her eyes as if the lovely
lady had spoken Greek; but Aunt Mellicent

Aunt Mellicent did not quite understand
all she meant, but the reader may.

For the prince had just terminated a long
interview, in which he related how a cer-
tain visit of his to a little family made glad
and happy had so glorified the plain old
dress at the ball, that the golden satin and
lace, and even the wondrous water-lilies,
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"Only, dear auntie," said Florence, again,
softly, "I am afraid that the fruitage has
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"What does the child mean?" queried
Aunt Mellicent, in an injured tone.

Florence was twirling a shining ring on
her forefinger—a new ring. Aunt Mellicent
caught the shimmer of its solitaire gem,
and a light broke over her face.

"Ah!" said she.

And "Ah yes!" returned Florence, blush-
ing furiously.

"TOO LATE."

BY M. A. TAINTOR.

Woo me not with dewy tears
Dripping from the jasmine spray;
Cast from out your heart all fears,
Love was born but for a day.

Though they told me you were dead,
Hush thy song, O nightingale!
Bright would glow my cheek and red,
Why should I look *triste* and pale?
Keep the words that you would say
Till some fairer face you meet;
Love like yours is for a day,
And I cast it neath my feet.

Have no fear that one regret
E'er shall enter to my heart;
I can love and then *forget*,
So it is no pain to part.

We part here where once we met—
Stay, my hand will shut the gate.

Morning comes with shining feet,
a. Sings the nightingale, "Too late!"
pee.
Cray,
and—

Here Florence gave her first earnest look at the speaker. She had unfastened the worn shabby waterproof, and underneath a snowwhite linen collar and a tiny bit of bright ribbon showed. Her hair was satin smooth, her dress was clean and neat, but very much worn, and her face—why, if it were only rounded out, and the clear straightforward-looking brown eyes had not the dark circle beneath them, she would actually be pretty; and she was young, too, not a year older than she herself. A young girl with a taste—nay, evidently a passionate love—for pretty things, and poor, and compelled to spend all her time in making them for other people, with none to keep for herself.

"O dear me! O dear me!" exclaimed Florence Craydocke, piteously.

The other looked up in alarm.

"What is the matter? Are you sick? Shall I call any one?"

And then meeting the bewildered stare of those other lovely eyes, the sewing-girl colored as if she had been guilty of some misdemeanor.

Florence had seen the greedy look at the flowers. She rushed to the toilet and swept them out of the glass.

"My dear girl, would you like these? I'm sure you are fond of flowers. Do take them."

"O thank you! poor mother will enjoy them more than I shall. How bright they will make our poor room! and how fragrant if I put them near her pillow!"

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"O, you are just Jenny. "I can." Dorra were made jubilant. Why, I was a deal of sundry loads of furniture when you were, and Jenny was like a will you were at the addition of a pretty room, with another small chamber. I got out of it, which Florence had seen for the landlady for their use.

"Hush!" said she, with a merry smile, when Jenny came to thank her, and could only cry. "Isn't it a small thing for one friend to do for another, just to forego a score or two of yards of satin and lace? You shall help me to retrim an old ball-dress, and next week neither papa nor I

would know the difference. Come, you shall choose you some ornaments for your sitting-room out of my chamber. I'm so glad we both love pretty things, Jenny; that will help our friendship along wonderfully."

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"Ah!" said she.

And "Ah yes!" returned Florence, blushing furiously.

"TOO LATE."

BY M. A. TAINTOR.

Hushed to silence be thy song,
In the rosehedge, nightingale!
While the western sky along
All the stars are growing pale.
Brush from off thy pearl-hued cheek
Sweet dew-tears, O jasmine!
Bright the glowing morning wakes,
Joy and sunshine shall be mine.

Weep no more through starlit dusk,
Snowwhite-plumed magnolia tree!
Breathe no more, O flowers of musk!
Love is now no mate for me,
All the flowers the bright stars woo
From their sleep with kisses light,
Now have shut their eyes of blue,
Dazzled by the morning bright.

Woo me not with throbbing note
Of the lovelorn nightingale;
Nor the dewy winds that float
Fraught with sweets of violets pale.
Utakon, N. Y., 1877.

Woo me not with dewy tears
Dripping from the jasmine spray;
Cast from out your heart all fears,
Love was born but for a day.

Though they told me you were dead,
Hush thy song, O nightingale!
Bright would glow my cheek and red,
Why should I look *triste* and pale?
Keep the words that you would say
Till some fairer face you meet;
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Have no fear that one regret
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I can love and then *forget*,
So it is no pain to part.
We part here where once we met—
Stay, my hand will shut the gate.
Morning comes with shining feet,
Sings the nightingale, "Too late!"

THE WELL IN THE ROCK.

BY MRS. E. B. EDSON.

THE last Sabbath in May, and a day unusually lovely for even that delightful season. The spring was very early, and the broad belt of sycamores that enclosed the meeting-house "green" were already in leaf. The orchards were white as milk; and, through the grassy lanes and over the breezy uplands, came the faint scent of apple-blossoms. The cool country roads were fragrant with sweet pepper-bush and dewy fresh-smelling ferns.

Coming in from every direction, were groups of people, with long solemn faces, set steadfastly Zion-ward. Over the long bridge from Cedar Run, and down the Rocky-hill road, came quaint odd-looking vehicles—high, "bellows-top" chaises, rickety asthmatic carryalls, and rude farm-wagons, with boards laid across for seats, with occasionally a chair for some ancient grandame; and some few, holding fast the customs of their fathers, came on horseback, the "gude-wife" mounted behind on a "pillion." One after another, they climbed the long gravelly hill, leading to the one meeting-house in Milverton.

The church itself was a square boxlike-looking building, originally painted a dull brick-red, but worn and faded until it was of no particular color. The location, however, was magnificent—situated on the brow of a long sloping hill, at whose foot ran a sluggish river, brightened just now with clusters of great creamy water-lilies, slowly lifting their snowy lids to the sun. Stretching away to left and right, was one of the loveliest of New England landscapes. Dense-wooded hills, looking like great emerald cones; broad even meadows, smooth and soft as velvet; a quiet dreamy river, winding in pretty graceful curves—never hurrying, never fretting, but gleaming like a silver scarf across the fair shoulders of the young May. And, threaded in, and over-shot through it all, were pretty white cottages, and great comfortable-looking farm-houses, with flocks of milk-white sheep browsing in the pastures, and the tinkle of the cowbell coming up faintly through the cool copces.

In the rear of the church, and falling off

toward a thick growth of underbrush, beyond which gloomed a lonesome hemlock swamp, was the Milverton burying-ground. It was dreary and bleak, and half overgrown with sumach and sweet-fern. But still, with a love as tender, and a grief as deep as yours or mine, they had laid away, one after another, their dearest treasures, in this desolate spot.

John Braddock, coming out of the house, leading his little son, Lee Braddock, by the hand, walked slowly down the swarded path to the road.

The "Braddock Place," as it was called, was a quaint picturesque-looking building, and, with the exception of "Meeting-House Hill," had the finest location in Milverton. The main building was originally a substantial square two-story house; but each successive generation had added wings, gables, porticos *ad infinitum*, until it looked more like some grand feudal castle, than it did like a staid respectable New England farmhouse.

John Braddock, the present occupant, was the only surviving son of a large family, and, with his wife and one child—a boy of four years—dwelt alone in the great roomy mansion. One could not help noticing, as he walked down the street, his splendid physique. Rather above the medium height, broad-shouldered and broad-chested, he looked like one born to command. Everything about the man—from the massive forehead, with the flashing violet-gray eyes, to the firm ringing step, bespoke strength, will, determination. And, besides, there was not a handsomer man in Milverton than John Braddock, had it not been for the stern lines about the firm mouth, and an air of chilling hauteur, called dignity by some, although it was not—for true dignity is not chilling, but suave.

One noticed, too, that he rather kept aloof from the little groups talking together. For everywhere—under the tall sycamores, on the church steps, and even in the entry, little knots of people were talking in low excited voices. It was evidently a great day for Milverton. There had not been such a turnout since the "great revival,"

when people came in from twenty, and even thirty miles, to attend the meetings.

But the excitement now was of quite another character. For more than two years, the Milverton parish had been agitating the project of an organ for the church, and this delightful May morning witnessed the consummation of their desires. The parish had been divided into two parties—"progressives" and "conservatives." The "progressives" had triumphed, and were consequently in full feather; but there was not wanting a "glorious minority," who characterized it as an "innovation of the evil one." They did not, however, like their brethren of a later day, fly off on a tangent, and go to "some other meeting;" but, with good old Puritan firmness, resolved that if Satan was to take possession of the Lord's house, he should not do it without a tussle. But the "progressives" had been victorious, and the anti-organs were filled with righteous indignation. They denounced the organ as a "city abomination," and called the organist a son of Belial. For Doctor Fenton—who, by the stricter portion of his brethren, was more than half suspected of heresy—had procured an organist from the city. Deacon Goodspeed said "it was all a device of the devil, for leading astray silly women," it being well known that they favored it.

In the church porch, some bitter things were said, which made one fancy the "old Adam" was not quite put down yet, even in the bosoms of the elect. Nevertheless, it was an earnest resolute band of men and women, that walked solemnly up the uncarpeted aisles, and filed off into the great square pews.

Here and there, a little child had surreptitiously smuggled in a pond-lily, or a tuft of apple-blossoms, only, however, to have them snatched from their unsanctified fingers, and thrust remorselessly out of the window, by their watchful mammas. The good dames thought flowers a terrible desecration of the sanctity of the Lord's house, and would as soon have thought of bringing their spinning-wheels, and setting them before the altar, as a vase of flowers.

The church was a great gloomy-looking place, inside. A broad clumsy gallery ran round three sides, and at the other side—or rather end, was the pulpit—a high square sort of box, with an immense sounding-board at the back.

Parson Trueheart, in his irreproachable broadcloth and spotless neckerchief, looked not unlike the shaft of this curious pedestal. He was a tall bony man, with heavy iron-gray hair, and a closely-shaven chin—it being considered, in those days, the rankest kind of heresy for a minister to wear a full beard.

Parson Trueheart had taken no part in this discussion between the opposing forces in his parish, but it was shrewdly suspected that he favored the progressive wing. Looking in the kindly face, with the smiling blue eyes, as he stood up to read the hymn, one believed it to be so.

There was a little expectant hush after he sat down, and then the full deep tones of the organ rose and swelled through the long galleries, and floated down the broad aisles, filling the dark sombre church with a great glory. Deacon Goodspeed, with his long white hair combed straight behind his ears, and falling over the high collar of his blue broadcloth coat, leaned his head on his cane and groaned in spirit.

Suddenly and unexpectedly, there was a new accession to the ranks of the "progressives." Little Lee Braddock had climbed up on the seat; one little dimpled hand holding fast his catechism, had fallen over the great high-backed pew, the other held away from his face a mass of thick clustering flaxen curls. The blue veins were swollen in the pure white temples, the thin nostrils dilated, the great blue eyes swam in tears, while the breath came and went quickly through the half-parted lips. The little fingers relaxed their hold on the catechism, but he never knew. Many an eye was turned toward John Braddock's pew, and a thrill of awe ran through the congregation at the little rapt unconscious face. Going down the aisle, Deacon Goodspeed and Doctor Fenton jostled against each other.

"Did you see Braddock's boy, deacon? What do you think of the power of music now?" said the doctor.

"Thou shalt have no other gods before me," said the deacon, solemnly.

"But don't you approve of singing?"

"If it be with the spirit and the understanding. But I do not approve of turning the sanctuary into a play-house."

"But, deacon," called out another, "the Good Book says, 'Praise the Lord upon the harp and timbrel, make a joyful noise before the Lord.'"

"And David, you remember, deacon, 'danced before the Lord,'" added Doctor Fenton.

"There will always be those who will wrest the Scriptures to their own destruction," said the deacon, as he walked down the church steps.

John Braddock felt vexed and annoyed. He had set his heart upon his boy being a minister, and had taken him to church persistently, ever since he first began to go alone; but this was the first time he had manifested the least interest in the services. His mind was made up, however, that he should be a preacher. Ever since he was first put in his arms, a little soft bundle of laces and flannel, he had dedicated him to this work. And, beside, he was strongly anti-organ. He "hated singing," he said; but all Milverton remembered when he sat in the choir, his pure strong tenor blending harmoniously with Miriam Dean's clear soprano.

John Braddock had had a romance, though perhaps you would not have thought it to look at him. He could not remember the time when he had not worshipped Miriam Dean, and he had made love to her, in his headstrong impetuous manner, before he was well out of pinafores.

At eighteen, Miriam was superb. Her complexion was a clear creamy white, colorless, except the fierce crimson of the lips. She had great liquid black eyes, and coil upon coil of rich purple-black hair. She was as proud and high-spirited as the Braddocks themselves—for the Braddocks had always been proud and a little aristocratic.

John and Miriam had been betrothed almost since infancy, and everybody looked upon the match as a settled thing. But one day, when Miriam was eighteen and John twenty (they were to be married on his twenty-first birthday), there came to Milverton a young man who gave the name of Alfred Blake, and represented himself as the son of a very wealthy man in the Southern States. He stopped at the "White Fawn" Inn, and, having plenty of leisure, and a pleasing address, he soon made the acquaintance of the young people. He had a pale classic face, with an abundance of wavy chestnut hair, and a magnificent beard of the same color. There was something peculiarly fascinating about the man. There was a certain air of repose—of refinement, about him, that was very attractive.

From the first, it was plainly evident that he was very much struck by Miriam Dean's regal beauty. Miriam, who had never been out of Milverton, contrasted this splendid man with the country-bred youths of Milverton—decidedly to the latter's disadvantage. He began to pay her little attentions, and, like most young girls, she was pleased and flattered by his preference. But John Braddock's quick temper fired up at once. He accused Miriam of seeking to attract the stranger's attention; of falseness, of deception, and ended by telling her she was free to marry Blake if she chose. It was a stormy interview, for Miriam was as unyielding and independent as he, and the end of it was a separation, both being too proud to yield, yet each knowing that never in all their lives could another love be to them what this had been.

While Miriam's feelings were yet bitter and aggrieved, Alfred Blake proposed, and she, in a moment of pique, accepted him; and in less than a month from her break with young Braddock, she was married to Alfred Blake.

It was about this time that a great revival sprang up in Milverton, which swept everything before it. People came in droves, and the church was crowded to overflowing; so that they had to prop up the long galleries, and erect stagings at the windows. There were numerous conversions, and among them John Braddock, who was one of the first to come forward and unite with the church. The change in him was radical; from the frank, impulsive, headstrong boy, he became a grave, stern, silent man. He rarely smiled, forsook the companionship of his young friends, and attended persistently to all the various "means of grace." His gravity of demeanor won him golden opinions among his elders, and he was highly extolled for his readiness in renouncing the "pomp and vanities of the world." He was doubtless sincere, and fancied that he had buried the old earthly love fathoms and fathoms deep, never dreaming that this sudden piety was more a morbid outgrowth of the old slumbering passion, than a genuine, unselfish love for God and goodness.

Great was the surprise of the congregation, when, one Sabbath, the banns were read between John Braddock and Hester Grant. If there is any truth in the "law of opposites," then *they* were well mated, for

surely never were two more unlike. Hester Grant was poor and an orphan, and peculiarly unfitted to bear the brunt of life; and so she married John Braddock, and went to the great house as its mistress. There was no courtship; he asked her very briefly to be his wife, and she as briefly consented. There were none of those little tendernesses and foolish dalliances common among lovers, and Hester settled down to her new life, with a vague sense of lack—an unsatisfactory yearning for—she knew not what. And yet she lived a quiet contented life. She was of that class of women more distinguished for saintly patience and gentleness, than for any great force of character or depth of feeling. She was a pale, fair-haired, blue-eyed woman, who, if one smote her on one cheek, turned the other also. One of the kind, doubtless, whom Paul had in mind, when he said, “Wives, obey your husbands.” At any rate, John Braddock was sovereign ruler in his household; his wife would as soon have thought of disputing the “doctrine of decrees,” as his will.

And so the years ran on; but John Braddock nor Miriam Blake never sang again in the Milverton choir. Miriam, poor thing, had little heart to sing, for her husband had turned out a worthless adventurer, spending the greater portion of his time in the city, a dissolute, profligate gamester; leaving her to shift for herself and her two little children—Alfred, or Alfie, as he was called, who was, at the time our story opens, five years old, and little Ethel, who was scarcely one. Miriam had only the little cottage her parents left her, and her own slender hands; but she had a brave resolute spirit; yet it was a hard struggle, sometimes, to keep the terrible wolf from the door. Perhaps, looking up at the great mansion on the hill, she sometimes thought of what “might have been.” But if she did, no one ever knew—she was too proud to complain.

Matters continued in this way for some nine or ten years. Occasionally, Alfred Blake came home for a few days, but his coming was little help to his wife, he often carrying back more than he brought. But one day word was brought to Miriam that her husband had been stabbed in a gaming-house, and mortally wounded. She left her children alone, and went to him. She came back in one week, bringing his body with her, for burial in the old Milverton churchyard.

Perhaps she mourned his wretched end, but still, I think, with a feeling of relief; for her children were getting old enough to feel their father's degradation. Indeed, Alfie, now a bright active boy of fifteen, was getting to be a great help to her, and she began to look forward brightly to better days.

Alfie was passionately fond of the water. He would spend whole days in his sailboat—a little eggshell of a thing—sailing dreamily up and down the languid river. No one apprehended any danger. There were no strong currents, and Alfie was a perfect master of his little craft, besides being a strong and expert swimmer.

But one gusty October day, he went across the river to “Walnut Hill” a nutting. A sudden squall of wind and hail came up, just as he was starting for home. It struck the boat when it was about half way across, and the little thing went over like a feather. John Braddock saw it from his window, and, without stopping for hat or coat, ran swiftly to the river. Others, too, had seen the boat go over, and quite a crowd lined the banks. But still the boy did not come up. What could it mean—and he such a swimmer?

While they had been talking, and preparing to get a boat underway, John Braddock had plunged into the stream, and was already near the scene of the disaster. Watching him from the shore, they saw him go down, coming up again with the boy in his arms. When he reached the shore, he staggered to his feet, but still held fast to his insensible burden. He would not give him up to any one, but carried him, all wet and dripping as he was, into Parson Trueheart's little sitting-room, and deposited him on the sofa. Then, without stopping to see whether he were living or dead, he turned, and strode hastily from the room.

“He had been taken with sudden cramps,” Doctor Fenton said; but he was still very hopeful of saving him. Two or three times he thought he felt the faint flutter of the pulse; but though he wrought long and skillfully, the half-closed lids never lifted, nor the rigid lips gave back a mother's anguished kisses.

It was a cruel blow to Miriam, her heart was so bound up in the boy. How many bright hopes and pleasant anticipations were laid away under the little mound in the bleak desolate churchyard.

Deacon Goodspeed had been some time failing, and before the leaves were all off the trees, another sad procession climbed the long hill, and Deacon Goodspeed "slept with his fathers."

A parish meeting was immediately called to fill the vacancy. John Braddock seemed to be the most fitting man for the office. He was yet a young man, to be sure, but he was stern, and grave, and rigid; and besides, he was *sound*. There had been some slight signs of defection in the church; and a few—among them Doctor Fenton—had admitted that it was possible—not *probable*, but *possible*—that a few—a very few, might eventually get to heaven, who were not of the Milverton church. It was necessary that this fatal heresy be nipped in the bud, and for that purpose they needed a strong man. And so the mantle of Deacon Goodspeed fell on the shoulders of John Braddock.

A few weeks afterward, John Braddock, standing at the door of his mill, saw a woman go in at Mason's, the marble-worker. She was closely veiled, but he knew the lightest flutter of her garments. After she had gone, he stood a moment in thought.

"I will go into Mason's as I go home," he said.

Mr. Mason was busy at his work, but stopped as he approached.

"Mr. Mason, has the parish said anything to you about a monument for Deacon Goodspeed?"

"They have not," he said.

"You seem to have plenty of work. Death has been busy among us."

"Yes. Widow Blake has just been in to see about a stone for her little boy. A sad affair, sir."

"Yes," turning and walking toward the window.

"It will be rather hard for her to make out the money for one—though of course I shouldn't think of charging her full price. She said she had rather go cold and hungry, than not to have it. She is to come to-morrow to decide about it."

Mr. Braddock came back from the window.

"I will call and let you know about the monument, as soon as the parish has decided."

"Thank you. Good-day, deacon."

John Braddock flushed to the temples; it was the first time he had ever been called by his new title, and for a moment a sense of his unworthiness troubled him.

"I'll make a good job out of that," said Mason, rubbing his hands, as he went back to work. "I'll make up on *that*, what I lose on Widow Blake's."

That night, just before sundown, John Braddock rode leisurely out of town, but once beyond the Milverton hills, he lashed his horse to a gallop, and, before nine o'clock, drew rein before one of the most extensive marble-works in H——. He then selected a beautiful little stone, with a cluster of water-lilies—one half-opened bud broken, and falling from the stem. Workmen were called, and "Alfie" was engraved underneath. Shortly after midnight he put it in his wagon, and turned his horse's head towards Milverton.

Miriam Blake, going to place some late asters on Alfie's grave, started back aghast at what seemed to her a miracle. It was a nine-days' wonder in Milverton. Nobody knew how it could have come there, but there it was, certainly—pure and beautiful beyond anything that had ever been seen in the Milverton burying-ground.

John Braddock called the next day, and gave the promised order for the "monument" to Mason. But Miriam Blake did not come again.

In the meantime, our embryo minister, Lee Braddock, was dreaming sweet dreams, and hearing rare music in the voices of the wind sighing through the forests, but making little headway towards his destined vocation. His father superintended his studies, looking always at this one end. He filled his little chamber, in the sunny "south wing," with heavy works on divinity, which the boy—he was but fifteen—tried in vain to understand.

But there were golden hours in Lee's life, when, throwing his books aside, he climbed the breezy "Meeting-House Hill," and waited on the broad stone steps the coming of Almy Fenton; for Doctor Fenton's daughter was organist now in Milverton.

Perhaps Almy Fenton understood Lee better than anybody else ever had. Up in the organ loft, she had watched the quickened pulse-beat, and the fair face paling and flushing with passionate excitement; and sometimes the slender untrained fingers had struck wondrous chords of harmony, which *she* had never learned.

One day, as she was arranging her music, she noticed Lee nervously fingering a folded paper. There was a sort of suppressed

excitement in his manner, unusual to him.

"What is it, Lee?"

"If you would just please try this, Miss Fenton," he said, blushing painfully.

Almy took the paper, smoothed it out, and ran her practised eye over it. She saw its wonderful beauty at once.

"Did you write this, Lee?"

"Yes; and I have written a great deal more, but I don't know that papa would like it if he knew. He says it distracts my mind from my studies—and I have got to be a minister, you know. Papa has quite set his heart upon it. O dear!" he went on, passionately; "if God *meant* that I should be a minister—if he foreordained and decreed from all eternity that I *should* be one, why did he fill my whole soul with unutterable longings after every sweet sound in earth or air?"

Almy did not know, so she said:

"What does your father say?"

"O, he says it is my 'unregenerate heart and unsanctified will.' It is not," he went on, earnestly, "that I would not like to be one. I think it is the grandest thing in life to be a minister—a *true* one; but I think it ought to stand before anything else—the one wish, purpose and desire of the heart. I wish to please papa, and I try hard to understand those great books he brings me, but the letters all run together before my eyes, and go singing away in just the strangest manner! And the other day," he added, drawing near her, and taking hold of a fold of her dress, "I was reading a volume of Doctor Edwards's sermons, which papa particularly wished me to. I read a page over and over, two or three times, trying hard to understand it, when all at once I saw a bar of music lying across the leaf. I never saw anything plainer in my life—all the stops, and quavers, and semi-quavers. I put down my hand to brush it off, it was gone, and though I searched the floor, I could find nothing."

Almy, looking down into the pale spiritual face of the boy, felt a strange sense of awe stealing over her. She took the music he had given her, put it on the rack, and ran her fingers over the keys. It was a strange weird blending of sublimity and pathos. It rose and swelled through the great empty church, filling it with a sudden glory. It died away in plaintive sweetness in the dim aisles, and woke strange whispering voices

in the shadowy silence. It required all of Almy's skill, but she accomplished it. There were tears in her eyes, as the last note died away, and she drew a long tremulous breath.

"Have you ever shown this to any one?" she asked.

A bright flush stained the white forehead.

"Only to Ethel Blake. I just hummed it to her, up by Alfie's grave."

"What did she say about it?"

The boy hesitated, looking down in confusion.

"Well?"

"She said it was beautiful; but then she doesn't know about music as you do, Miss Fenton."

"Well, Lee, I think it is beautiful, too. I think God has given you a rare gift. I think *he* meant you for a priest of sweet sounds."

"O Miss Fenton! Do you really?" a happy light breaking over his face.

"I do certainly. But, Lee, remember you are no less accountable to him for this gift, than if you were a priest at the altar."

"O, it's not *that*, Miss Fenton. I don't wish to be free from accountability. But I *do* think I could praise God a great deal better than I could preach about him."

"Father," said Almy Fenton, that night, "I have found a genius to-day."

"Not in Milverton?"

"Yes—in Milverton."

"Who might the marvel be?"

"Lee Braddock. He brought a piece of music to me to-day, which he wrote. It was grand—one of the most exquisite things I ever heard. I never had anything move me so deeply in my life."

"I knew the boy had a great passion for music."

"It is something more than a passion, father—it is genius."

"But his father intends him for the ministry, Almy."

"I know—but God does not. All are not prophets. Don't you think, father," she added, presently, "that if you spoke to Mr. Braddock, he might look at it differently?"

Doctor Fenton laughed.

"Almy, I would attempt most anything to gratify you. I might even undertake to stop the planets in their courses, or the rivers in their flow, but to attempt to turn John Braddock when his mind is once made up, is more than I dare undertake."

"Poor little Lee!" she said, pityingly.

The next spring, Lee Braddock was sent to college as a divinity student. Miriam Blake sold her house, and moved to the city to get better employment. It was lonely at the great house on the hill, and John Braddock devoted himself more closely than ever to the interests of the church, looking forward with a thrill of pride to the time when his boy should stand at the sacred altar.

Lee had been three years at college, when one day his father received the following letter:

"DEACON JOHN BRADDOCK, — Dear Brother—Your son, whom I greatly love and respect, both for his pure morals and excellent character, has been under my tuition upwards of two years, and I regret to say that he knows but little more of Divinity than when he first entered. It seems almost impossible for him to adapt himself to this branch of study. *The boy has not a particle of logic in his composition.* Is it not possible, my dear brother, that you have mistaken the finger of Providence?

"Of course he can remain longer, if you choose; but, in my opinion, it will be useless. I hope you will bear this disappointment with a submissive spirit. We cannot understand the decrees of God, my brother—we can only bow before them.

"M. D. FERNAULD, *Prof. Theology.*"

And so Lee Braddock came back to Milverton, and the second great wish and purpose of John Braddock's heart was dust and ashes. But he was only a little more stern, a little colder, and more unapproachable. Lee dreamed away the long sweet summer in his favorite "south wing," composing grand inspiring strains, that would some day thrill the world.

One day his father came home angry. He had heard the report that Lee—his only child—was engaged to Ethel Blake. "*It should not be,*" he said. "No child of Alfred Blake shall ever wed with child of mine."

Lee did not deny the charge, but seeing his father's great anger, said but little.

Shortly after this Lee went up to the city. On his return he met his father in the hall.

"You have been to the city, Lee?"

"Yes, father, and I sold my music for quite a little fortune," walking toward him with a pleased flushed face, and unfolding a little roll of bills.

John Braddock waved him back with a bend of the head.

"Did you see Ethel Blake?"

"Yes, father."

"Did you tell her that you could never marry her?—that I had forbidden it?"

"No sir, I did not."

"What! will you not obey me?"

"Father, I have loved Ethel Blake ever since I can remember, and I *shall not* blight her life and my own to humor any man's prejudices, even if he be my father."

Lee was standing proudly erect, the blue eyes flashing and the lips growing white and stern. Even in his anger John Braddock felt a glow of pride in the boy's dauntless spirit so like his own.

"I repeat, no child of mine shall marry a child of Alfred Blake's. If you marry her, you are an alien and a castaway from my home and heart forever." Lee was silent.

"Will you cast her off?"

"Never!"

"Go, then, and may the curse—"

"Stop, stop! John Braddock!" cried his wife, throwing herself before him and clasping his knees.

"Peace, woman! What right have you to interfere?"

"I am his mother."

"Better for you, then, that he had never been born."

"O my boy! my boy! God pity me!" she moaned, sinking on the floor at his feet.

John Braddock had borne his disappointment in regard to his son's entering the ministry in silence, because God had done it; but this was, he reasoned, a purely human affair, in which his boy knowingly and wilfully set aside his authority and braved his anger. There was no thought of relenting in his heart, and Lee, beneath his calm exterior, had something of the old Braddock spirit of determination; and so he, the only lineal descendant of the great estate, went out from the home of his ancestors, in his youth, and poverty, and inexperience, to battle with a world of which he was as ignorant as a newborn babe. He had only his musical talent to depend on, yet with the improvidences and thoughtlessness of youth, he took another burden on his untrained shoulders—he married Ethel Blake in less than a month from the day he left his father's house.

The two children—for they were but little else, Lee being nineteen, and Ethel sixteen

went to live with Miriam Blake. They could not afford a separate establishment, and beside, Miriam refused to part with her child. They lived very happily in their simple quiet way. Ethel sewed with her mother, as she had before, and Lee wrote music, which he readily sold, but which, owing to his being poor and unknown, and not himself understanding its real value, he did not get as much for as it was worth. But still they lived very comfortably and independently. They were richer than half their neighbors, for they had an inexhaustible wealth of love, and a simple and confident faith.

After Lee left Milverton, and it became known *why* he went, there was a considerable feeling in the community. People hinted that the church ought to remonstrate with brother Braddock, but when he came among them, sterner and more dignified, more punctilious in all outward observances, more ready in prayer and exhortation, more careful of the interests of the church than ever before, there was no one found willing to undertake the task.

Two years passed away, and Lee's name had never been mentioned in his father's house, save in his mother's prayers.

It was indeed Hester Braddock's death-stroke—sending away her boy. She did not fail all at once; there was no sudden breaking up of the life forces, but a gradual and almost imperceptible wasting away of the vital functions. Day by day the languid step grew slower, and the white face thinner and whiter. Mrs. Tibbets, the housekeeper, saw how day after day the steps grew unsteady, and she leaned more heavily upon her for support in the little walks she still insisted on, in the garden.

But still John Braddock did not apprehend any immediate danger, until a cold taken in the early autumn, confined her to the bed.

One night Doctor Fenton was called in great haste; a violent hemorrhage had taken place. He looked very grave when he saw the white face lying back among the pillows. Presently she beckoned to her husband. He came and knelt by the bedside.

"Our boy, John—our little Lee," speaking faintly, and with great difficulty.

"Hester," and his face was very pale and stern, "we have no child?"

"I have never asked you before, but O John! how can I die and not see my child?"

John Braddock arose from his knees and walked out of the room, and a messenger was at once despatched to the city—twenty-five miles—for Lee.

The effort of speaking exhausted her very much. Presently her lips moved. Doctor Fenton put down his ear and caught these half-articulate words:

"How can I go, my father, and the lad be not with me?" And Hester Braddock never spoke again.

In the gray spectral dawn of a November day, Lee walked up the broad steps and stood once more in his father's house. But alas! there were no loving lips to kiss him and call him "my darling;" only a mute white face, turned patiently toward heaven.

Lee did not see his father, and people thought he went immediately back to the city; but the night after the funeral a slight like figure walked through the drifts of dead sycamore leaves, into the bleak lonesome churchyard, and seeking out a new-made grave, threw himself beside it, laying his face lovingly on the chill earth, weeping long and passionately.

John Braddock missed very much the pale-faced woman that had done all she could to make his home happy for more than twenty years.

He had never been—save in the sending away of her boy—unkind to his wife. He made no great show of affection, probably because he did not feel it. He had taken her in her poverty and dependence, and given her home, comfort, affluence; but he had not given her his heart, because he had none to give. Perhaps she never knew; she was not a woman of strong feelings; there were no great depths in her nature to be satisfied. And yet, under more favorable circumstances, Hester Braddock's quiet nature might have bloomed into rare sweetness. Perhaps she sometimes saw, looking down the dim vista of the past, some sweet swift-flowing river, setting toward a charmed haven of peace and love that might have been hers, only that she missed its pleasant source in the tangled morass of life.

It was the autumn of '57, the year of the great financial crisis. It had been six years since Lee Braddock left his father's house, and through them all he had been slowly but steadily rising into notice. Hitherto his income had been amply sufficient for all their wants, but he was not prepared for the terrible drain of sickness and misfortune.

He had been at work for some time on two pieces which he thought exceeded all former efforts. But the great stringency in the money market, and the complete prostration of nearly all kinds of business, induced his publisher to decline issuing them until a more hopeful feeling prevailed.

"People do not buy any music now," he said.

Ethel and her mother were also thrown out of employment. Not a house in the city was giving out work, and many of them were bankrupt.

Lee's meagre salary as organist in one of the churches was all their dependence, and soon that failed him. He was taken ill of a slow lingering fever, induced by depression and anxiety. Their little hoard rapidly diminished, though administered with the strictest economy.

Ethel was very brave, and practised a good many pretty little deceptions to keep the truth from Lee, who was beginning to gain slowly. But at last there was but one loaf of bread and a little meal in the house. And besides, it was getting cool in the nights and mornings, and little Johnnie's shoes were out at the toes, and there was not a half-bushel of coal in the bin.

"Something must be done," Ethel said, and the idea took possession of her that if she went to Milverton, and with her own lips told John Braddock that his only child was starving—for it must come to that soon—he would relent and help them. Benny White, the man who drove the Milverton stage, was an old schoolmate of hers, and she knew he would not ask her anything to take her there.

It was with a very hopeful heart that Ethel tied on her bonnet before the little mirror, and with a little pardonable pride tried to make herself look as neat and pretty as possible, thinking with a charming little blush that maybe he might not blame Lee so much, after all. Then she kissed Johnnie, and told him to "take good care of papa," and ran out, declaring she should be too late for the stage if she did not hurry.

It was getting dusk in the long narrow streets, and one by one the street lamps sent up a pale slender flame, as Ethel Braddock, coming into the lower hall, stumbled over somebody lying prone upon the floor. She gave a little startled scream, which had the effect to arouse Lee—for it was he—and

with her assistance he managed to get up to their room.

"O Ethel!" he moaned, "see what I have done." And he held up a pocket-book to her astonished gaze.

"You see," he went on, "I lay here and listened to Johnnie crying for bread until I was nearly distracted. At last he fell asleep exhausted. I got up and sat in the chair, looking at the crowd hurrying by, not knowing or caring for my suffering. Women, too, Ethel, their rich robes trailing in the street, one yard of which would keep us from starving, when suddenly I saw a man drop this. I might have called after him, but I didn't. Instead I crept down, like a thief, and picked it up. I think I fainted then, for I knew no more until you aroused me."

Ethel took it from his hand and read the name—Richard Mallory, a well-known merchant. It was filled with bills; she did not stop to count them, but folded it quickly together.

"You must take it to him in the morning, Ethel. May he never know the temptation that assailed me."

"Well, dear?" looking at her, questioningly.

"O Lee! it was all in vain! And I knelt to him and plead with prayers and tears for just a mere pittance, to save his son from starving! All the answer he made me was, 'I have no son.' O Lee, Lee! your father's heart is like the nether millstone."

"Hush, dear! he is my father!" covering his face with his thin hand.

"But, Lee, to think of his abundance! Benny White said he was reckoned the richest man in Milverton. And then to think it is all my fault—if you hadn't offended him by marrying me, you would not be dying by inches of privation and hunger."

Lee reached out and drew the little tear-stained face down to his.

"Darling," he said, softly, "if six years ago I could have looked ahead and seen all that I must endure, even to this last terrible hour, I should have chosen as I did. It is not for myself, only for you and Johnnie, that I care."

Ethel kissed the thin white hand, caressing it tenderly.

"Lee, I believe I'll just run in to Mallory's with that pocket-book to-night. I am afraid he will be troubled about it," she said, aloud; but in her secret heart she

dared not keep all that money in the house and they so near starving!

The next morning the last slice of bread was toasted, and Ethel divided it between her husband and Johnnie. Johnnie saw it, and with a quick instinct divined the truth. And though the red lips quivered, he declared stoutly that "Johnnie wasn't hungry a bit," and resolutely refused to touch it. Lee covered his face with the bedclothes to shut out the sight.

"O Ethel! what will become of us!" a sharp agony in his voice.

"God will take care of us, Lee."

"Will he, mother? will he, *really?*" the little sober face brightening.

Ethel hesitated a moment before answering. The child's confident questioning had startled a doubt that was slowly creeping into her own heart. Then she said, "Yes, Johnnie; I am sure that he will."

Johnnie went and stood by the window, looking out thoughtfully, with his pretty dimpled hands crossed behind him. By-and-by a sudden thought came to him.

"Is God in the street, mamma?"

"Yes, dear, God is everywhere?"

Johnnie waited a moment, and then slipped quietly out and down stairs, saying softly to himself:

"I'm doing to find Dod. I dess he's forgot all about us."

He was a little fellow, scarce three years old, and many an eye turned back to look at him as he trudged along the crowded street. He was bareheaded, and a heavy mass of chestnut curls fell to his shoulders. He was so busy scanning every face he met that he did not see a great fiery black horse that came rushing down upon him from a cross street. The driver saw the child just in time, for he was almost under his feet, and drew in so suddenly as to throw him back upon his haunches.

"Hallo! You must be more careful, little fellow, or you'll get run over."

"I—I was looking for somebody," faltered Johnnie.

"Were you going this way?" pointing down the street.

Johnnie nodded.

"Then you can ride." And John Braddock—for it was he—lifted the little fellow in beside him. As he stooped a nice light bun rolled from his pocket to the seat. He had started early, and Mrs. Tibbetts had insisted on his taking a lunch.

Johnnie eyed it wistfully.

"Do you want it?" picking it up and passing it to him.

He seized it, devouring it ravenously. John Braddock looked on shocked.

"Have you had no breakfast, little one?"

"No, nor any supper," said Johnnie, dolefully. "You see," with sudden confidence, "we don't have much to eat at our house now. Papa is sick, and mamma can't get any work to do."

Mr. Braddock took out the other two buns and gave them to the child.

A sudden light broke over the little puzzled face, and nestling one little hand in one of his great brown ones, he exclaimed, triumphantly:

"I know who *you* are—you're Dod!"

John Braddock looked down with a rebuke on his lips, but the child's serious earnestness awed him.

"What do you mean, child?" huskily.

"Well, mamma said Dod would help us, and I thought maybe he'd forgotten about us, and I come out to find him. Mamma said he was everywhere."

"No, little one, I am not God. I am only a very weak sinful man. Now do you know where you live—can you find it?"

Johnnie looked about him a moment.

"Yes, there is the street, right there."

"Well," taking out a bright gold piece, "here is something for you. You know what it is for?"

"To buy some breakfast!"

"Can you carry it and not lose it?"

Johnnie grasped it closely in his chubby little hand.

"What is your name, little one?"

"Johnnie."

"Well, kiss me, little Johnnie." And the pure sweet lips touched his like a benediction.

"You are very sure you *aint* Dod?"

"Yes, child."

Before Ethel had fairly missed him, Johnnie bounded into the room, his curls dancing, and his cheeks glowing, and displayed his treasure.

After he had told his story he stood a moment looking into the fire. Presently he said:

"Mamma, if that wasn't Dod, don't you believe *he* sent him?"

"Yes, darling, I *know* he did."

John Braddock turned his horse's head towards home with a strange feeling at his

heart. Something about that child moved him strangely. There was a certain poise of the little ringleted head, an indescribable something that brought back the memory of *another* little curly head that he had been trying to put out of his heart these many years.

And besides, John Braddock had not felt very comfortable in his mind since Ethel's visit. He had not slept a wink all night, and although he would not own it even to himself, his journey to town was with a faint thought—not hardly a hope—that he might in some way encounter him.

As he got out of the wagon at his door a little something in the bottom on the mat caught his eye. He stooped and picked it up, and went into the house. Something evidently troubled him; he was restless and uneasy. By-and-by he went up to his room, and went to a little writing-desk, and unlocking it, took out a little faded picture of a fair blue-eyed little boy with soft flaxen curls.

"No," he said, "he doesn't look like this, and yet he makes me think of him so." He turned the picture to the light, and as he did so the little packet he had in his hand fell to the desk. "He is sick and *starving*—yes, starving; that is what she said," he said, huskily. "It was all his own fault—the headstrong boy. And yet I should have done just so! I should have despised him if he had not clung to her. How pretty she looked yesterday! how like her mother!"

Glancing down at the desk, he saw the pin had fallen out, and a strip of faded pink ribbon lay half unfolded. It came across him so suddenly he grew dizzy. He knew what was in it, but he opened it and took out a little coil of purple-black hair, and one of brown, twisted lightly together.

Ah! how well he remembered. There had been a picnic, and a sail on the river, and afterward, in the golden twilight—all days were golden to him then—sitting on the low vine-covered veranda at her father's house, they had fixed their wedding-day. And he had sportively asked her for a token, and she had clipped a lock from each of their heads, and twisting them together, had wrapped them laughingly in a piece of pink ribbon at her waist. How well he remembered just how she looked that night! even to the wild roses in her hair. Afterward, in his anger, he had sent it back to her.

But how came that child by it, for he must have dropped it? A thought came across him so suddenly that he staggered and leaned against the mantel for support.

What if that were Lee's child! But no, it could not be; Lee had no child—at least, not that he had ever heard. To be sure he had never taken the trouble to inquire, but he had somehow gotten that impression.

He went to the table; a Bible lay open on it, and glancing down, his eye caught these words: "Whosoever provideth not for those of his own house, hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel." The letters seemed to rise up and confront him. He closed the book, but he saw them still. They beckoned to him with thin bloodless fingers, and mocked him with wan pallid lips. He stooped and picked up the little picture.

"O Lee! little Lee! my boy, my boy! God in heaven forgive me!" he cried out, his voice sharp with agony.

Again he heard the soft ripple of childish laughter through the dark lonely house, and felt the breath from the half-parted lips, and the light touch of the soft silky curls against his face, as the little feet clambered up the back of his chair "to kiss papa." In this new swift light the long cold years that lay between faded away like the morning mist, and for the first time in thirty years John Braddock wept. The scales had fallen from his eyes, and he saw himself as he really was, a whited sepulchre, having the form of godliness without its spirit.

It was a night of bitter agony and wrestling, but with the dawn a new sweet peace came into his soul; and though John Braddock had been a member of Milverton church nigh thirty years, he was never truly "born again" until that night.

In the morning he sent for his house-keeper. "Mrs. Tibbetts," he said, "I am going into the city to-day, and I think I shall bring company home with me. I want you to open and brighten up the house all you can. You will know what to do better than I can tell you, only make it look homelike and cheerful, and have a bright wood-fire in the sitting-room, for it will be chilly. And here is the key of the south wing; arrange that also. And perhaps," pausing and flushing slightly, "it would be well enough to look at the guest-chamber in the main building."

He went out, leaving Mrs. Tibbetts staring in blank amazement. What had come over the deacon, and who was he going to bring home with him, that he should look so pleased and happy? At length a bright thought struck her—he was going to get married.

"That is it, you may depend," she said to Jane, the kitchen girl, "for he's gone with his new span of grays and the best carriage. I declare, I hardly knew him; his face fairly shone." And here the good lady fell to wondering if the departed Tibbetts looked like that on his wedding-day.

It was a busy day at the great house; rooms were swept and dusted, soft downy feather-beds were tossed and beaten until each particular feather stood on its own responsibility. The finest of snowy linen sheets and dainty hem-stitched pillow-cases were brought into requisition, and the long-closed rooms looked fresh and cheerful once more.

There were wonderful achievements in the kitchen likewise, and the staid serious-looking sitting-room was metamorphosed into one of the cosiest of little paradises imaginable. Jane brought in her chrysanthemums, and put them in the window, and a vase of late asters on the mantel.

While this was being enacted in Milverton, quite a different scene was transpiring in the city. Ethel had just put on her bonnet to go out to purchase some food with the money so providentially sent, when a man's step, firm and quick, sounded on the stair. She opened the door, and started back aghast at the sight of the very man who only yesterday she had knelt and prayed for help.

"Child," he said, taking hold of her shoulder almost roughly, "Lee—where is he?"

She pointed silently to the bed.

John Braddock sprang across the room and knelt sobbing by the bedside.

"O Lee! my poor boy! can you ever forgive the great wrong I have done you?" kissing the thin wasted hand.

"O father, I never laid up anything against you. God knows I did not. I blighted all your hopes for me, but I could not help it."

A little soft round arm stole round John Braddock's neck, and a wealth of bright chestnut curls fell over his face, and a sweet lisping voice said:

"Don't cry. Johnnie loves you."

He caught him suddenly to his bosom.

"Is this your boy, Lee?"

"Yes, father; you see we called him after you."

Ethel had come and knelt by the bed, one hand stroking tenderly the wan white face of her husband, the other firmly clasped in that of her new-found father. This was the tableau that met the startled gaze of Miriam Blake as she came in from the next block where she was nursing a lady who was ill.

When John Braddock took her hand he trembled like a bashful schoolboy. He had not touched her hand, or spoken to her, since the night they parted in anger so many long weary years ago.

Time had dealt tenderly with Miriam Blake, for despite the faint lines of suffering about the mouth, and a few threads of silver in her still magnificent hair, she was still a splendid woman, and John Braddock thought more beautiful than he had ever seen her.

Just as the pale slant October sunshine was slowly fading from the Milverton hills, Mrs. Tibbetts, looking out for the fortieth time, saw the span of grays coming leisurely up the hill. She noticed that the carriage was full, and saw little Johnnie on the front seat. "I guess he's married a widow," was her mental comment; but when she saw him assist out Miriam and Ethel, it all came to her, even before he had lifted out a slight muffled figure from among the pillows and cushions. Mrs. Tibbetts went out to help him, but he took him in his arms as if he had been a baby, and bore him into the bright cheery sitting-room, and laid him on the lounge. But not until he had held him a moment closely to his heart, and kissed with tremulous lips the white closed lids that were vainly trying to keep back the tears.

Mrs. Tibbetts could wait no longer, but threw herself down beside him, kissing him, and calling him the old tender pet names she used when she was a little child.

"O bless the dear Lord!" she sobbed, "that ever I have lived to see this happy day."

And indeed there was not a dry eye in the room; and even Jane, seeing them from her seat in the dining-room, was weeping softly to herself from very sympathy. Mr. Braddock saw her.

"Jane, my dear little girl, come in here," he called.

She came slowly forward, wiping her eyes with the corner of her apron.

"Well, Jane, do you think you can take care of all these folks I have brought you?"

"Bless you, yes sir; the more the better, as long as we are all so happy."

"Happy? Why, girl, don't you see we are all crying?"

"Ah yes! but it isn't the kind that hurts. They're blessed tears, sir." And so they were.

The next morning Miriam Blake was standing by the window in the sitting-room. A step close beside her startled her. She looked up and met a look that she well remembered in John Braddock's eyes. He had a little fold of faded pink ribbon in his hand; he unrolled it slowly, watching her face the while. Suddenly she grew white, reaching out her hand with a quick motion. He caught the hand and held it fast.

"O where did you get it?" she faltered.

"Johnnie says he found it in your work-box. You remember them, Miriam?"

"O John! I have never forgotten."

"O my darling!" he said, passionately, drawing her to his heart.

He stood a little while holding her thus, then, softly:

"We will be married to-day, dear."

"Indeed and we will not, sir," with a pretty little touch of her old imperiousness. "I am not at all sure that I will marry you at all."

"O Miriam! Miriam! my heart has hungered and thirsted for your love thirty long desolate years. I am fifty years old to-day, and, darling, it will be only a little while at best. O Miriam, do not deny my life this late blossoming." •

Just at this moment, unknown to them, Ethel looked into the sitting-room for something, and very evidently saw something she had not expected. She started back with affright at such passionate wooing, wondering, as she flew lightly up stairs, what the Milverton church would say if they had seen their deacon just then!

She burst into the sunny south wing, where Lee was lying, a smile of dreamy content in his eyes, and startled him with the story of her discovery, adding:

"Your father is ever so much nicer a lover than ever you were, Lee; he's just splendid; and I shall be downright angry

with mamma if she should reject him."

But she had no need, for before another sunset John Braddock and Miriam Blake were united in the sight of men, as they had long been in the sight of God. And so Mrs. Tibbets was right, after all.

All Milverton marvelled over the wonderful change in Deacon Braddock. A genial heartiness took the place of the olden gravity of demeanor. But what he lost in dignity and sternness, was more than made up in fervor and unction. Harsh rebuke and stern denunciation were succeeded by earnest tender appeals that were far more irresistible. And Aunt Polly Goodspeed—relict of the worthy deacon—said, "Verily the Lord had granted a new measure of grace to his chosen vessel."

"Almy, my dear," said Doctor Fenton, coming in to his daughter's—now Mrs. Denver—"evidently the age of miracles is not yet passed. I never saw such a change in a man in my life."

"Who, father?"

"Why, Braddock, to be sure. I met him just now. He grasped my hand warmly, saying, 'Come up and see us, doctor. I want all my friends to come and see how happy we are.' And as I live there were tears in his eyes, and his voice was husky with emotion."

"Ah, father, what do you think of 'turning the rivers and planets in their courses' now?" laughed Almy.

"I think, my dear," said the doctor, reverently, "that God's hand hath smitten the rock, and the waters have gushed out."

Lee Braddock, the eminent and successful composer, is now organist in the Presbyterian church at Milverton—not the old square red church, but a new freestone one, with mullioned windows and richly frescoed ceilings. For Milverton has grown wealthy and populous in these years. There have been reservoirs built, and new streams let in, and the old sluggish river is now a mighty current, with half a score of flourishing mills on its banks. Other churches, too, have sprung up, and more than one slender spire points its long white finger to heaven from the green Milverton hills.

Altogether, it is one of the loveliest of our New England villages, and one of the happiest; but among them all, none quite so supremely blessed as the Braddock family.

NEVER TO RETURN.

BY ADDISON F. BROWNE.

The flowers bloom in beauty gay
And shed their sweetness all around;
But when the autumn gales shall sound,
Each rose and violet will decay—
Never to return.

Yon towering oaks, so broad and strong,
A hundred years have stood serene
Through winter's gray and summer's
green;
But they will pass away ere long—
Never to return.

O'er all the landscape, far and nigh,
From grassy hill to forest glade,
Is spread the summer's emerald shade;
But soon each leaf will fade and die—
Never to return.

So in life's pleasant summer-time,
When sunny skies to cheer the sight,
Somerville, May 9, 1876.

And flowers of love are blooming bright,
We think all clouds have left our clime—
Never to return.

But autumn gales are sure to come
And chill the rose that blooms so gay,
While winter soon will dim the day.
Then earthly bliss will leave its home—
Never to return.

One golden joy for every heart
E'er shines with glory warm and sure;
And through life's winter will endure,
Till from this realm the soul shall part—
Never to return.

Thus at the close of mortal day,
On wings of faith the heart may fly
To where the glow of love on high
Shall drive all pain and death away—
Never to return.

MARCH WINDS.

BY LOUISE DUPRE.

OUR house was getting to be decidedly down town. Stores were creeping up round us, horsecars went tinkling through the street, and great ugly brick blocks took the place of the pleasant old-fashioned gardens that but yesterday made such a grateful show of green leaves, and flowers, and grass to passers-by. Our garden was left still, but Uncle John said that it was a shocking piece of extravagance to keep it, or the house either, and was continually advising us to sell. Lou and I were obliged to pinch a good deal, to be sure, in order to make both ends meet; and for the price our estate would bring us we should be able to purchase a much more suitable abode for us either up town or in the suburbs, and have a good substantial sum left besides. But we could not bear to think of leaving the old place where father and mother were married, and where they both died, after living there so many happy years; where we were born and spent such a happy child-

hood. Every room in the great rambling old house was dear to us, every tree in the garden, and the rows of gooseberry and currant bushes, the tulip beds under the sunny wall, the sweet-scented roses, and daffodils and pinks. Dinah, our old black servant, loved it as well as we did, and we three lived there alone, after a very contented and jolly fashion. Our friends all lived a good ways off, but we did not mind that. Neither Lou nor I cared much for society. We had our books, our music, our house-keeping and our dreams—the latter always taking up a good part of any young woman's existence. Then Lou was something of an artist, and was able to prevent any loneliness from creeping into her leisure, by sketching a flower, or some pretty little scene from the window. Beaux had never been much in our line. Lou was a beauty, but she was not at all susceptible, and turned a cold shoulder on all her admirers. It was a fearfully blustering March morn-

ing. The tree branches snapped and creaked, shutters slammed, panes of glass smashed, doors banged, and the wind whistled down the chimney and tore round the corners with the greatest fury. Lou and I had a great pile of scarlet coals in our library grate, and were cosily seated there, Lou at her drawing, and I with my embroidery, when suddenly we heard a great crash, and rushing to the window, found that the sign on the fancy goods store opposite had blown down, and a man who was passing by at the time had been hurt. We caught a glimpse of him lying there on the sidewalk, pale and bleeding from a wound in the temple; then, in the twinkling of an eye, a great crowd hid him from our sight, and the street was a perfect scene of confusion.

"Poor fellow!" said Lou, pityingly. "I am afraid he is dead. Where will they take him? If he is alive, he surely ought to be taken to some house as soon as possible. He could not be properly cared for in a store."

"Certainly not," said I; "and as our house is the nearest, we ought to signify our willingness to having him brought here." And just then Dr. Willoughby, an old friend of the family, beckoned me to come to the door; and when I did so, told me that he had taken the liberty to order the injured man to be taken there immediately, as it would be dangerous to try to move him as far as the hotel under the circumstances.

Lou shivered a little, and covered her face with her hands when they bore him past our door and up the staircase into the comfortable and cosy guest-chamber; but I had strong nerves, and sought his side at once, anxious to see if he were any one I knew, and to find out the extent of his injuries. Afterwards she declared that it was not nervousness on account of the man's injuries which caused her to shiver; it was because she felt sure the moment he was carried across the threshold that he was her fate.

He was unconscious, and I could hardly believe that he still breathed. Good old Dr. Willoughby was bending over him with a very serious face.

"Too good a head to be battered up in this way," said he, as I approached. Then Dr. Clarke, the surgeon from up town, having been hurriedly sent for, appeared, and the two held a long consultation over him.

He had a good head, surely. It was of antique mould, and had an expression of much nobility. His face was good, also—handsome even now, though the features were so pale and set, and pinched with pain. It was evident that he was a stranger in town; no one remembered to have seen him before. His age was probably about thirty, and Lou discovered a crest on the ring which he wore on his little finger as soon as she found courage to glance at him.

"But he doesn't need that to prove that he is of noble extraction," she whispered me behind the doctor's back.

"Lou, your head is crammed full of romances," I returned. "What is it to us whether he is of noble extraction or not? Poor fellow! I only hope that he will not die on our hands. How dreadfully his friends would feel if they knew of his condition—his mother, his wife, his sisters!"

"But he hasn't any wife," she persisted. "I am perfectly sure of that."

I opened my eyes at her with a fear that she had suddenly lost her mind.

"What do you think of the case?" she asked Dr. Clarke, whom she met on his way down stairs an hour later.

"Very serious," he said, shaking his head. "There are chances for his recovery, but it is doubtful. I have found out his address by means of cards in his pockets, but it seems that he is an Englishman, living in London, and it seems unlikely that any of his friends will be able to reach him, though I shall make haste to publish the accident in the newspapers."

"But there is a chance of his recovery! Helen, I'm convinced that he'll get well. When I saw him in New York last week, I was sure that I should see him again. I was sure that I should be acquainted with him sometime, and now I am sure that I shall know him many years."

"Did you see him in New York!" I exclaimed, in surprise.

"Yes, and it seems so strange," she said. "It was just such a day as this, a wild blustering March day, and walking up Fifth Avenue my veil blew off, and lodged gracefully across a gentleman's face who was walking just behind me. I turned, of course, to recover the provoking thing, and found him making bewildered efforts to pull it from his eyes. But before he succeeded in doing so the wind took it again, and he had a frantic chase for it down the street.

Finally it lodged in a tree, and he hooked it down with his cane and returned it to me, quite out of breath. As he did so our eyes met, and we both burst into a fit of laughter. Of course I thanked him for his trouble, and said that the veil wasn't worth such an effort, and the like. But that wasn't *all* of the meeting, Helen, though as far as words are concerned, he said nothing at all. It was evident that he felt the same thrill of prophecy that I did."

I had never heard Lou talk such nonsense before, and expressed my disapproval by maintaining a severe silence.

There was no change in Mr. John Gilbert's condition that day. Dr. Willoughby remained at his bedside until late at night, and then Dinah, who was a famous nurse, and delighted beyond measure with the importance of her position, took his place. Lou, with the best of directions for change of medicines and the like through the night, reclined on a sofa in the next room, and tiptoed in where he lay in that deathly stupor every hour or so, so as to be sure that everything was right, though Dinah was always sure to remember.

The next day he opened his eyes, and looked about him with a blank stare; then after that he grew delicious, and raved fearfully for hours and hours together. But even in his wildest moods he seemed to be conscious of Lou's presence. Her touch soothed him, and he would take nothing from other hands than hers. On the fourth day Dr. Willoughby pronounced him better. He had slept quietly during the night, his pulse was beating more naturally, and his face was losing its expression of pain.

Lou and I were sitting by his bedside, discussing his features with the greatest freedom, when he suddenly opened his eyes and fixed them on my sister's somewhat guilty countenance.

"Ah!" he said, in a tone of recognition. "Then I haven't been dreaming, after all. I have been conscious that an angel was near me all the while; but tell me, am I in heaven?"

Lou's cheeks grew crimson. I was very much inclined to laugh, for it never seemed to me that Lou, with her piquant nose and dancing brown eyes, ever looked very much like an angel, but more like a handsome, saucy and willful young woman. I assured him that he was still upon earth, but that he had been very ill, and advised him to be

very quiet and try to go to sleep again. He obeyed like an infant, and was soon in the depths of the same peaceful slumber.

"Poor fellow, he isn't himself yet," whispered Lou, with an air of wishing to be contradicted on the subject.

When he did come to himself he was not much more reasonable. He was weak, and childish, and fretful, and was restless and miserable if Lou did not keep Dinah company in the continual watch by his bedside, and declared that the medicine would do him no good unless she gave it to him.

"Sick or well, he's in lub wid Miss Lou," remarked Dinah, shaking her sage head; "and if Dinah's eyes habn't got so old that they can't see straight, Miss Lou aint far from bein' dat way wid *him*, either. And we dunno noffin about him, Miss Helen, ony he 'pears like somebody. Still, 'pearances am decetful?"

I never doubted but that Mr. John Gilbert was a gentleman after my first glance at him, however, and was no more uneasy on that score than I was after securing every proof possible that he was of the highest respectability, the only son of a wealthy English squire who had lately died, doing this country on a pleasure trip. He hadn't a relative in the world, and I quite pitied him, poor fellow, he seemed to feel it so much. So did Lou.

But as he grew better and stronger he grew sad and despondent—wished those days could last forever, and complained that the doctor was hurrying him into getting well so fast. Matters seemed to be going on strangely between him and Lou, and I felt a strange foreboding of evil whenever I regarded my sister's radiant face, and saw how this stranger was absorbing her every thought. As for him, his eyes followed her everywhere she went with a wistful half-tender expression, and one day he said to me, watching her as she left the room, as if she had some connection with the wish, "O Miss Helen, if the March winds had only stranded me here two years before, what a happy man I should be!"

I did not ask him why, but afterwards I remembered this remark, and understood its significance. He was quite well now, and was going to leave us that day. Lou and he had been alone in the library half the morning, and I found her in her own room, with her head buried in the pillows, looking like a ghost.

"He is engaged to be married, Helen. He told me the whole truth. He cares for me—he says that he fell in love with me at a glance that day in New York; but I bade him go and marry *her*, because it is the only honorable thing he can do. But it is very, very hard. O Heien, it is so hard! I shall never see him again."

He was waiting down stairs to bid me good-by. I felt unreasonably angry with him for bringing so much trouble into our midst, and was prepared to be very cold; but his sorrow, his gratitude, touched me in spite of myself, and the tears came into my eyes as I watched him out of sight.

Months passed, and we heard nothing from him. Lou busied herself over her pursuits, but she was drooping sadly. Her cheeks had lost their brilliant color, her dancing brown eyes looked very large and sad, and it was almost heartbreaking to hear her laugh, it was so unlike the old merry musical outburst that lent such cheer and brightness to the household. I imagined that a change of scene would do her good, and proposed spending the hot months at some fashionable watering-place. She languidly agreed to all my proposals. We went to Long Branch, and at first she brightened up wonderfully. The hotel where we took up our abode was filled with a gay crowd which was mostly young people. Every moment of the day and evening was devoted to pleasure. There were sailing parties on the sunshiny sea, rowing parties from dusk to moonlight, drives on the smooth hard beach and back on the tree-shaded country roads, moonlight flirtations on the piazza, and hops in the great saloon nearly every night. She was the reigning belle. I had never seen her look so handsome. Her cheeks burned with such a vivid crimson, and her eyes were so full of radiant light. She seemed really wild with spirits, too—managed the crowd of admirers in her train with infinite tact, and exercised her exquisite taste in the getting up of striking and artistic toilets. But in the midst of it all a change suddenly came o'er the spirit of her dreams, and she begged me to go home with her at once, saying she was tired to death. After that her health seemed to fail. Dr. Willoughby said that it was only debility, and prescribed tonics and a great deal of fresh air; but nothing seemed to do her any good. She looked like the ghost of her old self; still, there was nothing the

matter, she said; she had no pain, she was only tired.

At the end of two years we were fairly compelled to give up our old homestead. We were in the midst of markets and wholesale stores. The street was a perfect Babel, our taxes were enormous; then the city wished to build a new post-office where the old house stood, and offered us a price for the estate which fairly bewildered us. We were quite rich, and as we could well afford it, Dr. Willoughby advised a trip to Europe; it might do Lou good, he said. She really brightened up at the prospect of going, and as for me, if it had not been for my sister's condition, I should have been perfectly wild with delight. I had dreamed of that old world so long, of its relics of the past, its treasures of art, and the romance of antiquity which lingered round its shores. We sailed in December, and after spending a month or so in London, went over to Paris. We had friends in London, and intended to spend the winter there, but Lou suddenly took it into her head that she must go to Paris.

"I am so afraid that I shall see him, Helen," she said, "and I could not bear that now."

I knew that she meant John Gilbert, and thought it would be as well that she should not meet him. She was improving wonderfully, however, and beginning to seem quite like her old self. When we reached Paris she was even gay, and delighted in everything that she saw. The brilliant streets with their perpetual holiday air, the clatter of the musical foreign tongue, the quaint little shops with their polite and dressy keepers, the old historical buildings, the gardens and the art galleries.

"Helen," she said to me one day. "I believe that I am going to die, for I feel as if all my sorrows were over."

"I was hoping that a change of scene would do as much for you," I replied. "You were morbid, dear, and this was just what you needed. I am not afraid that you will die now."

It was a blustering March day, for all the world like the one of two years ago, when John Gilbert was brought to our house all unconscious of what fate had in store for him there. Lou and I were walking in the Tuilleries. The tree-boughs bent and creaked; dry leaves blew in clouds; the sky overhead was of the deepest blue flecked with white clouds. Carriages full of richly-

dressed people rolled gayly along, picturesque little beggars held out their grimy palms for a penny. Lou always wore any quantity of floating things, veils, scarfs, sashes, ribbons, and the like. Floating things became her, and she always disposed them so carelessly that I regarded her with apprehension whenever anything stronger than a summer zephyr placed its finger on these graceful additions to her toilet.

"Lou, you will surely lose your scarf," I said, touching the gauzy affair that was just folded, not tied, round her throat. And just then a fresh gust came round the corner, seized it and whirled it away.

"Well, let it go," she said. "I am not going to run after it." And we walked deliberately on.

A gentleman who was just turning down another walk, however, saw it when it blew, and came hurrying up behind us, all out of breath, to restore it to its owner. Lou turned round to thank him, but after uttering a little cry of surprised delight, stood as if spellbound. I turned myself to investigate matters, and found Mr. Gilbert holding both her hands, and looking as if his whole soul were shining out of his eyes.

"I was going to take the steamer for America this very night. I could not stay away any longer," he said. "And I should have missed you, after all. I think some special providence was in the wind that drifted that scarf away."

"You seem to have some strange connec-

tion with the March winds, Mr. Gilbert," said I. "They always drift you toward us, at least."

"True," he replied; "I believe that my good genius lurks in their breath, though they were rather rude to my poor head once."

Lou had withdrawn her hands from his clasp, and stood looking very pale, and somewhat cold, and surprised. I looked at her, and recovered my senses.

"It is time that we should return to the hotel," I said. "My sister has been ill, and is still something of an invalid. I am very glad to have met you, Mr. Gilbert." (This was a fib.) "I hope your wife is well."

"My wife!" he exclaimed. "Did you not receive the paper I sent you containing news of her death nearly a year ago? And are you going to dismiss me in this way? I thought you would both meet me as an old friend, at least." And he regarded Lou with very sad reproachful eyes.

But there is no need for me to relate the remainder of the conversation; you know, of course, that Lou married him, and they lived happily ever afterwards, like a king and queen in the old fairy stories. And now, though years have passed since then, whenever the March winds blow in a particularly blustering manner, Lou listens to them as if there were some magic in their voices, and says she is always looking for some good gift to drift to her feet from their whirling wings.

THE DAILY OCCUPATIONS OF A TURKISH LADY.

BY A LATE LADY RESIDENT IN TURKEY.

It occurs to me that it may not prove uninteresting to describe the daily occupations of a Turkish lady, fettered as she is by a life which debars her from joining in the ordinary household duties that are binding on us. For imagine how different the existence of us American women would at once become, if, though all the details of home life must be attended to, they nevertheless had to be carried on without showing our faces to our tradesmen, or to our doctor, or to any one of our gentlemen acquaintances—if both we and our servants must manage to get through life and be constantly guarded and on our guard against being seen.

Who would buy and sell for us? How should we ourselves be able to carry on the everyday business of life? Who would take our children out for exercise? What would become of the education of our boys and girls? We shall see by-and-by how all this is arranged, but we can at once perceive that in a land where women have not free egress from their homes, domestic life must become complicated and hindered in a variety of ways unknown amongst us. In fact, domestic life in Turkey is altogether different from ours, those arrangements on which much of the comfort of a family depends not being regulated by the mistress of the

house. She has very little to do with household matters, and need not trouble herself with thoughts of economy in food and dress, for she is treated much as we treat our pretty caged birds, expecting them to be content with what is set before them, to eat and drink, to keep their gay plumage in good condition, and be happy, merry and songful in their gilded cages. A Turkish lady is not, however, a mere dressed-up doll; she is quite aware that she has responsibilities, and tries to live up to what her religion (false though it be) teaches. The first duty of her day is to rise before dawn and perform the customary ablutions preparatory to prayer, and this in the cold winter weather is no pleasant task. She has gone to bed ready-dressed, baggy trousers and all, and has only had to slip on her thick wadded jacket, or *heurka*, which takes the place of our dressing-gown; still, though she must scrupulously wash her hands, and feet, and face, and ears in cold water, ejaculating as she does so such phrases as, "O, that my ears were opened to receive instruction!"—"O, that my hands were clean from evil deeds!"—and though she must stand with bare feet, she will nevertheless wait to adjust the niche of her prayer-carpet so that it may point directly to Mecca, and will never neglect the modest covering of white muslin thrown over the head, notwithstanding there is no eye to watch her in the retirement of her own room. Her slave, who has risen to wake her, and place her slippers, prays at the same time as her mistress, either in the same room or in a room adjoining; and, the last thanksgiving finished, the prayer-carpets are folded with reverential care and put into their wrappers; then both lady and slave creep again to their beds on the floor, and sleep soundly under soft wadded quilts, or *yourghans*, that have the merit of keeping off the damp mists which arise from the Bosphorus, and which blankets would only absorb. Even the flat pillows and mattresses are of wool, like the wadded quilt; the latter is not white, like ours, but has a facing of some bright alpaca, or coarse muslin, ornamented with a strange old-fashioned pattern representing flowers or animals of most varied hues and proportions, not to be found in the canons of our art. The mattresses are in colored casings of the same sort of pattern, and made for show as well as use. But we must suppose our lady to have awoke at last, and to have passed

from her bed to her divan. This is no very great change, as she is still half asleep, and remains so till she has smoked her cigarette or pipe. Her slave at the same time serves her some strong coffee in a tiny cup like an eggcup, which she usually drinks without sugar. She will perhaps smoke three or four pipes in succession before she rouses herself to the business of the day. The first thing is to wash her face and hands; and as she has no toilet-table a slave brings to her divan a silver basin, or *layen*, made with a perforated movable cover, which allows of the lady's washing in a stream of water slowly poured from the *ibrik*, or silver jug, without her eyes being offended by the sight of soapy water. With the Turks it is almost a moral obligation to wash in running water, and they think our way detestable. Even their baths, or *hamams*, are so arranged as to make this possible. The lady has now to consider what dress she will put on, and many suits will be brought her from her adjoining *hazna*, or box-room, and be spread out before her on the other divans of the room, there being no tables in the apartment. Each suit is neatly folded in its own wrapper, and forms a flat parcel which the bare-footed *haznajeas*, or serving-women, carry daintily and silently on their open palms, and present with untiring patience till their capricious mistress does at last make her choice. The *gedjalik*, or night-suit, is then sent away to be ironed ready for night, and the lady attires herself for the day. Visitors who happen to be staying in the house are then admitted to chat and smoke whilst the important business of arranging the headdress is going on. This requires great nicety, and occupies a large proportion of the time of dressing; and as our lady has not breakfasted we must suppose she is sipping her *tchorba*, or thin chicken broth made with rice, whilst her slave or a friend is twisting a piece of cardboard into a square of bright-colored gauze, cornerwise. The mere dressing of the hair is not a long affair, as many ladies wear it short and just resting on the neck; but those who can boast of plentiful tresses usually plait it on each side, and let it hang down the back when they are at home, but knot it together if they are going out. There is no dressing-table before which the lady can sit at her ease whilst completing her toilet; so her slave has to stand, instead, holding a square hand-mirror during all the tedious

process of making and putting on the head-dress; other slaves have to stand near to hand pins at the instant they are wanted, ready to anticipate the lady's slightest wish lest she should fly out in a fit of impatience at supposing she is being kept waiting. Having at last leisure to think of something besides her toilet, the lady will rest a little and tell her rosary. This consists of ninety-nine beads, divided into three equal sets, and she repeats three chief phrases three-and-thirty times before she has completed one round. During this devotional exercise, which goes on in a low monotone, the lady will occasionally interrupt herself to give an order, or to nod an affirmative to some question asked of her in dumb-show. When she has finished, she will proceed to carry out some plan on which her mind has been dwelling all the time of her mechanical prayer. She will probably first direct her steps to her *hazna*, and there see that her personal attendants are occupied in some way. One will be cutting out a new *fustan*, or dress; another ironing the *yashmaks*, or squares of new muslin; and if their work does not please, they will have to go through it again. Perhaps a slave is working at machine-stitching, and her mistress may take her place for a time. Both mistress and slave show themselves apt at working in this way, but the one will not care to persevere with the work, and soon goes off to complete her tour of inspection. The *yatak-khaneh*, or storeroom for clean bedding, next claims her attention. This is a room in the basement, where piles of mattresses in clean covers line the walls, and soft folded yourghans are kept ready for use. The presence of the mistress is very necessary from time to time in the *yatak-khaneh*, as she directs what materials shall be made into yourghans, and points out that the finest, which are composed of some very rich stuff—perhaps embroidered silk—shall be reserved for guests of the highest rank, and those of plain silk, figured alpaca, flowered chintz or muslin, be put into sets for such-and-such guests; this is an important duty, as every guest must have a bed whose richness befits her rank, and indicates the consideration in which she is held. It is the same with the mosquito-net which is arranged over each bed in summer; some are of plain white net, some of figured net, some of the very finest colored Chinese gauze.

But at noon our lady has again to betake

herself to her ablutions and her prayers, and either before or after will partake of the first substantial meal of the day, which corresponds to the French *second déjeuner*. We will not follow her through all the various courses—*tchorba*, and roast lamb stuffed with rice and currants, and endless dishes of vegetable-, pastry, sweets and fruits, accompanied with bowls of sweet orange or cherry sherbet. If the lady has friends or relatives eating with her (her husband only very rarely joins her meal), she is not obliged by etiquette to remain at table till all have finished; indeed, it would be a great stretch of politeness to remain sitting longer than need be in a position which cramps one's nether limbs to a painful degree. The lady withdraws, therefore, as soon as she pleases, and washing the delicate fingers which have been dipped by turns into greasy and sweet compounds, she retires from the *yemek-oda*, or dining-room, to her saloon, where she again smokes and drinks coffee. This is the moment for her black attendant eunuch to come to pay his respects, and know the *khanum's* plans about going out in her carriage or *cavique*, or to bring her some interesting bit of gossip. This black servant is in reality very much the master of the lady's movements, but he has tact enough to be very respectful, and only ventures to sit in her presence on a low flat cushion, at her especial invitation.

With the exception of the red tasselled fez, these eunuchs dress *alla Franca* in the finest broadcloth, long-tailed coats, and wear polished kid boots, chains and rings. They are wonderfully suave in manner unless thwarted, and then they can be very savage. They will sometimes instigate a mistress to punish her slaves with great severity for a fault, and very often these semi-official talks will end in the disgrace of this or that *calpha* (slave). But if the lady intends to go out, she will not linger over her chat; on the contrary, the very idea of going out fills her with excitement, and she can think of nothing else. She hastily gives orders which *ninas* (mothers, or old lady duennas,) are to attend her, which *calpha* is to act as *chibouquejee*, or pipe-bearer, carrying her little *tchanta*, or hand-bag filled with a provision of choice tobacco and leaflets of silver paper with which to manufacture a supply of cigarettes for immediate consumption. To do this properly she requires a tiny wooden funnel and ramrod; she must also

be sure to take the small amber or jewelled mouthpiece into which the cigarettes are to be fitted. The lady hurries off to a small room near the door by which she is to leave the house. Here coffee is served her the last thing before she puts on her *yashmak*, or muslin headpiece. This last has to be adjusted with the utmost care, as the wearer would have a very comical appearance if it were at all awry. Again the slaves hold the mirror and the ever-needed pins. The lady darkens her eyebrows and eyelashes, and shrouds herself in the snowy muslin, which is either a foil to her beauty, or softens a not too brilliant complexion. The *yashmak* on, she sits waiting for her carriage, or caique, looking through the *kaffes*, or wooden trellis-work blind, which is always a favorite amusement. The last thing she puts on is the heavy overcloak, or *feridjee*, which has to be held together, grasped by the left hand, and kept so nearly all the time it is worn.

We will suppose the caique, or long narrow boat, is the chosen conveyance; the lady reclines in the bottom of it on crimson cushions, the old nina beside her, and her slaves opposite. The eunuch sits on the arched top behind the khanum, and holds a very large fringed umbrella over her head. The caique glides through the azure waves, perhaps it stops at the Sweet Waters of Asia, and the party alights to take a turn in the pretty sheltered valley where many other such parties are strolling, or sitting on carpets in picturesque groups, discussing sweetmeats or fruits, and criticising and envying the Frank ladies who are promenading arm-in-arm with their husbands or gentlemen friends. Very likely the khanum here meets her children, both boys and little girls, who have been away from her care in the hands of the *lollaks*, or men-attendants, since the early morning. The mother laughs with her children, plies them with sweets, and gives them some coins to spend, looks on amused at their antics, admires their knowingness and clever speeches. She lets them, however, go their way, and she will, after a time, tear herself from the gay scene and go off again in her caique to pay some visit. We will not follow her here, visits having been so often described. The khanum may stay on her way home to rest some *tcheema*, or fountain, for all well-dish women love to sit and sing softly to themselves by the waterside.

Once returned home, the khanum is divested of her outer wraps by waiting hand-maidens. Again she rests on her divan, smokes, sips coffee, and retails the news of the day to those visitors who have arrived in her absence, or to the ninas and upper calphas of her household. Shortly before the dinner-hour she may expect a ceremonious visit from her husband, and she finds enough in his short conversation to last her as texts for her own during the whole evening. Her children come to be fondled at this time, but presently she sends them away till dinner, whilst she prepares for the prayer at sunset.

As the sun goes down one Turkish day ends and another begins, and the precise moment of twelve o'clock is marked by the sudden quavering cry of the *muezzin* from the *madneh* or gallery of the minaret. This moment varies with each day, and therefore the Moslem waits, watch in hand, ready to set it to the correct time as soon as the call to prayer resounds—for on knowing the right hour depends the faithful discharge of prayer five times daily. Dinner succeeds the prayer, then chitchat, then a quiet game at cards (the favorite one being something like our cribbage), or draughts, or backgammon fills up the time till two hours after sunset, when the last prayer prescribed for the day has to be observed. It should be noticed that there is a prayer to be said three hours before sunset, but if the khanum is out visiting she omits this, or perhaps says it on retiring to rest. The latter part of the evening may be spent in various amusements. If it is winter, old jewelry is got out; its resetting is planned; sometimes it is broken up, and the stones then serve to amuse their possessor evening after evening, for she will arrange and rearrange them on a piece of white paper, tracing, by means of a pencil, such chance-like designs as the stones may happen to form.

But a more pleasant way of spending the evening is in receiving visitors of high rank, and the hostess will then frequently call for a performance from her dancing girls (who at other times are occupied as waitresses, ironers, etc.) These girls, four or five together, perform certain wonderfully awkward gyrations, to the sound of their own plaintive singing and the clashing of castanets. The dance usually represents a love-story, which is chosen by the leading dancer

(according as it ends tragically or happily) to suit the mood of the mistress.

Another favorite way of spending the evening is to listen to a concert of singing girls, who sit in a semicircle and accompany their voices with the *kemenek* (violin), the *ood* (lute), the *kanoon* (dulcimer), and the *tar* (tambourine). Professional players—Armenians, Greeks and Syrians—are occasionally permitted to give an entertainment in the harem, and are stationed in a part of the room which is curtained off from the audience. Such a concert will sometimes be kept up till past midnight, the *khanum* and her friends never wearying

of the romantic chanted love-ditties. When the lady does retire to her low couch, she will probably call for a story-teller to sit near her and go over again the oft-told tale of adventure and faithful love, which has so powerfully excited her imagination as to have scared sleep for the time. The monotonous accents, rising and falling in the same repeated cadence, will at last hush the listener to repose; then the tired story-teller, who is probably the slave in attendance, will steal softly away to her bed, and silence will settle down upon the household till cock-crow shall arouse them to recommence such another day on the morrow.

BERENGARIA OF NAVARRE.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

THE following is a brief abstract of the life of Berengaria of Navarre, from the time that she and Richard Cœur-de-Lion met, until she became his wife and his queen.

It was at a grand tournament given by her brother that Berengaria, daughter of the king of Navarre, and Richard Cœur-de-Lion first met. Richard at that time was Count de Poitu, and was engaged to Alice, termed by some writers, the fair and frail. She was a princess of France, and though Richard's engagement to her prevented him from offering his hand to Berengaria, it could not hinder him from being charmed with the beauty of her person and mind.

Berengaria's brother, who belonged to a family of cultivated tastes, was, like Richard, a troubadour poet. This naturally gave him free access to the family. "No one," says the historian, "can marvel that the love of the ardent Richard should be strengthened when he met the beautiful, the cultivated and virtuous Berengaria (who reciprocated his love) in the familiar intercourse which sprang from his friendship with her gallant brother."

But though the question of the engagement between the Princess Alice and Richard was debated more than once, it long remained undecided, and hope deferred was the fate of the lion-hearted Richard and the fair flower of Navarre. Finally the decision was made, brought about by misdeemeanors of the princess of France. The events are quaintly related in the rhymes of

Piers of Langtoft, in which Richard is made to say:

"This was a great trespass,
And against my own witte
If I Alice take."

Richard and Berengaria were now betrothed without delay. In honor of this betrothment Richard instituted an order of knights, who pledged themselves, in a fraternity with the king, to scale the walls of Acre; and that they might be known in the storming of that city, the king appointed them to wear a blue band of leather on the left leg, from which they were called knights of the blue thong.

Soon afterward Richard embarked in his favorite galley, named by him, *Trenc-de-mere*, literally meaning, cut-the-sea. The immediate marriage of Richard and Berengaria was prevented by the season of Lent; and as etiquette did not permit his betrothed to embark in the *Trenc-de-mere*, under the direct protection of her lover, she sailed in company with his sister, Queen Joanna, under the care of the brave knight called Stephen de Turnham.

Richard led the van of the fleet. Thus, with a hundred and fifty ships, and fifty galleys, did lion-hearted Richard, and his bride and sister, hoist sail for Palestine, where Philip Augustus had already commenced the siege of Acre. It was not long before they had the ill-fortune to be overtaken by a tempest. The ship in which the chancellor sailed and two others were borne

down, and all on board perished. Queen Joanna was alarmed for herself, but Berengaria thought only of Richard's safety. As Piers Langtoft said:

"The maiden Berengare—
She was sore affright,
That neither far nor near
The king rode in sight."

When the gale had somewhat abated King Richard, after mustering his navy, found that not only the ship was missing on board of which was the chancellor, who had in charge the great seal, but that which bore the precious freight of his sister and his bride. He subsequently learned that their galley found shelter in the harbor of Limoussa; when the despot, who was ruler of the dominion, was so angry when he found who the ladies were aboard the galley, that Stephen de Turnham gave signal to leave the harbor, and row with all speed into the offing.

When Richard saw the galley tossing and laboring heavily in the offing, he became infuriated with the suspicion that some wrong had been offered them, and leaped, armed as he was, into the first boat that could be made ready. His anger increased on learning that the queen's galley had put into the bay in the storm, but had been driven from shelter by the threats of the Greek despot. At the time of Richard's landing the islanders were busily employed in plundering the wreck of the chancellor's ship. As this self-styled emperor, though in behaviour worse than a pagan, professed to be a Christian, Richard sent him a civil message, suggesting the propriety to leave off plundering his wrecks. The answer returned by the despot was, "that whatever goods were thrown on his island by the sea he should take without asking leave of any one."

"They shall be bought full dear, by Jesu, heaven's king," was Richard's answer; and then with battle-axe in hand, he led his crusaders so boldly to the rescue that the mock emperor and his Cypriots scampered into Limoussa, the capital of the island, much faster than they had left it.

King Richard without delay made signals for Queen Joanna's galley to enter the harbor. Berengaria, greatly exhausted with fatigue and terror, was welcomed on shore by the conquering king, "when," says the chronicler, "there was joy and love snow."

As soon as the coast was clear magnificent preparations were made at Limoussa for the nuptials and coronation of King Richard and Berengaria.

The costumes of these royal personages at this high solemnity are thus described:

King Richard wore a rose-color satin tunic belted round his waist; his mantle was of striped silver tissue, brocaded with silver half moons; his sword of fine Damascus steel had a hilt of gold and a silver scaled sheath; on his head he wore a scarlet bonnet brocaded in gold with figures of animals. He bore a truncheon in his hand. His Spanish steed was led before him saddled, and bitted with gold, the saddle being inlaid with precious stones. Two little golden lions were fixed on it in the place of a crupper. They were represented with their paws raised in act to strike each other. In this attire, the chronicler adds, Richard, who had yellow curls, a bright complexion, and a figure like Mars himself, appeared a perfect model of military and manly grace.

Berengaria in her bridal attire is described as having her hair parted on the brow, according to the fashion of unmarried ladies. A transparent veil open at each side like the Spanish mantillas, hangs behind, and covers the rich tresses at their length. The veil is confined by a regal diadem of peculiar splendor, studded with several bands of gems, and surmounted by *fleur-de-lis*, to which so much foliage is added as to give it the appearance of a double crown; perhaps because she was crowned queen of Cyprus as well as England.

"And there, in the joyous month of May, 1191," says an ancient writer, "in the flourishing and spacious isle of Cyprus, celebrated as the very abode of the goddess of love, did King Richard solemnly take to wife his beloved Lady Berengaria."

THE HEIRESS AND HER GUARDIAN.

A TALE OF ENGLISH COUNTRY LIFE.

BY MRS. H. LOVETT CAMERON.

[This Story was commenced in the November Number of the Magazine.]

CHAPTER XVI.

HER LAST WORDS.

CIS TRAVERS was breakfasting at his friend's rooms in the Temple. It was a bright clear morning; the sun streamed in through the big dusty windows, and lit up the dingy old rooms cheerily. There were eggs, and kidneys, and muffins, all laid out on quaint old-fashioned blue china, in which Wattie took great pride, being somewhat of a connoisseur; a finely-chased silver teapot, and curious-shaped sugar-bowl and milk jug—like the china, relics of past extravagances; whilst on the fire the bright copper kettle steamed and fizzed away merrily. It was altogether as daintily set-out a little breakfast-table as you could wish to see. And the two young men were in the best of spirits.

"Fetch me the kettle, Cis, and help yourself to kidneys," says Wattie, standing up while he pours out the tea, after a fashion that male beings have when they preside at the breakfast-table. "Did you see Gretchen last night?"

"Yes, I looked in on my way home," answers Cis, with his mouth full of muffin.

"Ah! very imprudent of you," says Wattie, censoriously. "Well, how is she getting on?"

"O, first rate; two new pupils since last week, and she looks as rosy and happy as possible. Do think! the dear little girl offered me three pounds, to pay for the doctor's bill, she said. Of course I wouldn't take it."

"I wish she wasn't quite so fond of you, and I wish she would marry David Anderson," said wiser Wattie.

"Well, I don't, then—marry that boor, indeed!"

"You had better take care that Miss Blair doesn't hear of your evening visits to Gretchen; there would be an end of your chances *there*," answered his friend.

"Well, of all the rubbish I ever heard you talk!" began Cis, impatiently; and

then there came a sharp knock, and Mrs. Stiles's head, in extreme dishabille, decorated with manifold whity-brown curl-papers, surmounted with a far from spotless cap, which, from its peculiar shape and crumpled appearance, suggested irresistibly the idea that she must have slept in it, was poked furtively in at the door.

"A tallygrum for you, please, sir," said this lady, holding out the dusky pink missive in the corner of her apron.

"You may call it rubbish, Cis," Wattie was saying, in answer to his friend's last remark, and laughing carelessly as he took the telegram from Mrs. Stiles's hand; and then he opened it leisurely, for nobody now-a-days feels nervous at the sight of a telegram.

A minute of silence whilst he read, and then a cry of horror burst from his lips:

"O my God!"

"What is the matter?" cried Cis, springing to his feet in amazement, as his friend turned as white as a sheet, and the pink paper fluttered to the floor.

Cis picked it up and read:

"From Miss Blair, Sotherne Court, to Walter Ellison, Esq., Harcourt Buildings, Temple.—Georgie has had a bad accident. Come down at once to Sotherne, and bring Cis. Lose no time."

They bore it well, as men do such sudden blows; Wattie, as might have been expected, being the least upset of the two.

"We shall catch the 11.25 if we look sharp," he said, as soon as he could speak, rapidly turning over the pages of Bradshaw.

"Go back to your rooms, and get your bag, Cis, and meet me at the station. You must look sharp, though—we have only thirty-five minutes."

And Cis, who was shaking and trembling all over, obeyed him in silence.

Down at Sotherne Court, Georgie on her sick bed was moaning over and over again:

"Have they come yet? when will they be here? how much longer will they be?" in a weak fretful voice.

On the bed by her side lay old Chanticleer. Early in the morning she had asked for him, and a messenger had been sent to Bradley to bring him over.

"Don't think me foolish," she had said, "but I should like him to lie on the bed where I can stroke him, poor old boy!" And her lightest wish was, of course, a law to those who watched by her.

The old hound lay with his head resting on his great white paws, gazing up at her fixedly and piteously, with every now and then a low whine of sympathy. And who shall say that in that faithful canine heart there was not at least a partial knowledge of the dread change that was about to befall his young mistress? Little Flora, who had been brought over with the dog, crouched at the bottom of the bed, trying to stifle her sobs.

"Don't cry, Flora," said her sister once. "Look here! I leave poor old Chanticleer to you; you will be very fond of him, wont you, for my sake? and don't forget to give the poor old boy his bread and milk in the morning—he will miss it so, if he doesn't get it; and now he has so few teeth, he likes it better than anything else. You will promise me not to forget it, Flora?"

"Yes, Georgie," sobbed the little girl; and then Juliet drew her away into an adjoining room, and took her on her lap, and let her sob and cry upon her shoulder till she was fairly worn out.

By three o'clock the two young men had arrived. A faint flush came into Georgie's face when she was told that they had come.

"Papa," she said, turning to her father, "I want to see Wattie by himself—quite alone, with no one else in the room. May I? do you mind?"

And so they all left the room, and Wattie went in alone.

What passed between them during those solemn parting moments no one ever knew; no sound came from within the room to the ears of those who stood waiting outside the door; but, after about a quarter of an hour, Wattie came out, and rushed past them blinded with tears—out at the open hall door, away down the slopes of the garden, there to work away the first anguish of his sorrow by himself.

And presently the squire went out after him. He found him lying prone at the foot of a tree, stretched along the damp grass.

"Wattie—my dear boy, my poor boy, do get up!"

The young man looked up with dim eyes, and a dazed white face; but when he saw that it was the squire, he got up.

"Can you ever forgive me?" said the old man, in a broken voice. "It was I who made her ride the mare, though you had written to warn her against her. She didn't want to ride her, but I made her; it was my cursed obstinacy—and now I have killed her—I have killed my child!"

"Don't say that, sir!" said Wattie, passing his arm within the old man's; "it is God's doing; no one was to blame; she was so good—too good to live!"

"O my boy, how I wish I had let you be engaged to her—perhaps this might never have happened," cried the squire.

"We cannot tell," answered Wattie, gravely; "at all events, such self-reproaches can avail nothing now. Come, sir, you look so ill and tired, take one turn down the garden with me—the fresh air will do you good—and tell me as we go how it all happened, for you forget that I know nothing beyond what the telegram has told me, and then we will go back to her."

So the old man leaned upon his arm, and told him all the pitiful story over again—everything from the beginning, all about Georgie's patience and goodness, and all about his own stubbornness and harshness to her. He poured out his whole heart to him, and the recital did him good.

When the two entered the house again they stopped short with one accord, and grasped each other's hands ere they went back into the sick room. Everything was forgiven between them; and from that hour to his dying day Squire Travers loved Wattie Ellison as his own son.

And after that they none of them left her room any more until the end. Towards four o'clock Georgie became very much weaker, and it soon grew evident to those around her that Mrs. Travers and Mary, who had a long cross journey, and could not possibly reach Sothorne before six o'clock, would not arrive in time to see her alive.

Dr. Ramsden came again for the second time that day, and suggested what he could to make her more comfortable; she did not suffer pain, only uneasiness; and then he was obliged to leave, promising to call again later.

It was Juliet who with gentle hands smoothed the pillows of the dying girl, and moistened her parched lips, and bathed her hot head with cooling scents. Juliet had, like many impetuous restless women, an inborn genius for nursing the sick. Her step was soft but swift, her hand gentle but firm, and her eye quick and ready to see what was wanted. Georgie often glanced up at her gratefully, as, unweariedly patient, she bent over her to minister to the hundred little requirements of a sick bed.

After a long silence, broken only by the whispers of those around her, Georgie suddenly spoke in a strong clear voice:

"Juliet!"

"Yes, darling?"

"I want you to promise me to marry Cis; it would be such a comfort to poor papa. I think it would almost make up to him for losing me. Give me your hand, Cis, and yours, Juliet; there, now say you will try and love him. I think I shall rest easier in my grave if you will say you will—it will be such a gleam of happiness by-and-by for poor papa!"

What could Juliet do?

Georgie had taken their hands—hers and her brother's, and had joined them together between her own little white ones. The one thought, poor child, in her weakened bewildered brain, half dulled already by illness and approaching death, was that something should be done to comfort her father after she was gone.

How could Juliet over that deathbed speak of her own love-troubles—troubles that, in the awful excitement of the last twenty-four hours, seemed to have faded away into absolute insignificance? How could she vex that dying girl with doubts and perplexities? What should she do?

Cis was gazing at her across the bed with big blue eyes, haggard with weeping and misery, and yet full of love and yearning to herself; and Georgie was saying over again, with the gentle impatience of those who are very ill:

"Come, Juliet, you will promise to marry him—wont you?"

And Juliet, driven to speak, and unable to speak as she ought to have done, whispered:

"Yes, Georgie dear, I will promise."

The dying girl raised the two hands she held to her lips, whilst a faint gleam of pleasure stole over her pale face. Then she

called her father to her. He half raised her up, and she rested her head upon his shoulder.

"Juliet will marry Cis, papa," she said, "and that will be a great comfort to you; now I shall die happier."

After that she never spoke again. In a little while she passed into that strange borderland of unconsciousness in which so many spend their last hours on earth.

Most awful, most solemn time of mystery, when the soul, whilst struggling to be free, hovers between earth and heaven, and the spirit, darkened and obscured, lingers still in the body it has already partially left!

Quite motionless were the watchers around her: her father supporting her head against his shoulder; her lover, with his hand fast locked in hers, kneeling by her side; little Flora, trembling and shivering with fright, close held in her brother's arms; and Juliet standing with bowed head at the foot of the bed. And old Chanticleer was by her side, watching her silently with the rest. And so, surrounded by those who loved her in life, softly and painlessly Georgie Travers's gentle spirit passed away.

CHAPTER XVII.

A WINDY WALK.

CHRISTMAS had come and gone—Christmas, the saddest day in all the year for those who have suffered and lost—and therefore to three-fourths of the population of the Christian world; for how many in every land are those who sorrow!

January was nearly over, the crocuses and snowdrops were cropping up thickly in bright compact rows in the sowerne flower-beds, and down below in the valley the green grass had already grown up over Georgie Travers's grave.

Juliet Blair was wandering alone about the garden walks, with a sad wearied face. Ever since that deathbed scene she had been perplexed by the one absorbing memory of that promise which had been wrung so unwillingly from her by her dead friend.

Was not a promise to a dying person the most solemn and binding of any promise that can be given? Would not the breach of such a promise be a dire and mortal sin, provoking the wrath of Heaven to fall in curses on the faithless promiser? Was she in very truth bound to marry Cecil Travers?

She asked herself these questions over and over again a hundred times a day.

Nothing had been said to her by either Cis or his father upon the subject; but she knew well that they had not forgotten it, and she felt instinctively that they were but waiting for her to speak of it.

Juliet was very lonely in these days. Not one word had she received from that far-distant lover who had left her, as she thought, so cruelly and so heartlessly. Through Mr. Bruce she had, indeed, heard that he had arrived safely in India, and that he was well; but there had come no word to her from him. Through all these weary weeks she had pined and sickened to hear from him, and nothing had come to her day after day, except the same dead cold silence.

The conviction was forced upon her that he had treated her shamefully—that he had trifled with her—amusing himself by winning her heart, only to fling it back to her with scorn and mockery; and that now he had utterly forgotten her! She had neither home-life nor home love to fill up the great emptiness of her heart—and Juliet was one who could not live without love.

Her stepmother she absolutely disliked, and she had not a relation in the world with whom she was even on intimate terms; whilst poor Georgie, the one friend whom she had been fond of, and who had brought affection and sympathy into her life, had been taken from her by a sudden and awful death.

Juliet wondered vaguely why she had not been killed instead of her friend. Georgie's death had brought sorrow to so many, utter desolation to her old father, and scarcely less to her young lover. Whereas, if she, Juliet, had died in her place, who would have sorrowed for her—who would even have missed her?

How dreary and empty her life was! She looked at what might be her lot, if she chose—with a husband who would assuredly love her, and whose family were prepared to welcome her with open arms; such a marriage would be better, she thought, than this utter loneliness—and since the man she cared for loved her not, why not marry Cis as well as any other?

At this point of her reflections Mrs. Blair came across the garden to join her.

"How much longer are you going to smother yourself up in that horrid crape?"

were her first words, pointing to her step-daughter's sable garments.

"Till Easter, probably," answered Juliet, coldly.

Mrs. Blair lifted her hands and eyes. "My dearest Juliet! really I think you overstrain your expression of feeling—it is not as if the poor thing had been any relation, you know."

"I have told you before," said Juliet, impatiently, "that I shall wear mourning for dear Georgie as if she had been my sister."

"Your sister! ahem! my dear—that will be great encouragement for somebody we know, wont it?" said the widow, slyly.

Juliet, with reddened cheeks, was allent for a moment, and then, with one of those sudden impulses to which she so often gave way, she said:

"You may as well know, Mrs. Blair, that I shall very probably marry Cecil Travers; so pray don't torment me any further about him."

"My darling girl!" cried her stepmother, "how charmed, how delighted I am! Pray let me congratulate you! And are you really engaged?"

"No, I am not engaged," said Juliet, withdrawing herself from the encircling arms which her stepmother had rapturously flung around her. "I am not engaged, so please don't mention it to any one, but I believe I shall be shortly, and I don't wish to speak about it again."

Here Higgs appeared on the lawn with a note for his mistress. It was from Wattle, who was staying at Broadley, and ran thus:

"MY DEAR MISS BLAIR,—It would be very kind of you if you would come over and see the squire soon. He frets after you sadly; and sometimes I hardly know what to do with him. He is so utterly broken down, that it is quite distressing to see him. Cecil has a delicacy in asking you to come over; so I ventured to write to you on my own responsibility. Yours very sincerely.

"WALTER ELLISON."

"I shall drive over to Broadley this afternoon," said Juliet, as she shut up this note and put it in her pocket; and after luncheon she started.

Things were indeed altered at Broadley House since poor Georgie's death. To begin with, the squire had given up the hounds; they had been taken by a sporting

colonel, a new-comer who had lately rented a place situated a few miles off. Every one had entreated Mr. Travers to resign them only for the season, and not to give them up altogether. Even his wife could see how utterly lost and at sea he would be without this hitherto all-absorbing occupation of his life. But the old man was obstinate. No, no, he said, he should never be fit to be a master again. By-and-by, another year perhaps, he would potter out after the hounds on his old bay horse Sunbeam, just when the meets came handy; but as to keeping the hounds again! no, that he should never do! Besides, he added pitifully, how could he, with no one to write his letters or help him with the work?

So he sat all day long in his study, doing nothing, stooping forward with bent head and clasped hands in his chair, looking as if ten years had gone over his head in as many weeks.

Flora often sat on the floor by his side, leaning against him with her story-book and Chanticleer's head on her lap; but, though he liked to have her there, and sometimes put his hand down to stroke her fair curls, she was too young to talk or be much of a companion to him.

Cis was staying at home, but, though kind and gentle in his manner to his son, the squire had no comfort in his society.

Wattie Ellison seemed the only one who could in any way rouse or interest him. When Wattie came down for a couple of nights as he did almost every week, the squire would take his arm and allow himself to be tempted out of doors round the garden, and sometimes even into the stables, and to Wattie he would talk as he could to no one else.

For hours together these two, to whom the dead girl was a living link of unfailing interest, would talk of her to each other, recalling her words and doings, and all her sweet unselfishness.

No one save Wattie, the squire felt, had ever appreciated his dead darling; her mother had snapped and scolded at her all her life; was it likely that she could sorrow for her properly now she was gone? Cis had been too much of a milkop, and Mary too cold and selfish, to understand her; Flora alone of all her sisters had been devoted to her; but the squire felt that George had been more his child than any of his other children, and he was very jealous of

her memory. He would never even mention her name to any of the others save only to Wattie, who had loved her and understood her, and who sorrowed for her intensely even as he did himself.

When Juliet went over to Broadley that afternoon, Mrs. Travers met her in the doorway.

"It is very good of you to come over to such a dull house," said she, with that sort of sham self-depreciation which is so irritating because so unanswerable; "I am sure there is little enough in this house of sorrow to amuse you."

"Dear Mrs. Travers, as if I wanted amusement!" said Juliet, a little indignantly.

"Well, my dear, everything is changed here for us all, and poor Mary feels the dreadful depression very trying to her spirits. You have come to see the squire? Ah, dear me! it is sad to see him, and my dear Cis is quite unable to rouse him at all. I hope, Juliet, you will say something to give him and us all a little hope and pleasure?" she added, wistfully, for she too was anxious that her son should make this brilliant match with the rich Miss Blair.

When Juliet went into the study, and when she saw how the old man's face lighted up at her entrance, she felt quite a pang of self-reproach to think how seldom she had come over of late.

"Why, Juliet! this is kind of you; come sit down here, my dear, by the fire, and warm yourself. Is it cold out?"

"Rather; I think it is inclined to be frosty."

"You don't say so!" he exclaimed with a momentary eagerness, adding, however, immediately, with a sigh, "not that it matters to me much now!"

Juliet took the chair that he drew forward for her and began talking to him of everything she could think of to interest and amuse him, just as one talks to a child, observing pitifully the while how tottering and aged he had become, and how drawn and white his once hale and robust face had grown.

Then Wattie came in for a little while and joined in the talk, and after he had gone Juliet asked, suddenly, with something like a blush:

"And where is Cis?"

"Do you want him?" said the squire, eagerly; "dear Juliet, do you want to see him?"

And Juliet answered, "Yes, I do indeed."

The squire turned round to Flora, who was crouched up on the floor by the window with her arm round Chanticleer's neck, and told her to go and find her brother.

The child obeyed and left the room, the old hound following close at her heels as he used to at Georgie's.

"He is almost as fond of her," said the squire brokenly, looking after her, and alluding for the first time to his dead daughter.

"Yes, and she is growing so like dear Georgie; have you not noticed it? I think Flora will be a comfort to you some day, dear Mr. Travers."

The old man shook his head.

"She is a good child—a good child; but she will never be like the other," he answered, and then Cis came in.

"I have sent my carriage home, Cis," said Juliet, as she shook hands with him; "will you walk with me?"

"Juliet! do you mean it really?" cried Cis, flushing with pleasure.

"Yes, I do really," she answered, smiling, and she shook hands with the squire, and they both went out together.

For some minutes they went on side by side in silence. The fresh breeze blew briskly in their faces, as they walked quickly along, so that Cis found it difficult to keep his hat on, and was rather thankful that his companion did not speak to him. When, however, they turned out of the open park into the more sheltered lane, and Juliet still kept silence, Cis found that it was incumbent upon him to speak.

"Do you ever think of what poor Georgie said to us before she died, Juliet?" he asked, timidly.

"I am always thinking about it, Cis," answered Juliet, in her clear steady voice.

"And what do you think of doing?" he asked, nervously.

"What should you wish me to do?" said Juliet, smiling at him kindly.

"Do you mean to say—O Juliet, do you mean to say that you will marry me?" cried Cis, excitedly catching hold of both her hands, and forcing her to stand still, whilst his hat, left unsecured, took the opportunity of blowing off. Juliet laughed; it was so like the old awkward Cis of boyish days.

"Yes, Cis—that is, if you will listen first to what I have to say; let us walk on, it is too cold to stand still. Cis, before I promise you anything, I want you to know the

truth; the truth is that, though I am certainly fond of you, I do not love you as a woman ought to love her husband, and I am afraid I never shall. The reason is," she added, lowering her voice—"the reason of it is, that everything in my heart that I have had to give has been already given away."

"Juliet! to whom?" faltered Cis.

"Ah, never mind that," she answered, smiling; "I am not bound to tell you that; never mind who it was, he is never likely to cross my path or yours again; and—I don't know why I need be ashamed to say it to you—but the truth is that my affection was misplaced, for it was never returned. Well, Cis, I am leading a profitless and aimless life. I have no domestic ties and no one to love me."

"O Juliet!"

"Hush, don't interrupt me, it is quite true; I have great need of some one who will be good to me. And when I know how anxious you are to marry me, and what a great deal of comfort I should give to your poor father by doing so, and above all how I have already promised our darling Georgie on her deathbed that I would be your wife, I cannot help thinking that by giving in to the earnest wishes of you all, I shall at all events be doing some good to somebody, instead of wasting my life in selfish and profitless repinings. Cis, if you will be content to have me after this fashion, I will be your wife."

And then Cis called her by every fondest proudest name, and swore to her a dozen times that he cared not how she came to him so long as she would come, that he would spend his life in trying to prove his gratitude to her, that he had love enough for both, and that he would never expect nor exact of her more than she chose to freely give him.

"I don't quite know how we shall get on together," she said, rather dubiously, when Cis had come to an end of his rhapsodies; "I am afraid we are not very well suited to each other; but, at all events, we can try it."

It was not a very ecstatic speech for a young lady to make to the man whom she was just engaged to, certainly; but Cis was not hurt, he was too intensely delighted at being engaged to her at all to think much of the manner in which she had bound herself to him.

He was at this moment occupied in debat-

ing within himself whether it was or was not possible for him to venture to kiss her in the open high road along which they were progressing; but Juliet, who possibly suspected his intention, cut short these ambitious hopes.

"Now, Cis, go back to your father and tell him the good news; I can walk home very well from here."

"May I not walk to the door with you?" said her lover, in dismay at so abrupt a dismissal.

"No, not to-day," she answered, smiling and holding out her hand to him, and he could not do otherwise than leave her.

And Juliet walked on alone, a tall dark figure in the gathering twilight.

"If he had not left me, I should never have done it," she said to herself bitterly, ten minutes after she had parted with her affianced husband.

But in a week it was too late. In a week every man, woman and child in her native county knew of it; she had received the congratulations of half the neighborhood; and—worst, most unbreakable chain of all—she had knelt by the squire's armchair, and had been blessed and thanked, in broken trembling words, for her goodness in bringing back a gleam of pleasure and sunshine into his desolate and darkened life.

That was what bound her to Cis more securely than all her promises to him. And, to tell the truth, that was the one grain of pleasure and satisfaction she derived from her engagement.

Everything else about it revolted and horrified her; she seemed to see plainly now that the little gush of emotion and self-sacrifice which had been upon her that day had worn off; she knew how utterly unhappy such a marriage must be for her, how uncongenial poor Cis was to her in every way, and worst of all, how vain it was to hope that her heart would ever belong in the faintest degree to any one but to Hugh Fleming.

But the thought of old Squire Travers's delight, and of the pleasure which Cecil's family generally displayed at the news of his engagement, did in some measure reconcile her to it. She tried to persuade herself, and, indeed, she did honestly believe, that she was doing a good and unselfish action, and that a blessing would therefore rest upon her for it. And she had one hope left.

As soon as she was engaged she wrote to

tell Mr. Bruce, and requested him to write and inform Colonel Fleming of the fact, in order to ask for his formal consent to her marriage.

She had a wild unreasonable hope that he would come home and save her from her fate—that he would never allow her to be taken utterly away from him, never suffer her to go without a struggle to retain her. She little knew Hugh Fleming!

Two months passed away, and his answer came—in a note to Mr. Bruce, which that gentleman forwarded to her.

"MY DEAR MR. BRUCE,—I am very glad to hear such good news about Miss Blair. Pray give her my very hearty congratulations, and my sincere good wishes for her happiness; as to my consent, that, you know, is merely a matter of form, as we have talked over this subject before, and you know that I quite approved of Mr. Travers as a suitable husband for my ward. Please send me all necessary papers to sign, with your instructions. You are very kind to wish me to be present at the wedding, but that is, I fear, impossible. I should like to hear when the day is fixed.

"With kind remembrances to all, yours faithfully,
HUGH FLEMING."

That was all.

That evening when Cis came over to dinner, Juliet told him that she would keep him in suspense no longer, for that she would marry him in the month of May.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A WEDDING IN MAY.

THERE was one person to whom the news of Cecil Travers's engagement came as a great shock, and that was Gretchen Rudenbach. It was in a letter from Wattie that Gretchen first heard of it, for Cecil himself was too full of his new happiness to give a thought to the poor little music-teacher in Pimlico.

When Gretchen had finished reading Wattie Ellison's letter, she laid her head down upon the tablecloth, all among her poor little breakfast array, her cup of weak tea, and her untempting-looking bread-and-butter, and cried bitterly. In the middle of these tears, in came Miss Pinkin.

Miss Pinkin wore a black front, and a tulle cap decorated with small lilac bow

and tied under her chin with white gauze ribbons, and she was enveloped in a silk shawl of an old-fashioned pattern and color, very tightly drawn around her spare figure; she had a thin angular face, and was altogether an austere-looking woman.

"Mercy me!" exclaimed this ancient virgin, lifting up both hands in amazement at the discovery of Gretchen in her woe. "What on earth are you crying your eyes out for?" Gretchen wiped her eyes, but made no answer.

"I know very well what you are crying for," continued Miss Pinkin, glancing severely at the open letter on the table. "You are crying about a piece of news that ought to give you a great deal of pleasure, if you had a well-regulated mind. I, too, have had a letter from Miss Augusta Ellison, my old pupil, and she tells me that Mr. Cecil Travers is engaged to be married to Miss Blair of Sotherne. You ought to be very much pleased, you foolish girl, instead of crying like a water-spout, and laying your head down in your bread-and-butter plate, which isn't cleanly."

Gretchen, at this well-merited reproach, lifted her head and pushed away the bread-and-butter to a safe distance.

"Because a young gentleman, far above you in station, has been kind to you when you were ill and homeless, you have been so silly as to allow your thought to dwell upon him in an indecorous manner."

"You should not say that, Miss Pinkin."

"But I must say so, Gretchen. When you were put under my charge, I determined to do my duty by you as if you were a young relative of my own. I must tell you that it is indecorous for a female to think of the other sex at all. I have never done so myself," added Miss Pinkin, virtuously drawing herself up with conscious pride. "Throughout my life I have made it a rule to myself to avoid rather than to seek the other sex; and look at me!" Gretchen did look at her, and mentally reflected that possibly the other sex had also found it more prudent to avoid than to seek that hard-featured visage. "Look at me," she continued; "honored, respected and esteemed by all gentlemen; you would wish to be so too at my age, would you not, Gretchen?"

"I should wish to be loved too," said the girl in a low voice.

"Hush, hush, my dear! I am shocked at

you!" cried Miss Pinkin, throwing up her hands. "A girl should never mention such a word in connection with gentlemen. Come, dry your eyes, and be thankful that it was only I who found you with such improper tears in them. What would people think to find you weeping over Mr. Cecil Travers's engagement? why, it would be shocking!"

"I am not ashamed of loving him," said Gretchen, with scarlet cheeks; "he is the only person in the world who has ever shown me any kindness; but for him I should have starved and died. If I did not love him, I should be a monster of ingratitude; but you make a mistake, Miss Pinkin, in thinking that I have lifted my eyes above my station. I have never dared to do so. I was crying because if he marries I shall hardly ever see him; but I am very glad to hear good news about him, and I hope he will be very happy." The last words were spoken, for all her bravery, with a little choke in them, as Gretchen prepared herself to put on her bonnet and to go out on her daily rounds. And Miss Pinkin, although she thought her words most strange and forward, and turned up her eyes in wonder at what on earth the young women of the present day were coming to, yet felt a pang of pity as she watched the girl pass out, patiently and humbly carrying her roll of music under her arm, with her sad white face bent downwards, and her eyes still swollen with tears.

Late that night, when her work was all over, and long after Miss Pinkin overhead was snoring the sonorous snores of the just, Gretchen Rudenbach sat up, by the light of her one candle, writing to the man whom she was not ashamed to own that she loved—a laborious letter, much pondered over, and all written in fine delicate German-looking characters—the only foreign things about her were her name and her handwriting—a letter in which she invoked every good gift in heaven and earth upon her benefactor, and prayed that the good God would bless him and make him happy, as he deserved to be; and then she told him that she would never forget him, however many years she might live, but always remember him morning and evening in her prayers. She told him that she knew the woman he loved must be good and beautiful, and it made her, Gretchen, glad to think how happy and proud of his love his chosen bride must be; and lastly she told him that

if ever he was sad, or sorry, or in trouble, if he would come to her, he would always find in her a devoted and faithful friend, who would at any time give her life to serve him and to comfort him.

Poor little highflown letter; yet with truth and earnestness breathing out from every line! it was written with so many prayers and tears, and with such simple devotion of a love that only asked to spend itself, and expected nothing in return!

And Cecil Travers read it with a smile, thought first he would show it to Juliet, and then, with a better feeling, decided not to show it to any one, but tore it to pieces and threw it into the fire, and then—forgot to answer it!

Meanwhile the preparations for Juliet's wedding went on apace. As it would be only six months after poor Georgie's death, it was of course, to be a very quiet affair, but still it was impossible, on an estate like Sotherne, to prevent a certain amount of feasting and rejoicing among the tenantry and laborers. A dinner for all classes in tents on the lawn, and a tenants' ball and fireworks in the evening, were unavoidable on such an occasion; and although Juliet herself would not be there, she had nevertheless all the settling and arranging to do beforehand.

And her trousseau was also, of course, in progress. Here she found an invaluable ally in her stepmother, who was quite in her element, and who was allowed to order silks, satins and laces to her heart's content.

Time went on; Juliet was too busy to be unhappy; and she was too thorough a woman not to take an interest in the hundred and one details of her wedding preparations. She wrote her orders to tradesmen, her letters to friends, her list of guests—everything, in short, that was necessary to be done—with a sort of dazed bewildered feeling of unreality running through it all. It was as if she were doing it for some one else, and not for herself. A sort of stagnation was in her heart; she was not happy, neither was she unhappy; she was simply very busy, too busy to think; and, even had she the time, there was throughout a dumb stupor in her mind, as if all her feeling, thinking powers were extinct.

This lasted till four days before her wedding, and then an event happened which taught her painfully that her capacity for suffering was as keen as ever.

A box arrived for her. It was no uncommon event, for presents from acquaintances came to her every day now. But when Higgs brought in this particular box, Juliet knew, almost before she looked at the travel-stained direction, that it came from India.

"Take it up to my room and unfasten it, Higgs," she said calmly to the man, whilst all the time her heart beat painfully.

In a few minutes she went up stairs, and locked her door. The box, with its lid off, was in the middle of the room. She knelt down in front of it; at the very top lay a note addressed to her in a large well-known handwriting. The envelop, simply directed to "Miss Blair," and without stamp or postmark, seemed to bring him very near to her; it was as if his hand had only just laid it there. With a miserable hopelessness she opened it and read:

"MY DEAR JULIET,—I send you a few trifles that I have chosen for you with great care, remembering the things you used to admire. Perhaps when this reaches you, you will be Juliet Blair no longer. May every blessing, and every joy that heaven and earth can give, be yours! In all probability I shall never meet you again, and I dare say I shall not trouble you with many letters; but I shall often think of you, dear child, oftener perhaps than you would imagine it possible. You have been a little harsh to me, Juliet. I will not blame or reproach you—you were probably full of your new happiness—it was not intentional, I know—you forgot—but O child, you might have written me one line—the coldest would have been less cold than your silence.

"Yours always, HUGH FLEMING."

The letter dropped from her fingers. What did he mean? how could she have written to him, who had never written to her? in what had she been harsh to him? Harsh! and to *him*, her love, her heart's darling! how could such a thing have been possible?

With set white lips, and with lines of painful bewilderment on her forehead, she knelt, staring blankly in front of her. Dimly, vaguely, there dawned upon her the possibility of the existence of some horrible misunderstanding between them; he had not forgotten her, he still thought of her with affection, and yet he accused her of forgetting, and he reproached her!—for what? Was it possible that, in spite of his

silence, his coldness, his desertion of her, he loved her even now?

But of what avail? was it not too late? With a low cry of despair she buried her face in her hands. Of what use were all her vague hopes and speculations now—now that it was too late?

Presently she roused herself to look at the contents of the box; one after the other she drew out richly-chased gold and silver ornaments, gorgeous-colored cashmeres heavy with embroidery, and rare specimens of old Oriental china. All were lovely and in excellent taste—things, as he had said, that he knew she would like; yet Juliet turned away from the glittering array with positive disgust; the spicy odor of the sandal-wood shavings in which they had been packed, and which is so peculiarly Indian, made her turn sick and faint.

Why had he sent them? why had he written? Believing herself forgotten and scorned, she had been able to reconcile herself almost cheerfully to the life that was before her. But how was she to bear it, if by some dreadful incomprehensible mistake, she was to discover that he loved her, after all?

And again she puzzled and pondered, until her head ached with her thoughts, wondering what it was he meant, why he reproached her with silence and with harshness; to what did he allude? and she could in no way understand or answer these questions to herself.

There is an old superstition, of which probably on this occasion both bride and bridegroom were unaware, that a marriage in the "Virgin's month," the month of May, is unlucky. And, certainly, the weather, to begin with, appeared anxious to carry out the old saying.

The 20th of May, Juliet Blair's wedding-day, was ushered in with a fine cheerless drizzle which by nine o'clock had settled down into a steady downpour.

Nevertheless, at as early an hour as five in the morning, a small person, cloaked and bonneted, and bearing a waterproof, an umbrella, and a little handbag containing a parcel of roughly-cut sandwiches and some gingerbread nuts, came creeping cautiously down the staircase of a certain house in Pimlico.

At an angle of the stairs a door suddenly flew open, and an awful apparition—Miss Pinkin in her nightgown, with a frilled nightcap, and minus the black front—

stood in a threatening attitude upon the landing.

"Merciful heavens! what on earth are you doing? where in the name of common sense are you going at five o'clock in the morning, disturbing honest folk in their beds? have you lost your wits, Gretchen Rudenbach?"

"I am going out," answered that damsel, humbly, yet with a sort of doggedness which quiet-mannered people often evince.

"Going out! at five o'clock! are you going to climb the lampposts to put out the gaslights, pray?" which sneering display of ignorance concerning the habits of the London lamplighter caused Miss Rudenbach to smile.

"No, I am going to spend the day in the country, Miss Pinkin; don't keep me standing here—I shall lose my train."

"Where are you going, may I ask?" And every frill on Miss Pinkin's nightcap seemed to stand erect with outraged virtue.

"To see a friend," answered the girl, defiantly.

"Humph!" snorted Miss Pinkin; "you'll come to harm, as sure as my name is Sarah Anne Pinkin. I wash my hands of you. A friend, indeed! as if I didn't know where you are going! Go your own way. You'll come to harm, mark my words!" And shaking a warning finger at her refractory lodger, Miss Pinkin flounced back into the privacy of her bedroom.

Gretchen crept out alone into the deserted streets—to find a cheerless leaden sky, that harmonized well with the girl's own sad thoughts, and wet muddy pavements, through which her ill-made boots splashed laboriously as she plodded along them. At so early an hour neither cabs nor omnibuses were stirring, and Gretchen had come out prepared to walk to the station. Her way lay across Hyde Park. The path was wet and sloppy; the wind drove the fine gray drizzle straight into her face, and blew her shabby little black bonnet off her head; and she had a difficulty in keeping up her umbrella. As she struggled painfully along, a solitary figure, coming from the opposite direction, passed her half-way in the middle of the Park.

Passed, and then looked back at her, and with a start recognized her.

"You! Gretchen?"

"Yes, it is I," said Gretchen, shrinking a little aside as David Anderson's honest

but rough face peered down under her umbrella.

"But where on earth are you going at this hour?"

"I am going to the station to catch an early train; please don't stop me, I have no time to lose," she answered, irritably, and hurrying on; but David Anderson kept pace beside her.

"I cannot let you walk alone; I will go with you," he said, gently taking her bag out of her hand, and steadying the fluttering umbrella over her head with his stronger hand.

"Where are you going?"

"I am going into the country to spend the day; if I were to ask you so many questions, you would not like it. Pray, where are you going, and where did you come from?"

David Anderson, who, truth to tell, was coming home in the early morning from a very late and very riotous party at the lodgings of a friend, a late member of the now-dispersed "*Melodious Minstrels*" society, found the questions somewhat difficult to answer, and walked along by her side in snubbed silence.

How Gretchen hated this enforced companionship! There was a time when she had been almost fond of David Anderson; but of late she had learned to regard him with aversion and disgust. She looked at him through Cecil Travers's eyes; she remembered that Cis had called him underbred, a snob and a boor, and that he had made her promise that she would never be so foolish as to throw herself away upon a man so thoroughly inferior to herself. On arriving at the Great Western Terminus, Gretchen insisted upon taking her ticket herself, while she had sent David away to secure a place for her in a second-class carriage. She did not want him to know where she was bound.

Poor David lingered ruefully by the carriage door till the train went off, hoping in vain for some kind word of thanks that would repay him for his wet walk; but Gretchen only gave him a careless nod as she was carried off, and the great rough fellow turned away with a deep sigh and something very like tears in his eyes.

It was the old story of cross-purposes everywhere. Elinor is in love with Charles, who does not even know it, but is sighing out his soul for Lady Blanche, who is as

far above his reach as the moon, and who, moreover, nourishes a secret affection for young Dandy in the Guards, whilst that young gentleman, cruelly careless of the girl he might have for the asking, is passionately and hopelessly smitten with pretty Mrs. Lowndes, who has four children and a prosy husband, and who snubs young Dandy heartlessly, being herself bent upon the fascination of some one else; and so on—the wrong man is forever pairing off with the wrong woman, till one is tempted to look upon the whole well-worn subject of love and its delights as the creation of a few highflown and ignorant poetical gentlemen, and to ask, if it be indeed true that "marriages are made in heaven," why it is that, being confessedly for the most part such utter failures, the unconscious victims of these unsuccessful arrangements above are not allowed a readjustment of matters on earth? What a game of puss-in-the-corner we should have, to be sure!

"Can you tell me the way to Sotherne Church, please?" asks Gretchen of the porter, as she is lauded shivering in the rain on the little wayside station platform, and the train that has brought her disappears slowly in the distance.

"Straight on, miss,"—when does any one give one any other direction to find one's way than that inevitable "straight on?"—"straight on as far as you can see, and you'll come to the church; it will be wet walking for you, miss," added the man, softened, perhaps, by the pretty gentle face and the big sad blue eyes.

The road, of course, was anything but "straight;" it wound about like a serpent between its wet green hedges, and there were innumerable cross-roads intersecting it in every direction, so that Gretchen had to ask several times, and had some difficulty in finding her way. Eventually, however, after about two miles' walk along the slopiest and wettest of country lanes, she arrived at the village and the church.

Even at this early hour—it was but nine o'clock—it was evident that some unusual event was about to happen. The place was all astir, several triumphant arches of greenery had been erected across the road, and the village carpenters were still at work tying up the last branch of lilac, and tin-tacking securely the last breadth of bunting. Flags were flying from the public-houses and principal houses in the village, whilst

the inhabitants in their Sunday clothes stood about in groups talking eagerly and excitedly of the coming festivities. The church doors were wide open, and Gretchen entered unmolested and took up her position in a sheltered nook close to the door, behind a stone pillar.

Some women were laying red cloth down the aisle, and presently, with a little commotion, the vicar's bustling little wife came in with a big basket of flowers on her arm, with which she proceeded to decorate the altar.

Gretchen watched her with greedy eyes. What would she not have given to help her! she had a half-thought of going forward to offer her assistance; but shyness and prudence kept her back.

As Mrs. Dawson passed down the church again, she glanced sharply at the girl sitting alone, half-concealed behind the pillar. She knew every woman and girl in the parish of Sotherne, and in most of the parishes round, and Gretchen's face was strange to her; besides, she evidently belonged to a better class than any of the farmers' daughters about. Gretchen blushed deeply as she felt herself the object of such close scrutiny; and as she noticed the blush on the pretty delicate features, and the downcast blue eyes, and the bent smooth brown head, with its poor but perfectly lady-like covering, something of the real state of the case flashed through the mind of the clergyman's wife.

"Come down from town by the first train to see Cis Travers married!" was her mental reflection. "Well, men are wretches, but I did think Cis Travers was too soft for that kind of thing—he is not half good enough for Juliet in any way, and now it appears he has not even been devoted to her! It all comes of his father's letting him be knocking about London so long by himself; it's a shocking bad thing for boys"—with a rapid thought of her own stalwart sons. "I shall be careful not to let Tom and Charlie be turned out in London with nothing to do. Poor girl!" added the vicar's wife to herself, pityingly, as she trudged rapidly down the churchyard path to the vicarage gate; "she looked modest and gentle enough; I dare say he has made her very unhappy—the wretch! Well, I don't think I shall say anything about it to the vicar; he would be wanting to come out and reclaim her before breakfast, and that would

make us all late; and besides, he would be sure to call her 'brazen woman,' or 'daughter of sin,' or some horribly coarse name to her face, and that would do more harm than good: good men are so hard on women! and they never have any discrimination to distinguish between the vicious and the unfortunate—no, I will say nothing about it; besides, I really know nothing, it is only my own suspicions." So saying, good little Mrs. Dawson, who, like many—alas, not most!—Christian women, had all a woman's tenderness towards a sorrowing fellow-woman, from whatever source her sorrows might come, shook off her wet cloak and stamped her muddy little toes in the vicarage porch, and went in to pour out her husband's tea, with never a word to that excellent but somewhat severe divine about the little strange girl who sat shivering in the church hard by, and who seemed to Mrs. Dawson's eyes to be the living impersonation of Cis Travers's London wickednesses—wickednesses of which you and I, my reader, know him to be guiltless.

I am not going to describe Juliet Blair's wedding. Weddings are but dismal things at best, and if any one has a partiality for reading detailed accounts of them, of the demeanor and aspect of the "blushing bride," of the elaborate costumes of herself and her bridesmaids, and her friends' presents on the interesting occasion, they have but to study the last "Court Journal," where such scenes are weekly set forth in far better language and with far more knowledge of the subject than I should be at all likely to display.

Juliet Blair's wedding was exactly like any one else's. There was the same fluttering in of well-dressed wedding guests, bustling backwards and forwards in and out of the pews to exchange whispered greetings with each other. The same gathering of prettily dressed and moderately good-looking bridesmaids at the bottom of the church. The same awkward interval of suspense whilst the bride was anxiously awaited, during which Cis stood first on one leg, then on the other, and gnawed nervously at the ends of his straw-colored kid gloves in the same helpless-looking way that every bridegroom invariably does, suggesting irresistibly the idea that, but for the best man—in this case, a very young Oxford friend—he must inevitably turn and flee. The best man, with a big buttonhole

flower, looks jaunty and self-important, as if the success of the whole ceremony depended mainly upon his exertions, although a passing thought of the speech which he will have to make by-and-by sends an occasional cold shudder down his back. Then the bride comes in on Sir George Ellison's arm, for, as she has no near relative, he, as an old friend of her father's, is to give her away. And there is the same scuffle of everybody getting into their places that always happens, and the ceremony proceeds with the same snuffles and snuffles from that female portion of the spectators who are invariably affected to tears without any known cause on such occasions.

There was nothing at all peculiar or striking in Juliet Blair's wedding; but to Gretchen Rudenbach, craning forward and straining her eyes and ears to catch every sight and every sound, it was a wedding different from every other wedding.

Presently the organ burst joyfully into the Wedding March, and the bride and bridegroom came down the aisle together, the school children flung flowers down be-

fore them as they came, and Gretchen pressed forward with the rest. Down at the bridegroom's feet there fell a little bunch of lilies of the valley that only last night had been fastened together in Covent Garden Market, and the next moment they were crushed—poor innocent white blossoms!—beneath his heel.

And looking at his wife's face, cold, impassive, and almost despairing, Cis Travers, with a start, caught sight of a face beyond it, eager, yearning, wet with tears, and quivering with emotion, and in that moment the young bridegroom felt vaguely which it was of these two women that loved him best.

In another second Gretchen had shrunk back into her sheltering corner, and Cis was tucking his wife's white satin train into the carriage; whilst she, with her heart on the other side of the world, was saying to herself:

"It is too late, now—too late! O Hugh! O my darling, why did you ever leave me?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A PRAYER.

BY MRS. E. M. BOLLES.

Before thy throne, O God! I bow
In deep humility;
I pray thee open these blind eyes
And let thy servant see!

I long to know thee as thou art,
Thy will to understand,
To feel thy presence ever near,
To lean upon thy hand:

For thou alone canst lead aright
This wayward heart of mine,
And I can never happy be
Till I am wholly thine.

Thy work on earth I long to do,
My duty to fulfil,
And I would henceforth labor for
Thy own and not my will.

Grant thou my prayer, O God above!
Teach me to do my part,
Providence, B. I., Dec., 1876.

Nor let the light of love grow dim
Which glows within my heart.

Let but a cloud guide me by day,
By night, a fire lead on,
And I will follow faithfully
Till life's brief hour is gone.

And now a light as of the day,
Breaks o'er me bright and fair;
The darkness of the night has passed,
In answer to my prayer.

A gentle voice the stillness breaks,
And bids me feed the poor,
Nor turn the naked, sick or sad,
With rudeness from my door;

But listen to their sore complaints,
And aid the erring one,
And he will whisper in my ear,
"Servant of God, well done."

WHITE HOG ISLAND.

BY W. H. MACY.

IN the tropical latitudes of the Pacific, about midway between Rotumah and the equator, lies an island of coral formation, and of no great extent in size, which is laid down on most of the charts as "Achilles Island," but is commonly known among whalers who have cruised in these seas as White Hog Island. The name originated from the fact of the abundant supply of white hogs to be obtained there in barter with the natives, and the entire absence of swine of any other color, so far as known to the visitors.

I happened in the course of my wanderings to meet with and make the acquaintance of the old English captain who had left at the island the original stock of pigs from which so many had been raised. This was some forty years ago, dating back from the present writing, he being then in command of a brig from Sydney, and he had never since visited the place. But he had heard of many others having bought their supply of pork there, and felt rather proud of the circumstance of having sown the first seed.

He was as much puzzled as any of us about the immaculate whiteness of the pigs, for there was nothing peculiar about the breed, and he knew that some of the original stock were black, and some spotted, or mixed.

I had myself made several visits, on different voyages, to Achilles Island, always getting as many pigs as we wanted at that time, and always wondering at the strange fact that they were all white, not one being found with the least spot of any darker color. The natives always seemed to be friendly and well-disposed toward their visitors, and there was no difficulty in making a peaceable trade with them. But they never gave any intelligent answer to our inquiries for black or piebald pigs, either being or pretending to be exceedingly stupid when this subject was touched upon.

The circumstance was all the more strange, because at most of the islands in the Pacific, which had been stocked in like manner by passing ships, there were hogs to be found of every variety of hue that is to be met

with in England or America; and indeed black pigs and red pigs appeared to be rather plenty, as if the savages had perhaps preferred the white ones for their own eating. But it fell to my lot to work out a full solution of the mystery, when second mate in the old *Gratitude*, and how this came about forms the subject of my story.

I had been sent ashore with a quantity of hatchets, knives and hoop-iron, to barter for live pork and cocoanuts, and had two whaleboats fully manned, one being in charge of a Kanaka boatsteerer, and native of Tahiti, but the whole expedition acting under my orders. We landed among these people without fear, though we did not fail to take some precaution against surprise, and to look well to our arms, not venturing far from the landing-place at any time.

Some delay occurred in getting the hogs brought down, and meanwhile squally weather came up and obscured our ship from view. But the barter continued favorably after the trade fairly opened, and I suffered myself to grow careless, until a report from the small carriage-gun startled me, and I noticed that she had greatly increased her distance from the land, seeming to be ~~influenced by a strong current.~~ I was about to give the order to gather up everything and push off the boats, but another squall, more threatening in appearance than any before, induced me to hesitate again, and the wind soon after increased to a hurricane, while the *Gratitude* was entirely lost sight of in the gloom.

It now became evident that I must remain all night among these people, and probably it might be several days before the ship could return to take us off. So we set to work to haul the boats high up on the beach, and secure everything for a permanent stay on shore. In this the natives were glad to assist us, and seemed pleased at the chance to offer us every hospitality within their means. We made ourselves comfortable for the night; but as I felt the importance of keeping my men together and not allowing them to quarter round singly in different houses, a place was assigned to us in a sort of public building or

council house, where we ate and lodged, receiving visitors through the evening, as they called upon us, but keeping well together, and sleeping on our arms, with a guard posted and regularly relieved.

The storm lasted thirty-six hours, when it blew all out, having done no material damage on shore, and the usual fine weather of that latitude set in again, but no ship was to be seen, and we were compelled to make out our log for a further stay. But it must be confessed that after two days had passed, as our relations with our hosts were perfectly harmonious and pleasant, our precautions were much relaxed, and our discipline much less rigorous. We ventured to separate more from each other, and to stroll about in various directions, making observations, until nearly the whole extent of the island had been explored by some one or more of our party. Still no ship came, and the length of our imprisonment became uncertain. We had discussed the subject of the whiteness of the pigs that were very numerous about the island, and on comparing notes it appeared that no one of our number had ever met with one who had the smallest spot of any darker color on the whole surface of its skin. We came to the conclusion that the islanders must kill all but the white ones at birth, but in this view of the case, the great number of swine running everywhere at large seemed sufficiently marvellous.

On the fifth day of our sojourn, I was sitting in the house, resting after having taken rather a long tramp in the heat of the day, when the Kanaka boatsteerer, Aleck, as he was called, put his head in at the door, and beckoned to me.

"What's up now?" I asked, as I followed his call, for there was a peculiar expression of fun in the Kanaka's eyes, and his nostrils were snapping as only a South Sea Islander can do.

"Come, take walk with me," said he. "Got something to show you."

He struck into a path which led away toward the centre of the island, where the land was considerably higher than near the sea margin, and the cocoanut trees grew nearer together, making a deep and cool shade.

I had until now supposed this grove to occupy the whole middle of the island, and thought there was nothing worth exploring in it or beyond it. Aleck led the way into

the grove, and we wound our way between the trees for a considerable distance, when the grove became more open and scattered, and we emerged into a clearing of such extent as to prove that the island was larger than I had believed it to be. Aleck still led me on till we came to the brink of a jumping-off place, while the mystery of the lost tribes of swine was explained at a glance.

We looked down in a depression or basin covering an extent of perhaps a couple of acres, and nearly circular in form.

The coral builders appeared in this case, as in many others, to have done their work so as to make a ring, leaving a large hole in the centre, which in process of time had become filled up so as to form a surface of dry ground, with some luxuriant vegetation growing upon it, and having its level only a few feet below that of the surrounding elevation. And at the bottom of this natural basin, running at will over its extent, were many hundreds of hogs and pigs of all sizes—black pigs, red pigs, spotted pigs, in short, everything but white ones.

The sides of the basin were precipitous, preventing all chance of escape, except at one point where the land formed a shelving incline, and here the natural pigpen was made perfect by art; a wall composed of logs and coral boulders having been rudely built to close the gap.

There were but few trees of any great size rooted down in the basin, though there were many smaller ones in various stages of growth, and it did not appear that the spontaneous production of the place could be sufficient to feed all its inhabitants. But even while we stood thinking of this, several men appeared, approaching the verge on the side opposite to where we stood, and bearing large bunches of cocoanuts, which they proceeded to break up and throw down among the pigs.

"It must cost something to feed this herd," said I. "I should suppose the island would produce none too much for its human stock and the white pigs. But what does it all mean, Aleck?"

"*Taboo*," answered the Kanaka, reverentially.

"*Taboo*! Yes, I suppose so, especially as the people seem to keep away from the place generally. But who are those fellows feeding the pigs?"

"*Oronoo*," said Aleck, in the same impressive tone.

I understood that Oronoo meant the priests or religious men, who were vested with certain powers and duties under the taboo, such as were entirely forbidden to ordinary mortals.

"But what do they keep and feed all these hogs for? Do they sell the white ones to ships, and raise these for their own eating?"

"No," said Aleck, with a forcible shake of the head. "No eat; kill all for *Silkaty*."

"And who is *Silkaty*, that wants so much pork?"

"What you call God," said the Tahitian.

"Ah! I see! they kill them all for sacrifice, eh? And when do they do this?"

"By'm-by; time near now. Two or three days more. Make big *hula-hula*."

Thus I made out, little by little, from Aleck, who had that morning met one of the Oronoos, with whom he could talk intelligently. This man had been away in a ship, and had in his travels visited the Society Islands, drifting back after the lapse of some years to his own country.

He had picked up a little of the Tahitian language, and also some words of English, though he was chary of using the latter. But my Kanaka had made the most of his opportunity, and aided by his own savage quickness, had learned enough to get a clear explanation of the mystery.

The grand ceremonies of the sacrifice of all the black and parti-colored hogs to the Great Spirit took place annually, at a certain time of a certain moon, for the calendar of these barbarians is quite accurate enough for all anniversary purposes. The slaughter was carried on down in the basin, but no one was allowed to descend into it except the Oronoos, who were only ten in number. But all the people could join in the work of slaughter, by forming a ring round the verge of the pit, and sending death among the frightened swine, by any means at their command, and using all sorts of missiles, as well as long spears for thrusting. The Oronoos might kill, too, but their principal work was to drive the herds of pigs about, and rush them in masses towards the side of the pen, so as to bring them within reach of the excited populace.

The enchanted ring was most rigorously tabooed, and the whole enclosure kept sacred ground, not to be polluted by the tread of any layman. And if, as happened sometimes, one fell down among the pigs below

while engaged in the work of slaughter, he was pulled out again, and compelled to retire in disgrace from the remainder of the ceremonies, undergoing purification for a certain number of days to be decided by the Oronoos.

I could easily imagine that the sport must have been exciting in the highest degree, and as the work was carried on night and day, until the last pig was slain, the actors in the strange drama were well exhausted when it was finished.

The bodies were all collected in heaps by the Oronoos, who seemed to have the hardest work to do, and huge bonfires were made, in which they were burned to ashes, while men, women and children gathered round the whole circumference of the pit, with wild songs and dances, making, as Aleck expressed it, "a big *hula-hula*."

To eat the meat of any pig other than a purely white one was a curse and an abomination unto these people; to kill one of the sacred animals at any other time than during the annual festival was a crime punishable with death, and moreover calling for the special vengeance of *Silkaty* upon the souls of the sacrilegious offenders.

The young pigs were taken in charge by the Oronoos, and all the colored ones, as soon as old enough to take care of themselves, were placed in the sacred taboo ground; but Aleck's friend had informed him that the number was growing less and less every year. There were only a few hundreds of parti-colored pigs now, where there were thousands a few years ago. It appeared to him that the great sacrifice to *Silkaty* must in time run out for want of material.

"Of course it will," said I. "Don't you see, Aleck, these blockheads don't understand that by slaughtering all the black hogs once a year, and keeping only white ones for breeding, they are going to have in time nothing else but white ones. So much the better for them in barter with ships, but *Silkaty* will be brought on short allowance, and finally be cheated entirely out of his dues."

I could not help reflecting what a wasteful and destructive policy these islanders in their religious zeal were pursuing, and how expensive this system of sacrifice must be to them. For not only were they killing so many fine animals which might have served as food for themselves, or as mer-

chandise for sale, but they were obliged to feed and fatten them all through the year, even at the risk of famine in their own household; for Silkaty, it appeared, was not to be put off with lean or scrawny pork.

The time for the annual ma-sacre was now very near, and the Oronoos were eagerly watching the moon's horns, expecting in a day or two to issue their proclamation in Silkaty's name, and summon all his devoted followers to the work of blood.

The news of our discovery was soon passed from one to the other of my shipmates, and in the course of the day they had all paid a visit to the wonderful pigsty, greatly to the disturbance of the equanimity of the Oronoos, who had felt called upon to remonstrate and to warn them away. I took this opportunity, when they were all assembled at night around the council-house, to issue orders that no one should again go near the place during our stay; but I did not feel that my authority would have the same weight here as on shipboard. I heard some of our crew talking upon the subject after we had retired for the night, and Barney Powers, a young Irishman, who pulled the stroke oar in my boat, asked his next neighbor what he thought these heathen would do if all their taboo pigs should happen to break loose and get out among the white ones?

Both men enjoyed a hearty laugh at the droll idea, but they were soon snoring, while I lay awake, thinking further upon the subject, for Barney's remarks had been to me very suggestive. Sure enough, what *would* they do if any one but a duly qualified Oronoo should dare to touch one, much less to kill one or lame one, under pain of incurring the eternal displeasure of the Silkaty.

Daylight was already shining through the chinks of the house, when I was roused the next morning by strange outcries, and hurriedly pushing open the door, perceived that the whole village was astir, and that people were running back and forth, as if something very unusual had excited them. I naturally looked seaward, thinking that the arrival of a ship might have produced such an effect, but no sail was visible.

"Here! here!" said the Kanaka boat-steerer. "Look!"

I *did* look, and beheld the key to the whole mystery. Five or six black and spotted pigs fraternizing with as many white

ones, rushed past the doors, heading straight for the huts in the plain below, and more were to be seen in the background, coming down from the interior.

Two of the most venerable of the Oronoos, with consternation depicted in their countenances, were making their best possible speed up toward the sacred pigpen, but it was evident they were too late to avert the catastrophe. The taboo pigs had all broken loose from their prison, and were swarming in every direction, singly and in squads, all over the island.

With the exception of the priests, the whole population, men, women and children, fled to the waterside, and were to be seen with every indication of haste and mortal terror, launching all the available canoes of every description.

"What does all that mean?" asked one of another.

"Mean," said Aleck, with conscious superiority of understanding, "mean taboo. Kanaka afraid to touch taboo pig—no can live here—go big water."

Despite the impression produced upon me by the sight and sound of such a horrible panic seizing upon a whole nation of people, the words of my tawny shipmate broke the spell, and we roared with laughter till our sides ached. There was something so irresistibly funny in the idea of a whole population about to abandon their homes, as the Moscovites did the doomed city of Moscow, and take up their abode upon the waters of the Pacific, driven out by a herd of swine. The plague of locusts would have been a trifle to these benighted islanders, compared with the abomination of coming in contact with red or black pigs.

Before the sun was half an hour high a cordon of canoes filled with jabbering barbarians encircled the island at a distance of a quarter of a mile or less, while the ten Oronoos and twelve seamen from the *Gratitude* formed the entire garrison, so far as human beings were concerned, and the great army of pigs held full possession, roaming everywhere at will. We now assembled together for a council as to what should be done in the emergency, and were enabled to get at a sort of understanding through the medium of the boatsteerer Aleck, and the travelled Oronoo, who spoke a little bad Tahitian, and less of worse English. The people must remain in their canoes until the parti-colored porkers were all

secured in their enclosure, unless the proper time arrived for the great feast of the slaughter before this could be done.

The wise men who had been taking lunar observations for several nights past, believed the time would come within the next forty-eight hours. And after that happy moment should arrive, it was possible by very elaborate ceremonies to lift or suspend the taboo so that all the people might take part in the hunt without being endangered by contact with the unclean beasts.

To attempt with our small force to get them back to their place of confinement seemed an endless undertaking, one which the Oronoos, with their characteristic love of idleness, certainly would not undertake. For all the pigs of the island were now ranging promiscuously together, and no white ones must be driven in, or permitted to get into the sanctuary, every colored one must be singled out, and taken care of separately; and above all, no pig must be killed, or in any way maimed or injured previous to the appointed time. The job of securing them was too big a one, involving too much downright hard work, so the priests lay down under the shade of the palm trees, and probably consulted with Silkaty, while we visitors also took our ease, and discussed the question, "How the pigs could have broken loose?" without arriving at any satisfactory conclusion. I thought I saw something in the twitching of young Barney's face which was to me sufficient evidence of the truth, but he stoutly denied all knowledge of the matter, and I did not press the accusation hard against him.

The rude wall, the only part of the prison built by human hands, had been undermined by pulling away a log at the bottom, and leaving a gap, out of which the pigs could pour, a dozen at a time. But who had done the mischief?

I knew that of course the savages must suspect that I or some of my people were guilty of this sacrilege, and had reason to fear that after the days of slaughter were over this subject would come up next in order at the council, and might place us in great danger, if our ship did not arrive in the nick of time.

We endeavored to show our good-will by volunteering to assist the Oronoos in anything to repair the mischief, but they only pointed to the heavens, and gave us to understand that they meant to wait for the

signal from Silkaty, which the moon's horns would soon give them.

All that day matters remained the same, the clamor of tongues encircling us, and sometimes a canoe venturing in near enough to receive provisions on board, returning as soon as possible to her station in the fleet.

At night the ten wise men sat down to continue their astronomical observations, while we, intrenched in our own fortress, set a regular watch, and awaited the issue. At about midnight we heard the Oronoos begin a kind of wild chant, which swelled louder and louder upon the stillness of the night, while all the voices of those in the canoes were hushed. Soon afterwards a bonfire was kindled, and then the chants and incantations were continued, more earnestly than before.

Aleck said that all this must be a part of the ceremonies of lifting the taboo, and that as soon as this was finished we might expect the people ashore to begin the work of slaughtering Silkaty's hogs, wherever they were to be found.

They would not want to pen them up, he said; they would kill every colored pig on the island, and their next movement would most likely be for vengeance upon us. We accordingly made our preparations as quietly as possible for instant departure. The ceremonies of lifting the taboo were at last finished, the bonfire being suffered to die out, and the most perfect silence fell upon the island, broken only by the sounds of the gentle breakers over the low coral reef. Not a voice was audible from the multitude in the canoes—not even a paddle dip broke the stillness, and the Oronoos sat in a group for at least two mortal hours, motionless as so many statues in bronze.

It was as I judged nearly daybreak, and we were getting fearfully impatient at the long suspense, when suddenly a blast from ten great conch-shells—such a blast as might have thrown down the walls of an ancient city—announced that the moment had come when every man, woman and child was free to join in the sacrifice to Silkaty. The welkin rang with shouts and outcries, while a simultaneous rush to the shore was made by the hundred canoes. The whole population jumped ashore, eager for the work of massacre, and the pigs themselves joined in the clamor, as if they knew and understood the impending peril. My men sat crouched under the shadow of the boats, ready and

waiting for the moment to arrive. At the very height of the noise and confusion consequent upon the landing of the savage hosts, away went the two light boats sliding down the slope into the smooth water. We leaped lightly into them, and in an instant were drifting out into the lagoon.

The oars were shipped with marvellous quickness, and though the Oronoos, on perceiving this movement, gave an alarm at once, no one attempted to stop us, for the daylight was breaking, and the all-important business of slaughtering pigs for Silkaty absorbed universal attention as their first religious duty. A few strokes of the oars sent us outside of the reef, where we lay surveying the scene at our leisure, and with little fear of attack, for once afloat we did not fear twenty times our own number of such enemies as these.

The islanders gave themselves up to the hunt with the most perfect abandon, spearing and stoning the poor beasts wherever found, and yelling and howling like so many incarnate demons. Now and then we could

see a group of them while pausing to take breath, pointing towards us, and shaking their weapons as if eager to attack us, but as the sun rose over the island, a sail was visible in the offing standing in towards us, and before noon we were again on board the Gratitude.

We cruised in the neighborhood two or three days, while the festival of blood was in progress. The bonfire of pork illuminated the sky at night, and the burnt-offerings were doubtless grateful to the nostrils of the mighty Silkaty.

When all was over, we finished our barter for white hogs, but were careful not to trust ourselves again completely in the power of the natives by going on shore.

Barney, the young Irishman, was as I had expected, the author of all the trouble, having let the pigs out from sheer love of mischief, for he afterwards, at sea, confessed the fact, and we had many a hearty laugh over our serio-ludicrous adventure at White Hog Island.

THE DIAMOND RING.

BY CARRIE D. BEEBE.

It was not right, perhaps, but it was true, that Richard Anthon, professor of mathematics in the "Young Ladies' Seminary," at Thorntown, was deeply in love with little Bess Hopkins, one of the pupils.

Bessie was one of the older girls, bright-eyed and small for her age; which, possibly, was one reason why she appeared so well in Richard's eyes. He led, on the whole, a rather stupid life, being a country teacher on a small salary, and, as he fancied, with dull pupils; for, he said, young ladies as a general rule, did not like or understand mathematics, unless it was to calculate the cost of some poor girl's bonnet or dress.

Bess, however, proved an exception to his rule, for her statements were always correct, and there was seldom a problem, however difficult, which she could not readily solve. Then, too, she answered his questions distinctly, without simpering or lisping; and never appeared to know that it was possible for him to exist outside a recitation room.

This, perhaps, was another reason why

he thought well of Bess, for men are invariably fond of the novel and mysterious; and Richard, being rather fine-looking, was a favorite with his pupils; and it was something new for one of them to appear indifferent toward him. He was always planning ways and means for becoming acquainted with Bessie's family, for it was a well-known fact that Judge Hopkins, her father, although wealthy himself, always chose his associates and friends according to his personal likes and dislikes, without stopping to ask whether they were rich or poor; and in this particular, Bessie resembled her father.

The judge lived in an elegant residence a short distance from Thorntown, and he rode down to his office every morning, bringing Bessie to school at the same time. He was very fond of her, as she was his youngest, and only unmarried child.

Richard had never been introduced to the judge, for he was a close student and found but little time for society. Mrs. Hopkins was something of an invalid and very domestic in her tastes; and Bess would never in-

vite him to call upon her, as many of the young ladies did, so he was at a loss how to proceed in the matter.

After revolving the subject in his mind, he determined to become better acquainted with Bess, or rather, give her an opportunity for becoming accustomed to his society. So he engaged her in conversation whenever an opportunity offered, but to his disappointment she would always grow confused, and answer at random.

He was so provoked! when he knew she was so clear-headed, and could converse so prettily with the girls, and even with Mr. Adair the principal. Then he thought of calling upon Judge Hopkins, and asking permission to address her, but he feared the judge would mistake him for a fortune-hunter. At last, he determined to tell Bess he loved her, for she was to graduate at the close of the term, and he feared he might not have an opportunity afterward. The last week of the school year Mr. Adair always gave a picnic to the pupils, and Richard determined to learn his fate on that day. "It is cowardly," he said to himself, "to love a girl, and be afraid to tell her so."

The day of the picnic dawned bright and clear. They were to sail a short distance up the river, and then land, and partake of a collation in a pleasant grove near its banks. Afterward, they were to go into the fields in search of wild flowers. It would be very easy to find an opportunity to tell Bess all that was in his heart; no one would think strange of his speaking to her, and, surrounded by the beauties of nature, he could not fail to be eloquent in his appeal. She could do no more than refuse him, and that could hardly be worse than the suspense which he now endured, and if she really did love him—he blushed—although a man—at the thought.

Bess, arrayed in white, with a coquettish hat, was gayer than usual, and kept the girls laughing at her lively sallies. The day was delightfully fine, just warm enough to make the shade refreshing. The spring flowers had faded, but, after rambling about for some time, they were rewarded by finding some wild roses. Richard gathered a large cluster; and as Bess, tired and rosy, sat in the shade a little apart from the rest, he approached, and, taking a seat by her side, gave her the flowers. She took them with a blush and a pretty murmur of thanks, which would have been very encouraging,

if he had not observed upon the hand in which she held them a diamond ring.

Now diamonds were rare in Thorntown, not to be thought of, in fact, except as a token of engagement; and uncommon, even in such cases. Bess had never worn the ring before, he was sure of it; besides, it was quite new; she was, undoubtedly, already engaged.

Bess, entirely unconscious of what was passing in his mind, placed the roses in her hat, and the diamond flashed, and sparkled in Richard's eyes until he began to think it was an evil spirit.

The rest of the day was a blank to him—he could not distinctly remember anything that occurred afterward. He rallied, next morning, however. "It will not be much longer," he said, "and then I'll leave the place forever."

Richard was poor. He had chosen the law for his profession, had studied hard, and had been admitted with honor; but his utmost efforts had failed to establish a practice, and, discouraged, he had taken up teaching from sheer necessity, always intending, however, to resume the law, if he could ever find an opening. With this object in view, he spent a portion of his evenings in reading, that he might keep well posted. With economy, he had been able to lay aside a small sum from his salary, and with this, he determined to make a new beginning in some town where he was entirely unknown.

Commencement day arrived. Richard had fully resolved to forget little Bess; consequently, he hardly took his eyes from her face during the whole day. Judge Hopkins was present, and observed Richard very closely.

That evening, as Bess and her father sat out on the porch, he said, "Bessie, who was the teacher who gave you your diploma, to-day?"

"It was Mr. Anthon, papa," she said, with a blush which his quick eye detected.

"How is this?" asked the judge. "I saw that he hardly took his eyes from your face to-day, and now, when I ask you about him, your face is rosy in a moment. Has he given you love-lessons, Bess?"

"He never spoke to me upon the subject of love, papa."

"He is a fine-looking young man. Do you know anything of his history?"

"Nothing, except that he studied law,

but being unable to establish a practice, he became a teacher. His family is very respectable, I am told."

The judge put on his hat and went out. "I believe they love each other," he soliloquized, "and Anthon is afraid to speak because he is poor. I am something of a judge of human nature, and if he is as much of a man as I think, his poverty shall not stand in the way of Bessie's happiness."

He repaired at once to the seminary, where he found Richard in conversation with Mr. Adair. After having expressed himself as entirely satisfied with the plan upon which the school was conducted, he proceeded to draw Richard out. The result of their conversation was entirely satisfactory. Richard told him of his plans, his struggles, and his failures, and at the close the judge offered him a place in his office. "I have long wanted a suitable partner," he said, "for I am growing old, and wish to partially retire from business."

Richard was highly delighted with the idea, and at once accepted the generous offer. The plan proved successful, and the judge was more than pleased with him. As he often invited Richard to his house, he met Bessie often, and he thought, with a sigh, how delighted he would have been with his position a few months before. One thing puzzled him, however. He never saw

Bess in company with any particular gentleman, and never heard, in any way, the slightest allusion to her future marriage. She seemed very happy, and often received rich and handsome gifts from her father.

At last, it seemed to Richard that she might possibly have obtained the ring in this way, and one day, when they were left alone in the parlor, he found courage to ask her about it.

"You have a lovely diamond ring, Miss Bessie," he said, "it is an engagement ring, I suppose?"

"No, indeed, it is a present from papa. He gave it to me on my eighteenth birthday."

"What an idiot I am!" he said, taking a seat by her side. "Do you know, Bess, I love you dearly, and I would have told you so on the day of the picnic, if it had not been for that ring?"

Bess didn't know it, of course, though she had often wondered at his singular conduct on that day.

"You will forgive me, wont you, Bessie dear, for being so very stupid, and tell me that you love me in return?"

And Bessie, too tender-hearted to refuse him, with downcast eyes, and her hands imprisoned in his, gave him the answer he sought.

ONE NIGHT.

BY LOUISE DUPEE.

The shadow of the grim old mountain
The gleaming river veiled,
Where through the evening's purple shadow
On idle winds we sailed.

Stars on night's lifting eyelids trembled,
Like teardrops clear and bright;
The woods waved softly to our dreaming,
On yonder dusky height.

Faint perfumes floated as we drifted,
Between dim grassy shores,
Cool clusters of the water-lilies
We parted with our oars.

Your eyes with some new lustre lighted -
Looked fondly into mine,
And Love, till that charmed hour a stranger,
Still makes my life divine.
Somerville, Mass., 1876.

What though we parted on the morrow,
And the wide sea to-day
Sweeps 'twixt me and that far sweet country
Where dark eyes bid you stay?

What though we parted be forever,
You still as mine I hold,
More mine, maybe, than if together
We watched our years grow old.

For care unclasps fond hands, but memory
Keeps still youth's first romance,
And Love's wings never shine so brightly,
As when through dreams they glance.

And had Love tarried when she only
Smiled down through that dim sky,
Her sweetness might not be immortal,
I might have seen her die!

MR. SULLIVAN'S NEW FURNITURE.

BY ANNA MORRIS.

It was a very cosy-looking little room, and a very pretty little woman who stood peeping anxiously out of the window into the fast darkening street, that snowy New Year's Eve.

"I wonder Edward does not come," she said, half aloud. "It is growing so dark and snowy! How tired and cold he will be!" And she stirred the already glowing fire in the grate, rearranged the dressing-gown and slippers that had been warming for a full hour, and drew the easy-chair closer to the hearth.

"There, that looks comfortable!" she exclaimed with a smile of satisfaction as she surveyed the room. "It looks like old times, too!" she continued. "This is just as I used to have the room when Edward first came to see me at home, only then," with a little laugh and blush, "I didn't have his dressing-gown and slippers ready for him."

"I am so glad that I had mother's furniture," she went on, leaning against the mantel, and looking lovingly around at the familiar articles. "No other, if it had been ever so grand and beautiful, could have seemed so much like home, or had so many pleasant associations. But here comes Edward!" And she sprang joyfully to open the door, the little shadow of sorrow which the memory of her childhood's home had spread over her face dispelled in a moment.

"So, little woman! Waiting and watching as usual?" was the cheery salutation, as Edward Sullivan bent to return his wife's caress. "I am rather late to-night, it's a fact, but no horrible hobgoblin has caught me, as I dare say you have been fancying. Now for some supper, and then I'll tell you what detained me," he added, as he threw off his overcoat, and shook the snow from his fur cap.

"Very well," was the smiling reply, "supper is all ready;" and Mrs. Sullivan led the way to the pleasant dining-room.

Half an hour later, as Mr. Sullivan donned his dressing-gown, and seated himself in the waiting armchair, he said:

"Now, Etta, for the explanation of my tardiness this evening. You remember

when we were out walking last week, how much we admired that furniture in Stratton's window?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Sullivan, rather hesitatingly. She remembered how much Edward had admired it, and that she had agreed that it was certainly very handsome, but added that she thought it too showy for good taste.

"Well," continued her husband, not noticing her tone. "I have thought for some time past that this furniture," looking about with a slightly contemptuous air, "was hardly the thing. It did very well in the country, but here things must be different. So I stopped to-night and ordered that set for a New Year's gift for you, and they agreed to send it up right away. Yes, here they come now!" as the sound of a cart stopping in front of the house fell on his ear. "You can send these things back with their carman, to be sold in their auction rooms, or store them in the attic as you choose." And he left the parlor in answer to a loud ring at the bell, too quickly to see the troubled look on his wife's countenance.

"Can you lend me a hand, sir?" asked the carman. "We are so driven to-night, that no one could be spared to come with me."

"All right," answered Mr. Sullivan. "I'll get my coat, and be with you in a moment."

Dashing into the parlor again, he pulled off his dressing-gown, and tossing it on the sofa, said as he hastily drew on his coat:

"Let Jane come up, and be putting these things out of the way, Etta, while we are bringing in the others, and then I will have the carman help me carry the sofa up stairs, unless you prefer to send them by him to the auction room."

"O, if you please, Edward," said his wife quietly, but with a little tremor in her voice, "I think we will have them moved up stairs."

"Very well," he answered carelessly, and ran out. A few moments more, and the little parlor had undergone quite a metamorphosis. In place of the substantial old-fashioned furniture, there stood a complete suite of those articles which are now particularly known as chairs and sofas, and which seem to be an ingenious combination of a

much show, and as little comfort, as possible.

Mr. Sullivan looked about him complacently, as he entered the parlor after dismissing the carman. "This is something like," he began, pushing a chair towards the fire. "I am thankful those wretched old things are out of sight. They have been a perfect eyesore to me. I never was so mortified, as when the Eltons called last week. They live in such good style themselves, that we must have seemed like barbarians to them."

"But come, little woman?" he continued, playfully drawing his wife down on his knee, "you haven't thanked me yet for your New Year's gift."

"I have hardly had an opportunity," replied Etta, "you have been so busy; but indeed, dear Edward, I do thank you for your kindness in thinking of my pleasure."

"But you look uncommonly grave, somehow," persisted Edward, making an endeavor to see the eyes so resolutely turned away from him.

"Perhaps I am afraid it was rather extravagant," was the half jesting reply, and Mr. Sullivan, readily accepting the excuse, rejoined, "O, that is all right! We don't buy a set of furniture every day."

Mrs. Sullivan's only response to this was to propose a song. Both husband and wife were fond of music, and passed many of their evening hours at the piano, but to-night something seemed unsatisfactory to Mr. Sullivan; he fidgeted about, changed the music, declared the piano out of tune, and finally exclaimed:

"I'll tell you what it is, Etta! We need a new piano. This one is worn out, and besides the case is so old-fashioned, that it does not at all correspond with the new furniture."

"We have always thought it sweet-toned," replied his wife, timidly, "though certainly it is not very stylish. I had it when I first took lessons."

No more was said, but the music, for that evening at least, was spoiled. The new furniture had begun its work.

Next morning as Mr. Sullivan was dressing he suddenly exclaimed, "Etta, do you know where I put my pocket-book?" and commenced a hurried search in the various pockets. His wife had not seen it, but joined in the search, which, however, proved fruitless. No trace of the missing book

could be found. It was rather a note-book than a porté-monnaie, but had contained a considerable sum of money, and some valuable papers, and Mr. Sullivan departed for his store in much anxiety; hoping that he might have left it in his desk, but fearing, as the event proved, that he had dropped it from his pocket.

This loss not only embarrassed him, but induced him to yield to what had always been a temptation to him—buying articles, when he had not money to pay for them. The money in the missing pocket-book he had placed there to pay for his furniture.

"No consequence at all," said the polite dealer, when Mr. Sullivan apologized for not settling the bill at once, as he had intended to do. "Very happy to wait your convenience. Cannot I show you something more, this morning? We have every description of furniture, carpets, curtains, etc."

"Not this morning, I believe," Edward answered, as he hurried towards his store, hoping to find his missing property, but doomed, as we have seen, to disappointment.

The man's words rang in his ears, however, and noticing after a day or two that the parlor carpet was quite put to shame by the showy furniture, he called at the furniture warehouse one morning, and selected a new one, which he ordered to be made, and sent home. Discovering after this was done, that the curtains now looked worn and shabby, they were speedily replaced by heavy draperies.

Next he became aware of the fact that his dining-room wore such a poverty-stricken appearance that he was ashamed to invite a friend to dine. This defect was at once removed, a handsome extension table, elegant chairs, and a rich carpet, gave the room quite a different appearance, and for a short time Mr. Sullivan rested satisfied.

He failed to notice the anxious look which was fast becoming habitual on his wife's face. At first, she had protested against each new addition, but finding that this served only to incite her husband to fresh extravagance, she redoubled her efforts to reduce the household expenses, hoping thereby to avert the catastrophe which she dreaded.

She had kept a nursery-maid to assist in the care of her baby boy, but she now found means to convince Edward that it was much better baby should be with her, and dismissing the nurse, devoted herself to the child.

Edward avoided all mention of his business affairs, but she felt convinced from his careworn looks that they were not flourishing. Still, his extravagant habits continued and even increased. Costly pictures and statuettes now began to please his fancy, and he purchased, Etta vainly hoping that each such indulgence would prove the last.

Thus a year slipped away, when Edward came home one night, evidently full of some important piece of news.

"Could you go out with me for half an hour, Etta?" he inquired, after tea was over.

Etta's face flushed, painfully. It was a long time since she had been out in the evening, not since the nursery-maid had left. Murmuring something of "seeing about it," she hastily left the room. Jane was trustworthy and fond of the child, and occasionally took care of him when Mrs. Sullivan was obliged to go out during the day, but she had never been asked to give up her evenings, and Etta scarcely knew how she would take the request. However, the girl assented readily, and somewhat relieved, her mistress donned hat and sack and sallied forth.

Mr. Sullivan chatted gayly as they walked on for a short distance, and suddenly pausing before a handsome mansion said, "Come in here, Etta, I want you to see this house, which I am thinking of taking. Ours is far too small and shabby."

Mrs. Sullivan felt as if she had received a sudden blow. Leave the little home which had grown so dear to her! However, she followed in silence, and hardly knew whether she was awake or dreaming during the tour of inspection through the house. An agent had been awaiting them, and ushered them now up stairs and now down, talking volubly of modern improvements, good drainage, aristocratic neighborhood, etc., etc., till Etta's head whirled.

She was thankful when they were once more at home. Baby had slept soundly during their absence, so Jane was amiable, and assured her mistress "it was no trouble at all, at all, to mind the swate little fellow."

"Now, Etta, tell me what you think of the house," inquired her husband, as she rejoined him in the parlor.

"I hardly know," was the hesitating reply, for poor little Etta had found that her husband was far more easily offended than formerly, and dreaded to vex him.

"Do you think it necessary for us to have such a large house?" she ventured, presently.

"You can't find a much smaller one in a decent neighborhood," was the answer, "and the smaller ones have not as many conveniences. That is a house in which you need not be ashamed to receive your friends."

"I should never be ashamed to receive them here," Mrs. Sullivan responded, quietly.

"Well, I am," retorted Edward, impatiently. "All the folks I know have moved further up town, and I want to do the same."

"But do you think you can afford the extra expense?" urged his wife. "The rent must be much higher than we now pay."

"I am not going to rent it, Etta, but buy it," returned her husband, still more impatiently; "and as to my affording it, I presume I understand my own business best."

Etta's lip quivered, but she remained silent. Edward resumed his newspaper, and she presently left the room unobserved, and stole up stairs to see if little Robert still slept peacefully. He had not moved since she left him, and she sat down near his crib to think matters over quietly, before holding any further conversation with her husband on the subject.

"I am convinced that he is troubled about money," she said to herself, "for duns have come very frequently lately, and the other night, those two men came, and talked and swore dreadfully. I don't know what it was all about, and Edward only told me not to bother when I asked, but I am sure we ought not to take a more expensive house. Then he would want more company, and I should be obliged to keep another servant. O, it will never do! I must tell him so, even if he does not like it;" and the poor little woman arose and went resolutely towards the door.

Just then there was a peal at the bell. Etta leaned over the bannisters with a sudden presentiment of evil. She heard Edward come out of the parlor, and go to the door. Some words were spoken that she could not distinguish, then Edward's voice clear and sharp rang out, "Arrest! What for?"

Again the visitor's words were unintelligible, but her husband, after a moment's pause, said, "Well, come in, and let me

understand it all;" and the two entered the parlor and closed the door.

Etta felt as if chained to the spot. What could it all mean? She must have been mistaken, and yet she had surely heard those words. It seemed to her ages before her husband opened the parlor door and called her name.

How she got down stairs she could not have told. Edward stood in the hall, very pale, but he spoke calmly:

"Etta, there is some trouble in my business, and I have been arrested. I must go now. Do not worry. It will all come out right in the morning, no doubt. Go as early as you can to Mr. Gaston, and ask him to see me, that we may make arrangements for my release. And now good-by, little woman, and keep up a brave heart."

The stranger came out of the parlor at this moment, and almost before Etta could realize what her husband had said, the two had gone, leaving her alone with her great sorrow.

All through that dreary night she sat by her boy's crib, vainly endeavoring to comprehend what it could all mean. As early as she dared in the morning she was on her way to Mr. Gaston, once more leaving little Robert with the faithful Jane, whose curiosity she had quieted by telling her that Mr. Sullivan had been suddenly called away on business.

Mr. Gaston was at breakfast, but on hearing who his early visitor was, desired that she should be shown at once into the breakfast-room. He was an elderly gentleman, and a valued friend, as well as a legal adviser of Edward.

"I have been afraid of trouble," he said, shaking his head, after listening to Etta's story. "I warned Edward that he was growing reckless. But make yourself as easy as you can, and I will call upon you as soon as I have seen your husband, and I dare say we shall find our way out of this scrape before many hours."

So saying the old gentleman shook hands cordially with Mrs. Sullivan, as he escorted her to the door, and making the necessary preparations, started on a visit to his unfortunate client.

A little later in the day he presented himself in Etta's parlor.

"Well," he said, cheerily, as she came in, looking sad and worn, "I find that Edward has been arrested at the suit of Strat-

ton, the furniture dealer. There has been all sorts of bother about the bill for some weeks, it seems. Edward could not raise money to meet it. He tried to patch the matter up, and perhaps might have succeeded, in getting more time, had not Stratton heard that he had been looking at a stylish house, with a view to purchasing it, and thinking from that circumstance that Edward must have some money on hand, resolved to bring matters to a crisis."

"But," said poor Etta, looking utterly bewildered, "I did not know we owed Mr. Stratton. I thought this was all paid for." And she looked with an air of loathing upon the showy furniture and gaudy carpet that had wrought so much sorrow.

"I know you did," answered Mr. Gaston, kindly. "Edward has told me all about it; how you begged him not to buy the articles, and how he lost his note-book, which prevented his paying the first bill, and then it was so easy to order more, and have the bill run on. "But now," continued the old lawyer, "the question is, what shall be done? I must go to Stratton and see what terms I can make."

"O Mr. Gaston," cried Etta, earnestly, "could you not induce him to take back the furniture at a reduction? You know he keeps second-hand furniture as well as new, though for that matter this has not been injured, and with a little polishing he would doubtless sell it again as new. I have all the articles we formerly used stored away carefully, and I feel sure Edward would be willing these should go. I am sure I should be thankful."

"You are a wise little woman," said Mr. Gaston, admiringly. "I will see what can be done."

Left alone, Etta wandered up stairs to the room where her mother's furniture had been stored.

"I am sure Mr. Gaston will make Mr. Stratton take back the things," she thought, hopefully, "and I must see if everything is ready to be moved."

She pushed the chairs and tables back and forth, dusting them carefully, and setting them so that they could most readily be carried down stairs. Then she proceeded to the sofa. It was large and heavy—almost double the size of the modern affair in the parlor.

"I always liked this old sofa," she said, aloud, as she busily plied her feather and

duster. "Many an hour have I sat curled up at this end, with my book in my lap, and my pocket full of apples; and then when Edward used to come to our house, it was always our favorite seat." Here a feather broke off of the duster, and slipped down between the back and the seat. Etta put her fingers down to catch it, when they came in contact with some hard substance.

"What is that?" she thought. "I hope the springs are not out of place." Thrusting her hand down further, she clasped something and drew it up.

"Edward's pocket-book!" she exclaimed, in astonishment. "How could it have got here?"

Suddenly it flashed across her mind how on the evening the new furniture came home he had thrown his dressing-gown on the sofa when he put on his coat to go to the assistance of the carman. Doubtless he had previously placed his note-book in the pocket of the dressing-gown, and in tossing it down, it had been shaken out, and slipped into its hiding-place. Of course all their search had been in vain, as the old sofa had been moved into the spare room, and no one thought of exploring its recesses for the missing treasure.

While Etta still stood with the pocket-book in her hand, she heard the doorbell ring, and rightly conjecturing that it was Mr. Gaston, ran hastily down stairs to admit him.

"It is all right, my dear Mrs. Sullivan," he said, in answer to her inquiring looks. "Stratton has consented to take back all—carpets, curtains and furniture. To be sure, he demanded a large discount, but I have driven as sharp a bargain as I could, and will try to raise the necessary amount to meet the balance."

"Perhaps this will help you," said Etta, placing the pocket-book in his hands.

"What is this? I do not understand," began Mr. Gaston.

"It is Edward's lost pocket-book," she interrupted, and poured forth the whole story of her finding it, while Mr. Gaston hastily unclasped it and examined the contents.

"Five hundred dollars!" he exclaimed. "I should think it *would* help! Why, we can square up that account, and leave you a nice little balance towards some others, which I dare say are troubling you. And here," he continued, "are the receipts Ed-

ward told me he had lost, and for want of which he has had to pay some bills the second time. I think I will take charge of these, and frighten those folks into refunding.

"And now, Mrs. Sullivan, the wagons will come for these things in a few minutes. I ventured to tell them to come at once, because I cannot obtain Edward's release until Stratton has his property again."

"O yes," cried Etta, eagerly, "the sooner the better. I will send Jane for a woman who sometimes helps us, and we will soon have the old furniture in its place."

There are always vexatious delays in law matters, so Mr. Sullivan did not reach home till about his usual hour for returning at night. Mr. Gaston had merely told him that he had arranged his affairs, promising to drop in late in the evening and give him full particulars.

He was, therefore, totally unprepared for any change in the appearance of his home. Etta met him at the door as usual, and after the first joyful greeting, stood aside, a little timidly, to let him enter the parlor first.

"Why!" was his astonished exclamation. "What does all this mean?"

"I hope you won't feel very badly, Edward," began his wife, when he stopped her by saying:

"Feel badly! Why, I am thankful to have those hateful things out of my sight! How nice the room looks! and I declare," seating himself in the old easy-chair, "this is worth more than all those new-fangled affairs for comfort. I haven't felt so much at home for a year. Yes, just a year, isn't it? It was the night before New Year's, just as this is, that all our troubles began."

"And now they are all ended," added his wife, as she handed him his dressing-gown with a smile. "Suppose you put this on before we go down to supper, as you must be tired."

"All right," he responded; and slipping on the comfortable garment, took his pocket-book from his coat, intending to put it in the pocket of his dressing-gown, but something seemed to obstruct its entrance.

"What is in here?" Putting in his hand as he spoke, he drew forth another pocket-book.

"My old pocket-book, by all that is wonderful!" he exclaimed. "Where did this come from, Etta?"

"Come down to supper and I'll explain," she answered, smilingly; but the explanation took so long that Mr. Gaston, on his arrival, found them still at the table. He also had a story to tell, of how he had seen the parties who had forced Edward to pay their bills the second time, and by quietly suggesting the probable consequences should their conduct become publicly known, had induced them to refund the money, which he now handed to Etta, with a smile, saying:

"There, Mrs. Sullivan, I move that you should be appointed treasurer."

"And I second the motion," added Edward, laughingly. "I am going to turn over a new leaf for the coming year, Mr. Gaston, and promise you that in future Etta shall know all my affairs, and I will be guided by her judgment."

"Then in return," retorted Mr. Gaston, "I will promise that you will never spend another night where you spent your last."

EARTHQUAKES, AND HOW THEY ARE CAUSED.

BY PROFESSOR JAMES MACKINTOSH.

EARTHQUAKE action is nearly related to volcanic, and frequently one of these natural forces may pass into the other. Long-continued experiments in deep mines, in all kinds of rocks, have plainly proved that the heat increases as we descend. This increase of heat cannot be ascribed to the heavier column of atmosphere which must press down at the bottom of deep mines. If we ascend some mountain-side from the sea-level, the cold increases about one degree for every 300 feet. We might, therefore, conclude that the heat in deep mines, if it were due to atmospheric pressure, would increase at the same rate. It gains, however, much more rapidly—sometimes as much as one degree for every forty-five feet of descent, and seldom less than one degree for every seventy.

If the heat goes on increasing continuously at the same rate, it becomes an easy matter to calculate to what depth we should have to go to reach a point where all the known solid substances are in a state of fusion. Chemists can tell us exactly what heat is required to melt iron, copper, etc., so that it would not be difficult to estimate the depth in the earth where, if the heat increases at the average rate of one degree for about sixty feet, these well-known substances are constantly in a molten condition. For various reasons of a mathematical character, it is believed that the thickness of the earth's crust is much greater than it would be if the heat continued to increase as above-mentioned. It is thought that as we go deeper through the strata, the increased pressure which ensues withstands the tendency to a molten condition; so that at

great depths the enormous pressure of the overlying rocks resists the tendency of the great heat to melt them. According to the calculation that heat increases one degree Fahrenheit every sixty feet of descent, if there were no counteracting agency, all solid substances would be in a molten state at the depth of about thirty miles. This is known to be too thin a crust, however, for a planet 8000 miles in diameter, and so it is usually regarded as not less than 100 miles in thickness, owing to the pressure withstanding the liquefying influence of the earth's internal heat.

The oblate shape of the earth, and of all the planets of the solar system, is explained on the ground that they were originally in a molten condition. Since then they have lost heat and cooled down. The external stratified crust, however, still encloses the greater part of the originally molten planet. A loss of heat is yet slowly going on, known as the "secular cooling of the earth." The heat from the interior is conducted upwards through the rocky crust, and thence radiated into space. We have not to consider the *slowness* of this operation, but the fact that it is taking place. With loss of heat comes a shrinking or contraction of the earth's interior. The hardened crust everywhere enveloping it cannot shrink in the same degree, and it is necessary it should be constantly fitted to the contracting interior, otherwise there would be a broken space between it and the crust.

It is along the weakest parts of the earth's crust that fractures usually happen. Hence it is that earthquakes and volcanoes generally run in lines extending over enormous

areas of the earth's surface. The force generated by the fracturing or folding is that usually designated as "earthquake shocks." Mr. Mallet has shown that the friction which ensues during a fracturing of deep-seated solid rocks, and when the walls are rubbed against each other, will develop heat enough to melt the rocks. In this way earthquakes pass into volcanic action. These two forces extend over the same areas, and are often transmitted from the same spots, or foci. Volcanic action is nearly always preceded by earthquake shocks, whose intensity increases until volcanic energy is developed, after which the former subsides. On Mr. Mallet's theory, this near relation is easily understood, and he has shown that the amount of heat which must be annually developed by the secular cooling of the earth's interior, is more than is required to produce all the volcanic energy. Mr. Mallet, however, does not think the interior of the earth is molten, but in a heated solid state, the molten lava which issues from volcanic craters having been formed by the fusion of the solid matter where heat has been developed during shrinkage. In either case, however, whether we acknowledge a molten interior or a highly-heated solid one, we have equally to explain the origin of earthquakes and volcanoes on the theory of the secular cooling and contraction of the earth as a whole.

The shocks propagated through the earth's crust will vary in their degree of intensity in proportion to the amount of fracture or contraction. In every case the shock is propagated in waves, analogous to those which ripple the surface of a smooth pond when a stone has been thrown in, only vertical instead of horizontal. These are termed "earthquake waves;" and when powerfully felt, the surface of the earth will actually be thrown into a series of temporary undulations, like that of a field of corn when a gentle breeze is passing over it. Not unfrequently, if the surface rocks be of a nature that does not readily transmit the wave, they will be rent and fissured to a considerable depth. It is to the undulation produced by violent earthquake waves that so much destruction is due. Houses and large public buildings are thrown to the ground, and a "fenced city" suddenly "becomes a heap."

Earthquakes are of three kinds—*undulatory*, *perpendicular* and *horizontal*—accord-

ing to the direction in which the wave or force is propagated. It is the former to which we have been chiefly alluding, as this is the most frequent, but, as a rule, also the most harmless. This, however, is not always the case, as the great earthquake which destroyed Lisbon in 1755 plainly shows. That earthquake was of an undulatory character. The perpendicular earthquakes are not so frequent as the last, but when they attain any unusual development they are more destructive. Sometimes they have the character of an explosion, and objects in the neighborhood are suddenly projected into the air, owing to the vibrations succeeding each other rapidly, and passing through the earth's crust in a perpendicular direction. The earthquake which occurred at Riobamba, in Ecuador, South America, in 1797, was of the perpendicular class. During its occurrences, rocks, trees, together with shattered buildings, and their inhabitants, were projected into the air as from the explosion of a mine. People were actually hurled hundreds of feet upwards.

Horizontal earthquakes are the rarest in their occurrence, but they are the most destructive of any, as the motion which originates them is due to a combination of the two just mentioned, producing a kind of horizontal twist. The great Calabrian earthquake, investigated by the French Commission, which took place in 1783, was of this kind. In its course it destroyed two hundred towns and villages, and killed a hundred thousand people.

As will be understood from this classification, the undulatory earthquakes are felt over the most extensive areas. That of Lisbon extended from Bohemia to the West Indies, east and west, and from Algiers to Sweden, north and south. The Calabrian earthquake was confined to an area of only six hundred square miles. We have referred to the ripples produced by throwing a stone into a pool; the waves extend themselves in circles, succeeding each other, and becoming fainter further away from the centre of disturbance, owing to the friction of the water. This is very similar to the way in which many earthquake shocks are propagated. They form huge circular waves of force, which traverse the rocks, and lose their violence far away from their origin, from the resistance of the rocks through which they pass. That the origin of these waves is due to the weak lines in the earth's

crust, is evident from the fact that earthquake waves usually follow the same directions in the same districts. In Great Britain, what few shocks are experienced are due to the earthquake undulations travelling in a south-westerly direction. In Scandinavia it is the same; whilst in Spain the direction the waves take is southeast. In the Alleghany mountains, the course is northwesterly.

It has been found that certain rocks conduct away the earthquake waves better than others, just as some metals are better conductors of electricity or heat than the rest. Granite and primary rocks allow the shocks to be conveyed through them without much disturbance. On the other hand, the latter tertiary strata (which are usually loose and unconsolidated), and soft alluvial deposits, are the worst conductors of earthquake movements, and therefore cause the greatest destruction to towns and villages that may be built upon them. Moreover, a still greater degree of violence is experienced at the junction of old primary rocks, and where the later tertiary beds rest upon them. The careful examination of the great Calabrian earthquake proved that the greatest destruction always occurred under such circumstances. This conclusion is not without a practical value in earthquake-visited countries, for it plainly shows which areas would be the best for building upon, and which the worst. It is not difficult to understand the cause of such destruction where the denser rocks and the looser strata come together. Just as electricity can be safely conducted away along a copper wire, whilst it will manifest itself as light if it has to leap a short interval to the end of another wire, so would the earthquake undulations travel at a certain speed, and with a certain rhythm, if the rocks through which they passed were everywhere alike in density and structure. At the point where a change takes place, as at the junction of primary and tertiary beds, the waves passing through the former are suddenly altered when they have to traverse the latter, and this sudden alteration is then powerfully manifested on the surface.

The rate at which these movements or waves are propagated has been ascertained chiefly through the researches of Mr. Mallet. The great earthquake wave of Lisbon travelled twenty miles a minute. When earthquake foci are situated near the sea,

then, in addition to the destructive undulations which pass through the earth's crust, we have subsequent inundations, which not unfrequently cause even more mischief than the original shocks. This was the case at Lisbon, and still more recently in Jamaica. In the former place, when the earthquake had shaken down the buildings, such people as could escape found shelter on the new quay, away from the falling houses. Here they were congregated in thousands, when a huge wave of water, sixty feet high, came sweeping in from the sea, and drowned most of them. These waves are caused by the earthquake shock travelling more rapidly through the solid crust of the earth than through the volume of sea-water. The first is propagated with great rapidity; but water is a worse conductor of the force, and the friction to which the wave is subjected retards its progress, and thus causes it to make its appearance some time after the original shock has done all the mischief it could.

Mr. Mallet's researches in the phenomena of earthquakes have led to certain conclusions which are now generally accepted by physical geographers. These views are based on the theory of the secular cooling of the earth, although they do not necessitate a belief in a molten nucleus. When a strain is produced, by the outer crust of the earth being adapted to the contracting interior, a crack will result, the shock of which is conveyed away in every direction as an earthquake wave. It has been ascertained that these shocks are rarely generated at a greater depth than thirty miles, and frequently at a much less depth than that. The focus of the earthquake at Naples, in 1857, was only eight miles from the surface. In addition to knowing the depth at which any earthquake shock may have originated, the angle at which the wave emerges from the focus, and the rate of its movement, are also calculable. Earthquake shocks are always of such a nature as would result from a blow or concussion.

In various parts of the world we have areas where slow upward and downward movements of the earth's crust are taking place without any violent shocks accompanying them. In 1855, along the coast of New Zealand, a tract of country was uplifted as much as nine feet. Singularly enough, this elevation was bounded on one side by a crack, on the other side of which

there was comparative rest. Here, therefore, we have the first trustworthy account of one of those singular movements so common in the older rocks, called "faults," where the rock-masses on one side a crack or fissure have been uplifted. The northern coasts of the Baltic are being elevated at the slow and gradual rate of about three feet in a century. The coasts of South America, on the western side of the Andes, are in a very unsettled condition. In 1822, over a large area of country, there was an elevation of from four to nine feet; and again in 1837, the same area was uplifted eight feet. These successive elevations added a strip of dry land equal to half the entire area of France. How long the eleva-

tion of the Baltic coasts has been going on, ever since the close of the last geological epoch known as the "glacial," is best shown by the fact that Baltic shells are found one hundred feet above the present level of the sea. It is by such slow elevatory movements as these that all the dry land has been elevated from the floors of the seas and oceans where, as the fossils in the rocks plainly testify, it was originally laid down. Earthquake shocks and movements, therefore, have played an important part in the history of the globe, in thus elevating areas to a higher level, and so compensating for the wear-and-tear to which the dry land is continually subjected by atmospherical agencies.

THE FATAL SAFE.

BY JAMES DABNEY.

SOME years ago I chanced to be in England. I was travelling for my health, and, as I was very anxious to see the "Mother Country" from every point of view, I passed a year in going through it, and, in that time, mingled with all classes, and went to all places to which I could obtain access. I was the guest of the Duke of —, at his beautiful country-seat in D—, and in the disguise of a vagabond, I penetrated the lowest haunts of vice and crime in the great city of London, and came out from them safely. My friends used to laugh at me for what they called my "oddities," but I took their teasing good-naturedly, and told them that, as I had come to England to see, I was determined to gratify my curiosity to the utmost. As may be supposed, I gained much strange and interesting experience. Indeed, I learned from my own observation that the most exciting incidents of romance are not half so wonderful as those which one may see around him every day, if he will only take the trouble to look for them.

One morning I was walking along the river side in London, gazing at the long rows of masts, and the black chimneys of the steamers, when my attention was attracted by something on one of the piers, and I went over to look at it. When my curiosity was satisfied, I stood for some time looking at the foul current of the Thames, as it flowed beneath me. I never

saw water so full of filth. It seemed as if it might be the great sewer of the universe, through which all the refuse matter of creation was flowing. It was almost sickening to look at it.

Turning to a policeman who was standing by me, I said:

"It would be a wretched death to drown here, in such foul water."

"You may well say that, sir," he replied, politely. "A man as falls down there, 'll never get up again. But a plenty of 'em are drowned there every day, poor devils. Only a week ago I saw a man drowned right under us here."

"Indeed," said I; "how was that?"

"Well, you see, sir," he replied, "it's rather a long story; but, as I take you for an American, by your speech, and as you might like to hear something of the ways of this city, I don't mind telling you, if you have time to listen."

I assured him I would be only too willing to listen to him, and would be very much obliged to him for the story.

"London, sir," he began, seating himself on a bale of goods, "is as full of thieves as heaven is of angels. They are a reckless and dangerous class, too, sir, and give us officers of the law a sight of trouble in trying to keep them down. Sometimes you find them the most innocent and respectable-looking people you ever saw; others

are regular swells, who can be told by their flashy dress and genteel appearance; while others still are such as you'd better not approach, without a good weapon of some kind. Some of these people are stupid enough; some are too sharp for even the most expert detective; and some succeed by their genuine impudence.

"About a mile above here, on this street, is the office of a wealthy firm of ship-merchants. They are very close and stingy men, sir, and instead of taking a building suitable to their wealth and trade, they hire a small mean office, opening right on the street, and which is hardly secure from the most blundering burglar. I am on the night-police, sir, and my beat carries me just in front of their office. They have spoken to me about keeping a good watch over their premises, but I have told them I cannot see my whole beat at once, and that I was confident some bold thief would break in some night, and rob them. Sure enough, my prediction was realized about a week ago.

"It seems that Messrs. Cuttworth & Co., the merchants I speak of, never keep as much as a hundred pounds in their office after bank hours. They have only one small safe, in which their books are deposited, and, as they always make it known that they keep no money in this safe, they have felt confident that no one would care to attempt a robbery for the sake of a few account-books, which could be of value to no one but the firm.

"It happened, however, about a week ago, that Messrs. Cuttworth & Co. received a remittance of ten thousand pounds after the banks had closed. It was an unusual occurrence, and it was too late to deposit the sum in bank; so, after consulting about the matter, the firm concluded to place the money quietly in the safe until the next morning, and say nothing about it.

"That night, about twelve o'clock, I was coming up my beat, when I saw four men pushing a small safe along the streets. It was an extraordinary sight, and I supposed they expected that the very boldness of the act would be their greatest protection. It was a clear starlight night, and every one of their movements was perfectly plain to me. I recognized the safe at a glance, as the property of Messrs. Cuttworth & Co., and I was confident that these men were engaged in a daring robbery. My first thought was to spring my rattle for assistance, and to frighten them off; but, on reflection, I de-

cided not to do so. I wanted to see what the thieves would do with the safe, as it was likely that I might, in this way, learn something of value to the law. Besides this, it's a habit of mine to let a man think he's perfectly secure and unsuspected, before I pounce upon him.

"From the ease with which the men moved the safe, I could see that they were powerful fellows, and that, if they chose to offer any resistance, I would have my hands full. I loosened my revolver and examined it, and keeping it in my hand, crept along cautiously in the shadow of the buildings, until the thieves stopped on this pier. Then I crossed the street a little below them, and crept up on them. One descended into a large four-oared wherry, and the others fastened a rope to the safe, and prepared to lower it into the boat.

"Now was my time, and springing forward, I shouted:

"I have you now, you villains."

"The men were frightened, and let go the rope. The safe had been balanced on the edge of the pier, just ready for lowering, and the men had gotten further in their work than I suspected. At the sound of my voice they let go the rope, and the safe fell over the pier into the boat with a loud crash. It struck the man who was in the wherry, ready to receive it, and fairly drove him through the bottom of the boat, which at once filled and sank. The three men on the pier escaped, but the man in the boat was either killed by the fall of the safe, or drowned. The next day I went to the office of Messrs. Cuttworth & Co., and found them in great excitement over what had happened. I told them what had become of the safe, and during the day it was fished up, and its contents found to be uninjured. It is not very well known how the thieves knew there was money in the safe, or whether they knew it at all, but, as the porter of the firm has not been heard from since, it is believed that he was concerned in the robbery, and that he was the man that was killed in the boat."

"I suppose Messrs. Cuttworth & Co. rewarded you handsomely for your services," I said, as the policeman concluded.

"They gave me a guinea, sir, and told me I was an efficient man," he answered with a dry laugh.

I dropped a shilling into his hand, and, thanking him for his story, went on my way.

ONE OLD MAID.

BY ADA L. FLETCHER.

CHAPTER I.

"I NEVER could see why your sister remained, and does remain, unmarried, Mrs. Western," said Colonel Ingersoll, looking over the heads of the swaying crowd before him to where Edna Morse was standing. "She was certainly one of the loveliest girls of my acquaintance ten years ago—begging your pardon, by far the prettiest of the Morse girls—and she is still the handsomest woman I know. Then there was always a very peculiar sort of fascination about her, which every one felt that came near her. There is something mysterious about it."

"Edna was always of a very reticent nature," said Mrs. Western, "and has certainly admitted no one into her confidence on this subject. I cannot think, either, that she has ever been what is called disappointed in love, for she has never had in the least the appearance of a 'blighted being,' but has always been just what you see her to-night, the very life of every crowd she is in. I can't think there has been any love story in her life, because, being several years her junior, I have grown up with her, and would certainly have known something of it if there had been."

"I suppose, then," said the colonel, "she has always been waiting for some impossible ideal of hers to happen along. There are such cases; but I tell you, Mrs. Ida, changing the subject a little, and speaking as an old friend of the family, Edna's life will be far happier than Allie's, if you allow her to marry Bruce Egerton."

The lady's sunny face clouded for an instant. "But how are we to help it, colonel? You know that child as well as we do. Look at her now, standing over there by the piano. She looks like a little angel, all softness and smiles; but there is a will firm as iron beneath her gentle appearance. She has been told all that we know about Bruce, but she has got it into her foolish head that she can reform him, redeem him, and all that nonsense, and she can't be moved. If our father and mother were only living, I would not feel so wretchedly about it; but it seems now as if the responsibility rested upon us."

"What does Edna say about it?"

"O, she feels as deeply as I do, but she has never said anything to her about it yet. She said she would leave it to Howard and me."

"Well, I think she ought to talk to her. I believe she'd have more influence than any of you, because Allie is more like her. I mean to tell her so." And away went the colonel through the crowd of muslins and silks, with the air of a man who has made up his mind.

This was not a large party or ball—only a "little sociable," they called it, but nevertheless there was dancing; and just as the colonel reached the piano, Allie whirled past him in Bruce's arms to the quick time of a waltz.

"How do you like to see that, Miss Edna?" he asked, as he reached her side.

"I don't like it at all," she said, more energetically than usual with her; "and it must be stopped," lifting to the colonel's face a pair of eyes that had made many hearts beat faster in their day—eyes clear bluish-gray, like the depths of a Switzerland lake.

"And you must stop it," said Colonel Ingersoll, decidedly.

"I?" the eyes dilating with wonder.

"What can I do?"

"Everything," was the prompt answer.

"I believe you and I both knew Lynn Egerton, Bruce's brother, did we not?"

For one instant the colonel must have felt as every kind-hearted surgeon must when he probes a wound, even when it is for the patient's good. The white lids closed swiftly over the wonderful eyes, the rose faded out of cheek and lip, leaving an ashy pallor, while the blue veins on the white forehead were swollen almost to bursting. The white hand laden with rings that had been toying with the chain that held her watch closed over it, until the slender gold thread lay in pieces on the floor. In an instant it was over, though, and she lifted her eyes again to the colonel.

"What can I do?" she whispered, with lips that were still pale and trembling.

"I think," he said, gently, "if you were

to tell her Lynn Egerton's story as *yöti* and I only know it, she would listen to you. I think it is a duty you owe your motherless sister."

"I will do it," she said. "I had thought of it before."

Then she moved away from him with the queenly grace that distinguished her from every other woman in the room, whispering to Mrs. Western as she passed her:

"Send Allie to me to-morrow evening. I want to see her." Then on her brother's arm she left the house.

CHAPTER II.

VERY softly and slowly the white slender fingers touched the ivory keys, and the strain of music that floated out of the open windows was sadder than Edna knew, for her thoughts were not there, though her fingers strayed over the keys. So absorbed was she that she heard no footfall on the marble steps outside, nor on the velvet carpet behind her, and was only aroused at last by two little hands that playfully blinded her, and a pair of loving lips that sought her cheek.

"Any one so disposed could come in and run off with you, sis," said Allie's clear young voice, "and no one would be any the wiser. It is not like you to sit in the shadows. Why don't you ring for lights?" She moved toward the bell rope.

"Don't, Allie," said her sister, gently. "I like the twilight better this evening. Did Ida give you my message?"

"She just told me you wanted to see me this evening, and I have got so used to receiving that message from all of you, that I knew exactly what it meant. I did think you were going to let me alone on that subject, Edna!" And the red lips drooped ominously.

"No, little sister! I sent for you because I was lonely and sad, and wanted somebody to talk to, and there is no one on earth I love so well as you. I want to tell you a story."

"O" with a long sigh of relief. "That sounds like I was a child again. Sit down at the window, sister, and let me sit at your feet as I used to."

When the brown head had found its old-time resting-place on her knee, Edna's voice was not very steady as she began:

"It is of a friend I once had, Allie, that I am going to tell you. A girl so much like you are now in disposition and moods, and even in appearance, that it makes me sad to look at you sometimes, darling, though I love you so dearly. She was just eighteen at the time I speak of; and people called her very pretty; with little peculiar ways of her own, so unlike everybody else's that they were attractive to most people. Any way, she had hosts of friends during her first winter out, and a great many admirers. She laughed and danced the short bright hours away, laughing in her willful way at the very thought of love. But at last the wayward heart fell captive, and to one utterly unworthy of the heart he had won. But in vain friends remonstrated and parents threatened. The girl prided herself on her strength of will, and her infatuation was so deep that she refused utterly to believe anything against him. Even when it was proven to her own eyes that he drank, and drank deeply, she clung to him with a frenzied faith in her own power to reclaim him. He not only drank, Allie, but there were other vices to which he was addicted, the very thought of which will make a modest woman's cheek burn with blushes. Friends came to this girl and told her it was the wild bad blood the young man had inherited that caused the evil in his nature, and that it could not be eradicated; told her how his father had fallen in a duel with another drunken wretch, about a woman of questionable character. But she would not listen to any of this. If he could not help his habits, she said, neither could she help loving him. Again and again he promised reformation, and again and again was the promise broken, but her trust never failed. At last her infatuation reached its height, and an elopement was planned. Then came the terrible awakening. Everything was ready that could be done by the girl herself, and her still unsuspecting parents had bidden her good-night. For long hours she waited at the place assigned them for meeting, but, Alice! he did not come! Imagine the anguish that filled that girl's heart as she dragged herself back to her room! Her only comfort was that no one knew it, not even her own parents; and though her heart should break, her secret should be buried there. The next morning the papers were ringing with the story. Alice, the very night he had planned to

elope with this girl whose worst fault was her blind faith and love for him, he had started to run away with a married woman, and been shot dead by the maddened husband. Alice! Alice! child, do you wonder that I am trembling from head to foot as I tell you all this, but there are no tears in my eyes? Alice, you are the first being to whom this sad story has ever been told, the only one who will ever know it, for, dear, that miserable girl was your sister, and the far more miserable man Lynn Egerton, only brother of Bruce, in whose veins that wild bad blood still flows, as he betrays by his everyday actions. O Allie! little sister! be warned by your sister's life. Like the Spartan boy, I have hid the wolf in my bosom, and laughed and smiled with the rest of you, my only comfort, as I said, that no one knew. But only God knows how I have suffered through all these years, and how I must suffer on until the grave closes over me. I would have gone to my grave with the story untold, Allie, and let the world gone on thinking me stony-hearted

and unloving, if Colonel Ingersoll, the only one who has ever guessed at the truth, had not told me that he believed the only way to save my pet sister from a fate as bad if not worse than mine was to tell her the whole wretched story."

For a few moments there was no sound in the darkened room save the sighing of the wind in the pine trees outside. Allie's tears were falling like rain, but she did not speak for a while. Then she slipped from her finger the glittering ring that bound her to Bruce Egerton, and laid it in her sister's hand.

"Send it to him, Edna, and take me away from here. I am so weak!" And Edna knew that her story had not been told in vain.

All the world ever knew was that Edna Morse and Alice went to Europe, and were gone long enough for Bruce Egerton to follow in his father's footsteps, and that Alice married very happily afterward. But they are still wondering why Edna Morse never married.

ANECDOTE OF LORD PANMURE.—In his younger days, when Lord Panmure was only the Honorable William Maule, he was not only fond of doing charitable and benevolent things, but he liked to do them surreptitiously. He did not wish to become notorious for his alms-giving, and not unfrequently, when bound upon a charitable expedition, he would go in disguise. It is related of him that upon a certain occasion he entered the cottage of a poor old woman at Muirdrum, with a wallet filled with oatmeal slung over his shoulder, and his garb soiled and shabby. On asking charity the woman set before him such food as she had. After eating he entered into conversation with the old woman, and found her really very poor. He persuaded her to buy at half price what he stated to be his beggar's meal. Shortly after he had de-

parted the woman examined the meal she had purchased, and found it to contain a goodly sum in silver coin. Thinking the poor man had made his meal-pack the depository of his cash, and that he must have forgotten the fact, she rushed after him, shouting, "Hoy, hoy, man, ye've left a' yer siller amang the meal ye selt me!" But the more and the louder she shouted the faster did the beggar make off, until, finally, he struck into a run. At length the poor woman returned to her cottage, and, as she told her neighbors of the wonderful circumstance, she expressed the fear that the money had not been honestly come by. "Hout!" replied a woman more wise than the rest. "Dinna be afear'd. I ken the man; it's nae ither than Willie Maule. God bless him!"

SPECIAL NOTICE TO THE READERS OF BALLOU'S MAGAZINE.

We have made arrangements with M. QUAD, the witty and genial humorist of the Detroit Free Press, and whose reputation is well known all over the country, to take charge of the Wit and Humor Department of Ballou's Magazine. He will furnish from two to three pages of original matter in each number, and make the readers of the Magazine laugh even if they are troubled with dyspepsia and the bluest of blues. His first batch of fun is given in this number, and will continue through the year.



THE CHILD OF THE WILDERNESS.

A True Story of Early Life in the Northwest.

EDITED BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

CHAPTER VI.

WHICH IS FULL OF INCIDENTS.

I MUST now advance my story to the fall of the year 1831. I was in my fifteenth year, and had grown to be a tall manly boy. I had pursued my studies under my mother's tuition, usually reciting to her three times a week, and I had advanced in them as much as most boys do at school; but I must confess that the studies which pleased me best were those of the woods and its inhabitants. Books sometimes seemed dull to me, and lessons were often hard and dry; but never the glorious forest, the plains, the streams, and the lakes that surrounded my rude home. I roamed among them with Gabriel for days, even when we did not care to get game, learning all their mysteries, and acquiring knowledge that was to be useful to me for many a year to come. Gabriel delighted to instruct me, and a better teacher in this peculiar knowledge I could not ask. For a year or two after I first got my rifle my father often accompanied Gabriel and me on our long excursions—so long, sometimes, that we had to camp out over night, and return home the next day; and all that my father's long experience in

woodcraft had taught him, he carefully explained to me. But after a time something happened that prevented my father from going into the woods, and almost prevented him from leaving the house at all, for about two years. And during that time Gabriel and I had to attend to all the wants of the family; and as it happened at least twice a year, during that time, that Gabriel was compelled to pack off to the settlements with the pony for necessary supplies, so there were times of a month long when my little rifle and my fishing-rod were the sole dependence of the family for food. I cannot express in words how proud I was of my ability to support them all in this way, when it was so necessary that I should. I was a happy boy indeed each morning when I left the cabin with my rifle and game-bag, followed by Snap, an excellent hunting-dog which the good missionary Father Duranquirt had given me. Father would smile approvingly on me, and mother—poor sick mother!—would call me to her bedside, smooth my hair, kiss me, and whisper:

"Be careful of yourself, Hallet! You know there are bears in the woods, yet—perhaps panthers."

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1876, by THOMES & TALBOT, Boston, Mass., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, Washington.]

"No panthers very near here, mother," I replied. "Gabe and I have killed six in two years, and they seem to be giving us a wide berth. As for bears, I don't fear them; I'm spry enough to keep out of 'close hugs' with one till I can kill it. But I will be careful."

And then I would go out in the forest, and before my return at nightfall I generally rambled from ten to fifteen miles. One of the carriers had given me a little pocket-compass, and with this I was never at a loss; in fact, I came to know the woods so well that there were often days when I never looked at it. After hunting half the day, and getting tired and hungry, I usually selected a shady spot by some stream or lake where I could get water, and then kindling a fire, I would broil some of the game I had shot—most likely a pigeon or a rabbit—and with some bread brought from home in my bag, and a little salt, with the water that ran near by to wash it down, I could make a meal fit for a king. I had not read Robinson Crusoe then, so I did not know how nearly I resembled him when I was on these hunting expeditions. He was dressed in skins, and so was I; he was solitary, and had not a human creature near him; the same was almost true of me, for from the time that I left the cabin until I returned to it, there was rarely a human being crossed my path; and as for my meals—here was Snap sitting on his haunches at my elbow, begging for a mouthful for himself as often as I took one. There were no parrots nor goats to keep me company, to be sure, but there were often crows sitting up in the branches and cawing to each other, and sometimes a great eagle came sailing over the spot, taking me in with his keen eye, for nothing escapes them. Once I remember a deer dashed by, within two rods of where I was sitting, and I was too much taken by surprise to throw down what I was eating and catch up my rifle. Many kinds of game I brought in from these excursions, often much more than our family could use; but nothing was ever wasted, and I was never allowed to kill game for the mere excitement of killing it. Our neighbors across the clearing were not often as bountifully supplied as we were, and all that we could not use quickly found its way to them. There were pigeons and rabbits, wild turkeys, partridges and pheasants, and more rarely, but still often enough for our needs,

a deer. Whenever a fresh bear-track was found all the men near by were notified, and then we would hunt and kill the creature together. Many a day, too, was spent in fishing, and capital sport I found it. Sometimes I followed up the small streams, wading them from side to side, as I drew forth the beautiful and delicious brook trout that abounded in them; but my keenest delight as an angler was to take our little skiff on Clear Lake and pull out to where the water was fifty feet deep, anchor, and then fish with a long line for bass, pickerel and muskallonge. It was almost equal to the breathless excitement of deer-hunting! The waters of the lake were so clear and pure that I could look over the stem of the skiff to the bottom, and see these lords of the lake swimming and coquetting around my hook; but at my first motion to withdraw it—flash!—the bait was taken by one of them with a lightning plunge; and then came the struggle. They were great fellows, some of them; I have caught there muskallonge of ten pounds, and bass and pickerel of five and six, and they used to fight valiantly before giving up. It required quick work to haul in the line hand over hand, keeping it taut all the time, to prevent a spring that might break it; but I got so skillful with practice that I rarely lost one. Many of my young readers have tried it, and will understand what it means, when I say that there are few things in this life that cause the heart to bound quicker than to strain a five-pound fish at the end of a line, and to bring him flapping into your boat.

I have spoken of a reason that kept my father closely confined to the cabin for about two years before the time that this chapter opened with. That reason was the sickness of my mother. And as she grew worse she could not bear to have him leave her.

It was quite plain to every one that she never rallied from the shock that she received when she learned of Gabriel's return from St. Louis that she must abandon all hope of a reconciliation with her father. She had hoped for it, longed for it—yes, I know she had prayed for it, during many years. I have said in a former chapter that she pined for her old home, and that she was too tender and delicate to be happy in this rude place. This is true; yet she loved my father devotedly, and me, and I think

that if Gabriel had brought her word that Arnold Eddy forgave her for abandoning him, but that he never wished to see her again—cruel as this would have been, yet I think she would have been well enough satisfied with it to enable her to live on there in the wilds, fairly contented. But the coldness of her father, showing so clearly that he would not even recognize her existence, convinced her that there was no hope, and gave her a shock from which she never recovered. I believe she had loved her father as much as I loved mine, and, with her romantic girlish ideas at the time she eloped with Marinus Creger, she had thought that after a month's absence at the north, the old man's forgiveness would be easily got, and that she and her husband would then live half of the time at St. Louis, to please her and her father, and half of the time in the wilderness, to please Marinus. But this dream had fled, and her life now was to be bounded by this narrow circle of woods. Some women would have summoned their pride to their aid, and made the best of the situation; but though my mother accepted the rudeness and the roughness of her home in the woods without a murmur, yet she could not forget her father's cruelty. She was so gentle and so charitable herself, that unkindness from others wounded her the more deeply. And then I believe she never ceased to think that she had been very wicked and ungrateful in leaving her father as she had, and that she had deserved the treatment he was giving her. It was surely an error that should have been forgiven; but she never could be convinced that she had not dreadfully erred, though I know that father tried hard to persuade her out of this idea. I used to hear them talking together far into the night; and from words that reached me now and then, I am sure that this was the subject of their talk.

In short, my mother pined away slowly and died that October. She died of disappointment and a broken heart. Father Duranquirt was something of a doctor as well as a priest, and he used to give her medicine when he visited us. He told father and I privately that she was dying with a slow consumption that nothing could check; but I still think the real trouble was just what I have said.

Poor dear mother! I have no heart now to describe minutely all the stages of her

sickness, and how she faded and grew weaker every day, until at last she could not walk to the door to see the sunshine, even with the help of my arm, nor even from her bed to her easy-chair, but had to take to her bed, and never leave it again in life. Nor will I try to tell of her talks with me alone, while she was strong enough to talk; how she would hold my hand as I sat on the bed, and tell me that when she was gone I must never leave my father without his consent; but that she hoped the day would come when my grandfather would send for us both to live with him, and then that we must not fail to go. And then she would go on in her gentle sad way, of this life and the next, and entreating me to live so that I should by-and-by meet her in heaven; until my eyes would fill with tears at the distressful thought of losing her at all, and I would hastily kiss her and run out into the woods and roam about unhappily for an hour, never heeding nor caring for the game.

But we had to give her up at last. I well remember the time; a chill moonlight night in October, when the gorgeously painted leaves were thick under foot, and the wind was stirring in the branches. The moon was shining almost at the full; so when I turned weeping away from the bedside and looked out at the window, I had no difficulty in recognizing the tall figure that was approaching from the woods. It was Father Duranquirt, the good priest. He had started for Saint Louis several weeks before on the business of his mission, and I did not know that he had returned. He was always welcome; doubly so now—and I left the house and went out to meet him. There was not a word exchanged between us; he saw what I would say in my tearful eyes and sorrowful face. His own benevolent face grew sad, and a tear dropped upon my hand as he took it and pressed it between his own. We went into the cabin, and those about the dying bed made way for the priest. I turned away again while he prayed, for my heart was full. There was no one in the room with her now but the priest, my father and myself. Gabriel and Deborah had both been called in an hour before to receive her farewell, and poor Debby was sobbing in the next room so loud that my father rose and shut the door.

"I have something to say to all of you," said the priest. "Hallet, come to the bed-

side. Daughter, you are too weak to speak; listen to me, and I will tell you something that I know will brighten your dying hour. Four weeks ago, being in St. Louis, I called upon your father, Arnold Eddy. I have known him for a few years, and he welcomed me, until I came to speak of you; and then his brow darkened.

"Do not speak of her," he said. "She is to me as if she had never lived."

"Daughter, you know the duty of every faithful man of God in such a case. I did no less than my duty, but I rebuked that proud cold man as sharply as I would the meanest beggar in the street. 'Your riches have turned your heart to stone,' I said. 'Be assured, if you do not alter your spirit, and admit love of your own flesh and blood to your heart, you shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven. Even now your only daughter is dying away north in the wilderness, where your cruelty keeps her an exile; she has implored your forgiveness, and you have refused to grant it. Wretched man! The day is coming when you shall ask vainly for forgiveness at the door of One who is not of earth, and he shall say, "Depart from me—I never knew you!"'

"Spare me, father!—no more," he said, trembling, and putting his hands before his eyes.

"Take down your hands and look at me! I will spare you when I have scourged you. Your only child, I say; and her husband, and her boy, named after your dead son Hallet, seek your forgiveness. I see that I have touched your conscience; now forgive them. I may be too late now to bear the joyful news to that suffering daughter; but I will try. Do this, not because I bid you to do it, but because you see yourself how greatly you have erred."

I looked at my mother; her pale face was tinged with a glow of hope, and her eyes were turned to the priest with the question that her lips refused. But he understood her.

"Yes, my daughter, he sent his forgiveness, freely and tearfully. He did more; he said he hoped and trusted you would be strong enough to be moved to St. Louis in the spring, and he bids Hallet and his father come. He says he is willing to adopt this boy, if he will come and live with him."

My mother clasped her hands and turned her eyes thankfully to heaven, and then

took the hand of the priest and gratefully pressed it. And then her eyes sought me, and she held both her hands out for mine. I took them, and for an instant looked away. Let no boy who reads this think that it was no struggle for me to decide to do as she wished me to. I was sure to decide that way—because here was my mother on her dying bed, and they were her dying wishes that were before me; but, O do not think I had no struggle!

Often before, when thinking of her death that was *sometime* to happen, she had made me promise that I would go to my grandfather; but that was an easy promise to make, for it was certain, *then*, that he would bid me begone—and then, with my promise to my mother kept, I could hasten back to my dear woodland home, content to live there forever, and to have my grave made at last under one of its grand old oaks. But it was very different now; the hard old heart had softened, and he had begged me to come to him for good. All that I had ever heard of my grandfather had set me against him, and when I thought of his long years of stubborn hatefulness to my poor mother, my own nature grew rebellious, and I said to myself, "What certainty is there that the old man will stay in this mood till I can get to him? He has always hated me, I suppose, as he has my parents. And how do I know that I could live with him at all? I have been so long free and careless up here in the woods, with only the mild control of my parents, that perhaps I could never submit to the whims and testy humors of an old man. And then the woods, and the lakes, and the streams, with all my glorious life among them, which I have only just begun to enjoy—how can I leave all this, and learn to like the different ways of the people of the town?" I turned with my heart full of remonstrance, and I met my mother's eye, pleading for me to grant her this last request. I was softened in an instant; I took her hands and knelt down by her, whispering:

"Yes, mother, I will."

I always feel better satisfied with myself when I think of that moment, and the victory that I then gained over myself. In the end—as it will soon be told—I should have gone to St. Louis, without the promise; but the assurance I then gave helped to soften her dying bed, and the prospect of the change in my life ceased to trouble me as

soon as the promise was given. The path of duty is often a hard one; but I can assure my young readers that I have ever found it the only pleasant one in its ending.

Mother died about midnight. We were all with her at the last moment; even Gabriel and Deborah were called in again, at her request. She died peacefully, bidding all of us good-by, and kissing father and me. It was the first great sorrow of my life, and it lay heavily on my heart. I turned away from the room of death and went out and sat down on the bench by the outer door. I was crying bitterly, when Snap came along and thrust his nose into my hand. Soon the priest came out, and sitting down by me, talked in his kind consoling way. The violence of my grief was soon past, and I could listen calmly to his words. This is a painful business, and I have said quite enough about it. Let me add that we buried our dead two days after, on a sunny little knoll where she loved to sit in fine weather, and that all the other settlers came and joined their grief with ours. They had all loved her for her kindness to the sick and her charity to everybody, and they shed real tears of sorrow for her.

It was well for me, it was well for all of us, that we could not look forward to the next spring, and know all the tremendous experience that we were to have then! It is always well, and is wisely ordered by Providence, I have always thought, that we cannot read the future; but I have often thought since then, that if I had been able then to discover all that was in store for us before the middle of the next summer, how blessed a thing would it have seemed to me that my dear gentle mother had been removed from us that October!

After the funeral, my father seemed to feel the loss of his companion so keenly, and to show such signs of a settled melancholy, that Father Duranquirt offered to stay with us a few days, and give him the benefit of his society and consolation. His offer was thankfully accepted; and the priest took up his abode with us.

"I will stay a few days, son," he said, cheerily, "and then I must go over to the Mississippi, and visit my little flock there. They will think I have deserted them should I defer my visit many days longer."

The few days soon passed away; and so much had my father become attached to the society of the priest that he urged him

to stay a week longer. We all liked him so well that we joined father in urging him. He made us all feel better for his kind sympathy and gentle ways; and his conversation was perfectly fascinating. He was a Frenchman by birth, educated in the severest monastery of the country, and had been sent to America at his own request, to labor among the Indians and settlers for the cause of Christ. He chose his own field, and most faithfully did he labor in it. But he loved to go back to his own country in imagination, and repeat to my wondering ears some of the strange events that I had read in my books, but which he had seen with his own eyes. When he first told me that he had himself seen Louis XVI. carried through the streets to be executed, I could hardly believe he was in earnest; but he assured me that it was true.

"Why not, son?" he asked with a smile. "Did you think that because those things are in history, there are no living witnesses of them? In what year do you learn from your books that Louis was executed?"

"In 1793," I answered. He mused an instant, and then said:

"Yes, that is right; just thirty-eight years last January. I was in my eleventh year, and was at school. I heard the noise of the soldiers marching by with the poor king, and the great crowd following, and I ran to the window. I saw it all as they passed. I had learned almost to hate the mob for the thousands of innocent lives they had taken, and I suppose that my face showed my feelings as I looked at the king going to his doom. For that or for some reason, a great ruffian riding a horse rode up and smashed the window close to my face, with a long staff that he carried, and bawled out to me, 'We'll have thy fair neck under the knife, too, young serpent!' I ran away from the window; but no further notice was taken of me, and I escaped. But I know of more than one person who lost his head for doing no more than I did, in those dreadful times."

"Did you ever see Napoleon, Father Paul?" I asked.

"Very often; the last time when he was marching from Cannes to Paris, after his return from Elba. I was then cure of a little village near Grenoble, and he passed through it on his way. My people were all flocking to him, looking up their arms and preparing to follow him, for many of them

had been soldiers before. I stood apart, looking sadly at them and him; and he beckoned to me.

"How is it, father," he asked, "that you do not rejoice with your flock, over the return of their emperor?"

"I would be glad to rejoice, sire," said I, "that you whom we love have come back to reign over us; but they will not let you reign in peace."

"Well, and what then? France is used to war—Frenchmen are not afraid of powder."

"Ah, sire, I am the father of all this little flock, and I cannot but think of them! The men, honest hardy fellows, love you—better, I sometimes think, than they love their own wives and children. You have come to take them away. They will follow you to the field, and you will give them up to slaughter and mutilation. Pardon me, sire; I cannot help thinking of these fathers, and mothers, and children."

"What—you said all that to *him*, Father Paul?" I cried.

"Indeed I did."

"And how did he look? What did he say?"

"He looked stern, at first, and frowned. Then when I spoke of my flock, and the horrors of war, his eye softened, and he looked around him. Just then a young girl who had been married but a year, and who had a little babe at her breast, came up crying and holding on to her husband, who was trying to break away from her. The emperor walked a few steps to them, and in a voice far gentler than usual, he asked the girl what troubled her.

"It is because Armand is bound to go to the wars again," she said; and she cried and sobbed so that she could hardly speak. 'He was brought home for dead from his last battle, and I nursed him back to life, and he promised me he would not go again. Then we were married, and now we have this babe, whom he would have called nothing but Napoleon;' and the poor mother smiled through her tears, and kissed the little one, who just then woke up and smiled at the emperor. 'Now Armand will go again; and I know he will never come back. Then what shall I do, and the child—yes, and his old mother—for he is the only support of us all. Spare him to us, sire!'

"The poor creature held her child out im-

ploringly to the emperor. His was a hard face to read, and very little of what he thought showed itself there. I had often seen him before, but never when something really like pity appeared in his face.

"How's this, Armand?" he said, putting on a roughness of speech and manner that I know he did not feel. 'Do you want to go to Paris with me, to the frontiers and beyond? I shall meet the enemies of France within two months.'

"Where else should I be, then, sire, but with you?" He was a handsome young fellow with a black eye, and his voice spoke up prompt and decided. 'Where should a soldier of France be but in the field, when his emperor calls?'

"Where wast thou with me? Thou'rt young for a soldier of the empire.'

"I was in the last glorious, disastrous campaign, sire; the campaign of France. At Brienne, I was of your body-guard, and helped save you from the charge of that prowling body of Polish lancers; and at the bloody bridge of Montereau I got the bullet through my chest that Louise talks about. To be sure I promised to stay with her; but we all thought then that we were never to see you more. But here you are; and do but say come, and I'll follow you again, no matter where you lead me.'

"No," said Napoleon. 'You are but one; stay at home. Some must stay; we'll find some one old enough to take your place who was at home when we fought the campaign of France.'

"Louise seized his hand and kissed it; the drums and fifes began, and a great shout of 'vive l'empereur!' 'vive l'empereur!' went up from the crowd. He turned and saw me still standing near.

"You are more than half right, Monsieur Cure," he said, thoughtfully. Then he seemed to forget he was talking to any one in particular, as was sometimes his habit, and he went on rapidly: "'But what can I do? I don't wish bloodshed; it is the enemies of France will have it. Let it be on their own heads.'

"He left the village in a few minutes, at the head of the little army he had already gathered; and that was the last time I saw him."

I have put this little romance in here, as nearly as I could remember it, because I know how fascinating to most boys is anything new about the Great Napoleon; and

because this anecdote made an unusual impression on me, from hearing the man tell it who stood by and saw and heard it all. I only wish that I had the power to put it on paper as powerfully as Father Paul told it. He had a wonderful way of imitating the voices of others, and a person hearing but not seeing him would have thought that all the persons he was telling of were present, and talking for themselves. He commenced to tell this story to me; but before he had gone far with it, my father laid down his book and listened; then Gabriel dropped the part of the rifle he was cleaning, and listened; and Debby, who never appeared to

hear anything, *did* hear every word of this, and I actually saw her wipe her eyes on her apron. But Father Paul told it so touchingly that nobody need have been ashamed to shed tears over it.

The day came too quickly when the priest declared he could tarry no longer. But "man proposes and God disposes," as he often said himself; and it unexpectedly happened that it was a long day after that when he left us, and then—

But I am running ahead of my story. These things are all important and interesting, and I must commence them in another chapter. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

MY DISOBEDIENCE.

BY E. J. WHITNEY.

It was one of my bad days. Everything had gone wrong from the time I had gotten out of bed, so I was quite desperate when father refused to let me go fishing with the village boys.

"I am surprised that you should ask such a thing, Leon, when you know we must finish planting corn to-morrow," he said, a trifle sternly, as I preferred my request.

"It's nothing but dig, dig all the time, and you never let me go anywhere or do anything I want to," I muttered wrathfully, as I spitefully slammed the door.

"O Leon!" exclaimed little May, my especial pet, as she came running to me. "O Leon, you've forgotten how papa let you stay two weeks last month with cousin Brian."

"Hold your tongue!" I growled, rudely, for it only made me angrier to feel that I was in the wrong.

"He won't go very soon again if he don't behave better, I guess," put in Mysia, who was two years older than I, and put on airs accordingly.

"I'll go when I'm a mind to, miss; help yourself if you can," savagely.

"How smart I am!" tauntingly.

"I hate you, My. Hastings!" I shrieked, stamping in ungovernable rage. "I hate every one of you, and I wish I could go where I should never see one of you again."

"No, you don't, Leon," laughed my pet, "you'd want to see me right off," trying to slip her wee hand in mine.

"No, I shouldn't, you little plague!" giving her a violent push to the floor.

"O you wicked boy!" screamed Mysia, "I'll tell papa, and you'll catch it," trying to raise the still form.

The loving blue eyes were closed, the small hands fell helplessly, and Mysia burst into a flood of tears, shrieking wildly:

"Mamma, mamma, little May is dead!"

This wild cry brought the whole family to the door. Such a pale set face as papa had, and mamma was as white as new fallen snow, but she was calm and spoke so lovingly, "Don't cry so, dear children."

But her calmness was gone when she found our darling was alive, and she cried aloud when papa, the tears streaming down his face, fell on his knees and thanked God for sparing our choicest treasure.

There was a long deep cut on May's head, and her long flossy curls (the pride of my heart) were remorselessly clipt, and a strip of plaster put on. But she smiled bravely, saying over and over:

"Leon didn't mean to hurt me. Please don't punish him, papa, 'cause he's sorry."

"Dear little angel!" said papa, huskily, as he gave the required promise.

I don't believe any one could feel worse than I did all this time. I didn't feel as if I could ever look any one in the face again, for I was thoroughly frightened, repentant and ashamed. But my temper was not conquered, although I flattered myself it was,

especially after the tender talk with papa and mamma.

"O my son," said mamma, as she kissed me good-night. "If there had been a half inch's difference in the way May fell to-day, she would be with the angels now, and this hand," pressing it gently, "moved by the demon of ill temper, would have been guilty of her death."

"I am so sorry," I sobbed.

"I know it, dear, but let it be a solemn warning to you forever."

"I do try real hard to be good, mamma," in a low tone, "but I get mad so easy."

"There is One, my darling, who, if you humbly ask, and strive, will give you the greatest victory in the world, that is, over yourself."

The summer passed swiftly away, and the ice-king with his elves, was busy decorating every tiny shrub with shining bells, and building a crystal roof over the singing streams.

"Hallo!" shouted Rex Kingsley, as he stopped a moment at the gate, "aren't you going skating to-night?"

"Father says the ice isn't strong enough," I replied, sulkily.

"Mr. Lansing crossed the pond this morning," said Rex.

"I wouldn't risk my neck if Lansing does his," coolly. "You had better go home, my boy, and not tease Leon to go with you and drown in company," said my father.

"I'll risk drowning, Mr. Hastings, when the ice is strong enough to bear teams," and Rex marched off very red in the face.

"I can't imagine what Kingsley is about to let that boy of his go wherever he chooses," said father.

"He's a lucky fellow," I muttered.

"You won't think he is quite so lucky when he is carried home half dead," was the reply.

"I had rather die than live as I do," I cried, desperately, "for I can't do a thing I want to do."

"Leon," father exclaimed, sternly, "you will get a horse-whipping if you don't look out."

How my blood boiled at this threat; for I was just at the age when one feels as if one had wisdom to judge the world, and is deep in the mysteries of a first mustache. To be sure, my efforts were futile, but my struggles were immense.

Hadn't I gone home with Nettle Ray for a year, and had serious thoughts of marrying at an early day? And after all this I was threatened with a horse-whipping! It was more than I could bear, and I resolved to run away from home if I could not have my own way more.

Now, I know what it is to make my way in the world, and how little one can consult one's own wishes when working for strangers. Then, I thought it easy to climb to the topmost round of Fame; now I know one cannot succeed in *anything* without courage and perseverance.

My first piece of independence was to steal out of my chamber when my parents were asleep, strap on my skates, and have a moonlight ramble on the pond. My courage rose as I was undetected, and when the boys proposed a grand skating night, I was eager as any for the time to arrive.

We had set the night, but a heavy rain coming on we were obliged to postpone it several times.

Several people, in attempting to cross the pond, had broken through the ice and come near drowning, but we boys thought one good freeze would set the ice all right.

"Some of those boys will get drowned," said father, as a crowd of boys went down towards the pond. "The ice isn't half strong enough to bear so many people."

I smiled grandly as I thought how much better I knew than he did, and Mysia wanted to know what mischief I was planning. I didn't condescend to reply to this query, but retired with an imposing air.

O how impatient I was to join my companions! How my heart beat as I crept silently out of the house, and ran down to the pond! My conscience reproved me severely, for I knew I was doing a mean thing in deceiving my parents.

O how lovely it was! The moonlight shimmered over the shining ice, and played hide and seek in the woods beyond. The pearly-tinted air rang with the shouts and laughter of the merry skaters.

As I skated toward the centre of the pond I was frightened to feel the ice bend beneath my feet, but I forgot it the next moment in the excitement of watching a race between Neil Ralston and Harry Vaughn.

All at once there was an ominous cracking of the ice, then a loud report, and I, with many others, was precipitated into the water. Down, down I went, the water fill-

ing my mouth and ears, till I thought my last hour was come, and my past life rose like a spectre before me.

With a desperate effort I rose to the surface and tried to grasp a fragment of ice, but my arm hung powerless by my side, and with a despairing cry I sank beneath the cold waves.

When I came to myself my mother's anxious face was bending over me, then all was a blank, and I knew no more for several weeks. A broken arm and the exposure

had set me into a fever, and kept me a prisoner until spring.

O how hard it was to lie on my bed and hear the merry shouts of my schoolmates as they skated or coasted! but it was my own fault, and I could not complain.

How sorry and ashamed I was of my escapade, and how earnestly I begged forgiveness, I need not say.

Well, that experience cured me, and my father never found fault with my want of obedience again.

THE TRUE STORY OF A DOLL.

A YEAR ago, a young girl, one of the teachers in a school in a great city, bade good-by to the children and went home. The children laughed a great deal, and the story went about how that Miss Nelly was going to be married soon, and was going home to learn to keep house.

Nelly was one of the merriest girls in the world. In school or at home, everybody tried to sit next to her, to hear her laugh. Nobody was ever so friendly or so full of life, they said. But she was not strong; and when she went home, instead of learning to keep house, she grew thinner and weaker day by day, while the doctors stood helplessly looking on. The marriage was put off again and again. At last she could not leave her room. Yet still people tried to come close to her; the laugh was always ready on her lips, and the big blue eyes grew more friendly with each fading day.

It began to be noticed, however, that she was anxious to sew or knit all the time, to make something for little children—soft white little shirts, or baby's socks. In the city where she lived there is a hospital for sick children, in which there are many "memorial beds" given as legacies by dying women, or in remembrance of them by their friends. Nelly had no money to en-

dow a memorial bed, but her thoughts were busy with the sick babies.

"I will dress a box of dolls," she said, "so that each can have one on Christmas morning."

They gave her the doll, and scraps of silk and lace, and she worked faithfully at it with her trembling fingers.

"I will have them ready," she would say.

But it seemed as if she would not even have one ready, she was forced so often to lay it down. One September night she was awake all night, and by dawn made them wash and dress her and give her her work-box and scissors. By noon the doll was dressed, and she laid it down, smiling.

An hour or two later they told her that the end was near. She kissed them all good-by. Her face was that of one who goes upon a pleasant journey; and, holding her mother's hand, she closed her eyes and went away.

There is the little doll alone in its box. I thought if each little girl who reads this story, would dress a doll and send it to a poor child in some asylum or hospital on Christmas morning, that Nelly would surely know of it, and be glad that she and her loving fancy had not been forgotten.

BACK NUMBERS OF BALLOU'S MAGAZINE.

We are constantly receiving letters asking if back numbers of BALLOU'S MAGAZINE can be obtained at this office, as none are for sale at many of the periodical depots. We can supply, on application, all the back numbers of our Magazine from the first of January, 1873, and parties wishing them have only to write us, enclose the money, and receive, postpaid, what they ordered, by return of mail.

Address THOMAS & TALBOT, 23 Hawley St., Boston, Mass.

Send all communications for this Department to EDWIN R. BRIGGS, WEST BETHEL, Oxford County, MAINE.

Answers to March Puzzles.

34. "Prairie Queen."
 35. R 36. SEND
 LET HARE
 BEGEM TOOT
 LEMURES FRAY
 REGULATOR 37. Madam
 THERAPIN India
 METIC Levi
 SON Kind
 R (Milkmaid.)
 38. Armadillo. 39. Oriole. 40. Panther.
 41. Leopard. 42. Itinerant. 43. Dotterel.
 44. Cassowary. 45. Bee-r. 46. Fire. 47. Po-
 cahontas. 48. Fox. 49. Fowl. 50. Dunlin.

51.—Cross-Word Enigma.

The 1st is in ice, but not in snow;
 The 2d is in high, but not in low;
 The 3d is in snow, but not in ice;
 The 4th is in mouse, but not in mice;
 The 5th is in bought, but not in sold;
 The 6th is in hot, but not in cold;
 The whole is a kind of sea-bird.

ELLA A. BRIGGS.

Word Anagrams.

52. Dear Drew. 53. Net Caroline.
 PEGGY.

54.—Charade.

First.

Upon every garment worn,
 Whether cloak, or frock, or gown;
 I'm carried about by every one,
 In country and in town.

Second.

In every safe I have a place,
 I'm found in every store;
 Whene'er you wish to see my face,
 You'll find me at your door.

Whole.

Within the forests, dark and wild,
 I, in my beauty, grow;
 I calmly welcome summer's rain,
 And brave the winter's snow.

WILSON.

55.—Connected Diamonds.

1st Diamond.—A consonant; a little bird;
 darkness; a pronoun; a consonant.

2d Diamond.—A consonant; an interjec-
 tion; obscurity; trouble; a vowel;

Connected, I name a plant.

ADELAIDE.

Decapitations.

56. Behead to obstruct, and leave to close.
 57. A weapon, and leave a fruit.

JOHN QUILL.

58.—Word Square.

A passage; dry; belonging to the sea; a
 garden. DICK SHUNARY.

59.—Square Remainders.

Behead and curtail words having the fol-
 lowing significations, and leave a complete
 word-square:

1. A fabled king; 2. To garnish; 3. A
 faction. CADI SHANE.

Syncopations.

60. Syncopate to change, and get a large
 cask.

61. Syncopate to suffocate, and get be-
 low; again, and get a nobleman.

MASQUE DE FER.

62.—Numerical Enigma.

I am composed of sixteen letters.

My 6, 2, 14, 4, is a bird.

My 16, 1, 11, 9, is a poet.

My 15, 5, 13, 8, is to ramble.

My 10, 3, 12, 7, is a servant.

My whole is a renowned proverb.

JOHN QUILL.

Geographical Drop-Letter Words.

63. —e—b—r—o—. 64. —e—m—n—.

65. —e—s—i—l—s. 66. —a—v—r—.

ELMER E. WADMAN.

Answers Next Month.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

Prize.

For the best original puzzle, not exceed-
 ing twelve lines in length, sent to us before
 April 10th, we will give a year's subscrip-
 tion to *The Sphinx*.

Answers.

The December puzzles were solved by
 Grumbo, Amos Keeto, Triard, Martha Pier-
 son, Bettie Thurman, Elwin G. Davis, E.
 E. F., Wild Rose, Lydia M. Brown, and G.
 Davison.

Prize Winners.

"Wild Rose," St. Joseph, Mo., for the
 first and only complete list of answers. G.
 Davison, Hautsport, N. S., for the second
 best list of answers. Elwin G. Davis, West
 Bethel, Maine, for the third best list.

CURIOUS MATTERS.

MANUFACTURE OF ISINGLASS.—One of the most notable industries of Russia depends upon the sturgeon, the swim-bladder of which is manufactured into isinglass. The bladder is first placed in water, and left there for some days, with frequent changes of the water, and removal of all fatty and bloody particles—the warmer the water the more rapid being the operation. The bladders, on being removed, are cut longitudinally into sheets, which are exposed to the sun and air, being laid out to dry, with the outer face turned down, upon boards of lime-tree wood. The inner face is pure isinglass, which, when well dried, can with care be removed from the external lamellæ. The finer sheets thus obtained are placed between cloths to keep them from flies, and are then subjected to a heavy pressure, so as to flatten them out and render them uniform; and after this they are assorted and tied in packets. The packets composed of the isinglass of the large sturgeon usually contain from ten to fifteen sheets, and weigh a pound and a quarter; and those of others contain twenty-five sheets, weighing a pound. Eighty of these packages are usually sewed up in a cloth bag, or enclosed in sheet-lead.

FRENCH STRATEGY.—When the French were in Mexico stage robberies in the vicinity of Monterey became very frequent. With the practical common sense for which the French are distinguished when they go about killing people, the French general at Monterey devised a plan that worked like a charm. He picked out half a dozen of his smallest Zouaves, dressed them up as females, and put them in the stage. Each unprotected female had a short breech-loading carbine concealed under her petticoats, and they covered their demure faces with veils. Of course the robbers surrounded the stage, and the ladies, with an access of feminine modesty, climbed out of the vehicle, and fell into line with the rest of the passengers; but of a sudden an epidemic broke out among these Mexican patriots, for each lady, on an average, destroyed about three of the robbers, and the rest lost all taste for female society, and went away disgusted. The ladies returned to town in

high glee, but for a long time the Mexican bandits entertained such a lofty veneration for the gentle sex that an old bonnet and a shawl displayed conspicuously in a stage secured it immunity from interruption.

AN OLD YEW-TREE.—The oldest yew-tree in England, which is situated in Cow-hurst churchyard, was mentioned by Aubrey in the reign of Charles I. as then measuring ten yards in circumference at a height of five feet from the ground. Its present girth is about thirty-three feet. Humboldt, in his "Aspects of Nature," mentions this tree, and it is stated, on the authority of De Candolle, to be 1450 years old. The old tree was hollowed out about the year 1820, when a cannon-ball was found in the centre, which is preserved in a neighboring farmhouse, and in 1825 the upright branches were blown off by a great storm. The covering around it was fired in 1850. A door has been made to the inside of the tree, where there are seats that will accommodate twelve persons comfortably. To all appearance it looks likely to survive several more years. The church was built in 1304.

THICKNESS OF ICE IN THE POLAR SEA.—Whereas ordinary ice is usually from two to ten feet in thickness, that in the Polar Sea, in consequence of having so few outlets by which to escape to the southward in any appreciable quantity, gradually increases in age and thickness until it measures from eighty to one hundred and twenty feet, floating with its surface at the lowest part fifteen feet above the water-line. When two pieces of ordinary ice are driven one against the other and the edges broken up, the crushed pieces are raised by the pressure into a high long wall-like hedge of ice. When two of the ancient floes of the Polar Sea meet, the intermediate lighter broken-up ice which may happen to be floating about between them alone suffers; it is pressed up between the two closing masses to a great height, producing a chaotic wilderness of angular blocks of all shapes and sizes, varying in height up to fifty feet above water, and frequently covering an area upwards of a mile in diameter.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

BREAKFAST ROLLS OR MUFFINS.—One pint sour milk, one teaspoonful each of soda and salt, one egg well beaten, and flour enough to make it so stiff it will hardly drop from the spoon—perhaps you may need a little help. Have your gem-irons already hot on the stove, grease them and put in your batter. If your irons are shallow, fill each cup full—heap them even; but if they are deep, I think three-fourths full will be sufficient. Bake in a quick oven. There is as much in baking as anything. They will puff out and over, and be a nice golden brown. They are still better if you have part sour cream and another egg.

SAVORY BREAD PUDDING.—Pour half a pint of beef-tea, boiling, over the crumb of a French roll. Beat well together, and let it soak for half an hour; then add two eggs beaten with a quarter of a pint of boiling milk. Season with pepper and salt, beat together for five minutes, and then put the pudding into a buttered tart-dish, and bake rather quickly for three-quarters of an hour. If there is no objection, an onion well-boiled and beaten to a pulp may be added to the pudding.

CHICKEN PIE.—Make the crust like baking-powder biscuit, only a trifle shorter. Roll half an inch thick and line a four-quart tin-pan with it. Have ready two small chickens, boiled till tender. Place the pieces of chicken smoothly in the pan; sprinkle salt, and pepper, and a little flour over them; add a few pieces of butter, size of a hazelnut, about a large tablespoonful in all; pour on a little of the liquor they were boiled in; then roll the top crust rather more than half an inch thick; cut large stars or air-holes in it. Bake till crust is thoroughly done.

TO FRY SLICED POTATOES.—Wash and pare the potatoes; slice with a potato slicer very thin; let them lie in cold water long enough to take out some of the starch, then drain and wipe dry; throw a few pieces at a time into boiling lard; as soon as they fry a clear golden brown color, take out with a perforated skimmer; put them into a

colander or sieve to drain; sprinkle with salt and serve.

TAPIOCA PUDDING.—Four tablespoonfuls of tapioca, one quart of milk, four eggs, (leaving out the whites of two for frosting), three tablespoonfuls of sugar. Soak the tapioca over night or for several hours in a little water. Boil the milk and turn over the tapioca. Add, when it is blood warm, the sugar and egg well beaten; bake about an hour, and, after it has cooled a little, add the whites of the eggs to half pound sugar for frosting. It answers well for a sauce, and looks ornamental.

FIG PUDDING.—Eight ounces of bread crumbs, six ounces of beef suet, one teacupful of warm milk, two eggs well beaten, four ounces of figs, four ounces of lump sugar. The figs to be very finely minced and put into milk, and placed by the fireside until tender; then the other ingredients to be well mixed together and boiled four hours. Serve with a sweet sauce.

SPANISH BUNS.—One pint of flour, one pint of sugar, one cup of sweet milk, one cup of butter, four eggs, beat separate, one tablespoonful of cinnamon, one teaspoonful cloves, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls cream tartar, or three spoons of baking-powder. Bake on tins, an inch thick, and when taken from the oven, sprinkle with white sugar while hot.

MINCE MEAT.—Mince steak or roast beef very fine; add cold water enough to make a gravy. Let it heat through, and when just at the boiling point shake in a little flour. Never allow it to boil up, as boiling hardens the meat. Serve with nice toast.

BREAKFAST ROLLS.—Flour, two quarts, sugar one tablespoonful, butter, one tablespoonful, half cup of yeast, one pint scalded milk or water if milk is scarce, and a little salt. Set to rise until light; then knead until hard, and set to rise, and when wanted, make in rolls. Place a piece of butter between the folds, and bake in a slow oven.

[Written expressly for Ballou's Magazine.]

THINGS PLEASANT AND OTHERWISE.

By M. QUAD, of the Detroit Free Press, who will hereafter have charge of this Department.

Men who haven't a dollar to lose are the first and the last to see financial ruin staring this country in the face, and they sometimes feel mad to see Uncle Sam keeping right along as if they had never been born.

Men are not at all consistent. For instance, a spotted dog brings a good price in any market, but no man will buy spotted apples at any price.

When the city authorities of Detroit told old Mrs. Jackson that she must be vaccinated whether or no, she fell back, burst into tears, and sobbed out:

"Well, if I must, I must; but the city ought to give me a wooden leg in place of it!"

Now what was the use of her resorting to such hypocrisy! She picked out two pairs of button-shoes, and said to the dealer:

"I'll take this pair of No. 3's for myself, and this pair of No. 5's for my sister, who couldn't very well come down this afternoon."

The dealer smiled and waved her out, and she thought she had fooled him. Next day but one she caught her foot in a grating only one door below his store, and the shoe man was the one who pried the bars apart and released her heel. He was very kind, softly remarking:

"I don't see how your small foot ever passed down there."

And there she had on the No. 5's!

Experience may be a costly teacher to the average man, but the average boy has philosophy to meet it. A ragged chunk of newsboy having been bitten by a grocer's dog while scraping out a sugar hog'shead in the alley, walked around the square, wiped away his tears, and was entering the alley again, when a policeman called out:

"Here, Tip, where are you going?"

"Down the alley after sugar," was the prompt reply.

"Why, you were down there only a few minutes ago, and a dog bit you!"

"Yes; bit me right in the leg."

"And you are going back to let him bite you again?"

"Well, I want sugar," muttered Tip. "And 'taint likely he'll bite in the same place twice!"

"That there horse," began the auctioneer, as the animal was led up—"that there horse is a deceiving creature. He doesn't want to leave his present master, and he's playing off to stop a sale. We can plainly trace his ribs, but he produces that phenomena by holding his breath. He hangs his head simply to keep me from looking into his eyes and reading his thoughts. Did you hear that groan? He wants to convey the idea that his general system is all run down. Hear that cough? He had to force it, gentlemen, but he's a cute one. Now, then, who starts him at five hundred dollars?"

There was a moment of deep silence, and then a faint voice called out:

"I bid fifteen cents!"

The auctioneer turned that way with a look of deep disgust, and the silence was becoming awful, when the old horse groaned out, lurched forward, and died with hardly a kick.

"It is well!" solemnly whispered the auctioneer. "If I was a horse with royal blood in my veins, I'd die before I'd stand around and hear bids of less than twenty cents. Rest poor soul!—and now who bids fifty cents on one of these gold watch chains?"

He was a bootblack aged about twelve, and he seemed to be furiously angry as he walked up to a comrade about his own age, and hissed:

"Come up to the alley and I'll lick ye!"

"You will, eh? Come right on!" was the reply; and the two started on the run, followed by half a dozen others.

"Now, then," continued the fierce boy, as they reached the alley, "I'm going to maul ye almost to death! When I git

through striking, and biting, and pinching, and kicking, and pulling hair, and gouging, the coroner will only have a small bundle of bones to inquest on!"

"Come right on!" shouted the other, spitting on his hands.

"I shall lick ye to death," resumed the other. "but not just now. I've got a sore finger, a lame leg, the toothache and a sore toe, and I couldn't hurt a flea; but look out for me in about a year from now!"

When a rush was made for him he went out of the alley like a shadow.

When a youth of slender build and childish face, living in Oregon, was asked how he came to love a fat girl four times his weight, he looked carefully around, and whispered:

"The gals out here are death on sleigh-rides, and the wolves are death on sleigh-riders. I'm likely to be caught out with Sarah. I fire all my bullets—wolves come thicker—horse getting exhausted—critical moment—out goes Sarah—luncheon enough for fifty wolves—I'm saved to love again—business mixed with love, you see, and that is why."

The Ohio mother-in-law is not over-hasty in pronouncing eulogies on her son-in-law. When Mrs. Dick returned home from a week's visit to her newly-married daughter at Dayton, she was asked how she liked the husband, and she replied:

"Well, I can't really say. To be sure, I saw him chop the ice out of a tub as nicely as my old man himself could have done it; but he may make a bad failure when he comes to try to empty an ashpan on a windy day, and I'm not going to call him perfect till I'm sure."

Folks always had a dim suspicion that Baxter was the kindest of husbands, and the other day this suspicion was verified. Baxter was in the dry goods business, and all of a sudden he hung out a sign that he had failed. There was a meeting of creditors, and Baxter was asked to explain.

"Well, all there is about it, I've failed," he replied.

"But here is a deficiency of four thousand dollars that we can't make out," protested the chairman. "You seemed to be doing a good business, and was able to pay cash right along till three or four

days ago, when all of a sudden you failed."

"Well, you see," he meekly answered, "the business was good enough, and I was doing well enough, but my wife wanted to refurnish the parlor, buy some diamonds and get her a gold watch, and I thought I might as well fail and let the poor thing have her way, for she's sickly, and might never have another such chance!"

The longest rope has an end. The other day, when the good-natured and corpulent Mrs. Blixen burst into tears as she selected three rusty salt fish at the corner grocery for dinner for her sixteen boarders, the kind-hearted grocer gave her down weight, and asked the cause of her grief.

"It's them hearty boarders!" she sobbed. "I've got a new lot of late, and they are awful obstinate. The first day, just as they had commenced dinner, I had a boy call out 'fire!' in the backyard, and they all rushed out, and I had a chance to take one chicken and half the butter off the table. But I can't move 'em agin to save me. I've had a dog fight in the area, bribed the girl to scream 'murder!' on the stairs, and cried out myself that a burglar was up stairs; but they sit there, and grin, and eat, and laugh, and devour meat, and butter, and bread, as if I was a millionaire. It's awful, sir—just perfectly awful, and I don't know what will become of me!"

When we feel like speaking ill of a man, let us stop and look upon him as dead. His merits and memories will then be present to defend him.

"Yes, I know I'm big-footed, ungainly, uncouth, uneducated, and darned mean toward my mules," said an Iowa teamster; "but I've got an offset for all of it. I've been married four times, and I've bought gravestones for three first husbands."

He was a highway tramp, ragged, unkempt, and half starved, and one would have said that he would quickly seize upon any opportunity to better his condition. A farmer stood at the gate as the tramp came along, and he called out:

"Do you want a job?"

"Well, that's what I'm worrying this section of country for," was the reply.

"I'll put you in the way of earning thirty dollars, if you wish," continued the farmer.

The tramp looked incredulous, and was about to move on, when the farmer said:

"If you'll run away with my wife I'll give you thirty dollars cash down."

"Let me see her," answered the tramp.

It was all for fun on the farmer's part, and he led the way into the house. The tramp looked at the wife for half a minute, and then without a word he turned and went out. Overhauling him at the gate, the agriculturist queried:

"Well, what do you say?"

"I'm powerful hard up, and in my time I have stolen sheep, robbed clothes-lines, and cleaned out hencoops, but I'll be hanged if I'm mean enough to run off with an old woman who chews gum with her front teeth!"

And the tramp marched on, heedless of the awful threats hurled after him.

He was a young medical student, and he put on a good many airs, and had a good many technical terms at his tongue's end. He finally made a dead set to bring out the fat man in the seat opposite. Bending over, he asked, in a loud voice:

"What is your opinion of hereditary diseases?"

"My opinion," slowly answered the other, "is that where a father was a blamed fool, his son can't help but show the same failing."

That settled that young man as if he had been struck with a ton of wet sand.

Now-a-days when an official goes out of office with a clean record men do not praise him as an honest man, but whisper to each other that he was either blind to his chances, or couldn't get hold of enough to make it an object.

Perhaps one reason why children so often pass parental advice unheeded is because youthful eyes are quicker than youthful ears. The father who tells his son that it is wicked to attend a circus must not sneak off to the exhibition after the lad is in bed.

The man who does not drop at least one kind word daily is a husbandman whose surest crop will be the weeds and thistles in the fence-corners of old age. The ripe soil will pass into other hands, and unto others render its per cent of blessings.

One day a good man of the present generation read a beautiful Persian tale to the effect that a wise old Persian ordered a clock placed in every room of his great house, and by-and-by about a hundred clocks were ticking away like bees at work. When some one asked this old man why he had so many clocks on hand, he gravely answered:

"That I may be reminded of how fast time speeds, and that I may not let an hour pass without planning some good for my fellow-men."

Well, it struck the American as a nice thing, and he ordered a clock in every room in his house. By-and-by he had twenty-seven clocks click-clacking away, and for a day or two he felt as wise as any wise Persian. Then he found out that it took about two hours to wind up the clocks, and that he needed two or three clock-makers to keep them regulated; and at the end of a week, when some one asked why he had twenty-seven clocks in his house, he replied:

"That people might know what a confounded jackass I am!"

What may be a big thing in Persia is not necessarily a big thing in America.

If Nature had deemed it necessary for man to get his back up, she would have made him at least half-camel.

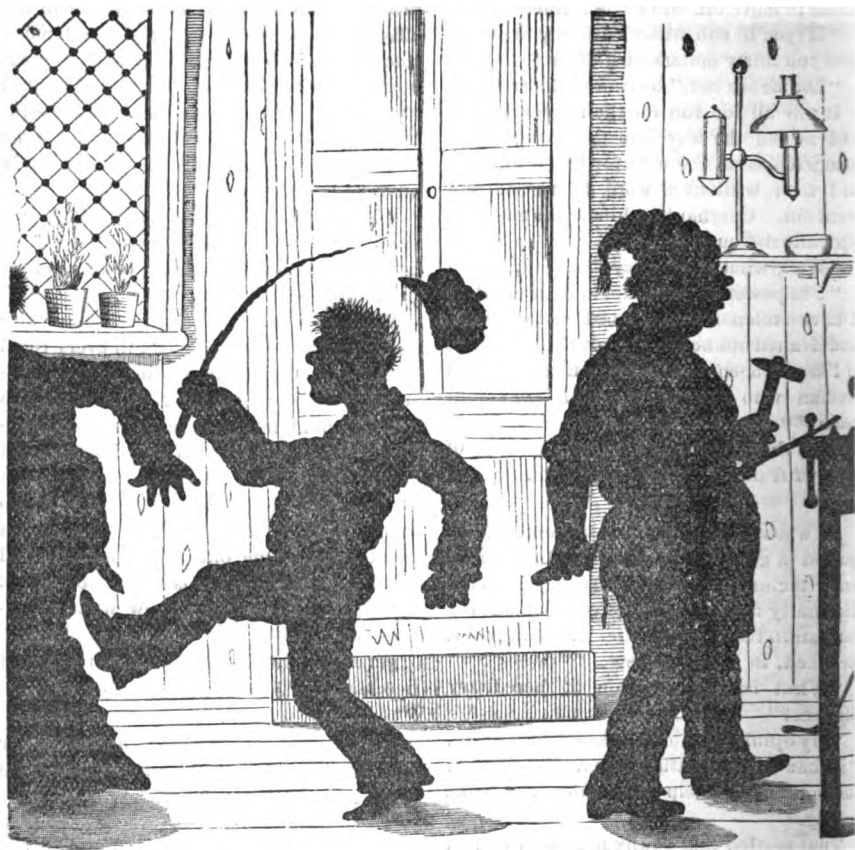
The man who is ashamed to have the world know his poverty is not situated so that he can enjoy what he really has.

Neighbors should be neighborly. My axe may come home sadly nicked up, and my hoe ruined, but the neighbor may run with his ladder when my house is on fire, or he may be one of my pall-bearers.

The merchant's clerk who asks, "Isn't there anything more to-day?" as the customer is about to turn away, is perfectly justified in his course. His query might remind some poor man that he had forgotten to ask the price of silk and broadcloth by the cargo.

And now let every one buy or subscribe for *BALLOU'S MAGAZINE* and *THE AMERICAN UNION*, and there will be lots of happiness and fun in every family in this country.

OUR PICTURE GALLERY.



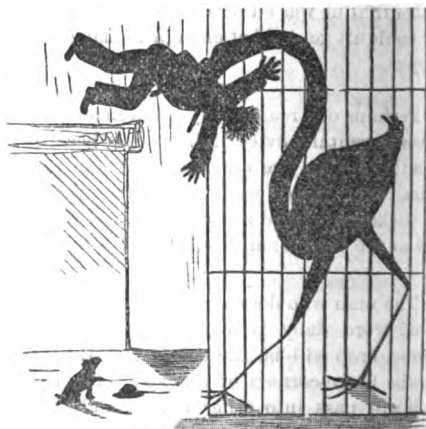
PHLEGMATIC FATHER: "Hans, fot you up to?"

MUCH ABUSED MOTHER: "Murder!!!"

P. F.: "O, go on, Hans. I vos 'fraid my poy might be fightin."



"A bill presented."



"And collected."

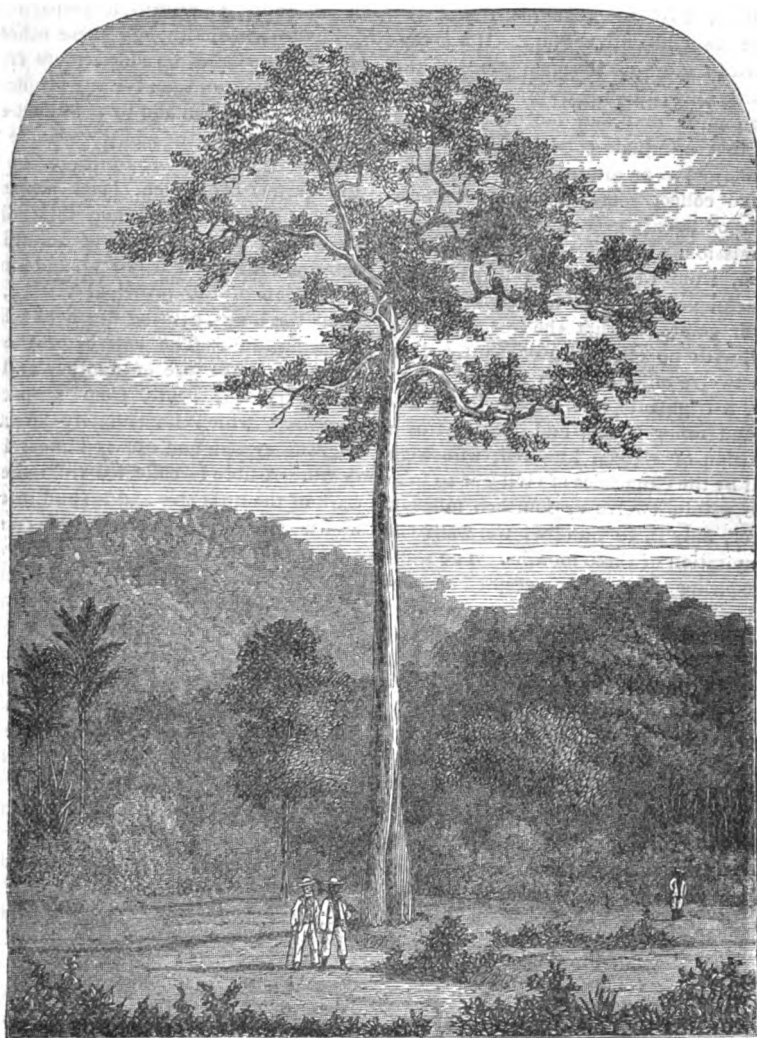
BALLOU'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLV.—No. 5.

MAY, 1877.

WHOLE No. 269.

THE UPAS TREE.



The famous upas tree of Java belongs to the breadfruit family, now united by botanists with the mulberry family. The name given by the natives to the tree is *bohun upas* its resinous and highly poisonous ex-

udation being called *antiar*; and while this particular species is poisonous, other varieties are destitute of such deadly power. The tree, well illustrated on this page, reaches a height of one hundred feet or more,

with a straight trunk and a handsome rounded head; the oblong or ovate leaves, three to five inches long, are much veined and downy. The blossoms are of small size, not remarkable in any way, and are succeeded by an oval purple drupe resembling a small elongated plum.

When this tree was first introduced to general notice the most extraordinary stories were circulated about it on the authority of Foersch, a surgeon in the service of the Dutch East India Company near the close of the eighteenth century. It was represented by him that the emanations of the upas tree killed all animals that approached it, even birds that flew too near it falling dead; that criminals condemned to death were allowed as an alternative to go to that tree and collect some of the poison, only two out of twenty ever returning from the fatal mission. He also stated that he had learned, from the few who had had the wonderful good fortune to escape the fate of their comrades, that the tree stood in a valley, with no other tree or plant within ten or twelve miles of it, all being a barren waste, a frightful place, strewn with human and other bones; and that out of a population of sixteen hundred, who were driven by the exigencies of civil war to take refuge within twelve or fourteen miles of the tree, only three hundred were alive at the expiration of three months. The wonder-inspiring stories were accepted and believed as the truth until they were proved to be false by Leschenault, whose memoir has been translated and placed in Hooker's "Companion to the Botanical Magazine."

Instead of growing in a solitary desert, the much slandered upas is found in the forests sharing the company of other trees, and the various denizens of the wood, such as lizards and other animals, do not avoid it, nor do they receive any injury from contact with it. The poisonous emanations from it would seem to have an effect similar to those produced by our poison ivy and sumach, and to cause unpleasant consequences to some persons, while others encounter and pass them by unnoticed. A number of botanists have ventured to collect specimens, and no injurious result has followed; and living plants of upas are now in the principal botanic gardens of Europe, where they are not known to exercise any baneful influence whatever. The terrible story of the valley of death is believed to

have owed its origin to the fact that there was some locality in a volcanic country where an abundant emission of carbonic acid gas was the cause of all the deadly results ascribed to the upas tree.

The juice of the upas tree is undoubtedly poisonous, and has long been used by the natives upon their arrows and other weapons of war and the chase; they collect the juice by making incisions, and mix it with a number of ingredients, after the manner of the South Americans in preparing their deadly *woorara*, although these other substances appear to be added more from respect to tradition than for any properties of their own that can add to the effect of the poison. Among the additions made to the juice of the upas are the juice of the onion and garlic, cardamom, black pepper, and seeds of a capsicum. When this poison is introduced into the veins of an animal it acts upon the vascular system, and produces congestion of the principal viscera, especially the lungs, causing death to follow in a few minutes. The natives of the same countries make use of another and more deadly poison, *tiute*, from a species of *strychnos*, which immediately affects the nervous system and causes almost instant death. A fibre is collected from the inner bark of the upas tree and is spun into cloth and worn by the poorer classes as a substitute for linen; if this chances to get wet, as it may by accident, the wearer is tormented by an intolerable itching. Another variety, *A. saccidora*, of Malabar, has a bark so tough that bags for rice and other articles are made from it; the branches are cut into staffs of the proper size, and the bark removed in such a manner as to leave a thin section of wood as a bottom to the bag.

Effective as the poisonous juice of the upas tree may be in destroying life, the tribes of Guiana have a more deadly poison still in the fatal *woorara* or *wourali* with which they besmear their arrows. The principal ingredient in this preparation is the wourali vine, which is closely allied to the tree which furnishes the well-known strychnine, in its coarser stage of preparation called *nux vomica*, or ratsbane, and is of the same order of vegetation as the upas tree. It is of vinelike appearance, and has a woody stem about three inches in diameter, covered with rough gray bark. The leaves are dark green, placed opposite each other, and of an oval form. The fruit is

nearly as large as an apple, round, smooth, and with seeds imbedded in a bitter gummy pulp. The stems of two bulbous plants, which contain a green and glutinous juice, are next added to the list. The third vegetable is a bitter root, which is believed to be the hyarri, a plant which is largely used by the natives in poisoning the water when catching fish on a large scale. All parts of the hyarri are poisonous, but the root is most powerful. The wourali and hyarri are probably the essential parts of the poison, the bulbous plants supplying the glutinous matter needed to make it adhere to the point of the weapon; but the poison-maker is not content with these alone. He procures two kinds of ant, one the *muniri*, a huge black creature, sometimes an inch long, with a sting so venomous that it frequently produces a fever. The other variety is the fire-ant, a tiny red insect, whose sting is just like the thrust of a red-hot needle. Besides these he takes the poison fangs of the labarri and counacouchi snakes, two of the most venomous serpents of the country. These fangs are kept in store, as the native always kills these reptiles whenever he sees them, and extracts their poison fangs. But it is not in the least probable that these latter ingredients increase the poisonous properties of the preparation. The method of mixing these different articles to form the wourali poison has thus been described:

"All these ingredients being procured, the poison-maker sets to work in a very systematic manner. He will not prepare the wourali in, or even near, his own house, but makes his preparation in the depth of the forest, where he builds a little hut especially for the purpose. His first care is to build a fire, and while it is burning up he scrapes into a perfectly new pot a sufficient quantity of the wourali wood, adding to it the hyarri in proper proportion, and placing them in a sort of colander. Holding the colander and its contents over the pot, the Indian pours boiling water over them, and allows the decoction to drain into the vessel, when it looks something like coffee. When a sufficient quantity has been obtained, the bulbous roots are bruised, and their juice squeezed into the pot, and, lastly, the snakes' fangs and ants are pounded and thrown into the pot.

"The vessel is now placed on the fire,

which is kept up very gently, so as to allow the contents to simmer, rather than boil, and more wourali juice is added to supply the waste by evaporation. A scum is thrown up during the process, and carefully skimmed with a leaf, the boiling being continued until the poison is reduced to a thick dark brown syrup, about the consistence of treacle. According to some accounts, the seeds of the red pepper are used, not as adding to the strength of the poison, but as a test of its preparation being complete. When the native thinks that the poison is nearly ready, he throws into it a single seed of red pepper, which immediately begins to revolve. He then allows the boiling to proceed a little longer, and throws in another seed, which perhaps revolves, but more slowly; and he repeats this experiment until the seed remains stationary, which is accepted as a proof that the preparation is complete.

"The Indian then takes a few arrows, dips them in the poison, and tries their effect upon some animal or bird, and, if satisfied with the effect, pours the poison into a new earthenware pot, ties a couple of leaves over the mouth, and a piece of wet hide over the leaves, so as to exclude both air and moisture, especially the latter. The little pots which are used for holding the wourali are nearly round, and about as large as an ordinary orange.

"The above account of preparing the wourali poison is that which is furnished by the natives; but, as they have a definite object in keeping the mode of preparation secret, it cannot be absolutely relied upon. That there is a secret connected with its manufacture is evident from the fact that the Macoushie poison is acknowledged to be better and stronger than that which is manufactured by any other tribe, and that all the Guianan tribes are glad to purchase wourali from the Macoushies.

"Not all the natives know how to make this wonderful poison. The knowledge is restricted to the conjurers, who keep it in their families, and hand it down from father to son. They are so careful to preserve their secret, that not only do they make the wourali at a distance from their houses, but when they have completed the manufacture they burn down the huts, so as to obliterate every trace of the means which have been employed."

REINDEER AND THEIR HABITS.



REINDEER SEARCHING FOR FOOD.

The excellent engraving which is given on this page of the Magazine is a capital representation of a herd of reindeer, strong and sturdy animals which are found in large numbers in Sweden, Spitzbergen, Greenland, Lapland, Finland, Siberia, Tartary,

and all through the northern part of Russia. To the natives of these cold and inclement countries the reindeer is the most useful animal that a kind Providence could have provided for their wants. They use its milk for food, for it is rich and nutritious.

they eat its flesh and smoke and salt that which they need for use through long and terribly cold winters; of its skin they make clothing, shoes, tents, beds and harnesses; of its strong muscles, lashings and thread to sew their garments; of its bones and antlers, spoons, knife-handles, and sled runners; its long coarse hair is employed in various ways; from the horns of the young reindeer is made an excellent quality of gelatine, and even the droppings are collected, pressed in the form of bricks, dried in the hot summer's sun and used for fuel. The contents of the stomach are also eaten, for the half digested lichens, found in the slaughtered animals, are mixed with chopped meat, fat and blood, then smoked, dried and served up at the tables of the opulent as a relish that is much liked. We could never be tempted to partake of so dainty a dish, and were looked upon as more prudish than sensible by the strong-stomached Laplander, who is not particular what he eats so long as he has enough, and the appetite of a Lap is something wonderful, and his digestion is as perfect as that of an ostrich. He does not suffer with agonizing dyspepsia, and can sleep with an overloaded stomach and never once be disturbed by an attack of nightmare. We once saw our driver, when travelling through the northern part of Sweden, eat five pounds of reindeer meat, two pounds of bread, a pound of preserved potato, and drink one quart of hot coffee, and when he had demolished all that we could spare him from our stores, actually complained that he was not satisfied and wanted a few more pounds of meat so that he need not be hungry through the night, and yet the same fellow could go without food for forty-eight hours, if there was none to be had, and not utter a whimper or complaint.

We have thus shown how valuable an animal the reindeer is to all who dwell in and near the northern arctic circle. Without it, existence would be impossible in such high latitudes. With it, the Lap is a rich man who owns two or three hundred head, and those who own one thousand head are the Astors and Stewarts of the land; men to be respected and treated as though they had much at stake in the interests of the country, and could afford to be proud and change their garments once in two or three years, for although the Lap is hardy, honest and brave, he is at the same time terribly

dirty, and generally wears his clothes until they drop off his person. Bathing and the use of soap do not meet with a Lap's idea of what is useful and beneficial in his everyday life.

The female Laplanders have pleasant faces, with rather refined expression. There is a strong family resemblance among them, and the type consists in large gray eyes, brown hair, rather fair complexions, a free carriage and not ungraceful figure, though with full waists and large hands and feet. The older women look worn, but never have the haggish and almost brutalized look which is not uncommon in old women in other countries who have led hard outdoor lives. The general expression of countenance is somewhat pathetic, though they seem contented with their strange, solitary and joyless life; and we could never get any of them to confess that they would care to change it, nor even to complain of what, as it appeared to us, must be the terrible monotony and hardship of the long dark winter. In looking at these settlements and considering the nature of the life, we seemed to understand more clearly the position and circumstances of the emigrants who are gradually pushing further and further along the shores of the great rivers of the American continent, and carrying into the solitudes of the immense forests of the West the proofs of Anglo-Saxon courage, endurance and pertinacity. At some of the stations we saw specimens of the original inhabitants of the lands within the Arctic Circle, in the persons of Lap men and women of uncertain age, about four feet high, and dressed in skins, with blue conical caps on their heads. In Norway it is said that the Laps are looked upon and treated as an inferior race, the pariahs of the north; but in Swedish Lapland there is no appearance of such distinctions. The comfort and even safety of the settlers depend so much on their good relations with their neighbors that they have remained on terms of equality and friendship. Intermarriages are not uncommon, and many of the present settlers show signs of the mixture of the races. The population of Swedish Lapland is said to include 4000 persons of true Lap race, and in some districts this number is increasing. The children born in the mountains die fast, but those who remain in the villages are healthy. Provision is made for their instruction, and, in common with the

children of the Swedes, they all learn to read and write, though judging by the absence of books at the settlements, they reap little advantage from their instruction. The Laps were converted to Lutheranism

harsh and unkind toward them. Under no circumstance of oppression or hardship do they evince the slightest resentment. They are so timid that the sound of their driver's voices sets them running at such a speed



PICTURE OF THE REINDEER IN THE KING'S PALACE.

some 100 years ago, and are said to be strict religionists.

But we must conclude this rather long article by once more referring to the reindeer. We have shown how useful they are. Strong, tall and hardy, they are able, with a sweep of their antlers to mow down a score of sturdy Northmen, yet they cower at the voice of man. Their masters are rude,

that they will die before halting, if the drivers continue to urge them, and in the palace of the King of Sweden is a picture of a reindeer which travelled three hundred and twenty leagues in forty-eight hours, and drew on a sled an officer who was carrying urgent despatches. The poor brute died at the end of its journey.

DISRAELI, THE EARL OF BEACONSFIELD.

The subject of our sketch, Benjamin Disraeli, now known as Lord Beaconsfield, author and statesman, whose portrait is given on page 412, was born in London, Dec. 21, 1805. His life is a very interesting one, and forms one of the many illustrations found in real life of the oft-quoted lines of Longfellow which assert that

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

In fact, the career of Disraeli shows what splendid success does sometimes fall to the lot of genius and energy combined — or rather, we should say, *can be achieved* by

the exercise of those two good gifts. His father, Isaac Disraeli, was himself an author, and made numerous contributions to English literature, the most finished of which was his "Illustrations of the Literary Character, or the History of Men of Genius, drawn from their own Feelings and Confessions." Of this gentleman his son has written, "He was a complete literary character, a man who really passed his life in his library. Even marriage produced no change in these habits; he rose to enter the chamber where he lived alone with his books, and at night his lamp was ever lit within the same walls. In London his only amusement was to ramble among booksellers; in the country he scarcely ever left

his room but to saunter in abstraction upon a terrace, muse over a chapter, or coin a sentence."

Such was the father at whose hands, and those of private tutors, the young Disraeli received his education. An eminent solicitor, who was a particular friend of the elder Disraeli, and possessed a large practice, but had no son of his own, desired to make the young man heir to his business, and with that purpose in view received him into his office for a while. But the life of a lawyer did not suit the tastes of the future prime minister, and his ambition pointed in another direction; he therefore turned from his apparently brilliant prospects and devoted himself to literature. Gifted with a fine person, refined manners, and great conversational powers, it followed as a natural consequence that he soon became a favorite in society. When nineteen he went to Germany, and after his return to England, in 1826-7, his celebrated novel "*Vivian Grey*" was published, in which the principal characters were well-drawn pictures of the author and of individuals widely known in English society. This book acquired great popularity on account of its originality, vivacious style and wit, and was translated into all the principal languages of Europe.

In 1828, Disraeli published a gay satire of rather light quality, called "*The Voyage of Captain Popanilla*," which did not meet with much favor, and the succeeding year he commenced an extensive tour in Italy, Greece, Albania, Syria, Egypt and Nubia, from which he returned in 1831. Not long after this period his second novel of fashionable life, "*The Young Duke*," appeared, and during the following year the novel "*Contarini Fleming, a Psychological Autobiography*," which was declared by Heinrich Heine to be "one of the most original works ever written," and which won encomiums from Goethe and from Beckford, the author of "*Vathek*." The book is intended to portray the development of the poetical nature, and includes brilliant descriptions of Italy, Greece, Spain, Asia Minor, Syria and Egypt. Of this work Disraeli himself has since said, "It would have been better if a subject so essentially psychological had been treated at a more mature period of life."

Disraeli wished to enter Parliament, and endeavored to do so as a tory-radical nomi-

nee, but was defeated by the whig candidate. Trying his fortune again in December, 1834, he was again defeated, and he next presented himself in May, 1835, as a thorough conservative. He was at this time accused by the crowd of "O'Connellism," and responded by calling the great Irish agitator a "bloody traitor;" to this Mr. O'Connell retorted, "For aught I know, the present Disraeli is the true heir at law of the impenitent thief who died on the cross." A challenge was sent from Disraeli to Morgan O'Connell, who took up his father's dispute, but the challenge was not accepted. Meanwhile, the author had not been lost in the politician, for several works from Disraeli's pen about this period proved his continued devotion to literature. "*The Wondrous Tale of Abroy*" is an eastern romance of remarkable merit, wherein the writer depicts the experiences of a prince of the house of David, who proclaimed himself the Messiah, in the twelfth century, and summoned the Jews of Persia to arms. It appeared in 1833, in company with "*The Rise of Iskander*," a story founded on the revolt of the famous Scanderbeg against the Turks in the fifteenth century. His political views were set forth in a pamphlet called "*What is He?*" in 1834, and in the same year came "*The Crisis Examined*," and "*A Vindication of the English Constitution*," in 1835. Then followed a series of letters in the London Times, to which he affixed the signature of "Runnymede," and which attracted much interest and attention from their witty sarcastic style.

The next book from our author was "*Henrietta Temple*," a love story, and in 1837 the novel "*Venetia*" was published—a tale in which he attempted to delineate the characters and personal appearance of Lord Byron and Percy Bysshe Shelley. But Disraeli was not destined to be finally disappointed in his political ambition. At the age of thirty-two he won a seat as representative of the conservative borough of Maidstone, in Victoria's first Parliament. The first speech of this distinguished man was a failure. The house would not listen to him, and drowned the sound of his voice in the deafening clamor which is the rude fashion of our English cousins. The indomitable will of the man asserted itself in these final words: "I am not surprised at the reception I have experienced. I have begun several times many things, and I



DISRAELI, THE EARL OF BEACONSFIELD.

have often succeeded at last. I shall sit down now; but the time will come when you will hear me." The assertion thus made was fulfilled in due time. In July, 1839, he made a speech that won the attention of his listeners, and was praised for its ability. In the same year appeared his tragedy, "Count Alarcos," in five acts, which was founded on an old Spanish ballad, and also in the same year he was married to the wealthy Mrs. Wyndham Lewis, widow of his former friend and colleague

in Parliament, a lady who exercised a most auspicious influence upon his future career, which was acknowledged by him in the dedication of one of his novels to a "perfect wife."

In 1841, Disraeli was elected as representative of the borough of Shrewsbury, and in 1844 appeared "Coningsby, or the New Generation," which proved a great success, and was very extensively read. One cause of its extraordinary popularity, aside from its remarkable literary merits,

was the fact that the most important characters were pictures of living celebrities. It was also believed to be an expression of the ideas and plans of the celebrated party, half political, half literary, which was then attracting so much attention under the name of "Young England," and which acknowledged Disraeli as one of its most prominent leaders. "Sibyl, or the Two Nations," was published in 1845, and in this book the author carefully painted the condition of the English people at that time, and especially the scenes that occurred during the Chartist agitation. In 1847, he was member of Parliament for Buckinghamshire, and in that year published "Ixion in Heaven," with other tales, and also "Tancred, or the New Crusade," which is in some respects the best of his novels. In the preface to his collected works, published in 1870, he says that "Coningsby," "Sibyl" and "Tancred" constitute a trilogy in which he endeavored to portray the origin and character of English political parties.

About this time Mr. Disraeli commenced to take a prominent part in the House of Commons, and his speeches directed against Sir Robert Peel for alleged treachery to his party in adopting the free-trade policy take rank among the most extraordinary efforts of English statesmen. From that time Disraeli has been recognized as a most powerful debater, and a master of keen and polished satire; and in 1849, he became the acknowledged leader of the conservative element in Parliament. His next literary efforts were a biography of his father, Isaac Disraeli, and a memoir of his personal and political friend Lord George Bentinck. When Lord Derby first formed his cabinet, in March, 1852, Mr. Disraeli was appointed chancellor of the exchequer, was made a member of the privy council, and became leader of the ministerial party in the House of Commons. In December of the same year he retired from office with the rest of the Derby ministry, but in February, 1858,

when Lord Derby a second time accepted the task of administration, after Lord Palmerston's downfall, Disraeli again became chancellor of the exchequer. A year later he presented for debate an elaborate plan of electoral reform, of which the principal feature was the extension of the suffrage to the whole educated class without regard to property; this bill was defeated, and in April, 1859, Parliament was dissolved. In the June succeeding the Derby ministry resigned, and was succeeded by the Palmerston-Russell cabinet, followed, after the death of Lord Palmerston, in October, 1865, by the Russell-Gladstone ministry, which resigned in June, 1866. During this time Disraeli was the leader of the opposition in the House of Commons, and when the third Derby ministry was formed he again became chancellor of the exchequer. His earnest support was given to the reform bill, signed by the queen August 15, 1867, which gave the right of suffrage to all householders in a borough, and to every person in a county who had a freehold of forty shillings. On the resignation of the Earl of Derby, in February, 1868, Disraeli became prime minister, but resigned in the following December, to be succeeded by Mr. Gladstone. The famous novel "Lothair" was published in 1870, and was, as every one knows, a great success, having a circulation in the United States alone of more than 80,000 copies. In 1868, a peerage was conferred upon his wife which he had refused for himself, and she was made Viscountess Beaconsfield. Her death occurred Dec. 23, 1872. In February, 1874, Mr. Gladstone resigned, and Mr. Disraeli again became prime minister, and is now a member of the House of Lords.

Such is a brief sketch of the extraordinary career of an extraordinary man, who, by his energy and genius, has conquered every obstacle, attained to the highest eminence in public life, and won unfading laurels for his contributions to the wealth of literature.

HARD WORK.—Men who use their muscles imagine that men who depend upon their brains are strangers to hard work. Never was there a greater mistake. Every successful merchant does more real hard work in the first ten years of his business career than a farmer or blacksmith ever dreamed of. Make up your mind to work

early and late, if necessary, that you may thoroughly master the details of the business upon which you purpose to enter. The habit of persistent rapid work once formed, you have gained a momentum that will carry you very satisfactorily through many a pinch in business where less persistence would find it easier to lie down and fail.

BABY'S GRACE.

BY MARY HELEN BOODNY.



Baby is hungry, and who can resist him?
Supper is smoking and ready to eat;
Mamma has smoothed his bright locks and kissed him—
Mamma's caresses are O, so sweet!

Just how sweet are those holy kisses
Baby will know on some distant day,
Perhaps some day when his sad heart misses
The light of her love and peace of her sway.

Now she looks at her child and wonders
If ever a baby was fair like him—
Warm is her heart and light as she ponders,
Conscious of joy that nothing can dim.

The broad high brow and the silken tresses,
The clear bright eyes and the winsome mouth,
The round white shoulders and arms she blesses,
Ah! but a mother's love dwells in the South.

Changing not with the changeful seasons,
Faithful and strong in its ceaseless flow,
Cheered by truth, and patient of treasours,
Nearest to God's love of all below.

O! we all of us prize our mothers,
And give them the rank that is their due,
Love that never can be another's,
Incense from hearts that are leal and true.

But only God can fully reward them
For love untiring, life that is spent;
He, hereafter, will surely award them
Glory, and gladness, and sweet content.

Heaven is full of sweet sainted mothers,
Young there, and fairer than mortals can be;
Think of it, sisters! think of it, brothers!
Think what a happy place heaven must be!

But Baby is ready, and supper is waiting,
Mamma puts his two little hands in their place,
And listens with joy that is pure and elating
To the sweet childish voice lisping out "*Baby's Grace.*"

A YOUNG LADY'S INFLUENCE.—A young man called, in company with several other gentlemen, upon a young lady. Her father was also present, to assist in entertaining the callers. He did not share his daughter's scruples against the use of spirituous drinks, for he had wine to offer. The wine was poured out, and would soon have been drank, but the young lady asked:

"Did you call upon me or upon papa?"

Gallantry, if nothing else, compelled them to answer, "We called upon you."

"Then you will please not drink wine; I have a lemonade for my callers."

The father urged the guests to drink, and they were undecided. The young lady ob-

served: "Remember, if you called upon me then you drink lemonade, but if on papa, why in that case, I have nothing to say."

The wine-glasses were set down with their contents untasted.

After leaving the house, one of the party exclaimed, "That is the most effectual temperance lecture which I have ever heard."

Indeed, it was seed sown in good ground. It took root, sprang up, and is now bearing fruit. The young man, from whom these facts were obtained, broke off at once from the use of all strong drink, and is now, as a clergyman, preaching temperance and religion.

RALPH HUNTINGTON'S TRIAL.

TRANSCRIBED BY MARY A. DENISON.

CHAPTER VI.

THE FIRST SUSPICION.

WHAT time it was when I returned I don't know. Both my father and mother were yet up. At the first glance I saw that something had gone amiss. There was a dark look on my father's face which, from having seen so seldom, and so terribly, I had learned to fear. My mother's voice and face were both sad and anxious. There was nothing like reproof in either.

"Well!" said my father, sternly. Then he got up and walked to the mantelpiece, leaning against it heavily.

"You are up late for you, are you not?" I asked, with as even a voice as I could command.

"Yes sir—with a purpose." My father brought his brows together.

"Don't be too harsh, Hal." And I saw that my mother's lips trembled so that she could hardly speak.

"Why, what is the matter? What have I done? I am conscious of nothing save the happiness I have enjoyed in the company of Rose to-night."

"Trifler!" cried my father, sternly.

"Sir!" I turned rapidly—my eyes, my cheeks felt on fire. "Do you accuse me of trifling—?"

"Don't talk too fast," he interrupted me, coldly. "I haven't put my accusation into form yet. On your way you met Lettice—don't speak yet, sir; I—"

"I *will* speak. I neither met nor thought of the girl." My cheeks burned more hotly than ever.

"Ralph Huntington!" cried my father, and his tones were absolutely awful, "must I tell you—you—?"

"Don't, Hal, don't!" cried my mother, flinging herself from her seat into his arms.

"I can't bear to see you look so—I can't hear you say that—to our boy—our boy, Hal. You promised me you would be calm—you have heard only one side of the story yet. If you love me, Hal, don't give way

to ill feeling. You never spoke harshly to him before in your life, never."

"Well, well—wife—I'll—I'll moderate my tones—but this touches my honor—I can't be calm as I might under any ordinary outbreak. Boy, I have tried to teach you from your infancy to be good and virtuous."

"And I have not done dishonor to your teachings, sir," I said, proudly.

"And now to hear—to hear this—" His voice trembled. "So innocent, so manly! Either you are the devil, Ralph Huntington, or you can clear yourself from this charge."

"What charge, in Heaven's name? I have heard none. Be kind enough, sir, to put an end to this suspense."

"Let me tell him, Hal, O let me tell him! If one woman can speak of such things, another can, surely. Let me tell him, for you are not quite your calm, reasoning self."

My mother had come towards me. I saw that she was ghastly pale. As for me, I was more shaken than I dared to confess. Innocent as I felt of all evil in thought or intention, there seemed some silent and terrible evil presence standing at my elbow. I can only think of it now as a woeful image, holding a heavy pall which it was presently to throw over me, and from which by no efforts could I free myself.

"Let me tell you, Ralph." She had taken my hand; hers was as cold as ice. Her beautiful eyes were dimmed with weeping. It was the first time in my life that I had seen her thus affected by any bitter sorrow. Involuntarily I threw my arms about her. My father started forward, angrily.

"Let me tell him, Hal," was all my mother could murmur for tears. My father considered for a moment, then put on his hat and left the room. Thus we were alone.

I led my mother to the old settle, and we sat down together.

"Can you think—do you dream of what I am going to tell you?" she feebly murmured.

"Something about Lettice," I said, quietly.

"O Ralph?" She started back as if stung.

"I thought of that," was my reply, "because I have lately noticed a change in the girl. She used to be candid, and open-hearted. Now she is pale, and trembles, and creeps about, and gives me strange looks. But what I have to do with the matter I surely cannot guess."

"O Ralph! Ralph! but now your face was white—why do you change so?"

"It is absurd, I know it is. I always blush at little things, like any girl. I happened to think—to think—well, no matter. You are a long time coming to the accusation, pretty mother."

"Don't speak in that light tone, Ralph, don't! It hurts me. There is but one Ralph Huntington, you know."

"Of course I know that, mother."

"And you are he?"

"Well?"

"O Ralph!"—my mother gave another long sad gaze—"we have heard such tidings! It would kill me, Ralph, if I believed it for a moment! But I cannot, looking into your dear face, I cannot. I must believe you innocent!"

"In Heaven's name, do they say I have committed murder?" I cried, almost losing patience.

"Listen, Ralph. You may remember at what hour you left here?"

"Surely, at a little past six. That's what the clock said."

"It was a quarter past seven when she came flying in."

"Who, mother? Lettice?"

"Do you guess so quickly, boy?"

"I know it is concerning Lettice, mother—or at least I feel a consciousness that it must be—I hardly know why I should, except that there have been so many dark hints and looks, or strange actions, perhaps I should say on her part."

My mother was silent for a few moments.

"Ralph, your father went out soon after you did, but presently came in. You had been gone perhaps an hour, when, as we were both sitting here, the door burst open, and Lettice, pale, frightened and exhausted, almost threw herself in. She fell on a chair over there. Your father and myself both sprang up, terrified. 'Mr. Huntington! Mrs. Huntington!' she cried, wildly, 'I must tell you that I will not have him persecute me so. Does he know what a poor weak thing I am? Does he torture me because

he thinks—because he thinks—O, it is too bad—cruel to me—unjust to Rose—Rose who worships him; yes, I can say that—Rose who worships him!' We both ran towards her, too much astonished to speak, for she seemed to be fainting."

"But, great heavens!" I cried:

"Stop! hear me out!" said my mother.

"I went towards her, and caught her from falling. Poor child! I never saw such a change in any one. The color had died wholly out of her cheeks, and her eyes seemed lifted despairingly. 'Lettice,' I said, 'you are surely beside yourself, child. Of what do you accuse my boy? I never knew him to do a dishonorable act.' 'Nor I before—he came home this time,' said Lettice, faintly. 'But he has taken advantage of me. O, indeed he has, and that cruelly; for I have no parents, no home of my own; I am poor and humble, and he can't love me as he says—he'—and her sobs stopped her, poor girl!"

"Love—the devil!" I cried, scorn in my voice and gesture. "Why, mother, the girl is stark staring mad! She's a maniac as true as there's a God in heaven. Love Lettice Hadley! persecute her! I'm ashamed of you, mother, if you believed her idle ravings for a moment against the son who has loved and honored you too sincerely to trifle with the happiness of the humblest woman living."

My mother stood before me, regarding me with mournful eyes. Her face suddenly lighted up.

"I didn't believe her, Ralph—in my very inmost soul I did not believe her; but your father had been listening while she was saying this, and Hal, dear and honored as he is, can be unreasonable. All men condemn each other quicker than women will condemn them, I suppose. He grew quite white with anger, and he questioned and cross-questioned poor Lettice, till she came near fainting again. Then she talked more coherently. She seems to think you have been trifling with her for a long time; that you have waylaid her at unseasonable hours, sending messages that you wished to see her to give some word to Miss Rose, begging her to meet you in out-of-the-way places, in the walks, sometimes after you have spent the whole of a long evening with Miss Rose."

"What does it mean? What an unconscionable scoundrel she must think me, if

—but there can be no if. I never met her in this way. I never spoke a word of love, laugh! to her in my life, never! I have joked with her as I would with any girl I had known from my babyhood; but I never met her by appointment in my life, so help me—”

“Hush! hush!” my mother’s voice sounded shrill; “don’t take any needless oath. I believe you. We have only to wait patiently for the solution of this mystery. I am so troubled about it—the singular hallucination of this girl, I mean. She seems right enough in all other matters; she is sane on every other topic.”

CHAPTER VII.

ANTICIPATED TROUBLE.

My father came in, still angry and heated. I could see that. The words of a suffering woman had been gospel-true to him.

“Well!” he said, and stopped half way to a seat, “had he any excuse to offer for the dastardly deed? Winning a poor girl’s love for his sport! It’s hard to believe of a son of mine.”

I was about to answer in a rage, but my mother stopped me.

“Hal,” she exclaimed, “you have said too much. Don’t—”

“What! you’ve not told him, then, that the miserable creature confessed her weakness, confessed that she loved him—that he had tempted her—that—”

“O don’t, Hal!” almost shrieked my mother, and again she threw herself into his arms.

“My love, we must face this thing; we must tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth—ay, and bear what comes, bear what comes!”

He had spoken in a milder voice; my mother’s distress had moved him. As for me, I was at my wit’s end. What to say, what evidence of my complete innocence to bring, I could not think. My soul was in a tumult. Some unknown horror possessed it. I trembled inwardly. So then it was true that poor Lettice loved me. That was the meaning of the sudden starts, the often shudders, the growing pale and red by turns—this accusation! Wretched woman! Already it had occurred to me that she was so carried away by her foolish, almost guilty passion, that she had planned this miserable

attack, deliberately accusing me of what in her very soul she knew to be utterly entirely false. Yet this was so unlike the good truthful Lettice I had always known. But what might not the girl have confessed, as my father called it? My blood grew cold. Suppose her tainted in ever so faint a degree with insanity, what havoc might she not make of my happiness? And Rose, innocent, loving, beautiful Rose; she, too might be made to suffer. What to do and say I knew not. I was at my wit’s end.

“Father,” I said, “you have never before doubted my word. Why should you now?”

“Then what does it mean? She told her story straight enough.”

“It means one of two things; either the woman is crazy, or, misguided by passion, she is determined to make her claim on one who never dreamed of approaching her in any other than a spirit of pure friendliness. I think, however, she will have to do something more than concoct lies and then swear to them, if she wants to separate Rose and me.”

“But she was always a good truthful girl. I have liked Lettice from her childhood.”

“Sometimes the mind is suddenly shocked from its balance,” I said. “If she has allowed herself wickedly to covet that which is forbidden, the devil has entered in, and she acts in obedience to his wicked will. The whole thing, however, is a mystery.”

“Then you did not meet her to-night on your way to Windle’s?”

“I surely did not; my oath could not be more solemn than this denial.”

“Well,” my father drew a long breath, “we must leave it for time to decide; but if Windle hears it, you know—”

My heart stood still. The old man had not grown tolerant with age, and he was infirm and suffering. If he heard of it, if Lettice, his favorite servant, should tell him her story, and make it sound so plausible as to deceive a clear cool head like my father’s, what sort of an effect would it have on him? He might shoot me, in his reckless madness; he would certainly refuse to let Rose see me at all. He might suddenly leave the country.

“What can we do to the girl to buy her silence?” I cried, in the first overwhelming fear.

“Buy! buy!” cried my father. “I would

buy no man's silence, or woman's, either. She must be made to tell the truth. You must be faced with her; she shall then tell everything that she has to tell against your integrity of purpose, and you must stand or fall by the verdict of justice."

"Madness!" I cried. "Did you not, sir, come near losing your own life by the imputation that was cast upon you? Were you not—an innocent man—called a murderer?"

My father turned as pale as any corpse.

"I dislike to bring that matter to your recollection—"

"Never mind, boy, never mind; we won't speak of it. I believe you, and can trust you, of course. You have never willfully deceived me, that I can most truly declare. But something must be done with this poor girl. That which she showed to-night was no simulation, but real, deep, unfeigned distress. She is doubtless laboring under a hallucination. I pity the poor creature most sincerely."

"It would seem as if Rose must have noticed the alteration in her maid," said my mother, when we two were talking it over in my own room. My mother had followed me thither, and sat where the soft moonbeams threw a halo of almost divine splendor over her dear face and figure.

"I think she has, mother," I said, thoughtfully, mentally recurring to the time she stood with me upon the steps at the great house, when I knew she as readily as my mother, afterward, saw me change color.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE STROLL AT MIDNIGHT.

"SHE said it seemed to her that all the servants acted strangely of late, and I have observed it myself," I said, taking a seat at my mother's feet.

"Then Lettice has spread this horrible story, I fear."

"No, no, mother; don't hint at such a possibility." And I felt myself shudder. "If they are making it common talk, it can't be long before it gets to the ears of Rose or her parents. Mother, what's to be done about it? I do feel seriously alarmed."

My mother sat looking out thoughtfully. All at once she started.

"See, my boy, is not that the figure of a

woman? Look beyond the two oaks; you will notice the outlines on one side. Yes, it is. I saw her move from one tree to the other. She seems to be watching for some one."

"Can it be Lettice, mother?"

"Why should she walk there, Ralph, at this hour? An unprotected woman would be best off at home."

"There she goes, swiftly towards the house," cried my mother.

The woman was almost running now. This was strange; nothing of that kind had ever been seen before on the Windle grounds. If it was Lettice, she must be crazy to give way to such freaks.

"It would be easy jumping out here and following her," I cried.

"No, no," my mother recoiled; "have nothing whatever to do with it. God shields the innocent. But O, my boy! it seems to me we have all been too happy of late. Sometimes I think it cannot last."

"What! you, too, have forebodings?" I asked.

"Why?" My mother's clear eyes were fastened upon mine.

"Because I have had some superstitious notions of late—pshaw! don't let it trouble you, mother. What harm can come, even of this foolish slander? I am not afraid of it. As you say, God shields the innocent. We must have more faith in him, mother."

"I will try to." I saw that her eyes were dim with tears, and indeed my own eyes felt uncomfortably moist. I could not shake off that cloudy unpleasant sensation of something that had happened, or was going to happen, after my mother had left me. I felt as if there was a presence in the room that I should not care to meet. Something that was continually thinking or plotting about me. I stood at the window for a long time looking out, now upon the waning moonlight. The grounds were not so sharply defined as they had been an hour ago. The soft sweet light of the blessed moon had drawn up all the sparkling arrow-tips that had been lodged in the dark foliage of the trees. Things began to take on uncertain shapes, shadows to waver to and fro with less light between them and the objects they tremulously defined. There were but few lights in the upper windows of the house that loomed up nearly a quarter of a mile off.

I seemed to have lived an age in the short

evening so crowded with events. I pictured to myself the grief and astonishment of Rose, if Lettice should go to her with her strange unreal story. Lettice could so work upon her gentle heart—she was all sympathy for the suffering. At all events, I hoped Lettice in her madness would spare her to-night. In all probability Rose would have gone to bed.

I heard my father walking to and fro in the next room. He must have been shaken indeed to be thus unstrung, for he was a good sleeper, and generally in bed by a primitive hour.

How to meet this altogether unlooked-for trial I did not know. I tried to recall the times I had met Lettice, and when I first began to notice these strange symptoms. She had never been reserved with me before I left for college, and I was well grown then. To be sure I had often laughed and jested, promising to bring her home a beau. She was a remarkably fine-looking girl, and very well bred. No stranger would have taken her for a menial, and in former days she had been more like a valued friend to both Rose and myself. After I came from college I remembered she had been somewhat more reserved, but still seemed to consider me a friend. I noticed that my foolish little compliments made her blush, and that she did not retort as formerly, with merry jesting. When she began to come with my mother, then her demeanor was very much altered, then she became shy—frightened, I sometimes thought—and more than once I caught her stealing furtive glances at me. I had given her three or four pretty presents, but these she received as if under constraint, scarcely thanking me, and immediately leaving the room. What did it mean? The more I puzzled and perplexed my brains, the more hopelessly bewildered I grew. Her bearing had seemed to say sometimes, “I will keep dark, or keep the secret, for your sake.” At least that was the way I interpreted it now.

And what if some sudden cloud should overspread the heaven of our happiness—Rose and I, engaged lovers as we were?

But could such a thing be possible? Had not those been the same to me, those last few hours? No! by all the lightnings in the universe, no! There *had* been a something different in her manner. I saw it now. When had she ever called in a third person before? There had been company

in the house—relatives, too—and she had not wished any other presence than mine. The cold perspiration started from every pore. Trouble was coming then; I was sure of it. Her mother, a foolish, proud, pettish woman, had never liked me, even after she found that I was heir to a fortune. I seldom saw her. I knew that she was averse to the marriage, because my father had been her husband's gardener. Was this thing a plot to which Lettice had lent herself? I could not think it of the always true frank-spoken girl. And yet finer minds than hers had been, before now, tempted to duplicity. And her love for me, if indeed there was anything in that part of her confession, had impelled her to take some sort of revenge. I looked at the matter in every light I could think of. My father had ceased his monotonous walk; I could no longer hear voices. I threw myself down on the small couch that stood near my window, thinking to compose myself previous to retiring for the night, but before I knew it, I had fallen asleep.

Visions of horror passed before my eyes in that world whither my dreams carried me. I was in every imaginable trouble. On sea, striving to save Rose in the midst of storm-tossed billows; looking down frightful precipices, where it seemed as if she lay at the bottom, crushed out of all shape; then in stifled rooms, where the flames lapped red tongues through every crack and crevice, and no help near; finally we stood near the Blackmere pool, and with a singular movement Rose lifted up her hands, looked at me with eyes whose expression I can never forget, and cried, in an awful voice:

“Murder, murder, murder!”

I sprang to my feet. Was it an illusion still? Or did I hear that most awful of all cries on the stillness of the midnight air? It was horribly quiet as I groped my way about the room; a stifled kind of a quiet, unnatural, and that excited me almost to fear, though I am no coward. It seemed a long time before I found the matches, and then a longer before I could ignite one. Either my hand was nerveless, or the damp atmosphere had very much affected the phosphorus. During that interval of suspense, that terrified cry haunted me. It seemed to be Rose, always Rose. Could it be that any danger threatened my darling? My hands began to shake: I was for the

first time in my life almost helpless through nervousness. I had often laughed at my mother in her description of this disease, for disease it must become ultimately, in some temperaments.

At last I had a light—looked round my room. Nothing had been disturbed, nobody was there. I fancied I heard movements in the next chamber, but after a few listening moments, all was still. What next to do? To lie down and sleep was simply impossible. That cry and thoughts of Rose troubled me. Had I dreamed it, or had the awful voice wakened me from sleep? How could I tell! And then my forebodings about Rose took full possession of me. To rest was utterly impossible. A half insane desire possessed me to go up to the great house and see, as far as I could judge by outward appearances, if everything was safe. I had dreamed of fire; it might be that I was thus warned of danger. I placed my light safely, and sprang from my window. It was only a few feet to a lower L, and the spring from thence to the ground was easily accomplished.

Hardly sooner attempted than done. The night was dark now; still, not so dark as the surrounding objects, and the narrow path that led into the main avenue could be seen with more or less distinctness.

CHAPTER IX.

AN UNPLEASANT MEETING.

I *FELT* yet like one in a dream. So vivid had been the impressions of danger which haunted me, and in connection with me, my darling sweet Rose. My heart beat with apprehension. There might be some cause for my frightful dreams; the house might be on fire, though no flame shone as yet. I thought once there was a singular brightness in the direction of the stables, and quickened my steps. I knew by the increasing narrowness of the path that I was nearing the pool, and in the midst of all my fears, calculated with precision how many steps I should take to come opposite it. Suddenly I heard hurried breaths, wild frightened pantings. What could it be? If one of the savage watchdogs was free of his chain, my life was not worth much. I felt for my claspknife, and opened it, determined to defend myself against the dangerous beast. The panting increased; an-

other moment, and some one had me down; I fell, my knife leaping from my hand. The blow had stunned me a little, but I knew immediately that the flying intruder was a man. I lifted myself in the darkness, gathered my thoughts, and listened intently. The man was far enough from me by this time; I could still hear his faintly fleet footsteps. Who could he be, thus running as for life? What had he been doing in the grounds at this hour? Was some one ill at the house? Was Rose worse, and had they despatched one of the servants for the doctor? It was the nearest way to the heart of the town, through our more humble walks. But then there were horses always ready, and in a case of life and death Mr. Windle would never have sent off a servant on foot. I stretched my hand about for my knife, which was a very valuable one my father had given me, but I could not find it. I knew I was very near Blackmere pool, and the knife might have been thrown in there by the force of the fall, for I came down heavily. I raised myself on my hands and knees, and went forward, still searching, but could not lay my hand on the knife. Presently the ground felt very wet among the roots, as I was fumbling here and there, unwilling to give up the search. I thought at the moment it was very strange, and then threw out my hand to find a dry spot, and so wipe my fingers on the grass. As I lifted myself, I took out my pocket-handkerchief to finish the process of drying, and then stopped to think for a moment. What had sent me out at this hour? Merely a foolish dream, which was the result of intense excitement, and the pressure of trouble on my mind. All was still now. The light in the direction of the stables had died away, or had never existed. The wind blew soft and cool from the west; what need of my continuing my progress towards the house? The man I had met was probably an unsuccessful pilferer; perhaps he had been stealing fruit, or had poisoned the watchdogs, whose vicious tempers were well known. Still moving on, and on, as I conjectured, I would at all events have the satisfaction of looking at the house, at the particular window where my love had smiled on me so often. It might please her to know that sometimes I watched there. Her headache might have driven sleep away, and she might be up. I grati-

fled myself with a thousand foolish fancies, and was soon far enough away from the vicinity of the pool where I had fallen. Occasionally I felt a chill; it did not seem to be caused by the cold, for the night was mild, though my clothes, white linen and camlet, were not quite a protection against even that soft night air.

I had reached the house. All was dark; no light at any window. I walked back and forth a few moments, childishly happy that I was so near Rose, and she unconscious of it, when I heard footsteps again. A man came from the servants' side of the house, bearing a lantern, in which a bit of wax candle was dimly burning. I knew him; it was Gordon, one of the hands who had care of the horses.

"Ah, Gordon! that you?" I said.

He seemed surprised, winking and blinking as he was.

"Ay, Mr. Huntington, it's I. Jones waked me, saying as there was uncommon noises about, and as Jinny Bates was sick to-day, I thought 'twould be no harm to give her a look. Mr. Grinder thinks more o' her than all the rest o' the horses put together. But if Jones fooled me, I'll give him a blessing. You are up late, Mr. Ralph."

"Yes, I couldn't sleep, and I thought I'd take a turn. To tell you the truth, I saw a light off here, and thought maybe you might be afire."

"I reckon there's no danger o' that," he said, and turned to the stable.

"I met a fellow skulking round. I called after him; he was running at a pretty hard pace down by the pool. Been stealing fruit, I guess."

"By Jings! I'd like to have caught him!" he cried, stopping short. "One of our Bartlett's been stripped clean. I'd like mighty well to have caught him at it. Well, good-night, Mr. Ralph."

"Good-morning, rather," I answered, hearing some distant clock strike three. I took a turn round the house to satisfy myself thoroughly that there was nothing to fret about, and then leisurely moved back on my homeward way, loitering much in the same manner as usual; for when anything occupied my mind I was always slow of motion. Thinking never yet accelerated my speed, as it does in some persons.

My window was gained, and, noiselessly, as I thought, I slipped into my room. The

candle had gone out, but I was now too thoroughly wearied to light it. I undressed hastily, and tumbled into bed. Still followed by unpleasant visions, my mother, I thought, came to my bedside, dressed all in white, holding a dim light, and there stood weeping and praying over me. I asked her why she was troubled.

"O my child! the avengers of blood are on your track," she moaned. At which I seemed to tremble and shiver in my sleep.

In the morning I felt feverish and thirsty. That disagreeable haunting sensation that follows after any unhappy occurrence, affected me unpleasantly, even before I fully realized what had taken place. It was past my usual hour for rising, and I tried by my haste to redeem the time. As I was plunging my hands into the wash-basin, a sight for which I was not prepared struck me with horror; my hands were covered in streaks and spots with blood. I never shall forget the sensation with which I stood spellbound, rooted to the spot, and gazed upon it. Then I had cut myself with my knife on falling. But no, there was no wound, not the slightest mark of even an abrasion. My nose had bled then; it must have bled. I examined my shirt, my nostrils; no trace of the vital fluid there. Then all at once the vicinity of that black pool came up before me, and the surprise I experienced at finding the ground wet. My handkerchief! I caught at the thin camlet dresscoat, hanging over the chair, and pulled the handkerchief from the pocket. Gracious Providence! that too, was covered with blood, in great spots and blotches. My strength seemed to leave me for a moment. What did it mean? what could it mean? The blood was certainly not mine; whose then? A weakness, almost a faintness, came over me, with the recollection of that voice, which, perhaps, had not been, after all, a dream; that shrill suffering cry of murder.

I trembled as I dressed myself, throwing the clothes I had worn but yesterday in a heap by the side of the bed, and putting on fresh garments. I was in a strange state of restlessness, not knowing whether to speak of the matter to my mother, or not. The breakfast bell rang before I was ready to go down.

"We are all late this morning," my father said, moodily; as for my mother, she either could not or would not meet my eye. I had

always before this kissed her on coming down stairs; this morning I somehow felt an aversion to meeting her; I could not tell why. Her face, too, had lost all its sweetness of expression, and looked haggard, almost old.

"You are not well, mother," I said at last, as she handed me my coffee.

"No; I have passed a sleepless night," with a strange despairing glance at me, that went to my heart as if I had been the veriest criminal.

There was little said at the table. My father was unusually moody, almost irritable. It was a glorious morning; I remember to this hour how sweetly the birds sang, and how I thought to myself, we ought all of us to be happier than we are in this bright beautiful day. And still some unaccountable oppression weighed me down.

I took my hat to go out; walked as far as the outer door, but something in the fair clear beauty of the sky seemed to smite me. I ought not to be happy; I ought not to rejoice. There was something wrong; something miserably, awfully wrong, and some way I had been instrumental in bringing it about—yet how? Poor Lettice haunted me. I thought of her wandering over the grounds like an uneasy spirit; I thought of her suffering under her strange hallucination, and pitied her. I contrasted her probable feelings with my own. If Rose loved me not, then should I be of all men the most miserable. But then if she had lied, if inclination, and envy, and jealousy had got the better of her womanliness; if she had gone to Rose—O, if she had gone to Rose with this same story—gone to her in her pretended anguish and tears, and pale cheeks and wan eyes! My blood ran cold.

And now I had to endure an added misery. I was sitting with the paper in my hand, which my father had relinquished to me. My mother was moving in her usual way—no, *not* in her usual way, for the little snatches of song, the loving question, the merry laugh were wanting, and she went silently from point to point. Yet, though her tongue was mute, I felt that she questioned me. Ah! questioned and doubted. I felt that her eyes were upon me, with the quick stealthy glances that had so annoyed me in Lettice. However I shifted the paper, I knew that they pierced through it, those eager, unhappy, doubting eyes. It angered me at last, though I would say nothing.

I dashed down the paper, but so violently that she started, and turned pale. I would not even look her way, but taking my hat, again sauntered to the door.

My father was coming forward.

"Ralph, where's your knife?" he asked.

Did the evil one put it into his head to ask that question? I had totally forgotten about my knife.

"I—I lost it," was my reply. "I was just on the point of going to look for it."

"Lost it?"

"Yes—I—dropped it up by the pool—it was dark—and—I—thought I would leave it till morning. Did you want it for anything particular?"

"Only to get your initials engraved," he answered. "My father's and mine are on it, and I thought as I was going down to Moorats, I'd see to it. But in heaven's name, find it, Ralph, it is an heirloom, you know, and of costly workmanship. You will certainly find it."

"O, there's no doubt! only—I hope it didn't get in the pool. Still, if it did, I can find it, after some trouble. I think I'll go look, now."

CHAPTER X.

FOUND IN THE POOL.

"WHAT'S that?" cried my father, as the hum of confused voices sounded on the air, five or six speaking at once. Presently coming round a bend in the walk, a strange group appeared.

My very heart stood still for a moment. I fancied it would never beat again.

Something swayed between two tall men, something like a human body, the end of a bright shawl trailing in the dust. The group grew silent, seeing my father and me. I felt like one in a nightmare. Something whispered to my startled consciousness, that that dead or dying thing, that burden swaying from side to side, the scarlet shawl following its every motion, was poor, poor Lettice. I know not why, but every part of my frame seemed imbued with the impression.

"What's that, boys? what's the matter?" cried my father, in a changed voice.

"It's summat we found up here," replied old English George the coachman. "'Twere easier to bring it to the cottage, master bein' sick, and Miss Rose not over well."

"Good God! what does it mean, boys!" cried my father again, more horrified.

My mother came to the door. A low wild cry of anguish escaped her lips.

"Put it on the bench outside here, men," my father said, turning to forbid my mother the sight.

"If you please, I think there's life there still," muttered old English George. "The body's not cold, missus," appealing to my mother.

"Bring it in then—on the lounge over there. Who has been for the doctor, anybody?"

They had not thought of that. Now one of them set off at great speed.

My mother possessed courage, but I had never seen her so ghastly, so deathly.

"To think they should bring her here of all places, O my God!" she moaned.

I stood outside, almost incapable of motion. A sudden horror, worse than any of the previous fear, had seized me. Hers was probably the blood that had stained me. I had been out at that late hour; my knife would be found. I turned cold from head to foot. I believe I felt for a moment almost as guilty as if I had been the veritable culprit. Still no one knew of my midnight, or rather morning rambles. Yes, the old man who had met me going to the stable. Confusion! What had led him out at that hour of all others? Such a circumstance might not occur again in a score of years. Was there some spiritual league against me? Were the powers of darkness plotting and conspiring to overthrow my peace? Truly the cry I heard was no dream. Poor Lettice! if I had only been wide awake at that moment; though I might not have saved her, I could have brought the scoundrel, her assassin, to justice. Doubtless that was he

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

who ran against me, his foul work ended.

My brain grew dizzy; all these thoughts and a hundred forebodings ran through my mind, while they were taking in the body and placing it decently on the lounge.

Meanwhile my father questioned English George.

"You see me and Tim was coming down this way, coming for to go to the village to order some more of them oats master thinks so much of, when we sees the grass stained and trampled. Says I, 'Tim, the's been some foul work here, I'm feared.' Tim said sure enough he were afraid there were, and we followed up the marks till we come to some signs. Them signs decided us, and we kept on till we got opposite the pool, ye're aware of, Mr. Huntington."

My father bowed his head.

"Well, when we got there, sure enough we did see a sight. There were poor Lettice, poor gell! dead an' stiff, as I thought. She had been dragged, ye see, some ten or twelve yards, nighly as we can reckon, arter the blow'd been given, and tumbled inter the pool. But whoever did it, did his work awkwardly, for she were thrown in so't her head and shoulders was out o' water; and the cold of the water or suthin' stopped the blood."

"It's a strange thing altogether; a very strange thing," said my father, and I noticed that all this time his eyes avoided mine; nor would he look at or speak to me.

"Does Miss Rose know anything of the matter?" I asked.

"No; not a word. We thought the old gentleman and her had better be kept out o' the hearing on't, if 'twere possible."

"It's a very strange affair," my father said again, shaking his head. "I think you'd better keep quiet for a time."

COURTESIES.—Somebody has called courtesies the small change of life. Be that as it may, we all get into a habit of expecting them, and when we do an obliging thing we hold out our hand for our "change." Most of us keep account-books, into which we should not like to have others look—kept all the same, though written only upon the pages of an uncommonly sharp memory. What we prettily call love is too often only

a loan—not indeed to be paid in kind, but in degree, with handsome interest. We are affectionate, and obliging, and friendly, we help somebody in a moment of dire emergency, and then we hold out our hand for our "change." We are a little uneasy lest it should not be generally known how good we have been, and, lest it should be hidden under a bushel, we take all the bystanders into our confidence.

RALPH CLIFTON.

BY D. EDGAR ANTHONY.

Ralph Clifton, on a wintry night,
 Passed on, nor looked to left or right.
 In scudding gusts the snow came down,
 Enshrouding deep the silent town;
 While ev'n and now a ruder blast
 Full sharply bit as on it passed.
 Ralph Clifton, wrapped in garments warm,
 Sped on, defiant of the storm;
 For happy man was he that night—
 Within his heart beat warm and light,
 For cheerful home awaited him,
 And downy cushion for tired limb.
 As on he sped with steady pace,
 And joy fresh-glowing in his face,
 Close at his side a weak voice said,
 "Please, sir, a penny for some bread."
 A little form, in rags, but neat,
 With low torn shoes upon her feet,
 A pinched-up little hand, and arm
 With scarcely rags to keep it warm—
 Such was the sight that met his eye,
 As proud Ralph Clifton hurried by;
 And yet again that low voice said,
 "Please, sir, a penny for some bread."
 And rich Ralph Clifton, as she spoke,
 Thought of the gold beneath his cloak,
 But in the biting of the storm,
 He dreaded to loose his wrappings warm;
 And so, not pausing, on he sped,
 While Charity, with wailing, fled.
 That night, while seated in his chair,
 Gazing upon his children fair—
Syracuse, N. Y., Dec., 1876.

While round they sported in their glee,
 And laughing, climbed upon his knee,
 Grim conscience, which had lately slept,
 Within his heart's dim portals crept,
 And, as with gold the base alloy,
 Bedimmed and shadowed purer joy.
 He started from the fireside warm,
 To brave once more the raging storm;
 Once more he met the biting blast,
 Back through the path so lately passed.
 As eagerly he plodded on,
 The parting clouds revealed the moon,
 Which, with a pale and feeble glow,
 Cast dim-edged shadows on the snow.
 But, hurrying on, in rapid flight,
 His heart ceased beating at the sight—
 A form, half-covered, lying low,
 Enshrouded by the drifting snow—
 Such was the sight that met his gaze,
 Dim-lighted by the moon's pale rays.
 Quick-lifting in his arms, he bore
 The lifeless waif unto his door.
 Far in the night, but all in vain,
 He strove to bring back life again;
 For Death had ridden on the wind,
 And touching, left no life behind.

* * * * *

Years now have passed since that sad day—
 Ralph Clifton's hair is streaked with gray—
 But now the waif, with ample store,
 With fervent blessings, leaves his door;
 While since, in vain, no one has said,
 "Please, sir, a penny for some bread."

"A FINE THING FOR GRACE."

BY CORA CHESTER.

THAT was what they all said about it
 when the engagement was announced, and
 as "they," in this instance, represented the
 combined wisdom of Grace Ludlow's num-
 erous relatives and friends, it should be
 admitted as a fact, I suppose, that it cer-
 tainly was a fine thing, and she a girl to be
 envied, upon reaching the *ultimatum* of any
 sensible woman's most ardent desires.

Here were social elevation, wealth, a fine

establishment, unlimited credit at all the
 up-town houses—in short, a vision of fu-
 ture bliss only marred by a slight encum-
 brance—a husband.

Grace had thought very little of the en-
 cumberance. In fact, busy aunts, a "papa"
 upon the brink of bankruptcy, and crowds
 of younger sisters, had scarcely given her
 time to think at all. She had heard a thou-
 sand times of all the advantages of the

grand match. First, like Satan, they had shown her all the worldly possessions that should be hers; then, failing to rouse her to a sense of her own brilliant future, had pathetically represented the desperate state of things at home—that home where to strangers all spoke of unlimited wealth and domestic happiness. “Papa” talked desperately of a final crash, hinted at suicide, and even spoke of a shroud and coffin as being the only articles he now desired from an ungrateful world. “A few thousands would save him, yet he expected no sacrifice from others, he who had sacrificed his life for his family. He scorned to force his daughter to a thing of this kind—she must choose for herself, etc.”

Blanche and Flo, Grace's younger sisters, thought, of course, as most of us do, only of self, and talked in high glee of the great wedding, their bridesmaid dresses, and how nice it would be not to have all of them old maids.

In short, the future, dark as it would surely prove to this girl, hitherto bred in luxury, was painted even blacker than it might prove in reality, and placed before her eyes. Poverty, a loss of friends, the sneers of purse-proud people—such thoughts were agonizing to a girl of Grace Ludlow's sensitive pride, so she listened to the advice of those older and wiser (?) than herself, and hence, one brilliant October morning, found herself in bridal attire, soon to become the wife of Ralph Alroy.

It had all been so sudden. She had only met him in August at the Springs, and here in barely two months was to stand at the altar and speak the few words which would bind her for life. Somehow the thought stifled her, and she raised the window, threw back the heavy curtains, and leaning out inhaled one long breath of the brisk autumn air.

What a fair day! and only one year before life had looked as fair to her; yet the world was the same, and only her heart, soon to be blackened with a lie, the first she had ever uttered, had known a change. Alas! these officious friends who had driven her on to this step had given her a few moments for meditation ere the ceremony, and these are the thoughts that bring tears to her eyes, and cause head and heart to throb with sluggish pain.

Back flies memory to her happy girlhood, so soon to be left behind, and a pair of eyes

she loves looks down into hers as she rides over the hazy hills in the summer twilight.

“We are friends, Grace,” a gentle voice is saying, “good friends; and you, little one, are the only woman I have ever met who entirely pleases me. If things had been different in my life, and I felt in a position to marry, you are the woman I would have chosen for my wife.”

Flushed cheeks and tearful eyes assure him of her love, and he strokes his mustache in a self-satisfied way, and is conscious of a faint twinge of remorse that his “little friend” has really grown to care for him, and taken his nonsense for earnest. He has won her heart easily, Grace Ludlow confesses it with bitter self-contempt, and he scarcely values the conquest so readily gained.

He is what the world calls “not a marrying man,” a dangerous member of society to be at large, as matchmaking mammas with weeping sentimental daughters at home know to their cost, and Grace Ludlow is not the first girl whose heart has been gained in this way.

Yet Grace is different from these others, and where they have dried their tears, dutifully married the husbands picked for them, and, as matrons, laughed at Grant Aubrey as “that absurd old bachelor whom they flirted with when girls,” she mourns over a shattered idol, and chafes at the chain which binds her.

He was wedded to his life, a life where clubs, champagne suppers and flirtations figured extensively, and his income was insufficient to support more than one in his luxurious hotel rooms; so marriage was declared a folly by this wise bachelor, and he kept on the even tenor of his way, playing well-worn tricks in flirtation, yet almost invariably trapping his silly victims, until he met Grace Ludlow.

At first he flirted, then grew interested, and even went so far as to calculate whether a fellow could give two evenings a week to a wife, and how much the old man (Grace's father) would be likely to shell out if he should offer him the stupendous privilege of being his father-in-law. That was before he knew the desperate state of Mr. Ludlow's finances. With wisest forethought he made inquiries, and finally decided to wind up the affair with Grace at once.

He had never committed himself, this honorable gentleman, and reflected upon

the fact with inward satisfaction; yet had not tender glances and a thousand gallant attentions spoken volumes to the girl whom he had been constantly with for a year past?

In spite of his resolutions, he is tempted this night, with Grace so near him, to speak more plainly, sacrifice his own comfort for once, and begin life as a respectable benedict.

Her face, clear-cut and dainty, is turned half towards him, and the softened splendor of the summer moon lightens dusky hair and eyes. Her pale cheek flushes at his very lover-like glances and tone.

"I always think, Gracie, of De Stael's description of herself when I look at you in this unearthly light: 'A soul of fire in a body of gossamer.' You are too dainty and *spirituelle* for this humdrum life; in short, too angelic for any man living. I hope you will never marry. I should die of jealousy."

She breaks from him in a sort of desperation, and he hardly knows the quiet passive girl of a few moments since. Nothing is said, but the scorn in her eyes might have shamed a less honorable man than Aubrey.

After that she had avoided him. In vain he sought opportunities for chats. A fashionable aunt soon came and whirled her off to Saratoga, where the great match was made, and Aubrey, upon his return from a leisurely trip up the St. Lawrence, learned the astounding fact that Grace was to be married in a month.

Her quiet face changed a little when he greeted her.

"Well, Gracie, so you've given me the mitten, have you?" Then, in a lugubrious tone, "What is to become of *me*?"

Grace's dark eyes looked bravely, even defiantly, into his.

"O, 'me' will be provided for, I've no doubt, while Grant Aubrey has brains and hands. I verily believe 'what is to become of me?' is the one problem of your life."

"Now you make me out a miserable ego-tist. That's not fair!"

A call from the door mercifully released her, and younger sisters entertained him with schoolgirl chatter, until he made his adieux.

Every day it was the same, until Grace was to be seen only by a few favored intimates.

So the romance, the very memory of which brought tears to her eyes upon her

wedding-morning, had begun, culminated and ended, and Aubrey, save for a queer sort of pain in his well-worn heart, had hardly given the wedding a thought. He was on hand at the wedding-breakfast, however, and was one of the first to congratulate the bride.

After the wedding things went on as usual at the Ludlow mansion, and a handsome present from Mr. Alroy's almost fabulous wealth quite restored Mr. Ludlow's business credit. Flo and Blanche took turns visiting at Grace's handsome home on the avenue, and Flo, as the eldest, had the privilege of attending ball and opera under her sister's protecting wing.

Here it always happened that Grant Aubrey met them, and "people," that vague oracle, began to whisper of a positive engagement this time between Flo Ludlow and Mr. Aubrey. He certainly appeared to be devotion itself, and attended closely upon the footsteps of this rather exacting young lady.

At times he would meet Grace's eyes with one of his old-time tender glances, and she, reading with woman's quick intuition this man's heart, would warn Flo against him. Girls of twenty are proverbially headstrong, and, in spite of Grace's endeavors, he kept closely beside them at watering-places and mountains.

Grace wisely avoided him as much as possible, and surely never man had a more exemplary or devoted wife than she proved to her rather exacting husband. There were thorns in her married life, but few, to see the elegant figure and smiling face of Mrs. Alroy, would have dreamed of the utter blackness of her existence, the terrible strain upon nerves and heart she daily underwent with the courage of a Spartan.

A woman either finds happiness or misery upon the day she becomes a wife, and to Grace, with a heart filled with an old romance, happiness had become impossible.

As an inexperienced girl she had planned her future. Knowing she could never love the man she was about to marry, she had yet prayerfully resolved to be a dutiful good wife; and, mistaking the dumb agony of her sleeping heart for indifference, she had decided that the love of her girlhood had been a myth, and that she, as a sensible woman, was capable of becoming a better wife than if she brought to Ralph Alroy a foolish exacting love. Thus with sophistry

do fashionable women silence the still small voice which bids them pause ere they wreck two lives by selling themselves for worldly gain.

Mr. Alroy was not a peculiar man, but typical of a class often met at summer resorts. Quiet, gentlemanly, despising fashion, yet always lingering in its glow, he had been a bachelor of forty-five, with a large fortune, and as yet untouched heart. We will not try to make a hero of the man, for he had some contemptible traits of character, and these perhaps will explain Grace's growing aversion, as she discovered after six months of married life that her dreams of future peace had been nothing but dreams, and being a wife meant in reality an intolerable slavery of even her most sacred thoughts and feelings to the man she must call master.

Pride, the only alloy in the pure gold of her nature, upheld her, and enabled her to appear the same graceful easy woman of the world to the many friends whom she had known before her marriage.

Mr. Alroy had admired upon his first meeting with Grace her style, beauty and perfect manners, and, having been on the search for just such an article for twenty years, he seized upon the first opportune moment to speak to Mr. Ludlow, and became the possessor of the beautiful girl he had wished to call his own.

He never dreamed of loving her; in fact, his fossilized heart would have scorned the idea as childish; but he was extremely selfish, this quiet gentleman, and watched with jealous eyes her every movement.

Never had Desdemona a more exacting lord, although this modern Othello took a very different way of showing his chagrin.

She was *his* wife. *He*, the man many a girl had sighed after in vain (at least he imagined such to be the case, and in his sublime egotism it would have been hopeless to have tried to undeceive him), had married this woman, the daughter of a man on the brink of bankruptcy, and could any sacrifices upon her part be too great to reward him for his generosity?

He did not love her, but she must love him with mingled awe and gratitude for his benevolence, else fall in her duty as a wife. In fact, in his eyes, their wedding had been something after the order of that of King Cophetua and the beggar maid, and this noble gentleman never hesitated to remind

his wife of the fact that but for him *her* family would be even now in poverty, and she probably a governess to the children of one of her devoted five hundred lady friends.

"It's all *my* money that makes you, Mrs. Alroy. Money is as necessary as the air we breathe, the open sesame to every pleasure of life. Money made me, and I have made you. What could you do but for the millions which back you, the wealth, remember, that we should both be very thankful for—and careful of."

This last was added cautiously, in fact he hardly dared as yet restrict his young wife in her girlish desires, but cunning and parsimony were written only too plainly in his keen gray eyes and narrow brow, and he inwardly calculated how long it would be ere he could lessen the rather small sum he now allowed her for her little expenses.

Grace was too miserable in her wounded pride and outraged dignity to notice this, however, and hurrying over her toilet, she joined Flo in the hotel parlors. She never complained to her sister, although the despicable traits in her husband's character and his daily increasing irritability rendered her wretched in the extreme.

How she loathed the rich dresses she wore, the diamond fetters upon her fingers, and even the food she forced herself to swallow, for had not *his* money bought them all?"

Yes, it had bought them and her.

Her eyes filled with tears. She leaned on the balustrade of the balcony, and listened with overflowing heart to the dreamy waltz music the band was playing on the lawn below. The delicious strains of the *Morgenblatter* reached her ears, and the throbbing pulse-beating measures of the music awoke memories of her happy girlhood. She saw herself, just one year before, floating down that very ballroom opposite, in Grant Aubrey's arms. She had never dreamed then but what she would one day marry him, yet here was she now bound for life to another, the wife of a man she was growing to hate! She whispered it only to herself with frightened, wide-opened eyes. She hated him, and would gladly have given back all his benefits to have been a free happy girl once more. What were the stings of poverty compared to this intolerable slavery, every day becoming more unbearable?

Just now some one has stopped beside her

chair, stopped a little hesitatingly as if uncertain of his ground. There is something beside pity in the worldly selfish face watching her every movement; for the heart its owner thought so secure has at last rebelled and Grace has won, unconsciously, the gift she once would have given her life for. He stands gazing at her, yet utters no word, and the tears falling fast now as she fancies herself unperceived, assure him of a fact he has long suspected, namely, that Ralph Alroy's wife is a very miserable woman. I am sorry to recount it, but a thrill of joy illumines his face as he makes the discovery; yet he loves her better than he has ever loved anything else in the whole course of his selfish life.

Something trembles on his lips, words whose utterance would have placed a wide gulf between them forever—when Flo, radiant in blue silk, comes behind and laughingly blindfolds Grace with her two small hands. She looks half curiously, as Grace rises, at her white fingers damp with her sister's tears, and is about to speak, when something in Grace's face stops her.

Grace starts visibly at Aubrey's presence, then controls herself and meets his scrutiny bravely. She reads pity in his glance, an angry flush mounts to her temples, and turning abruptly away she leaves them together.

October again, with its golden and russet woods, soft winds and balmy air. A splendid sunset is illumining the west, and Grace Alroy, home again after her wanderings, walks listlessly up and down a narrow path just above the river.

One year married, and how shall the happy day be celebrated? Rejoicings are to be made, so her relatives say, on the following day, and they, never dreaming how really miserable she is, have completed all the arrangements for a grand merry-making to last for a week or more at the old Hall. To-morrow the whole place will resound with gay young voices, but to-day is her own, and solitude is very sweet to this bride of a year.

She is thinking of her beautiful home whose spires gleam in the distance through the scarlet trees, but they are not pleasant thoughts, as one could tell by the scornful lip and bitter smile.

Even here, she is not happy, though the old house has been theirs for years, for has

not Ralph Alroy's money bought and paid for it that it might not fall beneath the auctioneer's hammer? Ostensibly, it is still the home of the Ludlows, but in reality Grace knows that her husband owns every acre of the closely shaven lawn and picturesque woodlands.

Her relatives call him the very soul of generosity, only his wife knows the meannesses of his nature.

It is another galling link in the chain of utter dependence which binds her. She hears continually of this and that note he has endorsed for her father, of the business scrapes he, in his superior wisdom, has rescued Mr. Ludlow from (not always by the most honorable means as Grace has learned to her horror); and once—bitterest thought of all—he had even bought the family honor, for Mr. Ludlow, in a fit of desperation, had forged a check, and only his son-in-law's influence had saved him.

"Money will buy the law," he had said with a coarse laugh, "but this took a ticklish large amount, let me tell you, Grace, and if it hadn't been your father I wouldn't have shelled out one red cent. Family honor is worth something, though, and I wouldn't like it to be said I had married the daughter of a—"

He was going to say "thief," but the white desperate look in Grace's face stopped him.

With a sob of anguish she had left him, escaped from prying eyes, and taken refuge this beautiful day amid the waving trees just over the sparkling river. All around her looked so peaceful. The last rays of the sun bathed the waters below in glory, and on the opposite shore a little white town gleamed through the rosy purple. Here was rest. One leap down those steep cliffs into the quiet waves, and who would be the wiser? A few moments of agony, and then everlasting peace. She shuddered at the dreadful thought, knelt down and murmured an inarticulate prayer to be delivered from temptation.

A sigh aroused her. Some one had intruded upon her solitude and was close beside her. Grant Aubrey, still given by the short-sighted world to Flo, had been invited to Ludlow House, and was it strange that he, too, should wander to a spot where they had so often sat together?

Grace stared at him in dumb agony. She was beyond caring for anything now; she

did not even chide him when he fell at her feet and took her hand in his own. He was not a man of high principles, and it took but a few burning words to tell his story. She listened, yet scarcely heard, and as he went on he took her acquiescence as quite a matter of course.

"It is a sin, Grace, and you are as miserable as I am. You hate him and wish him dead a thousand times a day—the narrow-minded, jealous tyrant!"

"Hush!" in a dumb awed voice; "he is just behind you, Grant."

There he stood, the outraged husband, a patient listener to every word Aubrey had uttered. With all his faults he was no coward, and his eyes sparkled with jealous fury as he pointed a revolver at Aubrey, who stood speechless and unarmed before him.

With a fearful shriek Grace ran to the edge of the rocks, and for one brief instant stood poised there, the light of another world in her eyes; then, before either man, roused from their angry passions by her fearful peril could interfere, she had thrown herself forward and fell down down the dizzy height into the peaceful waters beneath.

Hushed awed voices sounded about Ludlow House the next day, and light footsteps glided up and down the long corridor leading to the drawing-rooms. There in state reposed the bride of a year; her long glistening bridal robes half hiding the coffin wherein she was laid, and a peaceful smile, such as she had never worn during her short married life, illumining the beauty of her face. The wearied soul had found peace at last.

So ended what worldly minds had planned and carried out, and these kind relatives were thoughtful to the last.

They had ruined her life; yet to them was she indebted for little kindnesses even

after her death. Her father and aunts pressed affectionate kisses upon the marble brow. Grant Aubrey covered the grave with costliest flowers, and placed tuberosee, her favorite blossoms, in the dark glossy hair, and to Ralph Alroy, her husband, was she indebted for a superb marble monument, pointing its slender spire to heaven, and bearing upon its pure white surface the words:

Sacred to the Memory of Grace, beloved Wife of Ralph Alroy.

Cut off in her youth and beauty, a cherished wife and beloved daughter, she died as she had lived, prayerfully trusting in Him who doeth all things well.

"Thy will, not ours, O Lord, be done."

Surely there are sermons in tombstones, and from this one could be preached a useful lesson. Grace faded from the lives she had sacrificed her own happiness to make glad. Her father's speculations succeeded, and he became a rich man once more; her sisters all married happily, and Flo became the wife of Grant Aubrey. She never guesses at the true story of her sister's death, and her husband is not the man to tell her.

He sometimes visits the cemetery, and a bitter smile crosses his lips as he reads the words over Grace Alroy's grave; but he makes it a point never to moralize, and does not care to reflect that, but for his criminal folly, that young form might even yet be radiant in life and happiness. Her relatives, who made the match, tell him that "it is the will of Providence;" and, although his better reason revolts and points at them as her murderers, he is far too guilty himself to openly accuse them.

So the great world goes on, and many a similar match will be made by officious relatives, even before poor Grace Alroy is forgotten in her silent grave.

THE TRUE CODE OF HONOR.—A man cannot afford to be unfaithful under any circumstances; a man cannot afford to be mean at any time; a man cannot afford to do less than his best at all times, and under all circumstances. No matter how unjustly you are treated, you cannot, for your own sake, afford to use anything but your better self, nor render anything but

your better services. You cannot afford to lie to a liar; you cannot afford to be mean to a mean man; you cannot afford to do other than uprightly with any man, no matter what exigencies may exist between him and you. No man can afford to be any but a true man, living in his higher nature, and acting with the highest consideration.

MY OLD GOLD THIMBLE.

BY ANNA MORRIS.

THERE it lay upon the table. Not one of your modern affairs, that a week's hard sewing would demolish. No, my thimble was of the old-fashioned red gold, with a band of ornamental work about it, in a lighter shade of the same metal, and with a steel top. No need to look horrified, my dear madam or miss. I vastly preferred it to yours—with its onyx or agate top—good for nothing but to look at. My thimble was an old and well-tried friend! Alas—that I should have to say it—my only friend! And now I must part with that, as I had parted one after another with all my friends both animate and inanimate.

I took it up from the table, and turned it over in my hand, letting the last rays of the setting sun strike upon its curious ornamental band. The thimble had originally been my great-grandmother's property, brought for her from some foreign country by her husband. She had given it to my grandmother—her eldest daughter—who in her turn would have given it to my mother, but my mother died when I was a little baby, and so grandma kept it for me.

"Take good care of it, child," she said, when her falling sight warned her that she should not use it much more. "It has always carried good fortune with it, and I trust it will continue to do so."

But grandma's kind wish had scarcely been fulfilled. Not long after this she died, leaving me quite alone in the world, for I had always lived with her. My father had died some years before, and I had no one belonging to me. Grandma's annuity died with her, and it did not look very likely that I could earn my living in that little village; so I mustered up all my courage, went to the nearest city, and taking a cheap but respectable room, began to look about for work. I could find nothing better than sewing for shops, but although the pay was small, my expenses were not heavy, and I got along pretty well, with occasional employment from rich ladies.

But after a while the city air and close confinement to my work began to tell upon my health. The hot summer days seemed to stifle me, and I grew weaker and weaker.

At last I broke down altogether, and lay for weeks between life and death. The woman of whom I rented my room had taken what care she could of me, I suppose. She was poor and had plenty to do besides waiting on a stranger.

When I grew strong enough to look about me, I found my room stripped of all the little things I had brought from home to make it comfortable; indeed there was nothing left, but the furniture which belonged to my landlady, and my thimble. Doubtless that would have gone also, but for the fact that it happened to be rolled up in the piece of work that I had sewed on last, and she had not found it.

She said my things brought but little, that she was obliged to sell them to buy my medicines, and she hinted very plainly that I owed her for several weeks board. God forgive me if I wronged her, but it did seem to me that the rings and brooch that dear grandma gave me, to say nothing of all my clothing, must have more than paid for what medicine I had used.

It was only this morning that I had found my thimble. It had dropped from the work I had taken up, wearily wondering if I could complete it. My landlady was in the room, and I noticed her look of surprise and disappointment as I picked it up.

"I'm a poor woman, but honest," she began presently, "and my rent is due to-day. So if you will pay me what you owe me, I shall be greatly obliged, miss."

"Cannot you wait a few days, Mrs. Hoxton?" I said, timidly. "You must know I have nothing to pay you with, till I can finish this work, and take it home."

"I beg your pardon, miss," she returned. "I thought that them as wore gold thimbles could pay their just debts. Perhaps, then, you wouldn't mind letting me have my room, so that I could be getting rent from somebody else for it;" and she flounced angrily out of the room, and down stairs, where I heard her telling her next neighbor and especial crony, that "that there girl up stairs would never be fit to do another stroke of work, and she couldn't wait for her rent forever."

Was I really so ill? My wasted hands that refused to hold the work, and laid so idly in my lap, seemed to confirm the statement. But I could not go out now to search for another room; I must have a few days to collect my thoughts and decide what I should do next. There was no one to whom I could turn for help. Perhaps, if Mrs. Hoxton were right in her opinion of my health, the best course for me would be to gain admission into the hospital, and end my sufferings there. But I shrank from the remembrance of the long curtainless rooms with rows of beds, each containing a sufferer, that I had once seen when I went to visit a poor woman whom grandma had known, and who had been injured and carried there. The careless glances of the doctors and nurses rose before me. How I longed for grandma's kind words and petting ways! The thought of her and my lost home was more than I could bear. I sank back on my bed, and actually cried myself to sleep.

When I awoke it was growing late in the afternoon. I dragged myself from the bed, and into the chair by the open window, and then I began to think that I must part with my thimble to keep Mrs. Hoxton quiet for a few days.

As I have said, I took it up and began to examine the curious band about it. What a host of recollections it brought back! Memories of my childish days, when I first remembered noticing it on grandma's finger; memories of the day when she gave it to me, of the curiosity with which my girl friends examined it—comparing it with theirs of modern make; and interwoven with the other memories, one sweeter than all, of a certain summer evening when I sat in grandma's vine-covered porch, with my precious thimble on my finger. I had been sewing till Mark Chesternan stopped at the gate, and asked me for a spray of roses; and then he had come up the steps, and sat on the topmost one, just at my feet, chatting away of this subject or that, till his glance fell on my thimble, then, as now, lighted up by the last rays of the sun, and as he begged to look at it, I had slipped it off and laid it in his hand. With what a serious face he had examined it—pretending to find our initials joined with a true lover's knot in the ornamental work! He kept it so long that I laughingly accused him of intending to purloin it, saying at last as I held out

my hand, "I know you mean to keep it altogether."

"Yes, I do! and this little hand also," he had answered, clasping my hand closely. And then he had told his love, and begged me to be his wife, and we had sat there till the stars peeped out one by one, and the moon rose full and glorious behind the hills.

He was going away on a long voyage the next day—he was a sailor—and that night he went into the house with me, and told grandma of his prospects: how after this voyage he hoped to be a captain himself, and in a position to take good care of a wife. And grandma had blessed us both, and Mark had gone away, bidding me good-bye for three years, but promising to write whenever he had an opportunity to send a letter; and from that day to this I had never heard from him. The vessel was wrecked, and but few of her passengers and crew survived, and we could gain no tidings of Mark. Doubtless he had, like so many others, found a watery grave! The news of the wreck came but a short time before grandma's death; all my sorrows—loss of lover, home and friends—seemed to come at one blow.

But it would never do for me to sit and think of these things. I must go and part with the last reminder of them before my courage failed me; so hastily putting on the old hat and shawl, which were all that Mrs. Hoxton had left me of my plain but neat stock of out-of-door apparel, I ventured forth for the first time in many weeks into the streets. They were fast growing dark, the lamps were lighted in the shops, and everything looked bright and cheerful—a mockery to my sad feelings.

My first thought had been to go to a pawnbroker's; but at every step my dread of entering such a place grew greater, till at last I was really turning back, saying to myself that I must wait until the morrow, when I caught sight of a sign over a jeweller's door.

I remembered the name. It was that of a gentleman for whose wife I had sometimes done some sewing. I had met him occasionally when I went to the house, and he had always spoken politely—which was more than I could say for the husbands of some of the ladies for whom I had worked.

A new thought came into my mind. I would go in, and ask the jeweller to advance me the worth of my thimble for a

few days, and if I did not then call and redeem it, he might consider that I had concluded to part with it.

I hastened in, lest I should falter in my resolution again. Fortunately, the shop was empty, or nearly so, and the proprietor stood at leisure, near the door. He did not at first seem to recognize me, but as I addressed him by name, he uttered a slight exclamation of surprise.

"Excuse me," he said, kindly, "but I fear you are ill. Can I be of any assistance to you?"

"Thank you," I stammered. "I am not ill—that is—I have been—and—" I stopped suddenly, feeling how useless it was to attempt the quiet speech I had intended; and fumbling in my pocket, desperately produced my thimble, and murmuring something incoherently about needing some money unexpectedly, and repaying it before many days, held it out to him in a stupefied sort of way, hardly knowing what I meant myself.

But he seemed to comprehend me after a moment, and said, quietly, "You would like an advance on this? Certainly. It is quite unique," he continued, examining it, "and quite valuable. How much did you wish for?"

I said something—"whatever it was worth," perhaps—and added some sort of an inquiry as to how long he would keep it for me.

"O, as long as you like. Don't hurry yourself about it," he answered, with so compassionate a tone that I nearly broke down in my efforts at self-control.

"By the by," he said, as he handed me a much larger sum than I had expected—probably much more than the thimble was ever worth—"my wife is very much in need of some one to sew for her, and if you could spare time to call, would be very glad to see you about some work."

I murmured my thanks as well as I could, fully conscious that it was a kindly fiction on his part, and promised to call the next morning; then hurriedly left the shop, and turned towards my boarding-place. But now that the excitement was over, and my thimble really gone, I was so weak that I could hardly drag myself along.

Almost fainting, I finally reached my room, and dropped down on the floor, too much exhausted to try to reach the bed or a chair. How long I laid there I did not

know. After becoming a little rested, I tried to comfort myself with the thought that I might sometime redeem my thimble, and that in the meantime I should have work from Mrs. Murray, the jeweller's wife. True, my pride whispered that her work was but a disguise for charity, as her husband's loan on my thimble had been; but I was too weak and friendless to pay much heed to such thoughts, and only felt thankful that I had the means of satisfying Mrs. Hoxton's demands for the present, and need not go forth from even this poor semblance of a home until I was a little stronger.

I had risen from the floor and lighted a lamp, intending to go down and pay Mrs. Hoxton, when there was a tap at my door.

Wondering who it could be, for Mrs. Hoxton usually omitted the ceremony of knocking, and I knew no one else, I hastened to open it.

A tall man stood before me, but the passage was so dark that I could not distinguish his features.

"Does Miss— O my darling, don't you know me?" he exclaimed, and caught me in his arms, almost before I could recognize his voice, or understand that it was Mark Chesterman who spoke.

Indeed, I was so bewildered that I never spoke a word, while he went on like a madman, telling me how he was taken off the wreck by a passing vessel, the only survivor of those whom the boats had left there; and how he had written again and again to me at my old home. How he had gone there on his arrival, and could only learn that I had gone to the city; and how he had been searching for me for several weeks, and had almost given up in despair, when happening to step into the store of Mr. Murray, who was a friend of his, he had noticed in his hand a peculiar thimble which the jeweller was just putting away in a drawer. He had recognized it in a moment, asked to see it, to know how Mr. Murray came by it, to know my address, which fortunately the jeweller remembered, and had rushed off, leaving his friend impressed with the idea that he had suddenly become insane.

All this and more he told me, before I could speak, or before Mrs. Hoxton came up stairs with her virtuous remarks about "such goings on," and "strange men stamping up her stairs," etc. Mark silenced her effectually, by requesting her to send

for a clergyman. I don't know whether she fancied I was dying, and desired to make a last confession, but if she did, she was speedily undeceived, as Mark further astonished her, by inviting her to remain as a witness of our marriage.

That was the first intimation I had that he intended to be married; but he did, and moreover carried out his intention immediately upon the arrival of the clergyman; after which ceremony, he bestowed on me as a wedding gift my own gold thimble,

which he had snatched from Mr. Murray when he rushed out of his shop in search of me.

I made him go back and explain matters to the kind jeweller, but he wouldn't leave me, lest I should be spirited away; so he settled my accounts with Mrs. Hoxton, and took me with him, and I have never left him since.

So I think grandma's wish has been fulfilled, after all, and that the gold thimble has indeed brought me good fortune.

SERENADE.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

Brightest stars are in the azure
Of the peaceful evening sky,
And I think my love is dreaming,
Sweetly dreaming I am nigh.
O'er her eyes, like dew-wet pansies,
Silken lashes lightly sweep,
And the angels guard are keeping
Round my darling's peaceful sleep.
Yes, the stars look down and listen
From the azure arch above,
While I know that she is dreaming,
Dreaming now of me and love.

Breezes, blowing from the Southland,
Where the summer never dies,
Go and kiss her lips in slumber,
Kiss my darling's pansy eyes;
Whisper to her, softly, gently,
Of the one from whom you came,
And I know that in her slumber
She will smile and speak my name.
Yes, while stars look down and listen
From the azure arch above,
Well I know that she is dreaming,
Dreaming now of me and love.

Sleep, and may the angels keep you,
O my darling, in their care!
May your life-dreams be as pleasant
As your dreams in slumber are.
Sleep, and dream of him who loves you
With a love both deep and strong,
And your dreams shall be an echo
Of his little starlight song.
Ah! a star-beam comes to kiss her
From the azure field above,
While she whispers in her slumber,
As she dreams of me and love.

Shiocton, Wis., Dec., 1876.

NINA'S CURLS.

BY M. T. CALDOR.

CHAPTER I.

"YOU'RE a lucky dog," said my old chum, Charlie Saunders, as he parted from me at the club-house, and left me to pursue my way towards my uncle's office.

And it must be confessed something very like the same agreeable declaration was repeated by the inner man, as I sauntered slowly along the promenade, whither a clear bright day had brought its multitude of worshippers.

"To be sure it is not every young fellow who can come out from the university, and step into such a situation as I have good reason to believe lies ready for my acceptance. In the first place, the position it will confer upon a man—the sort of government stamp it puts upon a fellow, saying to the world, 'There is an article thoroughly tested, and pronounced genuine and desirable'—is no unenviable gift at the commencement of a career. One would be glad to accept it even for a meagre recompense. But beyond that, the salary is generous, and I shall likewise fulfil my heartiest longing, and spend one or two seasons in Paris. To have an uncle powerful enough to ensure me such an office would be good fortune enough for one man, but that the late incumbent should die at the very moment I am ready to enter into it, is certainly rare good fortune. Poor fellow! I don't want to rejoice at his death. Not at all; but if death must come, why, it is exceedingly gratifying that I am thus enabled to secure my long-desired position!"

So ran my thoughts, as I tripped along with a step as elastic as my thoughts were buoyant. I had a merry nod for all my gay comrades, the very brightest smile for all my pretty lady acquaintances, and a suave bow even for the most disagreeable people I met in the hurrying crowd. I had no fault to find with any one or anything. The world was beautiful, and kind, and gracious. I somehow ignored the existence of crime, and sin, and dreary want—of fraud, and trickery, and sham. I inhaled the delicious perfume, I admired the glowing hue of life's roses. What marvel that I would not be conscious of thorns?

How beautiful it is, when this overflowing effervescence of inward content and gladness glorifies all surrounding objects! An hour afterwards I asked myself ruefully if it could be the same scene I passed through with slow and haggard step, with sobered anxious rumination.

But I entered my uncle's office with a complacent smile, and a heart unquestioning the certainty of my expectations. My uncle had not yet arrived from his residence. The grave important-looking secretary looked up from the pile of papers before him, and announced the fact, at the same time motioning towards the inner sanctum, where I knew only a few privileged characters were admitted.

I walked in, and settled myself comfortably in the great easy-chair covered with green Russia leather, and looked around me with calm meditative eyes. What momentous matters had this little room heard discussed! what mighty decisions had here been rendered! For there was no one who disputed the amount of influence this calm-minded, far-seeing, deep-thinking uncle of mine exercised in both Houses, ay, over the Premier himself. It was to his deep-searching gaze all the doubtful questions were brought, all the knotty arguments, all the perplexing expedients. What profound wisdom, what varied knowledge, what thorough acquaintance with all the shifting phases of politics he manifested. I looked upon him with a vague sense of awe, as well as admiration. He was for me an infallible oracle.

So now, looking around me in this little dim dusty sanctum, every article had a peculiar signification and importance. I looked with instinctive respect upon the pen thrown carelessly upon the writing-desk, with the ink dried in a thick mass on its nib, as though it had been dipped hastily into the massive stand, and then thrown suddenly away unused. Might not a single stroke from it give me the desired boon? Ah, what a wonderful thing it was to have such a great man in the family—and to come back to Charlie Saunders—what a lucky dog was I!

I rose at once when I heard my uncle's step, and stood, hat in hand, as he came into the sanctum. Was it all my fancy, that the moment his eye fell upon me a shade of annoyance crossed his face? My nonchalance was slightly dashed.

"Good-morning, sir!" in a voice a trifle less triumphant than I had intended, said I, bowing, with the utmost respect.

"Ah, Phil! how are you this morning? How are all the good people at your house? for I conclude you have just come from the country."

"We are all quite well, thank you, sir. We saw the notice of the death of the Hon. Mr. Fitz William, and my mother sent me at once to see you about it. It leaves the post vacant, I suppose, which you referred to when you came down to the Cove last month."

"Hum, hum! yes, undoubtedly the post is vacated, since Mr. Fitz William is dead. I'm sorry I spoke about it, though. I hope I haven't raised your expectations too high. It's a pity. I remember that your mother was always unreasonably sanguine, and took every disappointment to heart. I hope you haven't all of you calculated too positively upon this point, eh, Phil?"

I tried to stand unconcernedly, and appear indifferent, but it was of no use. I felt the color surging into my cheeks. I was almost certain there was a mist of tears in my eyes, and I knew my voice quavered as I replied:

"Indeed, sir, from your remarks that day we took a great deal of encouragement, and we have made great capital out of so brilliant a prospect; for, you know, I am the eldest of a large family, and it will be a great relief to the family purse, as well as pride, when I am safely in the way of taking care of myself, and giving some of the others a friendly lift."

As I said this, I sank down into the counting-chair opposite the leather easy-chair, for actually the sudden shock had taken away all my strength, and looked up deprecatingly into the face of my august relative.

There was a black frown there. The bushy eyebrows knit themselves fiercely, the thin lips were working in and out with vexation and impatience.

"It's a great pity, lad. You can't feel half so badly about it as I do. Tell your mother so. I was wrong to be so positive,

but I had not a doubt then but that it lay in my power to procure the post for you, as soon as Fitz William resigned. I had spoken to the Premier about it, and everything was all right. So it would be now, but for that Jezebel!" He spoke the last words between his closed teeth, and sitting down before the desk, he took up the penholder lying there, and snapping it as if it had been straw, flung the pieces on the floor. "To be fooled and cheated by a woman! to be compelled to yield to that Jezebel! It is shameful! It is preposterous!" he muttered, fiercely.

I stared at him, the sharpness of my own disappointment making me numb, and stupid to comprehend his excitement.

"Then you think there is no chance for me?" ventured I, faintly.

"I do, indeed, Phil. It cuts me to the heart to say it, for I have gloated over this post as the very thing to advance you to an honorable course. I have counselled your education in especial adaptation to it; and I say again it is more disappointment to me than to you, however sorely you may grieve over it. I could bite out my own tongue for encouraging you to think so much about it. I know very well what keen trials are such disappointments to ardent young spirits like yours. I've dreaded to see you, because I knew I must tell you that the post will have to go to some one else. It is a painful, a hateful necessity. O that Jezebel! that she should have wit enough to compass her ends in this style!"

"I am very, very sorry," stammered I, beginning to perceive that his anger far exceeded mine; "but I will not try to take it very desperately. I am young and strong, and not particularly dull-witted. It will be hard if there is not an opening somewhere — I dare say I shall soon forget all about it."

"But I shan't," growled my uncle. "To be circumvented in this way. To be made a cat's-paw to haul out this goodly post for that rascally son of hers. It is too much. And the Premier is as wrathful as myself, that we must give it to that young dog."

"How!" exclaimed I, in astonishment, "do you give that coveted situation to one you dislike, and bestow it unwillingly? That is strange, indeed!"

My uncle turned toward me with a sudden vehemence which might well startle me.

"Phil, you smart young scamp, why can't you show yourself equal to the family expectations? Come, come, you shall earn this post for yourself. I tell you, lad, there is just one chance for it. Will you try for it?"

"Only give me the chance," cried I, springing to my feet with renewed courage.

"Good! You shall have a chance for the chance. I will put you in possession of the facts—I know you are too much like your mother to use the knowledge wrongfully! Then you may make the most of it."

I rubbed my hands in eager zest for the trial, and my uncle smiled approvingly ere he began.

"Well, Phil, your whole task will lie in outreaching, circumventing a woman, a very Jezebel of a woman. The Evil One himself must have taught her his cunning, for she baffles all our efforts with the utmost coolness. I have had three of the most adroit detectives on from Paris, and though they came with the utmost assurance, they have retired in despair. What do you say to that?"

"It only incites me to keener zeal. What attraction is there in a task any dolt can accomplish?" I replied, with all the bravado of youth.

My uncle patted me on the shoulder.

"Bravo, bravo, Phil! You revive my fainting spirits. Only outwit that woman, and I'll double your allowance out of my own income."

"Give me the facts, sir," cried I, with feverish interest.

"You shall have them. You know very well, lad, that in a political position like ours there must be a great many concealed movements; a great many sham appearances, and not a few state secrets and disagreeable subterfuges. Well, it so happened that something like three months ago it seemed best to ruling powers to open certain secret negotiations with another nation. You understand, a movement like throwing out skirmishers from an army to feel the enemy's strength and disposition, not a genuine *bona fide* attack. Immediately after such proceedings had been set on foot, certain events in another quarter of the globe entirely changed the aspect of affairs, and made what had seemed wise and proper, promise only humiliating and disastrous results. It became imperatively

necessary to have back the papers and instructions given to sundry secret agents, or the good name and position of our leading statesmen, as well as the reputation of the whole Parliament, might suffer. We went to work energetically, and succeeded in recalling everything. I had gathered together all traces of the transaction which could do harm, and was waiting for the arrival of a certain nobleman, that the whole might be examined by him, and then burnt in his presence, when this Witch of Endor, this Jezebel, fluttering in her silks and laces, her plumes and jewels, sailed into my room, and in those satanic musical tones of hers, begged that she might be allowed to see Lord — a moment. She had been told at — House that she would find him here. She would detain his lordship but a moment. She was such an impatient creature she could not wait any longer, and she knew the only way to secure a moment's talk was to seize him wherever he could be found. She hoped I would not be angry with her for the intrusion. And she smiled into my face with those great eyes of hers, and I was fool enough to humor her. I drew out the easy-chair, and brought a fan, and set myself to entertain her. I threw a newspaper over the desk, covering up those papers, and felt easy about them. She sat there and talked on in that bewitching way which they tell me fascinates every man who comes near her, and I, like a fool, listened, and answered, and was even pleased that his lordship delayed his coming so long. But he came at last, and I could see plainly was as much amused as annoyed to find the famous Madame Armstrong, the noted beauty and acknowledged leader of fashion, closeted with the old bachelor politician in his dry musty sanctum. I dryly stated the lady's errand, but before I was half through she had swooped upon him like a hawk upon its prey.

"Now, Lord —, dear wicked Lord —, you're not to cheat me any longer with your dry excuses. I've come to ensure your presence at my ball to-morrow night. I really cannot consent to be so ungallantly treated. I am quite determined that you shall yield. See how much pains I have taken. I have spent all my morning watching for you. There are ever so many lions coming, and how mortified I shall be to miss your face among them?"

"The creature smiled, and prattled, and

ogled away his lordship's good sense, of course, and he made her the promise. What should the woman do then but sweep up to my desk, where all those papers were lying, and playfully throwing off the newspaper, hunt up for herself pen and paper. And, still in that arch merry fashion, she drew up a promise which his lordship duly signed. And then after a complimentary invitation to me, she condescended to take her leave.

"A handsome woman, and deucedly smart, eh?" observed his lordship, evidently not a little flattered by her desire for his presence at the fete.

"I did not mind confirming his opinion, and then we set to work. I went out and gave my men orders that no one, positively no one, must be admitted. They took it for a rebuke, and explained how the lady would not listen to their objections, but found her way here alone.

"His lordship and myself then turned to our papers. As fast as we read we burned. When we came to the last one I gave a great shout.

"Where are the two notes of agreement with the red seals?" cried I.

"His lordship began searching over the table, but I sat dumb with consternation.

"That woman!" vociferated I, as soon as speech returned.

"What do you mean?" demanded his lordship, growing pale with alarm.

"It was all a feint, her wish to obtain your presence at her party. She wanted an excuse to get here to my papers. The wretch—the plotter—the Jezebel!"

"Well, Phil, we searched and searched. Those most important papers of all were missing. That woman had artfully obtained them. She has them now."

My uncle drew a long breath, wiped away the moisture from his forehead, and added, less excitedly:

"What do you think of the matter now, Phil?"

"It certainly looks as if she took the papers. Of course you are positive that they were here when she came in here."

"Of course, indeed! Besides, we are saved the deliberation of that matter. The lady comes forward in the most suave manner possible, and she asks that her son may receive the post which the Hon. Mr. Fitz Williams is to vacate. We stare at her in the most frigid manner, whereupon she

very mildly hints of certain knowledge in our possession, which will make it worth our while to propitiate her favor. His lordship, sneering in the politest manner, remarks that suspicion is a mere breath. The lady, with her blandest smile, replies that proofs in black and white with red seals are quite different.

"There we are again. We are obliged to be conciliatory in appearance, if not at heart. Those papers must not be made public, and if there is no other way to obtain them, that fellow must have the post she asks for him. But we mean to hold out as long as possible. As I said before, there have been French detectives at work, and they declare they have searched thoroughly every nook and corner, every article of furniture and apparel, every conceivable place for hiding these papers, in that immense house of hers, and without avail. I declare to you, when I meet her I have an insane longing to rush upon that woman and tear her limb from limb. The malicious triumph on her handsome face is quite enough to drive one frenzied. Now, Phil, you know everything. Besides securing for yourself this coveted situation, your success will make me your debtor for life."

"At least I can make the attempt. I can but fail," answered I, gravely. "I will see you again after I have matured some plan for action."

"Let me hear speedily, for remember there is more than one on the rack until those papers are returned."

I took my departure, and retraced my steps in rather a dismal frame of mind.

CHAPTER II.

CAREFUL inquiries concerning Madame Armstrong confirmed my first impression, that I had a wary, adroit, cool-brained antagonist, and that the task I had set for myself was no light or hopeful one. Nevertheless, a certain dogged determination took possession of me, and no amount of persuasion could have turned me from my purpose.

I learned a great deal concerning madame, who was a woman exceedingly admired and respected, the brilliant leader in the high circle into which she had introduced herself. I saw Hugh Armstrong, the weakly, rather effeminate son, a most ridiculous in-

cumbent for the post of honor I had coveted, one would say, except that those who knew him at his weakest, knew also his mother's keen sharp wit and quick intellect, her wonderful tact, her resolute diplomacy, and were aware in her hands would lie all the management of the affair.

I was pleased to learn of one foible in Madame Armstrong's character. She was extremely fastidious, and haughtily stern with her servants; therefore there was a continual change going on in her establishment. This explained how it had been allowed to the French detectives to so thoroughly explore the mansion. I would not trouble myself to go over the same ground. I knew how thoroughly the French policeman does his work. I felt convinced that they were right as far as they had gone. I should look only in places which had never occurred to them. I had only a few ideas in my head, but I clung to a vague belief that when once in the household, inspiration would come to me.

How to ingratiate myself into that position was the sharpest study. Of course I was not to allow any suspicion of my connection or knowledge of my uncle. Fortune favored me in the commencement, inasmuch as I discovered that there was a young girl in the family who had taken a fancy to drawing, and needed a master. I had always been a warm lover of the brush and pencil both. I furbished up my talents that way, and boldly presented myself before Madame Armstrong with the necessary credentials.

I was struck with her appearance even beyond what I had anticipated. She was indeed a magnificent woman, and for one of her years, her beauty was wonderful. I was shown by a servant into a room purple-hung and purple-hued, for the light filtered through heavy falls of violet silk, gold-fringed, and supported by massive gilded bands. From the haziness of a great velvet armchair rose before me a tall grandly-moulded figure, which breathed of purple likewise, bearing itself as regally as Zenobia or Cleopatra could have done. A dress of violet satin trimmed with wide folds of velvet of the same color—only in richer deeper shades—swept down her fine form, every fold falling as gracefully as if a sculptor's hand had smoothed it with careful tenderness. Under the flow of rippling lace at wrist and throat, shone a reddish yellow

glow of broad bands of purest gold. Stars of amethyst, with just one white gleam from a diamond centre, swung from her ears, and sparkled along the comb which confined heavy coils of black hair still without any perceptible silvering. Her features were rather massive, but they suited her figure. Her complexion in her youthfulness must have been fairly dazzling, and was still brilliant without artificial aid. The eyes were well-shaped, dark and bright. Only one feature was distasteful. The mouth was cruel, crafty, thoroughly evil. But she managed it dexterously, and with the lips parted away from two rows of pearly teeth in gentle smile, you forgot its repulsive character.

Such was the lady who came slowly towards me, as I stood meekly in her drawing-room in the humble character of drawing-master. She addressed me in matter-of-fact tone, asked for my credentials, and specimens of my work. When the latter were produced I saw plainly that she took no true interest in them, for though she glanced carelessly over them, her attention was rather given to me. Was she a good physiognomist, and was she seeking to judge of my character by that cool scrutinizing eye? I kept on the most stolid expression, inwardly marvelling at my own self-possession. What did she want of me? Certainly not as a drawing-master; that was but the pretence for obtaining my services.

"I hope you are something of a French scholar, Mr. Brown," said she, presently, toying lightly with one of my sketches, and keeping her glittering on my face.

I bowed respectfully, carefully concealing all show of surprise.

"I have been considered so. I have given especial attention to writing and translating French, although my later fancy for the pencil has somewhat superseded the study."

She looked pleased.

"My idea was to secure the permanent services of some one who could teach my niece to draw, and give the rest of his time to my service—something like an amanuensis and teacher combined."

I remained silent, hoping to obtain a more thorough explanation.

"Of course," continued she, coldly, "your salary will be increased in proportion to your services."

I bowed again.

"Well," said she, the impatient imperi-

ousness of which I had heard so much breaking out thus early, "one would think you had been turned into a statue by my proposition. Will you condescend to give me your opinion in the matter? I agree to your price for the drawing-lessons, and I will treble it for your services in the other line. Do you agree?"

It was my earnest desire to impress upon madame the genuineness of my proffered service. I stood a moment reckoning half-audibly the sum named, and then added, in a hesitating questioning tone, like one eager to obtain all that was possible:

"I will say yes, if my board is taken into the account, and I am allowed two hours every day to attend to an engagement I cannot afford to drop. You understand, madame, that drawing lessons are more profitable than French, and if I give up the former, I require an extra compensation."

I looked up deprecatingly into her face, expecting to see a look of disgust. On the contrary, I fancied this greedy parsimonious spirit I had counterfeited pleased her.

"So, so," thought I, "she fancies I am the more serviceable tool!"

"Of course I expected you to remain in my house and dine at my table. If you are obliging and faithful, I do not think we shall quarrel about the terms. I will make you acquainted with your drawing pupil. I am confident you will find her apt. The child has a wonderful tact."

"Your daughter, madame, I presume," said I, allowing a look of the meekest respectful admiration to cross my face, as I glanced over her superb form and handsome face.

She was too much of a woman to notice it, and smiling calmly while she swept back the lace ends floating from her headdress, led the way across a spacious hall, up a flight of stairs into a little Arcadian bower, built out from the main building with three sides of glass, and blossoming like any tropic garden, with row upon row of rich exotics. In the centre of this charming boudoir was a small marble basin, into which a narrow stream of tinkling water fell, arching from the marble fingers of a weeping naiad like a rainbow of silver. Rich Persian rugs covered the marble-flagged floor, and their glowing velvety hues were only outvied by the gorgeous blossoms beyond. A quaintly-carved table, the supports three struggling bacchanalians, and the table itself an overturned basket for

whose falling grapes they were struggling, stood in the centre. A bamboo-easel, and a marble tray heaped with books was near it, and a single divan, plied with luxurious cushions of deep blue velvet with silver tassels and cording, was wheeled in front of the table. A crystal dish heaped with fruit completed the picture. At least, I thought so, until the mistress of this exquisite apartment came tripping lightly from a miniature grove of orange and oleander, into our presence.

Was this my pupil? Or was it not rather some Circe this new mistress of mine had evoked from the flowers, to beguile my wits away and turn me from my purpose? A more innocent guileless shape a wily enchantress could not take. A slender girlish figure, willowy and straight, and lithe as that of an Arab maiden; a pure sweet childish face, and yet with an expression of rare womanliness in the wide violet eyes, the tranquil serenity of her smile. But it was her hair which woke my first admiration—How lustrous, and fine, and soft, and bewilderingly graceful were those short wavy ringlets! not stiff formal curls, but a mass of little twining rings of inconceivably graceful curves and twinings, something akin to the clinging convolutions of the grapevine, of the richest possible bronze, which could not be called red, and was too golden to come into the browns. It was left free to its own sweet will, saving for a carelessly-knotted ribbon of blue, spotted with silver butterflies. Well might those airy children of the light love to cling amid such a cloud of shining sunbeams! And the glossy rings curled lovingly around the broad white forehead, and rippled playfully against the slender white throat.

There was no elegance of costume to complete the picture of this rare Eastern apartment by a presiding princess. The girl wore a loosely flowing dress of some gauzy fabric of pure white, with a broad blue ribbon tied around the waist. But for such loveliness as hers, simplicity is the rarest jewel. Gems, and velvets, and trailing satin were the becoming attributes of Madame Armstrong, but for her niece, Nina L'Estrange, they were useless and cumbersome ornaments. One would as soon think of setting a diamond in a lily's heart, to mar its purity, and despoil its fragrance, or of giving a violet a satin bed instead of its chosen mossy bank.

"Nina," said madame, in her clear trumpet-like tones, "you wished the other day for instruction in your drawing. See, I have brought you a teacher!"

"Ah, how good you always are about such things, my aunt. I thank you very much. It will beguile so many dull hours."

"What, pet, does ennui come here amidst your birds, and books, and flowers? I thought nothing was to mar your happiness when I gave you this boudoir."

Nina hung her fair head till the curling clouds of bronzed curls veiled her blushing cheek.

"You were right. I was a silly child to think I could always be contented, even with such beautiful playthings."

She made a little caressing movement as if she would have thrown her arms around the lady's neck, but Madame Armstrong drew back with a little shiver of repugnance, which, though it was gone in a second, was plainly recognized, not alone by me, but by Nina herself. The girl drew herself up with a proud smile, singularly blended with pain and indignation.

"Perhaps the gentleman would like to examine your capabilities. Take him into your sitting-room. I shall be busy for an hour or two, Mr. Brown, then I will see you in the library. Nina, this is Mr. Brown, who is to teach you drawing. This, sir, is Miss L'Estrange, your pupil."

Madame Armstrong went through with this little speech rather hastily, swept a stately courtesy, and was gone. Her niece stood with crossed arms and drooping head several minutes after her departure, as if entirely unconscious of my presence.

I waited quietly for her to recover from whatever abstraction had come upon her, and turned my attention to the shells, rosy-lipped and rare, which shone under the brim of the marble basin of the fountain, stealing now and then, I must acknowledge, a furtive glance into the sweet pensive face. Presently a slow smile broke over the rosy lips, and she murmured, lightly:

"What matter? Why should I spoil this new enjoyment by old doubts?" And coming forward to my side, she said, with charming simplicity, "I knew you would not mind if I waited till she was gone before I spoke to you. I am so glad to see you. I am sure you will not leave me dull and listless, as the flowers and birds do."

"I hope not, I am sure, mademoiselle.

You have a charming picture here. I should not mind copying it with my pencil."

"Ah, I have done it half a dozen times, and tried to color the flowers. But it is so unsatisfactory. It makes me so angry at the presumption of attempting it, and so ashamed of my lack of skill. I will bring them to you; or rather, you will please come to them; the portfolio is so heavy."

She led the way through a narrow aisle, bordered with tall plants on either side, under a floral archway into an aviary almost as gay as the conservatory, since it almost seemed that some of the blossoms there had stolen wings and caught the breath of life, so gorgeous was the coloring of the flashing breasts and waving pinions of the tiny songsters, gathered there from every clime and shore.

She made a moment's pause to answer the chirrup of a canary, to whistle back the salute of a rich-voiced mocking-bird, and flip the great beak of a gray African parrot, who cried out, "Here is Nina! poor Nina!" Then, without a glance at the others, passed on into a small luxuriously-furnished room combining library, parlor and drawing-room; for while one side was entirely filled with books, the other three were hung with pictures, filled up with brackets supporting graceful statuary, and littered with all the variety of elegant *décoration* pertaining to modern drawing-rooms.

Nina L'Estrange wheeled forward a portfolio-stand, and hunted up from a choice collection of fine engravings her own little sketches. She put them into my hand with a half-contemptuous smile.

"Say what you like about them. You cannot think so meanly about them as I do."

I looked them all over carefully before I gave my verdict. They were somewhat defective in execution, but the designs were spirited, many of them wonderfully graceful. Just such a rich oriental fancy, such a vivid imagination as the boudoir and aviary exhibited in their whole arrangement, looked out from these pictures. A mind richly gifted and singularly isolated, spending itself upon startling fancies, was laid open to my gaze from that moment.

I took up sketch after sketch, loath to leave them because of the girlish dreams they revealed. There was a whole series, pencilled evidently after she had read Undine. Through a great shower of spray was

the tiny figure, and the sweet innocent face peeping forth, with arms outstretched, as a child pushes its way through close-ranging bushes, an indescribably witching eerie smile on the lips, in response to the gaping wonder and astonishment of the old peasant. There was Undine in her sweet simplicity, dropping her snowflake hand into the eager grasp of the young knight, a whole world of tender trustfulness shining in the deep eyes. There was the journey through the Black Forest, and the frightened horse, and angry knight qualling before the raging torrent, which required a second glance to reveal through its foam the evil malicious face of Kuniboud. And there was the commanding little water princess authoritatively waving back the infuriated demons. Saddest of all was the scene where the recreant knight has wedded the false one. The pair were rocking lightly in the tiny skiff upon the placid surface of the lake. But far down in the water lifted upward a pale, sad, tenderly reproachful face—the wraith of Undine. I looked over to Mademoiselle Nina, and drew my breath sharply.

"What a wonderful imagination is that of yours, mademoiselle. I can teach you something of the details, but what shall I give you to impart to me some of your exquisite fancy?"

"You are not jesting wantonly, I am sure. Ah, if you can only teach me to satisfy myself, how much pleasure and entertainment I shall find during the long days and months before me."

"Do you find so much time on your hands?" returned I, smilingly. "Most young ladies hardly believe the days long enough."

"Ah, that is because they have access to all I am debarred from."

I smiled again, as I glanced significantly around.

"Most of them would say your resources were far beyond an ordinary maiden's."

She smiled bitterly.

"Foolish creatures! Are they also discontented? Have they not free access to the world? Have they not friends who love them?" she said, in a vague dreary tone.

"And you—surely you also—" began I, and then paused abruptly.

"Yes, that is the problem. Are you wise enough to read it? My aunt heaps fine presents upon me; she consults my slightest whim, my wildest caprice, as you see in

the boudoir and aviary. Whatever plaything I ask for, however costly, it is brought to me. And yet she begrudges me the faintest show of affection."

"It is singular, certainly."

"It is incredible. She hunted me up when I was in poverty and obscurity, and brought me here to be fed and clothed like a princess. She is lavish in her indulgences, and yet she hates me. I can see it, I know it, and I—I do not love her. An icy wall seems always rising between us. I wonder and marvel, but find no explanation. When you come to know her better, you will likewise say that she is our modern Sphinx."

"I should think you would find friends enough among your young acquaintances," ventured I, moved by the wistful sadness of her eyes.

She turned them upon me in grave surprise.

"Don't you know that is another riddle, or a complication of the first? I never go out except in a close carriage, accompanied by her maid. I see no society, not even the guests who visit here. I only see her son Hugh, my maid and hers, week in and week out. Do you wonder I longed for birds and pets?"

"But that is injustice, actual imprisonment," cried I, indignantly.

"Something like it, I admit; but shall I return to the wretched poverty from which she took me? Shall I brave the perils which beset me there, alone, unaided, friendless? I have had wild dreams of a competence to be earned by my pencil, and then I have grown disgusted and ashamed of my own presumption. I think she has noticed that I have been more listless than ever before, and that this explains the new indulgence of your presence. O, it is so refreshing to hear a fresh sympathizing voice. Let me forget other trials, and be happy again. Shall I tire of you so soon and so thoroughly as I did of birds and flowers, do you think?"

I could not refrain from smiling, as I replied:

"I will try to retain your interest, mademoiselle. Now, then, let us decide on the best method of drawing. For we will study together—both pupils, and Nature shall be our teacher."

She clapped her hands joyously, and all trace of weariness and languor vanished, as

she flitted to and fro gathering together the materials. When Madame Armstrong entered the apartment, she found the drawing-master very respectfully and formally drawing out lines on the pasteboard, to show the pupil a careless habit she had acquired of running the marks into blotches.

Her sharp keen eye ran over our faces scrutinizingly, but I looked up with an indifferent air.

"Mademoiselle will make a very fine artist, with a little more practice. Now I am ready for your service, madame."

CHAPTER III.

I MAY as well make my candid confession here, without trying to disguise the fact until the close of the story. In an incredibly short time, I had more interest in my drawing lesson than in the shrewd game I was secretly playing for my uncle. Indeed, I was often guiltily conscious of remissness when I met my uncle's anxious inquiring eye, in our chance meetings on the street. I knew very well why Madame Armstrong had engaged my services. It was to perfect her shallow-brained son in the diplomatic mysteries of the post he seemed likely to win. Although the French reading and writing was, ostensibly, for her own benefit, I did not fail to remark that Hugh Armstrong was always present; nor did I lack penetration for discovering the reason of her very singular selection of political papers for translation.

I was at a loss to explain her carelessness in allowing my free intimacy with Nina, but judged it must only come from her strong impression of my stolid mercenary character, which I lost no opportunity of deepening.

She casually remarked, in the early portion of my stay with them, that her niece was a penniless orphan, entirely dependent upon her charity, and that peculiar circumstances connected with the child's unhappy parentage made it desirable that she should be kept in strict seclusion.

She watched my face closely while she said it, but I flattered myself that I baffled her. I assumed an indifferent air, remarked that I pitied the poor child's loneliness, and was glad to brighten it by my drawing-lessons; but that it was a double misfortune, if there were circumstances which would prevent any hopes of an ultimate marriage

to relieve madame from her generous benevolence.

Madame Armstrong looked satisfied that matters were in a safe condition in the pretty room where the drawing-master gave his lessons. I fought down the rising ire in my breast—the singular but decided antagonism which I recognized as readily as my Nina—and turned calmly away.

Yes, she was to be my Nina sometime. We had spoken our betrothal vows solemnly, in the twinkling light of the stars, as they looked through the crystal windows of the boudoir, and something akin to their tremulous lustre sparkled on her long silken lashes, and—I am not ashamed to admit it—shone, likewise, on my cheek, as we vowed to wait patiently, through whatever vicissitudes, against however powerful obstacles, until our fondest hopes could be accomplished.

I had no regrets for the course I had taken, for I became more and more convinced of Madame Armstrong's intriguing character, her boundless ambition and reckless defiance of honorable considerations. I had worked so guardedly that I was confident she had no suspicion of my real motive for entering the household; and I had been admitted to share several secret correspondences not remarkably commendable in a lady of her position; but not the slightest clue had I obtained toward the furthering of my project, or the discovery of the missing papers. Yet, that they were in her possession was as certain as my blindness concerning them. I casually mentioned my uncle's name, one day in her presence, speaking as of a stranger, lauding his profound sagacity, his security from false moves and the like. I saw the glow glint exultingly across her eyes, the triumphant sneer curling that vindictive mouth, but averted my gaze, as she answered:

"So you think thus highly of him? Don't pin your faith too securely to any one, Mr. Brown. One of these days, I will tell a queer little anecdote, of how a lady outwitted this wonderful sage."

"Is it possible? What a wise lady you are, Madame Armstrong! Pray let me hear it now. I am dying of curiosity."

"No, not now, but in a month—two weeks, possibly. I promise you will be rarely entertained. I may give you a lesson in diplomacy, gratis. You've heard about hunting for a needle in a hay mound?

We've had a modern exemplification of the extraordinary search, and with about as much success."

Her mocking laugh rang defiantly in my ears. I went away, longing to stamp with rage at the woman's triumph.

I had two of the servants in my service, or rather, in my uncle's employ. But they were as far from the light as I. They brought me word one day, however, that they had discovered a small packet of papers, sealed or locked in a thin silver case, to which they could find no opening, and of which madame was evidently very choise.

I had heard of the case before. My predecessors had hunted it up, and opened it, of course. The contents were evidently of value, as they were the certificates and receipts of some large property, whose regular income was duly summed up in the different accounts. But they were not in Madame Armstrong's present name, although they had concluded it was the property inherited in her maiden right. The dressing-maid promised to bring me the case on a certain night, when madame was going to a great fete, and would be sure to leave it in her casket, to which, at such times, the girl always obtained the key.

On that very day before the fete, I had another interview with my uncle. He was fairly frantic with rage. Madame Armstrong had paid a visit to Lord —, and demanded an answer, and he had promised to give it the next afternoon.

"Of course," roared my uncle, "that booby son of hers must have the post, and everybody will wonder at our lack of discrimination, and he will make the whole thing ridiculous, if no deeper harm comes of it. Phil, Phil, if you can do anything, in the name of everything good, set about it, and execute it before to-morrow afternoon!"

I went back to my post in a melancholy humor, and was scarcely able to feign the proper admiration, when madame sent for me on the pretence of a letter she wished answered the next day, but in reality to exhibit herself in her ball costume. She had never looked more magnificently; she wore a rich velvet, of yellow hue, with all the glow of gold softened by a creamy lustre. Broad bands of dusky splendor, scintillating flashes of diamond and amethyst, spanned the still exquisitely-moulded arms, and circled the haughty throat; pendant sprays of

the same peerless gems drooped from the purple-black waves of luxuriant hair; her handkerchief was a costly web of intricate workmanship, her fan, a dainty toy, worth the whole income of many a better woman; the very buckle of her satin slipper was of gold, set with a tiny sparkle of diamond fire. I wondered if there would be a duchess at the fete more royally dressed, or more haughty in carriage, and secretly gnashed my teeth at the impotence of my indignation. She went away at last, and her son escorted her; and I waited impatiently for Celeste to find opportunity to keep the appointment without attracting the notice of the other servants.

She came tripping lightly into my room just as I was in despair of seeing her at all, and dropped the silver case into my hand.

"Pray be sure and give it back to me, monsieur, in time to return it before madame comes," she exclaimed.

"I nodded my acquiescence, and, with the case in my hand, went over to Nina's little conservatory, which was the most free from intrusion of any room in the whole mansion. I could hear the dear girl twittering her pretty compliments with the birds; but did not call her to me. I went with the case to the globe of light suspended from the ceiling, and, in a few minutes had mastered the secret of the spring. I seized upon the papers, and examined them hastily, to see if they corresponded with the minute description I had committed so closely to memory. No; there was no question about it. There was no seal upon either. My longed-for document was not among them.

I was bundling them together hastily, with a keen pang of disappointment, not caring to penetrate madame's secrets beyond what I felt legally empowered to do, when a name caught my eye. I spread open the paper with a shaking hand, and read every line of it. Nor did I pause until I had mastered the contents of every one there. Then with a low ejaculation of delight, I rushed into the aviary. Nina had gone into the little parlor. I followed, in high glee, and catching her in my arms, astonished her by a hearty embrace.

She drew back, blushing and laughing.

"Why Philip, what ails you? You are quite crazed, I think."

"Just that, my Nina, my oleander, my nightingale; crazed with joy."

"You have found that unknown object which is to make you independent," cried she, as eagerly.

"Something almost as wonderful, dearest. Do you know that Madame Armstrong has gone to the fete arrayed in velvet and diamonds, bedizened like any princess?"

"Why yes. She is fond of a showy costume. I knew that long ago."

"But did you know that your money bought the rich robes, and fitted out the fine equipage, and procured the jewels?"

"Now you are really crazed, Phillip."

"Not at all, thou precious little snowdrop, which art no whit fairer or sweeter for this golden setting. I have found out the secret; I have solved the riddle; I have compelled the Sphinx to speak! Madame Armstrong learned of the great fortune waiting for the heirs of one Harley L'Estrange, and quietly set to work to find her long-ago discarded sister's child. She hunted you up, kept you as an object of charity, and quietly fitted out an establishment suitable to your fortune. Everything is explained now—your seclusion, her munificence, and the strict guard kept over your movements. The woman's boldness is wonderful, her artfulness something marvellous; but she has made one fatal mistake—in introducing a drawing-master."

Nina was trembling violently.

"Do not deceive me, Phillip," faltered she.

"My innocent unsophisticated lamb, not for the world, would I cheat you so cruelly! See, here are the proofs. Behold for yourself how innocently you have walked into that crafty woman's trap. It is your fortune she is spending so lavishly. How generous in her to protect her poor relatives!"

Nina went over the papers, with my help, and was at length convinced of the monstrous wrong inflicted upon her. After that, we sat an hour, in such delicious talk, such golden castle-building! I did not wrong my manliness so much as to impute to myself a mercenary spirit, when I exulted at having won her. What was her fortune, in comparison to Nina herself? And had I not wooed her when I believed her obscure and penniless?

It was like a fairy dream to the guileless creature, and I could not wonder at her agitation. We had agreed to return the case, and conceal our discovery, until I had obtained the proper legal advice concerning

the affair, when I was to come boldly, and bring a suitable protector for my betrothed bride.

"Ah," said I, as I toyed with the golden curls that rippled against my shoulder, "can you imagine Madame Armstrong's look of consternation—she who has hitherto known only triumph? She has checkmated me on my own game; but I can forgive her, in consideration of this defeat."

I had been caressingly stroking the sunny silken tresses.

"O Nina, what incomparable hair! I think there are myriad fireflies tangled in its curling meshes. Do you know it was the first thing to catch my eye when I was introduced into your presence, in the conservatory boudoir? I could only compare it to an aureole around the head of some of the old painters' Madonnas. It is the most superb hair I ever saw. Do you know how I admire it?"

She laughed merrily, while I playfully shook out the lovely tresses.

"Unblind the ribbon," pleaded I; "let me see it perfectly free."

Her white fingers promptly obeyed. The ribbon fell down into her lap, the soft flow of bronzed gold swayed like a sunset cloud, around her shoulders.

"It is a pity to wear even a ribbon," I said.

"Madame Armstrong insists upon it. She ties up my hair every morning, with her own hands. It is another of her mysterious movements. One would make sure she was very fond of me, and proud of my hair. She forbids me to change the ribbon till she herself brings another. I remember how vexed she was, once, because I took it off."

"That is odd," said I, carelessly; "but her taste is certainly unexceptionable. I have always admired the daintiness of the ribbon. This is a bee; the other day it was a golden butterfly, embroidered on its silken texture."

I took the ribbon in my fingers heedlessly. It was a somewhat peculiar contrivance. A thick broad band of silk, something the color of her hair, with a loop in either end, passed under the shining cloud of curls, and the ribbon was drawn through the loops and knotted on the outside.

"I have sometimes suspected there was some spell connected with that band," continued Nina, "my aunt is so watchful over it."

I interrupted her with a great shout,

while I seized the band and examined it closely.

"Eureka!" cried I, hunting up my pen-knife, and running its sharp blade carefully beneath the silk. I scarcely needed the proof of sight. I was convinced I had found the mysterious hiding-place of those precious long-sought papers.

I caught Nina again in my arms, as they fell out from their oiled-silk covering, the broad red seals uppermost.

"Nina, Nina," cried I, in tumultuous happiness, "I have beaten in both games! O, that golden hair of yours! No wonder it gave me such a magnetic thrill when my eyes first glanced upon it. Poor Madame Armstrong! she has just lost her castle, and now here is checkmate to her queen, and the poor knight is swept off the board."

Well, what need of further description? The dullest imagination can picture it. Of course I rushed away to my uncle's, and, not daring to leave my Nina to the mercy or fury of the "Jezebel" he had anathematized so often, I took her with me, and sent for my mother to come and take the

trembling little dove under her wing.

There was a painful and somewhat ludicrous scene that next day, in Madame Armstrong's elegant drawing-room; but I must confess she abdicated with dignity, and covered over her rage and mortification with a fortitude worthy of a better cause. Nina was anxious to spare a public exposure, and so madame and her son were allowed to depart in peace, having disgorged as much of their ill-gotten spoil as we cared to insist upon. We heard no more of them, although the small annuity which my Nina generously allowed to them is regularly forwarded, and called for at Paris.

It will hardly sound well for me to describe the sensation it created when I appeared with my lovely young bride, nor to declare how efficient an officer I proved, at the post my uncle proudly declared was the most thoroughly-earned of any under her majesty's government. But this much I may be allowed to state, that we were very happy and very fortunate in our future relations, and that to this day I am as proud as ever of Nina's curls!

GOOD-NIGHT.

BY ALICE B. BROWN.

Voices in the chapel dim
Softly chant their vesper hymn,
But the sadness, sweet and clear,
Falls unheeded on thy ear.
Beauteous forms I cannot see
Seem to beckon, love, to thee,
And allure thy soul away
Far beyond the dying day.
Frail and gentle one, I know
By that cheek of purest snow,
And the glory of that brow,
God is whispering to thee now!

With his love thy constant stay,
I have seen thee day by day,
Counting worldly pleasures dross,
Meekly bear thy heavy cross;
And though often worn and faint,
Breathe no word of sad complaint,
Jackson, Mo., January, 1877.

But for thee the crown is won,
Earthly work with thee is done,
And the long day's quiet close
Wooes thy soul to sweet repose.
Shadows shroud me from thy sight,
So, beloved, a fond good-night.

Will the morning's golden beams
Waken thee from pleasant dreams,
And thy voice in accents sweet,
As of old my coming greet?
No, unconscious of the dawn
Thou wilt calmly slumber on,
And no loving words of thine
Cheer this breaking heart of mine,
Though I call in bitter pain
I shall call thee, sweet, in vain;
From those lips so still and white,
I have heard the last "good-night."

THE HEIRESS AND HER GUARDIAN.**A TALE OF ENGLISH COUNTRY LIFE.**

BY MRS. H. LOVETT CAMERON.

*[This Story was commenced in the November Number of the Magazine.]***CHAPTER XIX.****FIVE YEARS AFTER.**

FIVE years after! O blissful license of the story-teller, to whom it is allowed thus to make free with Father Time! Five years of weariness, of dullness, of disappointment! What would not some of us give to be rid of five years with as many words!

Only think of it! Five hot stuffy summers, made unbearable perchance with tollings in close city rooms all day, and with harder tollings still in west-end ballrooms by night—five biting winters of nipping frosts and Christmas bills—five backward springs of drizzling rains and driving east winds! Think of all the vexations, bodily and spiritual, that five years must inevitably bring to all of us, and then say whether you would not gladly shake them off your memory like a night's bad dream, and wake to begin afresh—whether you would not joyfully wipe off old scores, old griefs, old sins, and, with new hopes and new chances, begin again to write down the story of your life upon a blank and unsullied page.

O Rip Van Winkle, most blessed among men, how gladly would some of us follow your example, and outsleep, since we can scarcely manage to outlive, the unloveliness of some of the years of our lives!

Well, to the story-teller it is allowed to do this wonderful feat—to say that so many years out of the lives of those he has created shall be spirited away. Never mind how many—be it five, fifteen or fifty—he has but to say the word, and hey, presto! it is done. So it is that I begin again with—five years after!

Five years! during which my different characters have all been toiling painfully through the dullnesses and disappointments of uneventful lives, through which I will not condemn you, my reader, to follow them.

Now let us find them all out again, and see what changes these five years have

worked in them. It is five years, then—five years since Gretchen Rudenbach sat shivering in Sotherne parish church to watch a bridal party pass in and out, and to no one have these years brought greater changes than to the little music-teacher.

Gretchen is "Mlle. Rudenbach," now, and well known to the fashionable and musical world. She has left the little house in Pimlico, and, carrying Miss Pinkin with her as companion and chaperone, has migrated to a semi-detached villa in Victoria Villas, Notting Hill.

It is highly improbable that Gretchen's musical talents, which were very considerable, and her industry, which was untiring, would alone have wrought this great improvement in her worldly prospects.

Seldom, indeed, do talent and industry, if unaccompanied by luck and interest, lead to the summit of any professional tree.

Gretchen's rise of fortune came about in this way. There was a certain Lady Caroline Skinfint, who lived in Wilton Crescent, and who was an acknowledged leader of the fashionable world. Lady Caroline was a younger daughter of the late Duke of Belgravia, which sufficiently explains the undoubtedness of her position. In her unmarried days, being unattractive in person and displeasing in manner, she had been nobody in particular, for the maiden aunt even of a duke is not accounted of great social importance; but when, at the somewhat advanced age of thirty-eight, she escaped at length from the maternal thralldom of the Dowager Duchess, and took unto herself her bosom's lord in the person of the Honorable Theophilus Skinfint, whose brains were even if possible smaller than his income, Lady Caroline straightway became a very important personage indeed.

To be asked or not asked to Lady Caroline's musical soirees became almost a social test of respectability, whilst bland indeed were the smiles the world vouchsafed to those blessed few who were admitted into

the sacred inner circle of her *petits diners* or *reunions intimes*.

Lady Caroline gave herself out as a patron of music; not that she in reality knew or cared much about it, but that, as she would have told you, it is always necessary to take up something, and so she took up music.

In pursuance of these views, she gave annually four musical evening parties, into which she endeavored, and in a great measure succeeded, to cram a very large number of persons into very moderate-sized rooms, at the minimum of expenditure that was possible.

It was after sending out some hundred or so of cards for one of these entertainments that Lady Caroline cast about to seek for the utmost amount of cheap musical talent that she could lay hands upon wherewith to enter ain her invited guests.

Happening one day to run up into the drawing-room of her latest protegee and bosom friend *pro ten.*, Mrs. Harrington Spotts, whose pedigree was short but whose purse she found conveniently long, Lady Caroline discovered, not that lady herself, but her little girl, and, what was more to the purpose, the little girl's music-mistress, who was playing over a sonata of Beethoven to her pupil. Lady Caroline withdrew herself behind the portiere and listened, struck by the masterly touch of the performance.

"Brava! brava!" she cried, clapping her hands and coming forward into the room as the last chords sounded. "You play very nicely, young lady—who are you?"

"She is Miss Rudenbach, my music-governess," answered the juvenile daughter of the house of Harrington Spotts, whilst Gretchen rose blushing from the piano.

"Rudenbach? a German name, eh? I am Lady Caroline Skinflint—don't be afraid, my dear;" this was added with reassuring condescension, as though the mere sound of the patrician name were calculated to strike awe into the breast of a German music-teacher; but Gretchen, who, dreadful to relate, had never heard of her ladyship, was not particularly impressed either with awe or with admiration.

"What do you charge for playing at musical parties?" continued the lady, rushing at once to the point.

"I—I really don't know," stammered Gretchen, for she had never done such a thing in her life.

Lady Caroline was not blind to the chance thus presented to her.

"Ah, I see," she said; "you have never played out—ah! well, you are very young, and not of course by any means perfect in your art—that is not to be expected; but you have a good touch, and your playing pleases me. I am a patron of music, and am going to have a musical party next week, on the 14th; if you like to come and play at it for me, it would be a very good opening for you, and will probably get you several new pupils."

"Your ladyship is very kind, if you think I could play well enough," murmured Gretchen, gratefully and doubtfully.

"Well, of course, as you are not a regular professional, you must not expect me to pay you anything, but I will recommend you to all my friends; that is to say, if you play to my satisfaction—and you will get your supper." So for her supper Gretchen was engaged. "Recollect, you are to play as often as I want you to play, and let me have a list of the things you can do best by Monday at latest, that I may get my programmes printed."

And Lady Caroline went her way, and boasted to her friends and acquaintances of the wonderful young pianiste she had secured for the fourteenth. "Quite a second Arabella Goddard, I assure you," she said, "and with more feeling; she is considered the rising light in the musical world—quite young, and a perfect genius!"

By the fourteenth everybody was talking about the new star whose performances they were to listen to in Wilton Crescent, and whom of course nobody had ever heard of before. Lady Caroline chuckled to herself with delight when she reflected upon the piece of wonderful good fortune which had enabled her to discover this brilliant performer, and her own shrewdness in securing her services for nothing!

The evening arrived, and Gretchen, in her pearl gray merino, with the soft folds of a white muslin fichu up to her throat, and a simple little white flower in her hair, looking more Quaker-like and innocent than ever among all the bare shoulders and painted cheeks and golden-dyed hair of full-dressed Belgravia, and adding by her singularly modest appearance considerably to the effect she produced, sat down amid a dead silence to play her first piece.

She was not at all nervous, and she played

splendidly, quite surpassing even Lady Caroline's hopes of her; she felt herself upon her mettle, and was conscious that most of her future success as a musician probably depended upon how she acquitted herself on this occasion.

The result was beyond her expectations. There was a perfect storm of applause as she finished, and many people crowded round the piano to be introduced to her.

A great professional singer, whose kindness of heart is well known to be equal to her talent, and who was present "as a friend," which meant of course that she would probably volunteer to sing something for her hostess later on in the evening, spoke most kindly to our little Gretchen, and was so taken by her gentleness and simplicity that she became from that day forward one of her best and staunchest friends.

In point of fact, Gretchen's fortune was made. Engagements to play at evening parties, for which she soon learned to charge five guineas, flowed in upon her from all quarters; pupils, no longer little girls in their first stages, but grown-up young ladies, came to her in greater numbers than she could well manage to teach; and by-and-by she raised her terms to a guinea a lesson, and moved to her prettily-furnished villa at Notting Hill, where her own friends came to visit her, and Miss Pinkin no longer dared to snub her, or to prophesy evil of her.

And the best of it all for Lady Caroline Skinfint was that, remembering to whom she owed her prosperity, Gretchen Rudenbach always played at the parties of her patroness upon the same terms upon which she had on the first occasion engaged her; that is to say, for nothing—and her supper!

It was evening. Gretchen had finished her modest repast, and leaving Miss Pinkin to lock up the wine and to give sundry orders to a refractory housemaid, she had retired to her little flower-scented drawing-room.

The room was nearly dark, the windows wide open, and the white muslin curtains fluttered in the evening breeze; a bush of white Hiac in the little suburban garden outside kept tapping against the panes, and filled the air with a delicious fresh scent. There was a flower-stand well filled in one corner, more flowers in vases on the mantelpiece, a general air of prettiness and comfort over the whole room. Gretchen

sat at the piano in the half-light, and played over some passages of the sonata that she was going to perform at a musical party that evening.

Some one came running up the steps of the house, opened the door, and, unannounced, stepped into the little drawing-room.

"Don't let me disturb you," said Cis Travers, just laying one hand for an instant on the musician's arm as he passed her, and then sinking down on to a sofa on the other side of the piano. And Gretchen, with a little nod, went on with her playing.

Cis Travers has altered considerably since we last saw him on his wedding-morning. He has grown much older and more manly-looking; and at the same time has lost the look of boyish frankness which was at that time a charm in his face, and which has been replaced by a peevish discontented expression which is scarcely pleasant to behold.

Gretchen played on to the end of her *andante*, whilst Cis lay with his feet on the sofa, and his hands thrown back behind his yellow head. When she had finished, she twisted herself round on the music-stool.

"What have you come to me for this evening?" she asked, in her gentle voice.

"O, worried to death as usual! My wife has gone to the opera—we had to dine at seven o'clock; fancy that in June! and it is twice a week at least that it happens. What is a man to do with himself, left all alone in an empty house at eight o'clock?"

"Why don't you go with Mrs. Travers, then?"

"If my dear little girl! you know I detest it! The only music I like is yours, Gretchen," he added, stretching out his hand to her. Probably in the half-light Gretchen did not see it, for she made no responding movement.

"Still," she continued, gently, "it is a pity such a lovely woman as Mrs. Travers should always go out without her husband, alone—or with other men."

"Do not lecture me, Gretchen; I came here to be consoled, and not scolded. I am so fortunate in finding you at home, too."

"I shall not be able to stop long, I am afraid. I shall have to go and dress very soon. I am going out to a musical party. Is it nine o'clock yet?"

"Twenty minutes to—there's lots of time; don't be running away just yet. My life is

very lonely, and it does me good to talk to you. Juliet has her friends and her parties; she does not care a farthing what becomes of me. She never did care in the least about me—never from the first," added Cis, with irritation.

Gretchen made no answer; the fingers of her left hand ran lightly over the keys of the piano, and her lip quivered, unseen, in the darkening twilight. It was very sad to her to hear Cis talk like that. Although she had always loved this man, with all his weaknesses and follies, to which she was by no means blind, it gave her no pleasure to hear that he was not happy, and that the love he had once felt for his beautiful wife was turned into bitterness and peevish discontent.

Gretchen had one of those pure and unselfish natures that love goodness for its own sake. She would far rather have heard that Cis was perfectly happy in his domestic relations than have had to listen to all the miserable complaints which testified to such flattering confidence in herself.

"Do you remember," continued Cis, presently, "do you remember the old days when I used to meet you in Wigmore Street, and we walked together to Bloomsbury Square?"

"I remember very well," answered Gretchen, to whom every one of those interviews was as distinctly present as if they had happened only yesterday.

"I think I was a fool in those days!" said Cis, with a sigh; "I imagined myself violently in love with a woman who has done nothing but scorn me all my life, and all the while there was an affectionate little heart close by which I might have had for the asking, I believe—eh, Gretchen?"

"What rubbish you are talking!" cried Gretchen, jumping up so hurriedly that she upset the music-stool, and shutting up the piano with a slam. It was a mercy that there was too little light to see how scarlet her cheeks had turned.

Cis was accustomed to give way to these little flights of sentimentalism at times; and Gretchen, who knew how little he had really cared about her in those "old days," of which he was wont now to make so much, found such speeches particularly trying to bear.

"I must go and dress," she said, striking a match and lighting the candles, lest Cis should relapse into the "twilight mood."

"Wait one minute; I have really something to ask of you," said Cis, sitting upright on the sofa.

"Well, make haste," said Gretchen, in the most practical voice; adding immediately, lest he should think her unkind, "I shall be so glad to do anything for you, as you know well."

"My wife is going to give a musical party—will you come and play at it?" said Cis.

"O no, no!" cried Gretchen, in sudden dismay, while her blue eyes looked at him with a sort of horror; for what woman can bear the thought of meeting face to face that other more successful woman who fills the place she has wished to occupy herself? "I cannot do that—pray don't ask me."

"Why not? It is not I who ask you—she will. She was talking of whom she should get to perform at this party to-night at dinner, and some one recommended you. I think it was Lady Caroline Skindifint."

"Lady Caroline is a very kind friend to me, but do not ask me to go to your wife's house. I—I should not like it," she said, hesitatingly.

"But I should like it so much, Gretchen," pleaded Cis, whose vanity, always a weak point with him, was flattered by her evident distress. "Do go, to please me."

"I will think it over, but I had much rather not. I do not see why you want me to go—you can always come and see me here; and now I must go—good-night." She held out her hand to him for an instant, and left him, and Cis sauntered down idly to his club.

He was not exactly in love with Gretchen, but it pleased him to think that she was very fond of him. And just as in old times, from sheer idleness and insouciance, he had slipped into a sort of semi-sentimental flirtation with her, which had meant nothing but selfish self-indulgence to himself, but which had brought a great deal of trouble to the girl whose friend he professed to be, so now he had let himself slide with the stream into much the same position with her. To be the sport of fate, the victim of circumstances, was Cecil Travers's character in everything. He had good instincts, but he was too indolent to act up to them—he could be generous and even energetic in fits and starts, but he had no strength, either moral or physical—he was neither bad nor vicious, he was simply utterly and deplorably weak.

Gretchen, to whom fortunately five years, without robbing her of any of her gentle modesty, had nevertheless brought some knowledge of the world—without ever ceasing to love and honor the man who had done so much for her when she was poor and homeless, had nevertheless lost much of the admiration and almost adoration with which she had regarded him in old days. Her idol had stepped down somewhat from his pedestal, and Gretchen's heart, which was of that essentially feminine and gentle type which loves only the more because it pities and sees failings in that which it loves, felt no contempt for Cis, only a great yearning to make him happier and better.

It was unspeakably painful to her that he should talk so openly even to herself about the unhappiness of his married life, and the want of love between himself and his wife; it was painful, it was even shocking to her, and yet it was passing sweet to think that he should turn for comfort to her in his troubles.

For of course Gretchen took his part. Of course she felt anger and hatred towards the wife whose history she did not know, and whose proud beauty she had only once beheld.

Women, generally even the best of them, are cruelly severe towards each other. They are the harshest of censors, the most unjust of judges—for they condemn unheard. Gretchen heard vaguely in the outskirts of that great world into which she herself went in such an humble manner, that Mrs. Travers was a woman of fashion, was much admired and much sought after, and she at once formed her own conclusions. To her Cecil's wife was a heartless coquette, given over to dissipation, and worldliness, and love of dress, who neglected her husband, and made his home wretched in order to indulge freely in her own frivolous pursuits.

To go to the house of this woman who had not only taken Cecil irretrievably away from her, but who did not value that which she had won, seemed a very dreadful ordeal to Gretchen. Nevertheless, Cis had asked her to go—had said it would give him pleasure to hear her play at his house. To give Cis pleasure Gretchen would have gladly walked barefoot from Notting Hill to Grosvenor Street. So it came to pass that when Mrs. Travers, in a little monogrammed and perfumed note, presented her compliments

to Mdlle. Rudenbach, and would be glad to know if she would be able to play for her on Thursday, the 20th inst., and what were Mdlle. Rudenbach's terms, etc.—Gretchen in reply stated that she would be very happy to play at Mrs. Travers's evening party on the 20th, and begged to enclose her terms.

CHAPTER XX.

BENEATH A SMILING FACE.

VERY seldom indeed, in these days, did the old-fashioned iron gates at the end of the avenue at Sotherne Court open to receive their young mistress.

Mrs. Travers would not live in the home of her childhood. Now and then she would come down for a couple of days, or stop there a night, to break the journey to or from Scotland, but she could bear no permanent residence there.

Sotherne Court was a haunted house to her—haunted by ghosts of the past, which, under the present circumstances of her life, it was simply impossible for her to face.

Into the two months that Hugh Fleming had made Sotherne Court his home, had been crowded enough of associations and memories to fill every nook and corner of the old house.

There it was that he had stood as he had listened to her singing—in that chair he had been accustomed to sit in the evening—down that walk in the shrubbery it was that they had wandered together—under that tree they had sat together; there was not a room in the house, or a path in the garden, where she could not conjure up his image. Before her marriage she had loved these memories, but now they had become absolutely hateful to her. So the old house was left in undisturbed possession of Mrs. Blair and the servants.

This was a better state of things than Mrs. Blair had dared to hope for. Juliet had not been unkind to her stepmother, and Cis had always been favorably disposed towards her. As they did not intend to live at Sotherne themselves, there seemed no reason why Mrs. Blair should not continue to make it her home. So Mrs. Blair lived there on all the fat of the land.

She asked her own friends, French acquaintances, principally of her ante-nuptial days, to stay with her, greatly to old Higgs's disgust, who was loud in his grumblings

against the "dirty furrin French folk," as he insisted on calling a perfectly unobjectionable Monsieur and Madame Gambert, who were frequently guests at Sotherne.

Mrs. Blair played the country lady to these and other admiring friends, gave little dinner-parties for their entertainment, drove them out to see the show places in the neighborhood in the ancient landau, drawn by two remarkably fat and lazy old horses, and did the honors of Sotherne Court generally, as if the whole place belonged to her.

Higgs hated Mrs. Blair and her friends; the new state of things was abhorrent to him; but, like a brave man, he stuck to his post manfully. As long as he had breath and life, Higgs declared he would stay at Sotherne to serve his dear young mistress, and to prevent the old place from going to rack and ruin in the hands of a parcel of strangers. Higgs was a thorn in Mrs. Blair's side—he was forever doing things in direct opposition to her wishes. He often refused, respectfully but firmly, to obey her orders, stating that his duty to Mrs. Travers prevented him from doing so.

"Very sorry, ma'am, but my conscience wouldn't allow me no peace if I were to give out that there old silver tea-service," was the sort of remark he was wont to make; "seeing that my mistress is away, and I left in charge, as it were, of her property—anything to oblige you, marm, I am sure, but I must do my duty *just*!"

And Mrs. Blair might entreat, or threaten, or storm, it was all of no avail. Higgs would jingle his keys as if to say, "Don't you wish you may get it?" and go off to his pantry chuckling over her discomfiture.

Mrs. Blair would have given a great deal for Higgs to leave, and in pursuance of that object she made herself as ungracious and unpleasant to him as she possibly could; but unluckily Higgs saw through it, and was well determined not to give her that supreme triumph.

"She thinks as how I'll give warning," said the old man to himself; "she wont find Ebenezer Higgs so easy to move. I'll stay here till I drop sooner than go, if it's only to spite her! I aint *her* servant, and *she* can't give me the sack!" And so the only result of the feud between them was that Higgs made himself more intensely disagreeable than ever, and on hearing shortly after the dispute concerning the silver tea-

service that Mrs. Blair expected some friends to stay with her for Christmas, he took the opportunity of declaring that the dining-room grate was breaking to pieces, and had the whole fireplace taken out and sent off to the ironmonger's to be renewed; so that the company had to use the breakfast-room, and Mrs. Blair had to postpone a dinner-party which she had intended giving in honor of her guests.

Of course all these things were very trying; but still, on the whole, Mrs. Blair was by no means dissatisfied with her lot in life. Day after day she congratulated herself upon the successful termination of all her hopes and plans. How well everything had turned out, and how different everything would have been if she had not stopped that letter from Colonel Fleming! Of course Juliet would never have married Cis—that odious guardian would have come back, and she herself would have been turned adrift upon the world with a very small income, whereas now everything had ended for the best. She had a comfortable and luxurious home and plenty of servants, whom she neither kept nor paid to wait upon her; she had no expenses, and her position in the county as Mr. Blair's widow was everything that she could wish. And as to Juliet, she of course was perfectly happy—probably much happier than if she had been allowed to marry her colonel; no one would ever know anything about that letter now, and Mrs. Blair felt convinced that she had done right, perfectly right, in suppressing it. After all, the result had justified the means. All's well that ends well.

Of her nearest neighbors and connections, the Traverses of Broadley, Mrs. Blair saw but very little. Five years had not passed away without working sundry changes for them.

Mary was married to a well-to-do squire in the next county, and Flora had shot up into a tall thin wisp of a girl of sixteen, with a face like Georgie's, but with a promise of more beauty than had ever belonged to her dead sister. And between the squire and the dead past, Time had already begun to spread his cobweb veil. Slowly, but surely, Georgie's memory became—not forgotten—for when can a father ever forget his dead child?—but vaguer and more indistinct; the bitterness went out of the recollection of her, and only the sweet savor of her goodness and gentleness left its

halo around her early grave. The home gap was slowly filling up again, as all such gaps do—God forbid that they should not. However wide the breach that is made, however hopeless the blank may be, the strangeness and the agony of it does in time wear off—the wound may leave its scars, but the open sore heals up.

Squire Travers was indeed no longer the same man he used to be—he was more subdued and patient in manner, less irritable, and less given to strong language; but he no longer now gave way to fits of melancholy and depression.

He had been very pleased at his son's marriage, and that event had certainly been the first thing that had roused him from the utter prostration that had followed upon his daughter's death.

Then, although, as he had himself said, he would never again keep the hounds, yet, after two winters had passed away, the old hunting instinct had awoken again, and when the third season came round he had found himself quite unable to resist it.

When he had stood looking out of the window one afternoon in November for some time, and then had suddenly turned round and said to his wife, "I think I shall potter out on Sunbeam to-morrow morning—I hear the hounds meet at Cosby Farm," the speech had been hailed by Mrs. Travers as very good news indeed. After that he went out regularly, far or near, a little shamefacedly at first, lest any one should think him heartless to his daughter's memory, but by-and-by with all the keenness and zest revived; besides, Wattie had set his mind at ease.

"She would have liked you to go out again, I know," he had said to him, and the squire had silently pressed his hand.

"It would have made her miserable to think you had given up hunting, and it does her no good, poor darling," continued Wattie; "besides, you have Flora to think of."

Yes, there was Flora; for her sake it was desirable that her father should go out with her instead of leaving her, as had lately happened, to the care of the groom—for Flora, like Georgie, "had it in her," and no considerations could stop her from slinking off after the hounds whenever they came within reasonable distance.

There was one thing that the squire could not be too particular about with his youngest daughter, and that was in the matter of

the horses she rode. No half-broken, untried animal should ever carry a daughter of his again; every horse Flora mounted was well trained and broken in for a lady's riding, and warranted free from all sorts of vices. The squire, too, gave long prices for them.

Flora, who was quite as fearless and bold as her sister ever had been, sometimes resented this extra care that was taken of her; but one look from Wattie Ellison was generally sufficient to make her silent and submissive.

It was by no means an unhappy scene that was going on one mild winter's morning in the paddock at the back of the house. A number of hurdles had been set up at equal distances round the field, and Flora, mounted on a splendid young thoroughbred horse which her father had just bought for her, was careering round, taking the hurdles one after the other in steeple-chase fashion, whilst her father and Wattie, Davis the groom, and poor old Chanticleer, stood together in a group in the centre.

"Why, papa, you look like the showman at Astley's!" cried Flora, as with flushed cheeks she trotted up to them after her exploits. "There you stand twisting about and flourishing your whip. I ought to have on pink skirts and spangles, and then we might get up a regular circus. Fancy you jumping through a paper hoop, papa!" And Flora laughed merrily with all a younger child's sauciness and impudence.

"You would look uncommonly well in spangles, I have no doubt, Flora," said Wattie, patting her horse's neck, and looking up admiringly at her; upon which Flora made a pass at his hat with her whip, which of course she missed, and then shook her fist at him with such a happy laugh, and looking so pretty the while, that, child as she was, there seemed to be some foundation for the county gossip, which reported that Wattie Ellison was only waiting till Flora should be eighteen to transfer openly to her the affection which he had formerly given to her sister.

That this was the squire's dearest wish cannot be denied. He was so devoted to Wattie, that his poverty and small income were as nothing to him; he had calculated that he could give Flora enough to live on comfortably, and to secure this once despised young man as his son-in-law was now one of his greatest hopes.

So the squire took to hunting again, and Flora became his constant companion. Her mother shook her head lugubriously, and prophesied all sorts of evil things, but in the long run she was too pleased to see her husband more like his old self again to be very much disturbed, especially as Amy's education engrossed a good deal of her time; and as that young lady showed no tendency whatever for hunting tastes, she was able to carry out all her theories about the training of young ladies in a satisfactory manner in the person of her youngest daughter.

During the course of that same third winter, when the squire took again to his hunting, an event happened which plunged the whole family into great grief for several days. This was the death of faithful old Chanticleer.

One morning the old hound refused the bread and milk which Flora had never once forgotten to give him every day in obedience to Georgie's dying wishes, and presently he hobbled up to her, for he had become very lame and infirm, and, lying down on the corner of her dress, licked her hand once, and then turned over on his side, and died without a struggle.

It was as if the last link with Georgie had been cut away—the old dog had for her sake become a general favorite, and even Mrs. Travers was upset at his sudden death. But after that, and save for that distressing incident, things altogether had fallen back into peaceful and happy grooves at Broadley House.

And Juliet—how had it fared with Juliet during these first five years of her married life? The first year after their wedding Mr. and Mrs. Travers spent in travelling abroad, and it was during these travels, and after she had been married more than three months, that Juliet at length found courage to write to Colonel Fleming. It was but a note, merely a few lines, thanking him for his wedding presents to her, and expressing her admiration of them; and then with a trembling hand she added:

"You have accused me of harshness and coldness towards you, and of silence. Of the two former I am certainly guiltless, and of the latter I cannot understand that *you* should accuse *me*"—words which, when he read them, puzzled and bewildered him beyond description.

After their year abroad, Mr. and Mrs.

Travers came home, but not to Sotherme; they bought a large house in Upper Grosvenor Street, and there established themselves.

For her beauty, her wealth and her talent, Mrs. Travers soon gained a reputation in the London world; no one was so well dressed, or rode such good horses—no one drove such a perfect pair of ponies in the morning, or reclined in such a well-appointed barouche in the afternoon; her dinners were faultless; her evening parties, filled with the elite of London society, were invariably successes; she was courted, flattered, admired, and sought after; she had everything that money, and youth, and beauty could give her, and yet—and yet the woman was miserable.

For, to begin with, Juliet was daily discovering how true her own instincts had been when she had told Cis Travers long ago that they never could be happy together—that they were totally unsuited for each other, that her life and her mind were in no way similar to his, and that she and he must forever go along different paths.

Juliet began to realize that most painful of all positions for a wife—that her husband was inferior to herself. He was her inferior in everything—in mind, in refinement, and in character. She had known it long ago—all her life, indeed—but she had not certainly understood until she was married to him how irksome and how unbearable such a reversal of the fitness of things would be to her. She did not dislike her husband; far from it. She was indeed fond of him in a sort of way; but she derived no comfort or support to herself from his society. She was forever bending down to his level, trying to enter into his thoughts and feelings, whilst he could not in the smallest degree sympathize with or understand hers.

After a time Cis became dimly conscious that things were not as they should be between them; he could not understand the cause of it, but he began vaguely to perceive the effects, and with the natural weakness of his character, instead of making the best of the unalterable, he turned it into a perpetual subject of grumbling and complaint. He became fretful and peevish, and was forever reproaching his wife with her coldness and want of affection, until Juliet one day, fairly exasperated, turned round upon him, and reminded him that

she had told him before she married him that she did not love him, and that, having chosen to take her without affection, he had no right to reproach her for the want of it now.

After that, Cis let his wife pretty well alone, and took to going to Gretchen Rudenbach to pour out his troubles. Gretchen could understand him, he thought, with that fine vanity which always makes a man think himself understood by the woman who loves and admires him, although probably she has fifty times less comprehension of his true character than the woman who has not affection enough for him to make her blind to his faults.

And Juliet went her own way. She had now but one object in her life—to forget; and if there is one thing more unattainable than any other unattainable thing that is beyond our reach, it is that same gift of forgetfulness! Hard indeed it is to find where we may drain a draught of the waters of Lethe!

The bitter thought of what might have been in comparison with what is, is one that it is almost impossible to shut entirely out of our minds.

To a man, hard mental work does perhaps sometimes succeed in keeping at arm's length the ghosts of past joys and the tortures of unavailing regret; but a woman can seldom hope for such a safe and wholesome discipline. To her no sort of work is open, but the unending toil of pleasure; and pleasure which cannot occupy the brain has no power whatever to obliterate recollection.

It was in vain that Juliet Travers plunged into a whirl of dissipation which lasted day and night, and for which she had no natural taste; in vain that she filled up every waking hour with engagement after engagement, that she surrounded herself with friends and acquaintances of the most frivolous type, who served, it is true, to amuse her, but who often disgusted her at the same time with their worldly shallowness. For a time, indeed, her thoughts might be distracted by what was going on around her; but wherever she went, and whatever she was doing, it was seldom indeed that the image of Hugh Fleming was entirely out of her mind.

She did her very best to stifle the ever-present thought of him—every feeling of honor and of duty urged her to do so; and

yet the task became daily more and more impossible to her.

I am conscious that my heroine does not come out well at this period of her life; but I am not placing her before you as a perfect character, but as a woman full of faults and failings, who was tempest-tossed on a stormy sea, and who was groping her way helplessly, and not very successfully, through the darkness.

Juliet was no saint—she was very human indeed; and at this time of her life her better instincts and nobler qualities were certainly somewhat obscured.

She became very reckless—reckless of good or evil, and very bitter against her life. Had there been anything in it to reconcile her to it, it might not have been so.

Had she had children, everything would probably have become different to her; but she had no child, and daily her husband, whom she had never loved, drifted further and further away from her. No one was dear to her; even the memory of her lost love, which had been so chillingly thrown back upon her, was so filled with bitter humiliation and wounded pride, that it had no power to soften her.

There is not perhaps a more dangerous and soul-degrading state of things than for a woman who has naturally a warm heart and quick impulsive feelings to be thus stranded, with every natural channel dried up wherein her affections should flow.

Failing love, such a woman often seeks to fill up the blank with admiration and flattery, thus perverting all the best and highest feelings of her nature.

And failing love—the one thing she yearned for unavailingly—there was no lack of admiration and adulation for the beautiful Mrs. Travers.

She grasped at them eagerly, hungrily; without these things, empty and unsatisfying as they were, she often felt that she should die; they served to drown her longings, and to keep at bay those other miserable thoughts which were forever assailing her.

Therefore it was that Mrs. Travers hurried restlessly from place to place—that as soon as Goodwood week had brought the London season to a close, she must needs go to Homburg or Baden for a month, then back again to spend the autumn months in large country houses filled with the acquaintances of the season, where London life was

but repeated *al fresco*, then generally to Paris for Christmas time, or down into Leicestershire with her hunters for a couple of months' hunting until the time for the season came round again.

In all these arrangements Cis for the most part acquiesced. Juliet always had the upper hand, and had, moreover, been so long accustomed to be absolute mistress, that it would have required a far stronger character than his to have dictated to her in these matters.

Juliet did not drag him about unwillingly; if he liked, he could come with her—if not, he might go elsewhere, wherever he liked; it was quite immaterial to her—she had always plenty of friends to go with her. So it often happened that she was staying alone at this or that country-house, whilst Cis, who neither hunted nor shot, and therefore found himself very much bored in the country, would be sauntering up and down the King's Road at Brighton by himself, or else living as a bachelor in Grosvenor Street, and spending the best part of his idle days in Gretchen Rudenbach's drawing-room.

Often in a house full of well-dressed and fashionable women, Juliet Travers would be the very life and soul of the party, the centre round which all the men staying in the house would gather. Often, after an evening, when, resplendent in costly jewels and rare laces, she had fascinated every one by her beauty and by her conversation, her host and hostess would agree that no party was complete without so gifted and talented a guest; the men would sing her praises long and loud in the smoking-room; whilst the women, gathered in knots in each other's bedrooms, filled with all the spite and envy that small-minded women always feel to any one of their own sex who outshines them, would pick her to pieces, or "damn with faint praise" the woman they had possibly parted from a minute before with clinging kisses and soft-voiced murmurs of endearing words.

And meanwhile the object of all this admiration and envy, with all her satins and diamonds flung aside, would be kneeling dishevelled by her bedside, shaken with convulsive sobs, and pressing to her lips with despairing moans a yellow faded note and a soiled and stiffened glove.

CHAPTER XXI.

AT HOME AGAIN.

It is breathlessly hot in early June, the hour is midnight, the scene is the crush-room of the Covent Garden Opera-house.

It is a popular night, the last strains of Gounod's "Faust" have but lately died away; behind the scenes, according to a well-known and time-honored tradition, the injured but forgiven Marguerite, who has just been wafted up to heaven by ingenious machinery among blue muslin clouds, together with the too fascinating Faust and the scarlet-tinted Mephistopheles, are all supposed to be sitting amicably together refreshing themselves with oysters and bottled stout, whilst in the front of the house the audience are crowding down the staircase and out into the entrance in search of their carriages. Not a very active search either. Now and then somebody's carriage is loudly proclaimed to be "stopping the way," and one or two people rush frantically out in violent haste; but for the most part the well-dressed bright-colored throng stands contentedly looking about, in no hurry to be gone, nodding at distant and unget-at-able acquaintances over each other's heads, or merely staring at each other curiously or admiringly as occasion may demand.

Standing a good way back from the staircase, and very much jammed in between a fat paterfamilias with his flock behind him and two pretty-looking well-dressed women who are chattering together in front of him, stands a man who is evidently alone and almost a stranger to the scene in which he finds himself.

He looks vaguely round upon the crowd, and sees not one familiar face, not one kindly smile, not one friendly nod. Yes, there a remembered face goes by, and stares blankly, unknowingly at him as it passes—he is forgotten!

"This is solitude—this is to be alone," he mutters to himself with a half cynical smile; "and people call this coming 'home!'" he added, and the smile died away into a sigh.

He is a striking-looking man, still in the prime of life, tall and upright, but with many hard lines which care as well as time have traced upon his bronzed and weather-beaten face. A certain superiority about the man, and a certain stamp of birth and breeding, cause the two women who are in

front of him to turn round more than once to glance up at him.

"Who is that?" whispers one.

"I don't know," replies the other in the same tone; "he looks like somebody, but I don't know that I ever saw him before."

And then they forget him, and go on with their chattering aloud.

Suddenly a name spoken by one of them arrests the stranger's attention.

"Don't you know who that is? Why, that is the beautiful Mrs. Travers, who is making such a sensation this season."

"Which—the dark one?"

"Yes, the tall dark woman, with the diamonds and the black Spanish lace thrown over her head."

"How lovely she is!"

"Yes, lovely enough. That little fair woman with her is Mrs. Dalmaine, her great friend. Don't you remember the scandal there was about her two seasons ago?"

"O, perfectly; you don't mean to say she is here still! Why, there was to have been a divorce."

"O, it was all hushed up, and she goes about under Mrs. Travers's wing now, so I suppose she is all right."

"And is that Mrs. Travers's husband who is offering her his arm?"

"Lor' no, my dear! the husband never shows. They say he is a muff, or a misanthrope, or a savant, or something of that kind," answered the other; "at all events, he is never with his wife; that good-looking fellow is Lord George Mannersley—he has been dancing attendance upon her all the season; she never goes anywhere without him. It is really quite *dreadful* the way some married women go on! If you and I were to do such things, my dear, everybody would cut us; but just because she is rich and the fashion, nobody seems to think anything about it. They say Lord George is over head and ears in love with her, and gives her such splendid presents; isn't it *shocking*! And Mrs. Robertson told me the other day that she had it from Lady Walters, who is very intimate with her, that she knows for a *fact*—hush, it would never do to say it aloud, but—" and the rest of the communication was delivered in a whisper. It was probably something very spicy, for the two ladies giggled, and then shook their heads with a little sham horror over it, as if to say "Very sad, but how delightful a bit of scandal is! and even if it does take away

an innocent woman's character, what does it signify, so long as it affords us a little amusement!"

And Hugh Fleming, standing behind them, an unwilling listener, heard it all.

Heard it; and then, following the direction of their eyes, saw her once again.

She was standing a little way up the staircase, leaning somewhat languidly against the wall; the woman who had been pointed out as Mrs. Dalmaine—a bright lively little blonde, with a too straw-colored chignon, and a suspicion of blacking about the eyebrows and eyelashes, stood chattering away merrily beside her, whilst in front of her, holding her fan, and fanning her at times with it, stood a remarkably handsome young man, with the deepest blue eyes, and the blackest of curly heads, and a long mustache. He was talking, seemingly, to Mrs. Dalmaine; but his eyes were riveted on the lovely face of Mrs. Travers. She took but little part in the conversation; every now and then she smiled, or put in a word or two, and at every instant she bowed her head gracefully to some one or other of her friends among the stream of people who passed along down the staircase.

She looked tired and slightly bored, and when "Mrs. Travers's carriage" was shouted from below, and her footman appeared at the doorway, she took Lord George Mannersley's arm with alacrity, as if glad to be off.

Her name was so well known as a London beauty that not a few pressed forward to look at her as she passed out, and amongst them Colonel Fleming, too, pushed to the front rank. He stood close by the door through which she went out. He saw her sweet face, with all, and more than all, its well-remembered beauty, yet with a certain gravity and a certain hardness in the lines that were new to it; he had time to note the wistful unsatisfied look in her dark eyes, and he heard her voice as she came past him.

"Wont you come to my rooms to supper? Do!" Lord George was saying to her, entreatingly. "There is no reason why you should not. We have got Mrs. Dalmaine, and Castleton is sure to drop in to make a fourth. Don't be so cruel as to refuse."

"I am afraid I must," she answered, flushing a little at his eagerness. "I am very tired to-night; I had rather go home."

And then she passed close by him. There was a flash of the diamonds in her hair, and

on her bosom; a whiff of the perfume from her bouquet; her rich black satin draperies brushed against his feet as she went by—he could have put out his hand to hold her back, she was so near—so near—and yet, alas! so very far.

Her carriage rolled away, and Hugh Fleming turned out alone into the crowded squalid streets.

It was thus that he had met her again—the woman who had been his ideal ever since he had left her! The same, yet no longer the same—no longer the girl he remembered with the light of truth and candor in her eyes, with the best and highest instincts of womanhood shining out in her ever-varying face, but a woman who already wore a mask of hardness and worldliness, whose eyes had grown cold and unloving, whose laughter, as she passed by him, had sounded hollow and unreal.

And worse even than this—she was a woman whose doings had become talked and gossiped about, whose bosom friend was said to be of dubious reputation; whilst already the breath of scandal had coupled her own name with that of the worthless young profligate on whose arm he had seen her leaning.

Bitter, most bitter, were Hugh Fleming's reflections as he paced slowly along towards his club and thought on these things.

What had changed her? What had happened to her? Was this the result of the loveless marriage which he himself had urged upon her? Or was there other and deeper mischief still going on?

Still pondering on these things, Hugh Fleming stood back for an instant at a crossing in Berkeley Square, as a brougham, drawn by a showy-looking pair of horses, dashed by him.

It was Mrs. Travers's carriage. By the light of the lamps as it passed, he could see that Mrs. Dalmaine was no longer there; she had probably been dropped at her own house. There were only two people in the carriage—Mrs. Travers herself, and by her side Lord George Mannersley's handsome head bending forward and talking eagerly and animatedly to her.

Colonel Fleming saw them both perfectly, and then the brougham dashed by, and left him standing alone in the darkness of the empty street.

And as he stood there, there raged at his heart one of the original savage instincts

which education and civilization have no power to destroy in a man's breast—a fierce, murderous, maddening jealousy.

Women are supposed to have a monopoly of this same vice of jealousy; but the jealousy of a woman—far easier aroused, it is true—finds its vent in small spite, and malice, and backbiting. But for the good, strong, unadulterated flavor of the passion, commend me to the jealousy, just and excusable, of a man towards that other man who seeks to injure the fair fame of the woman whom he loves.

A man who is a prey to such a jealousy becomes, for the time, a savage or a wild beast.

As Hugh Fleming stood there, looking after Juliet's departing brougham, he could gladly, eagerly, joyfully have strangled the man who was sitting in it beside her. He would have blessed you or any one else who would have given him the opportunity of trampling that dark clustering head in the mud of the gutter, and of quenching forever the light in those deep blue eyes that, all unconscious of the murderous thoughts so near them, were feasting themselves on Juliet's beauty.

"And it was for this that I gave her up! My God, for this!" he muttered below his breath, as he strode on with all the fierce turmoil of bitter hatred surging within him.

Mrs. Travers's house in Upper Grosvenor Street was a *chef-d'œuvre* of good taste and luxury. No money had been stinted in its furnishing and decoration; nothing had been spared that could add either to the refinement or to the comfort of every room in the house.

In Juliet Travers's drawing-room there were no masses of gilding, no heavy painted cornices, no crimson satin damask, no blaze of color and vulgarity; no trace, in short, of the upholsterer's and the house-decorator's hand, to bewilder or to oppress you with suffocating grandeur.

Everywhere were harmony and fitness; sober coloring and fastidiousness of taste; rich dark draperies; luxurious couches, valuable pictures in Venetian frames mellowed by the glow of age, priceless old china, delicate Sevres or quaintest Bristol and Worcester, set out by careful hands upon dark shelves and brackets; bookcases filled with every book that a lover of art or literature could desire; the piano covered with the best and highest style of music; whilst the

reviews and magazines of the day found their places in a general and rather pleasant litter on the tables.

Nothing indicates so well the character of a woman as the room in which she is accustomed to live. Not all the emptiness of Juliet Travers's present mode of life, not all the frivolity of most of her daily associates, could wholly obliterate that refinement of taste, that keen appreciation of all that is beautiful and improving to the mind, which a thoroughly well-educated woman, whatever may be her surroundings, retains more or less throughout her life.

Juliet's drawing-room in Grosvenor Street was like an essay on her own character—the good things were all there, but they were all left in disorder and confusion.

She is sitting at the writing-table on the morning after the opera, her pen in hand, and a pile of invitation cards beside her, which Mrs. Dalmaine, at the corner of the table, is busily filling up, ticking the names off a long paper list as she does so, whilst Juliet leans back in her chair, and stares idly out of the window.

"How lazy you are, Juliet!" says Mrs. Dalmaine, who, we may as well charitably remark *en passant*, had never been anywhere near the precincts of the Divorce Court; although, for a fast young woman with an old husband, she had certainly done as many foolish and imprudent things as had sufficed to give a certain color to sundry slanderous and utterly untrue reports about her. "How lazy you are! Here you are, sitting staring at nothing, like a lovesick damsel, whilst I am slaving away in your service! Are the Blackwoods to be asked? What do you want a lot of old fogies filling up the rooms for? When I give a musical crush, if I ever do, I won't have a single woman over fifty in the room. What is the good of them? They are not ornamental, and they take up just the room of two ordinary people—these old women do so run to fat!"

"Nevertheless, I think I must ask the Blackwoods, Rosa," answered Juliet, with a smile; "they are very old friends of my father's, and it is often difficult to show civility to old-fashioned people."

"Well, certainly it is doing them off cheap, so here goes their card. By the way, have you had an answer from your professional yet—that Miss Rudenbach?"

"Yes, here is her note—she comes. I

cannot think what made Cecil of all people recommend her! he seemed quite eager about engaging her—he hates music, you know!"

"Ah, my dear, you never can tell a man's motives!" answered Mrs. Dalmaine, with a knowing little nod, as she ran her pen through the Blackwoods' name on the list in front of her. "You should never inquire too closely into a husband's fancies—you never can tell what the quietest of them are up to!"

"Nonsense!" said Juliet, rather impatiently. "Have you finished that list, Rosa? Well, here is the next—the men."

"Ah, how delightful! how I love men!" cried the little woman, applying herself with diligence to study the paper presented to her. "Dear delicious beings! not half of them will come, you know, Juliet; they never do, even to your parties, and you get more than most people. You will only get your own lovers—about a dozen or so."

"What rubbish you do talk! I have no lovers, Rosa. I wish you would not say such things," said Juliet, frowning a little angrily.

"No? O, I am sorry I used the word—what shall I call them—admirers—slaves—sweethearts? What do you call Lord George, for instance; a mixture of all three?"

"I am sick of Lord George!" cried Juliet, impatiently jumping up from the table and scattering her writing things on to the floor.

"And yet you would miss his attentions sorely if he withdrew them!" said Mrs. Dalmaine, who was not wanting in shrewdness. "My dear girl, don't be absurd. We all know that you don't care a farthing for Lord George, but he is the best-looking man about town, and it gives you a *prestige* to be seen about with him, and all the women are dying with rage and envy of you. Believe me," continued Mrs. Dalmaine, looking up solemnly at her friend, and speaking emphatically and slowly, as if she was laying down some grand moral maxim, "believe me, there is no finer position in life than that of a woman who has succeeded in exciting the envy and the hatred of nine out of every ten of the women of her acquaintance—it's the finest position, Juliet; think what a success among the men it implies."

Juliet could not help laughing. "What morals you have, Rosa! and the best of it

is, I really think you believe in what you say."

"Why, of course I do!" answered Mrs. Dalmaine, opening her eyes. "Why should I not? haven't I gone through it all, and don't I know what horrors those hateful women who never have any admirers themselves say of one, and haven't I got the whip hand of them all forever? because I don't care one brass farthing what they say, and they know it. Don't you be a goose, Juliet; you keep your Lord George—you will find him very useful."

"Well, there he is!" said Juliet, as a hansom dashed up to the door; "so now I shall begin by making use of him to take you into the park this morning. I really cannot go, and you must both come back to luncheon. How d'ye do, Lord George? You and Mrs. Dalmaine must excuse my going out with you this morning, as I am so busy. Come back and lunch with me by-and-by, and you will find me in an idle and gossiping mood; just now I am up to my eyes in sending out invitations for my next musical."

Of course there was an outcry at the idea of Juliet's not going with them, but it ended, as such disputes always did, in Juliet's getting her own way; and her two friends went out together, Mrs. Dalmaine nothing loth to parade her handsome cavalier in the park, and Juliet was left alone.

After they had been gone about twenty minutes, however, the bright sunshine and fresh breeze looked so tempting that she remembered some trifling thing she wanted at a shop in Audley Street, and put on her bonnet to walk round to it.

Going down stairs she tapped at her husband's study door, and receiving no answer, looked in. Cis lay full length on the sofa fast asleep, with a novel open on his chest. He opened his eyes as his wife came in, and began grumbling at being awakened.

"How lazy you are, Cis!" said Juliet, with scarce-concealed contempt, for her hus-

band often spent his mornings thus. "Get up, and put on your hat, and come out with me."

"What should I go out with you for? You have got that horrid Dalmaine woman with you. She always laughs at me."

"Don't abuse my friends, please! Besides, she is not here now. I am going out for ten minutes by myself; wont you come, Cis?" she added, in a conciliatory voice, laying her hand gently on his shoulder.

But Cis shook her off impatiently. "You don't really want me—it is all sham; you don't care a farthing about me!" and he turned sulkily away from her.

"You are enough to try the patience of a saint, Cis!" said Juliet, stamping her foot; and she slammed the door angrily behind her, and went out alone.

This was all the companionship she got out of her husband! Fretful sulks and reproaches whenever she made the slightest advances to him. Was it not better to go her own way, and to leave him completely alone? Some impulse, she had not known what, had impelled her to turn to him this morning; perhaps it was Mrs. Dalmaine's worldly theories, or perhaps the frequent recurrence of those visits from Lord George Mannersley; but something, some good feeling, some better instinct, had prompted her for once to seek out her husband, and this had been the result of it!

Sore at heart, wounded in her pride and in her best feelings, Juliet walked along in the bright morning sunshine, feeling very acutely what an utter mistake her whole life had been, how completely alone and unloved she was! Unavailing regrets, hopeless memories, rose bitterly in her heart. Half unconsciously, the name of Hugh Fleming escaped from her heart, and found utterance on her lips; and, as it did so, she turned the corner of the street—and met him face to face!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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OUT OF THE FLOOD.

BY HELEN LUQUEER.

"**THERE** is not the slightest danger. The river will be booming before morning, and there will be much destruction of property along its course; but, thank fortune, we sit high and dry above any possible flood, and are safe."

"I wish I could think so, Charley," said Mrs. Arnold, the young gentleman's mother; "but we are informed by the oldest inhabitants that within their recollection there has not been such an accumulation of snow in the valley for years. And so they predict that, with rain and a sudden thaw, there will come a mighty flood."

"Well, mother, we are having both with a vengeance," replied young Arnold, as he endeavored to close a rebellious shutter, and received a dash of the pelting rain before it was accomplished. "See, I am effectually baptized." And he laughed as he shook the drops out of his dark hair. "But, seriously, mother, this is a howling storm, and those of our neighbors who have builded their houses upon the sands, or rather flats, will find themselves homeless if this keeps on for twenty-four hours."

"We can trust in a merciful Providence that there be no loss of life, and be prepared to assist the unfortunate to the best of our ability in such an event," returned his mother, as she said her good-night.

Charles Arnold, the only idolized child of his widowed mother, was far above the average country youth, having received a superior education. At an early age he had settled down upon the home farm to till its broad acres, and to become the stay and staff of his surviving parent's declining years.

The quiet of peaceful slumber had reigned for hours in the Arnold mansion, broken only by the swash of the rain, and roaring of the many loud-voiced brooks, which had begun their impromptu courses with the rain, having found birth in the mighty snowdrifts which had lain upon upland and hilltop all winter.

But suddenly they were aroused from slumber by a strange medley of sounds, above which was shouted a warning cry. With the elasticity and impetuosity of early

manhood, Charles Arnold was instantly at the window of his room, and was answering the voice below.

"Hallo! What is the matter?"

"Up! up! for God's sake! The dam has given away, and the whole valley is flooded."

"Is that you, Jake Brown? What can be done?"

"God only knows, unless you kin git out yer boat and pick up anybody that's afloat. The whole of Perryville is under water, and some of the houses are driftin' down stream. But I must be off. There's the Widow Casey. Her little cottage will soon be going for it." And the next moment the clattering and splashing of his horse told of his departure.

The "Widow Casey" At that name a white fear came into the face of young Arnold. He instantly closed the window, and hastily dressed and descended the stairs, to find his mother up, with a lighted lantern in her hand.

"It is as I feared, Charley. The flood is almost upon us, and you had better look to the stock. I have called up the hired man to assist you."

"Tell him to look to the safety of the animals. I must be off to save what lives I can."

"O my son, can it have come to that, think you? And must you venture out into the very jaws of death this black bitter night, and be at the mercy of the boiling waters!"

"I shall look out for my own safety, mother, never fear. Keep the fire and lights burning, to guide any of the sufferers to warmth and safety, but do not worry about me."

Even as he was speaking, he disappeared into the "blackbat" darkness that enshrouded the doomed valley, and in a moment more Mrs. Arnold heard the plashing of the feet of his favorite horse, as he hurried away, and, with a sigh and prayer for her darling's safety, she turned into the house, to execute his commands.

Assisted by the man Masters, she illuminated the house from cellar to garret, and

builted fires upon the broad hearths in the best room and spare bedroom, and replenished the kitchen stove. Then she sat down to wait for what the waves might waft to her hospitable door, and to wear out the night with motherly anxieties.

At first young Arnold was compelled to trust his safety to the sagacity of his intelligent horse, for the night was so dark he could scarcely see the hand held before his face. But gradually his eyes became accustomed to the surroundings, and he could distinguish the nature of the country, with its pine-crowned hills, and the boiling maddened rush of waters at their feet, through the very heart of the lovely Lehigh valley.

The swollen river had invaded the road, and the horse plashed almost knee deep at every step, urged on by his intrepid rider, for the safety of the inmates of the Casey cottage. In imagination he pictured the sweet dark-eyed Nellie Casey, who had for years encouraged his boyhood's love, only to scorn it when tendered with manly fervor and dignity when old enough to choose a life-mate. It had seemed unaccountable to him—she being poor, and an additional burden to a widowed mother, while he was the undisputed heir of many broad and rich acres, with their great white farmhouse, giant barns and huge granaries. Yet it had been unaccountable that with only beauty for her dower, Nellie Casey should have discarded so handsome and wealthy a suitor, and had actually taken upon herself the burden of a common district school-teacher. And at length, finding that detestable occupation, or the persistent attention of young Arnold, to disagree with her health, had gone as travelling-companion to an invalid lady; and after an absence of nearly two years, she had just returned to her childhood's home, to find her lover still unmarried. Only the previous day Charley Arnold had heard of her return, and had received the news so quietly that even the quick eye of his shrewd mother failed to detect any undue interest or emotion. Whatever were his real attachments, or whether they had survived time and absence, the events of that night of storm and roaring elements were to reveal.

Meanwhile, he urged on his horse, meeting now and then some homeless wanderer who was seeking safety in climbing the hill-paths; while the calls of scattered friends, the cries of children, and the

groans of engulfed animals, mingled with the roar of the vexed waters, all told of the sad and awful calamity that had fallen upon the inhabitants of the valley. And heavily they smote upon the heart of young Arnold, as he dashed along, stopping now and again to give directions or assistance to the poor unfortunates who claimed his aid.

The storm had ceased at midnight, and the flying clouds but partially at times obscured the star-lighted sky. By the time he had reached the place known as "Butternut Hollow," where the Casey cottage was situated, the moon had risen, and lighted a scene of terrible devastation. But no longer able to keep the road, Charles Arnold was obliged to climb a steep hill path, there secure his horse, and trust to his own limbs for safety. Keeping well up on the high ground, he managed to turn a bend of the river which disclosed the Casey cottage, but a few rods away, engulfed in the fast rising waters.

Everything was quiet within, and Arnold at first concluded the place had been deserted by the family, having been aroused in time to secure safety by flight. To ascertain if that should be so, he shouted, his voice rising loud and hoarse above the noise of the elements. Instantly a window in one of the rooms was raised, and a woman answered him with a cry of dismay. The entire family had been sleeping in utter ignorance of the awful danger!

"Help! help!" came the agonized cry of a mother for the rescue of her little children.

Arnold shouted back for them to keep calm, and questioned if there was a boat about the place. A voice, clearer and more decisive, and which he recognized as that of Nellie, answered that there was one further down the bend of the river, but she feared it might have broken from its fastenings.

This, upon investigation, proved but too true, and precious moments were being wasted. And there was nothing to be done but attempt the rescue by swimming. Divesting himself of all cumbersome clothing, the brave fellow was soon breasting the flood, which almost reached the chamber window, into which he was not long in climbing.

"The boat is gone. You will have to trust yourselves to me," he said.

The light of the lamp revealed to him the little group of terrified children, and the white face of Nellie Casey, and at the same

instant she saw who was their self-sacrificing deliverer.

"It's Charley Arnold!" exclaimed Mrs. Casey. "God bless you, Charley. Take the little ones first."

She handed him wee Jennie. He soon placed her in safety, and returned for little Mary and Georgie. Ben, the eldest, could swim, and took position by the group on the hillside. With difficulty young Arnold next succeeded in conveying the rather plump and stout matron to her shivering brood. Then he sank to the ground in utter exhaustion.

"Nellie!" cried Mrs. Casey. "O my Nellie! You have given out, Mr. Arnold, and she is left to perish."

"No, don't fear for her, but look to your own safety."

He directed Ben where to find his horse, to place his mother and the little ones upon it, and take them to his home—to his mother, who was ready to receive and care for them—as a moment's delay in their drenched state might be fatal. The poor woman was undecided as to complying with his commands, when Nellie called to her to seek shelter, and at once, as she was in, no immediate danger.

The moment Arnold had seen Mrs. Casey and her children upon the right path, he swam again to the cottage, notwithstanding the repeated solicitations of Nellie that he would wait and recruit his strength. But the cold wind was rapidly unfitting him for the task, and his already exhausted frame would find it difficult to accomplish it at best; and the young girl for whom he was making the desperate effort saw with anguish that his stroke was weakened by the straining to save her loved ones. When he had reached the window, and was clinging to it for support, he could only whisper the single word:

"Come."

"No! I cannot—will not tax you further. Save yourself, Charles Arnold, and may God recompense you for all you have done for me and mine this night."

"Nellie, are you mad?" he questioned, hoarse with emotion and exhaustion.

"No. I am perfectly sane. O, do not waste the precious moments, but save yourself."

Even as she spoke the house seemed to be lifted from the foundations, and swayed ominously.

"Come, Nellie. I will not leave you. In a moment more the house will join the other wrecks in this scathing flood. Come, or I will share your fate, whatever it may be."

As he spoke he clambered in at the window, and sinking at her feet continued:

"You cannot prevent my dying with you, Helen Casey, though you scorn my love and the strength of my right arm to save you."

"Too late! O Charley! what have you done? We are afloat, and rapidly driving down stream." And the wretched girl implored him with streaming eyes to save himself even then. "O, if you ever cared for me, go" she said, "before it is too late. You can reach the shore if unencumbered."

"You would make of me an infamous coward! Think you I could be induced to leave any helpless woman to perish alone? much less one who, had she permitted, would have been my loved and cherished wife? No; if you will go with me, Nellie, I will attempt even now to reach the shore. Otherwise, I will remain and go with you over the lower dam, which we are very fast approaching; and with our refuge dashed to pieces, our fate will be certain."

"Forgive me for increasing the danger by this delay, and believe me I thought only of your safety, Charley."

"Then you will let me strive to save you?"

"Yes. But before we trust ourselves to what seems certain death, let me confess to you, Charley, that I have always loved you, as I do now. I only refused your hand from a knowledge I possessed that I was distasteful to your mother, and—"

"God bless you, my darling! We have not a moment to lose. I shall try to reach yonder point," he said, interrupting her with one mad embrace, and a fervent kiss upon her white trembling lips.

In another instant he was out into the raging foaming tide, with his loved burden clasped closely to his heart. With a few words of encouragement, a caution not to cling so closely as to impede his progress, he began his battle for life. After the first shock of the cold water was over, Nellie lay helpless as an infant in his arms, her eyes fixed upon his agonized face, and watched the mighty efforts he was making. She saw that the veins upon his broad and white forehead stood out like whiplashes, that great drops of moisture lay thick upon his

clustering hair, while his thin nostrils were dilated by the breath forced through them in spasmodic gasps, and that his set white teeth gleamed in the fitful moonlight.

But she was fast losing all of sensibility, and her last feelings, which shaped themselves into thought, were that thus she would be happy if she could float on forever, and that they would pass through the portals of death in that loving embrace, her head resting upon his shoulder, and his strong arm around her.

On, on they floated in the mad dance of waters, buffeted by wrecks and broken debris of every description. Now and then a dead white face would glide by them, as if to say, "Give me way to pass to eternity just a little before you;" or the carcass of some brute would contend the right of way, and then sweep on down mid the swollen tide with the dumb eloquence of an awful fate.

"We are nearing the bend. Courage, dearest," whispered Charley Arnold, clinging still more closely to the form which was fast losing the elasticity of sensibility.

The blue eyes opened to smile, only to close again and know nothing more until two almost lifeless bodies lay stranded side by side upon a shore piled high with broken timbers and logs.

Nellie was the first to struggle into a consciousness of their condition, to find her gallant deliverer utterly exhausted and almost breathless. Terror called her faculties to life at the thought that after all his life had been sacrificed for hers. With a cry of despair, she clung to him and pressed her own white cold lips to his whiter and colder ones.

"No life! O God! he is dead!"

As she spoke she was working over him with strength no one would have believed she possessed, while her cries brought assistance from a woodman's hut near by. The inanimate form of Charley Arnold was at once conveyed thither, placed upon a bed before a roaring fire, and the ample draught of spirits the good man poured down his throat soon brought him around, and he was able to smile upon Nellie, and thank their host.

Sunshine and bird-song were rife in the valley the morning after the storm and flood which had left so many families homeless and bereaved. The warm rays fell upon a little donkey cart, with the sorry-looking lovers sitting upon a seat of straw, wrapped up in old blankets, which the kind lumberman stripped from his bed to furnish them. And these children from a modern ark were hailed with every expression of joy as they reached the Arnold homestead, where the Widow Casey and her little ones had found a refuge—a refuge that was for a short time quite a hospital, for Nellie and Charley were both the victims of severe colds. But they were soon petted into convalescence by the doting mothers—petted each other into rosy health and a united life.

The great-hearted people of that region, although sufferers by the devastating flood, built a more substantial home for the Widow Casey upon her bit of land that the river could not reach, which her wealthy son-in-law furnished, as a sort of peace-offering for having taken from her Nellie, who, he often declares, was tossed to him by an especial providence—"out of the flood!"

VALUE OF TOIL.—Idleness does not mean happiness by any means, though many young people think that an idle life is a pleasant one; but there are none who enjoy so little, and are such burdens to themselves, as those who have nothing to do. Those who are obliged to work hard all day enjoy their short periods of rest and recreation so much that they are apt to think if their whole lives were spent in rest and recreation, it would be the most pleasant of all. But this is a sad mistake, as they would soon find out if they made a trial of the life they think so agreeable.

One who is never busy can never enjoy rest, for rest implies a relief from previous labor; and if our whole time was spent in amusing ourselves, we should find it more wearisome than the hardest day's work. Recreation is only valuable as it unbends us, the idle can know nothing of. Many people leave off business and settle down to a life of enjoyment; but they generally find that they are not nearly so happy as they were before, and they are often glad to return to their old occupations to escape the miseries of indolence.

A LOVE SONG.

BY SANDA ENOS.

What shall I call you, love?

A rose?

Ah no; ah no.

I would not wrong you so.

The sweetest rose that ever drank the dew
Is not so sweet as you.

What shall I call you, love?

A star?

Ah no; ah no.

I would not wrong you so.

The brightest star that blazes in the blue
Is not so bright as you.

New Hartford, N. Y., 1877.

What shall I call you, love?

A bird?

Ah no; ah no.

I would not wrong you so.

The gayest bird that sings the summer thro'
Is not so gay as you.

What shall I call you, love?

My bride?

Ah yes; ah yes.

These words no wrong express.

Before this day has faded from our view
My bride let me call you.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

BY ELIZABETH BIGELOW.

"MARIA, your girls really *ought* to get married."

We heard Aunt Caleb say that, as she was going out of the hall door. That was usually the end of Aunt Caleb's conferences with mother. How many times, in the last ten years, she had advanced that proposition as the solution of all our difficulties is known only to the recording angel.

We took it with rather less show of indignation, now, than we used to;—"we are the girls," you understand; as Wordsworth's porridge-eating little maid pathetically remarks, "we are *five*."

Olive's cheek flushed a little. That was the only way our "rare pale" Olive ever showed when she was moved. Marie set the sewing-machine to racing like mad, and hemmed her flounce wrong side out.

"She's at it again," was all that Gatty said. Gatty was sitting, with her chin in her hand, gazing meditatively into the fire; for a wonder, for meditation was not much in Gatty's line.

Kate tossed her little retrousse nose in the air.

"I'd rather be the horriddest old maid that ever was than marry a little, wheezy, stingy, withered-up old thing like Cousin Laura's husband!"

"Kate, Kate!" said mother, holding up a reproving finger as she came in.

"But then he's awfully rich," said Gatty, with a sigh.

We all looked at Gatty; that speech and that sigh were so unlike her. For she was not practical; she was "clear Slocomb," as Aunt Caleb said, and "understood the value of money and position no more than a babe."

"It's gone!" said mother, with auctioneer-like brevity, dropping into her armchair.

"What is gone?" we exclaimed, in chorus.

"Everything. The Pennycatchet Bank has failed."

This was harder to bear than even Aunt Caleb.

"Well, it wasn't much, after all," said Kate, philosophically, after a moment of utter silence.

"Much! it was our all!" said mother; and we saw the tears stealing through the fingers with which she had covered her face. Our brave little mother, whose heart had never once failed before in all the struggles of the last ten years!

And they had been hard struggles, too. For we had not "come down in the world" all at once, with that shock that leaves room for neither hopes nor fears; our purse and position had been growing "small by degrees and beautifully less," with every year. Father was a lawyer, who cared

much more about getting his cases than his fees; according to Aunt Caleb, there never was a Slocumb who had "an eye to the main chance." When he died he left us a fine house, in an aristocratic quarter of the city; only that and nothing more. The house couldn't support us, and, consequently, as Kate said, we couldn't support the house. We had moved three times in trying to find a house that we *could* support. It was just after the second move, four years after father's death, that Olive announced her intention of "earning her own living." It may seem strange, but, though we had had a sore struggle to make both ends meet, that was a possibility that had never occurred to any of us before. We had not quite given up or been forsaken by "our set." Aunt Caleb "kept our heads above water," as she expressed it. We had eaten humble pie to the extent of fixing up party gear for ourselves out of Aunt Caleb and Cousin Laura's cast-off gowns, but we had not thought of stooping to earn our own gowns. Olive's announcement fell among us like a bombshell. Mother looked as if she were going to faint, and we were all speechless, except Kate. Kate was only fourteen, then, and she was, if possible, a little more of a madcap than she is now. I don't dare to tell you what Kate said, lest our proper Aunt Caleb should by some means hear of it; we have still the fear of Aunt Caleb before our eyes. But this much I will set down, and you are welcome to any inferences you can draw from it. Kate's great comrade and ally at that time was a youngster in the next house whose favorite exclamation was "Bully for you!"

Gatty was the next speaker.

"You, Olive? Why, it would look like Cleopatra taking in washing! Any one of us would look better earning our own living than you!"

"O dear! What would your poor father say?" said mother.

"What will Aunt Caleb say?" said I.

"What will you do, Olive?" said Marie. Marie was the practical one.

"Teach, of course," replied our Cleopatra. "What else is there for impoverished gentility without talent of any kind?"

And so it came to pass that Miss Slocumb, the beauty of the family, made herself agreeable to a committee-man who had known her father, and obtained a situation in a public school—and ruined her matri-

monial prospects, according to Aunt Caleb. But they were ruined before, we all thought; Olive had been engaged to a poor law student, who had died—considerately, Aunt Caleb thought—and we all believed her to be one of the few "faithful souls." And time was proving us in the right. Olive was twenty-eight, now, and though she had had, in spite of her school-teaching, two or three lovers, pronounced "eligible" by Aunt Caleb, she was still faithful to Jack Morison's memory.

Of course Olive's example in working for a living was the little leaven that leavened the whole lump. Gatty and Kate were still in school, but Marie turned her chief accomplishments, drawing and painting, to account, finding quite a remunerative sale for her wares at two or three down-town picture stores; and I found some music scholars among the friends of our prosperous days. But still we were far from making our fortunes; the proverbial wolf still prowled around our dwelling, if he did not actually sit at the door.

And all the time Aunt Caleb was creaking matrimony at us, as lugubriously as Poe's raven croaked "nevermore." Of course we had had "opportunities," being passably good-looking young women—Gatty had grown up a beauty like Olive—and being persistently dragged into society by Aunt Caleb; but in spite of the warnings of our respected relative, sentiment still held a higher place in our regard than settlements, and we were Gills whose Jacks were long in appearing. All but Gatty; Gatty's Jack had appeared—and *di* appeared. "He wooed and rode away," like the noble lord in the song. But our Gatty was not the one to mourn; at least outwardly; whether she did "in the dead unhappy midnight," we could not tell; pride we knew would keep her eyes bright and her step light, however she might feel. She might have "gotten a hurt" that would not heal in a lifetime, and none of us been the wiser. But I didn't believe she had, for I did not see how a man like Will Farrington could touch a heart like Gatty's.

He was a handsome young man, of four or five-and-twenty, and had been a great favorite in society; and Gatty had been flattered by his attentions; that was the way it began. All the young ladies smiled upon him, but all the mammas turned the cold shoulder upon him. For though he be-

longed to a fine old family, and had the entree of the "best society," he was poor; almost entirely dependent upon a rich uncle, who was reputed to be miserly, and was "hard upon a fellow," as Will expressed it. He and Gatty fell in love with each other and were engaged. Mother objected a little, at first, but it was of no use to object to anything that Gatty had set her heart upon; and Aunt Caleb's fiat went forth in favor of the lovers. It was something to have one of us married, at any rate; and then the rich old uncle might be brought to a better mind; he probably would, upon his deathbed, at least, and he had no kith or kin except Will, and they were young, and could afford to wait.

And so it was that the young couple were betrothed, with the blessing of everybody except the uncle, who wrote what Gatty denominated "a horridly hateful letter," advising Will to try taking care of himself before he attempted to take care of a wife, and inquiring, with the cynicism natural to miserly old age, "how long he expected it would last;" and Will, whose greatest exertions had hitherto been leading the German, and playing billiards and croquet, departed for Philadelphia, where the miserly uncle abode, and brought his aspiring soul down to the work of a clerk in a banking-house.

And Gatty sighed that Will should be brought down to such uncongenial labor, and hoped he wouldn't work too hard, and wished she had some wonderful gift that would earn a fortune for him, and counted the days that must pass before he could come to see her.

By-and-by we heard it rumored that Will was devoting himself to his old labors more assiduously than to his new ones. We heard of him as having his usual "success" in society. Gatty was glad that he could "have the heart to take a little recreation;" she was afraid he couldn't, when he was away from her. But when society absorbed so much of the young man's attention that his letters grew very short and infrequent, Gatty began to look a little troubled. Soon we heard that he was devoting himself to an heiress, who was making a great sensation in Philadelphia society by reason of her millions. I do not think that Gatty credited the rumors, at first, but when his letters ceased altogether, at the same time that we heard of his engagement

to the heiress, she was forced to believe him faithless.

Just at that time, to Gatty's astonishment, a letter came to her from Will's miserly old uncle. It merely asked, in a very courteous way, if she was engaged to his nephew. It was not at all blunt, as might have been expected from the miserly old bachelor, and yet one could not help gathering from it that its author was in a disturbed and angry frame of mind when he wrote it. And Gatty's tender heart was alarmed on Will's account. With the natural weakness of the sex, she decided that she was the cause of all Will's misfortunes; and what did the foolish little child do but write the elderly uncle a long letter, beseeching him to "remember when he was young, and not be so hard upon Will!"

One letter brought forth another, and now for six months Gatty had been corresponding with Will Farrington's old uncle. She used to read us some of his letters, and they were very entertaining; not at all what one would expect from such a crusty old bachelor. And as for Gatty, she always writes the brightest, most piquant letters; we did not wonder at all that he liked to receive them. But it was so queer that we teased her a little, calling him Auld Robin Gray—which was the more appropriate as his name was Robert—and prophesying that she would yet mend the family fortunes by marrying him.

And I must confess that when mother told us the Pennycatcher Bank had failed, the first thing I thought of was Gatty and Auld Robin Gray. She was not the girl to marry for money for herself, but she had a great deal of the spirit of self-sacrifice; might she not be tempted to destroy her happiness for our sakes?

I feared that, and determined to make as little lamentation as possible over our new misfortunes.

"It only means going back to Aunt Caleb's old gowns, and a little more scrimping and pinching generally," said I, cheerfully, when mother announced that our "little all" was gone.

But mother was completely disheartened, and we all tried in vain to console her—all except Gatty, that is, she said not a word.

"It is no wonder she feels so, poor little mammy!—to have a dose of Aunt Caleb along with such a bitter pill as that!" said Kate.

"Lou," said Gatty, after we had gone up to our room that night, "Mr. Crossman—Auld Robin Gray, as you call him—has asked me to marry him."

"Marry him?" I gasped. "Why, you have never seen him—he has never seen you! Is the man crazy?"

"Well, no, he doesn't seem to be exactly that," said Gatty, with a little laugh that sounded very forced and hollow. "He says he has become very much interested in me, through my letters, and—and a photograph of me which he saw, and has a feeling for me which he never had for any other woman. He says he has a bit of romance still in his composition, in spite of his age."

"I should think so, indeed, and a bit of assurance, too!" cried I. "Why should he think a young girl like you would want to marry a sour, crabbed, miserly old man like him?"

"But, Lou, I don't think he can be sour or crabbed—he writes such nice letters. And then there are a great many women who marry for money."

"The wretches! What right had he to suppose you were one of them?"

"Money is a very nice thing to have," said Gatty. "Just think—not to see mother look careworn any more, no more scrimping and pinching, no more Aunt Caleb!"

"I don't think money would annihilate Aunt Caleb, and—Agatha Slocumb, you do not mean to tell me that you have any idea of marrying that dreadful old man for his money?" said I, fiercely, looking straight into her eyes.

To my surprise, Gatty did not quail.

"You have such a dreadful way of putting things!" she said, a little pettishly. "You know I shall never care for anybody, and—and if I could make things pleasanter for mother and the rest of you—"

"Gatty, I will not hear you talk so! Do you think it would make things pleasanter for us to see you ruin all your chances of happiness?"

"I don't think my chances of happiness are so great, Lou—"

And with that Gatty broke down and sobbed; the first time I had known her to do so since the news of Will Farrington's engagement had come to us.

And I tucked her into bed, with an impatient kiss, and a heavy heart; for Gatty had a strong will, and I was afraid her mind

was made up. But there was something about it that I did not understand.

A fortnight after that Gatty told me that Mr. Crossman was coming to see her.

"I told him that I didn't think I could ever be his wife, but he insisted upon seeing me," she said.

I was very curious to see Auld Robin Gray; and my curiosity was destined to be gratified very soon. I was in the parlor when Bridget ushered him in. Gatty turned red, and then white, in a breath, though she had expected him. I could scarcely believe the evidence of my own senses. Could this be Auld Robin Gray—Will Farrington's miserly old uncle—this handsome elegant man of thirty-five, at most, with his frank winning smile, and easy graceful manner? Gatty did not seem so much surprised as I, but she was a good deal embarrassed. There was such a mystery about it that I felt perfectly bewildered.

Gatty recovered her equanimity very soon, and inquired about Will as calmly as if he were almost a stranger to her; but when Mr. Crossman replied that Will was coming on very soon to see her, she did look a little disturbed.

And I did not wonder. What right had Will Farrington to come to see her? I was conscious of feeling a great dislike for him, and a corresponding amount of liking for Auld Robin Gray.

I made an excuse, and left him alone with Gatty. Seeing him had changed my mind so much that I was willing to do anything in my power to further his suit.

"Gatty, did Mr. Crossman send you his photograph before he asked you to marry him?" I inquired, the first moment that I saw Gatty alone.

Gatty blushed beautifully.

"Of course he did," she said.

I wished that Will Farrington would stay away. Gatty was such a forgiving little soul.

But I did not get my wish. He made his appearance the day after his uncle's call.

I saw him before Gatty did, and he was the picture of penitence. If he had worn sackcloth and ashes, literally, he could not have looked more humble. And it was quite becoming to him. I felt sure that there was no hope for Auld Robin Gray.

"Don't see him, Gatty dear!" said I. "He will make you believe there never was any helress about it, and it was all the fault of the mails you got no letters from him!"

But of course my words had not the least effect—unless it was to make Gatty feel as if Will were abused, and make her more favorably inclined towards him.

He stayed for hours, and when he had gone Gatty appeared with the engagement ring which he had given her, and which she had sent back to him again upon her finger.

"So you have forgotten all your plans for mending the family fortunes!" said I, sarcastically, for I was provoked with her for forgiving Will Farrington so easily.

"Lou don't say anything to me. I am a wicked girl. I have been thinking all the time a great deal more about myself than about the rest of you!"

"All the time?" Did she mean when she was proposing to marry Auld Robin Gray?

So it came to pass that Mr. Crossman came but once more, and made a very short call, at that, and Will Farrington went back to Philadelphia, resolutely determined to eschew heiresses and all other workers of iniquity.

But Gatty was not happy; perhaps it was only the change in our circumstances which the failure of the Pennycatchet Bank had caused, for Gatty did take even less kindly than the rest of us to the turning of old gowns; but still I had a vague suspicion of some other cause.

The winter wore away, and Will's letters still came fast and thick enough to satisfy the most exacting fiancée; he was evidently attending closely to business, yet we still heard of him occasionally as being "in society."

One day, in the early spring, there came a report that the firm of Crossman & Co. had failed. It was a large banking-house. The failure was a disastrous one.

Following close upon the news came a letter from Will, which Gatty showed me long afterwards, and which I can therefore set down here verbatim.

"MY DEAREST GATTY,—It is all over with me, and I give you up. You never shall marry a penniless good-for-nothing dog like me. The old fellow has gone up, as you have probably heard, and all my expectations with him. I know you are such a dear romantic little soul, that you might be willing to try love in a cottage, but I could never endure to see you dragged down to a life of poverty. Fate is against us, my darling! Marry some better fellow, and forget your unworthy

WILL."

If that wasn't a specimen of coolness and selfishness, then I was not able to recognize those qualities!

Gatty simply told us, then, that Will had wished her to release him from his engagement, and she had done so.

It was very soon afterwards that Bridget ushered Mr. Crossman into the parlor again. I do not know how he happened to come. I think some "sweet little cherub that sits up aloft" must have given him a sign. I am sure our Gatty was too proud to do such a thing.

And Auld Robin Gray was not so much afraid of love in a cottage for his "darling" as Will Farrington had been. For he asked her again, to marry him, "with every bit as much confidence as when he was rich," Gatty confessed.

"And it was for the sake of your family that you said yes, I suppose," said I.

"O Lou, don't be too hard upon me!" exclaimed Gatty. "I was trying to deceive myself, not you. I thought it was such a dreadful thing to be faithless to Will, even if he had forsaken me for some one else, and yet the first moment that I saw Mr. Crossman's picture I was afraid I cared for him! Wasn't it the strangest thing—when I am not at all romantic, you know, Lou."

"O, not at all!" interrupted I, with mild sarcasm. Gatty in her earnestness did not heed it.

"I thought if I could make it seem my duty to marry him it wouldn't seem so bad. But then Will came back to me, and the poor fellow was so sorry, and I thought perhaps the other was only a fancy that I should get over, and that I ought to love Will. But when he gave me up again—O Lou, I was so happy!"

Auld Robin Gray "pressed her sair" for an early wedding day, and as our bride's preparations were few and simple there was no need of delay.

The sun never shone on a bonnier or a happier bride.

Will Farrington was invited to the wedding, but he did not come.

Aunt Caleb's comment was, that, "after all her shilly-shallying, Gatty had managed to marry a man without a penny in the world, or any prospect of having one, and she supposed she was satisfied!" I should think one look at Gatty's face might have assured her that she was.

GETTING EVEN WITH HIM.

BY W. H. MACY.

CAPTAIN BARNARD of the Euphrates, and Captain Sisson of the Vesper, were old cronies, and had been shipmates in their young days. when both were "before the mast." Their respective ships now lay moored, side by side, in the Bay of Talcahuana, Chili, and the captains met on the wharf the next morning after the Vesper's arrival.

"Well, Sisson, what luck this cruise?" asked Captain Barnard, with a hearty shake of the hand.

"I've done pretty well—took five hundred barrels since I left here in the spring—but, look here, Barnard, have you got a spare cutting-fall that you want to sell? I parted one of mine in cutting my last whale, and I find it is too rotten to be trustworthy. I *must* have a new one at any price."

"No, I'm sorry to say I've got none to spare, and I doubt whether you'll be able to get one at all in this port."

"Well, there may be some other ships in before I leave for sea, and perhaps I may be able to get one."

The two skippers chatted of other matters for a few minutes, and then separated. Barnard at once made a straight course for the store of Bigelow, the principal ship-chandler of the port. He knew there was a coil of the desired size in the store for he had seen it.

"Bigelow," said he, entering in a hurry, "what do you ask for that cutting-fall? By the way—have you got another coil on hand?"

"No, that's the only one I have. I ask eighty dollars for it."

"Well, I must have it, right away too. I wish you would send it right down to the pier, and my boat will take it off to the Euphrates. Put it in my bill with the other stores I have had."

"All right," said Bigelow, glad to have made so good a trade. And in half an hour, the cutting-fall was hoisted on board Barnard's ship, somewhat to the surprise of his mate, who did not see the necessity of buying one.

Captain Sisson entered Bigelow's store

the same afternoon, and inquired for a coil of rope suitable for a cutting-fall. There was none to be found.

"It's a little remarkable," said the ship-chandler, "that I have had one on hand here for some time with no call for it, and this morning I sold it to Captain Barnard of the Euphrates."

Sisson said nothing, but he began to "smell a mice." His shipmate, Barnard, always was sharp on a trade.

"Barnard," said he, as soon as they met again, "what did you buy that fall for? You don't need it, do you?"

"Well—no—I don't know as I do. Come, I'll sell it to *you*, Sisson."

"What do you want for it?"

"A hundred and fifty dollars."

"Well, I *must* have it, and that you know. That's piling it on pretty steep; but I know your maxim, that's all fair in trade, so it's no use to argue the matter. Send it aboard the Vesper—or I'll send my boat and get it; but look here, Barnard, if I had known that you or any other brother whaler was in need of that fall, I should have been just fool enough to tell you that I had seen one up here at Bigelow's, and let you get it as cheap as you could."

"O, all's fair you know in trade," said Captain Barnard, with a laugh, for he was mightily pleased with the prospect of so easily making a profit of seventy dollars, which he meant to put into his own pocket.

Captain Sisson, though he really lost nothing himself, was careful of the interests of his owners, and was much vexed at what he, with his frank open-hearted ways and seafaring education, looked upon as a trick, though he could not deny that it would have been called among business men a legitimate transaction. He brooded over the subject, and often referred to it in conversation with his mate after the ship was at sea.

"Barnard was pretty sharp that time," said he. "Indeed, he always was; but I hope some time to square the yards with him."

Both ships went cruising on the Chili right-whaling ground after leaving Talca-

huana, and it was some two months afterwards that the Vesper's lookouts at the mastheads reported a ship in sight to leeward "maneuvering," indicating by this term that she had whales in sight, and probably boats down. Up went the helm, and the ship was steered off free to close with the strange vessel, which on a nearer approach proved to be the Euphrates, with urgent signals flying as if anxious to communicate. Captain Barnard was on the taffrail with his speaking-trumpet and hailed, informing Sisson that he had struck two right whales, which had led his boats a hard dance; that one boat was stoven and quite disabled; they have been obliged to cut from one of the whales, and it was getting late in the afternoon. He was afraid he should not be able to save either of them, though the wounded whale was still in sight with the irons in him. All this state of things was of course plain enough to those on board the Vesper; but no whaler has the right to interfere with the work of another ship in such a case without being requested to do so. Had Sisson captured the loose whale while the Euphrates was in sight, Barnard would have claimed the prize in right of his harpoons, as "marked craft" is always positive evidence in settling cases of disputed ownership. But Barnard was now in a tight place.

"Lower away your boats, Sisson," he said, "and help us. We'll throw chances together, and share all we get out of it."

"All right!" answered his old shipmate.

The Vesper rounded to, and dropped all her boats into the water and sent them to the rescue. This reinforcement of fresh men made a material change in the fortunes of the day, and before dark both the whales had been secured and hauled along-

side the Vesper, she being then nearest to the scene of action. The ships kept company while the whales were cut and the oil boiled out, both in the mean time taking other whales, but each acting for herself. When the two captains met on board the Vesper to divide the proceeds of the joint day's work, Captain Sisson reported that the two whales had yielded a hundred and forty barrels of oil.

"Pretty well," said Barnard. "That's seventy barrels apiece."

"Not quite," returned the other, with a twinkle in his eye. "That's eighty barrels for my ship, and sixty for yours."

"How so?" demanded Captain Barnard. "How do you figure that out?"

"Because the Vesper is a four boat ship, while the Euphrates mans only three. Consequently we are entitled to take *four-sevenths* of the joint profits—because we had more capital invested."

"That's pretty sharp practice," Sisson. "I don't think that's equity in this case, when you consider all the circumstances."

"Neither do I think it's equity—but it's *business*, and it's whalemen's law. All's fair in trade, provided one is law-honest, eh, Barnard? How about the cutting-fall in Talcahuana? Besides, in that case, you could put the whole profit in your own pocket, while in this, I am only doing what I legally ought to do for my owners and my crew, as well as for myself."

It was vain to protest. Sisson had both law and practice on his side, though the natural impulse of his free-and-easy nature would have been to take half and call it square. But he could not lose so good an opportunity of "squaring the yards," as he expressed it, with his avaricious croun, or in other words, getting even with him.

GOLD DUST.—A straight line is the shortest in morals as well as in geometry.

True courage is like a kite; a contrary wind raises it higher.

Better walk forever than run in debt for a horse and carriage.

A man's opinions all change, except the good ones he has of himself.

The strength of a nation, especially of a republican nation, is in the intelligent and well-ordered homes of the people.

A grave, wherever found, preaches a short pithy sermon to the soul.

Self-depreciation is not humility, though often mistaken for it.

Men preserve the fire by blowing it; so by diligence we must kindle the gifts God bestowed upon us.

Vanity is the only thing which keeps most men's tempers tolerably sweet. It is like the insect which takes the color of the leaf it feeds upon.

CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

BY REV. DR. H. STANDISH.

THE old chroniclers all allow that as early as the landing of Cæsar, Canterbury was one of the three great sites of the Cantui, the tribe which ruled over the eastern end of Britain. Ptolemy, the geographer, who wrote in the reign of Trajan, and probably published in the reign of Antoninus Pius, also mentions Daruenum (Canterbury), while Antoninus, in his Itinerary of Britain, describes it as a great Roman station, joined to the port of Dover by the old Watling-street road which passed over Barham Downs. In the opinion of some old controversialists, Cæsar, with the seventh legion, took it on his second expedition the morning after his arrival in Britain.

Canterbury afterwards became the Saxon capital of Kent, and the Venerable Bede has rolled down to us this fact that the town in his time was called the chief city of King Ethelbert, and "the head of the empire." Being unfortunately, so near the two wintering islands of the Danes, Canterbury was twice sacked and gutted by those hardy robbers. In the last foray, the savage axemen are said to have left only four monks and eight hundred poor people of Canterbury alive, out of a thriving population of nearly eight thousand. The Kentish men who tried in vain to hold the walls, they cast bleeding from the ramparts; while the weeping women and children they carried with them, and also the good Archbishop Alphege, whom the reckless pagans soon afterwards stoned to death at Greenwich, for steadily refusing to pay the exorbitant ransom they demanded. Liouig, the next archbishop, the man who crowned King Edmund Ironside, repaired the cathedral roof, which the Danes had burnt, and his successor, Agelnoth, is famous for having purchased at Rome (when he went to receive his pall) an arm of St. Augustine (there were several arms of this saint in the ecclesiastical market, but this was the finest) for one hundred silver talents, equal to six thousand pounds, and one gold talent and sixty pounds weight of gold. This is, of course an impossible price, and is, no doubt a lying exaggeration of the real sum.

Erasmus, visiting the shrine of the pseudo-

martyr, describes the splendor of this profitable tomb with much unction and his usual cautious contempt. At the north side of the north aisle stood the great armory where the monks of Canterbury cathedral stored their relics—skulls, jawbones, teeth, arms, hands and fingers, all impossible to disprove, and all duly kissed by the thin lips of the learned Dutchman, who, no doubt, sneered piously each time he bent his thoughtful head. A M.S., marked Gilba E., in the Cottonian Library, says Haxted, says that the vestry of Canterbury cathedral was, during the middle ages, brimmed with jewelled candlesticks, cups, pixes, and crosses, pastoral staff, copes and other vestments of many-colored velvets, richly embroidered in gold and silver. Almost every archbishop and prior, since Becket's time, had made some costly gift at the altar of this stout defender of the faith or, rather, of the Pope.

Archbishop Stratford had given a costly cope and his best mitre; Archbishop Arundel presented a golden mitre studded with jewels, and twenty-two copes; while Archbishop Morton, with more lavish splendor bequeathed the cathedral eighty copes, embroidered with his name and his heraldic emblazonments, for these good churchmen despised all petty distinctions of rank and birth. According to Erasmus, the shrine of St. Thomas, that most unsatisfactory of martyrs, was in the chapel of the Trinity; a cover of wood enclosed a coffer of gold, which cover, when drawn up, disclosed heaps of incalculable treasures, principally gold plate and jewels, some larger, says Erasmus, than a goose's egg.

The central legend of Canterbury cathedral, in spite of the wild stories of Blue Dick and the Puritan image-breakers, who made mince-meat of the great painted windows, and tore up the brodered copes for trumpet flags and coverings for Commonwealth drums, is, of course, that of the murder of Becket. The four knights who were so eager to relieve King Henry of so mutinous a prelate, first bearded Becket in his palace. Becket, urged by his attendants to seek sanctuary in the cathedral, entered the north transept by a door and a flight of

steps in the west wall, opening on the cloister. The attendant monks then barred this door to keep back the four knights who were following like bloodhounds on the track; but Becket unbolted the transept door with his own hands, and flung it wide open, saying:

"The church must not be turned into a fortress."

The knights, upon this, instantly rushed, into the church. It was about five o'clock, on Tuesday, December 29, 1170, O.S. Vespers had already commenced; but, on the news of the approach of the knights, the monks, who first gathered round their archbishop, scattered like frightened sheep to the various altars and hiding-nooks, and three brave and faithful men alone remained beside Becket. These were Robert Canon, of Merton, Becket's old tutor; William Fitzstephen, his chaplain, who afterwards wrote an account of the murder; and Edward Grim, a humble Saxon monk. These trusty disciples persuaded Becket to ascend to the choir where the shrines of St. Dunstan and St. Alphege the Martyr lent special sanctity to the spot, and where the patriarchal chair was; and Becket had already mounted several stairs when the knights rushed in. Reginald Fitzurse, who was first, came round the central pillar, and, at the foot of the steps, shouted, "Where is the archbishop?" Becket immediately stopped and returned to the transept. He wore his white rochet, with a cloak and hood thrown over his shoulders, and he planted himself between the central pillar and the massive wall, between St. Benedict's altar and the choir steps. There the rough knight closed in upon him, and endeavored to drag him out of the church; but Becket, dogged as ever, kept his back to the pillar and resisted with all his might; while Grim, the Saxon monk, threw his arm around the prelate, to keep him from his assailants. Grappling with the knight, Becket threw Tracy down upon the pavement. A fierce altercation then ensued, the archbishop replying with sharpness and bitterness. At last, Fitzurse, in a sudden frenzy at the prolongation of the struggle, struck off Becket's cap with a sweep of his sword. The archbishop feeling that his end was come, and covering his eyes, commended himself to God and St. Denis of France, St. Alphege, and the other saints of the church. Tracy then, no doubt irritated at his fall,

sprang forward and smote the archbishop. The faithful Grim, who still clung to Becket, held up his arm to avert the blow, and the limb was nearly severed by the stroke, at which he flew to the altar of St. Benedict, hard by, for sanctuary. The same blow that cut off Grim's arm also wounded Becket, who, after two other sweeping strokes, fell flat on his face before the corner wall. Richard le Bret then crying, "Take this, for the love of my Lord William, the king's brother," struck him so fiercely that he severed Becket's scalp from his skull, and the sword snapped in two on the transept pavement. Hugh de Morsea then also struck the dying man, and scattered his brains over the floor; and all this time Hugh de Moreville, the fourth knight, kept the entrance of the transept. The four knights then rushed back through the cloisters to the archbishop's palace, and, after plundering it, galloped off on Becket's favorite horses.

The morning after the murder, the monks, afraid of the threatened return of the knights, buried Becket's body hastily at the east end of the crypt. There it remained, till the grand translation of the martyr's body, in July, 1220, after two years' notice, circulated throughout all Europe. The Archbishop Stephen Langton opened the grave by night; the next day, Randolph, the Pope's legate, the archbishops of Rheims and Canterbury, and Hubert de Burgh, the grand justiciary of England, carried the chest of sacred bones on their shoulders to the great shrine prepared for them behind the high altar. Countless bishops were present in the stately procession, which was led by the young King Henry the Third, then only a boy of thirteen.

The shrine of the martyr resembled, it is said, that of St. Cuthbert, at Durham. The altar stood at its head; below were marble arches, against which sick and lame pilgrims were allowed to rub themselves, in hopes of obtaining a cure by the intercession of the saint. The shrine was covered with a wooden canopy, which could be suddenly drawn up by the attendants, disclosing the inner structure, plated and damascened with gold, and embossed with jewels. At the sight of this shrine, the pilgrims always fell on their knees outside the iron rails that surrounded it, and the prior then came forward, like a showman, and with a white wand touched the various

gems, naming the donor of each. The *chef-d'œuvre* of all was "The Regale of France," an enormous carbuncle, presented by Louis the Seventh of France. It was said to have been as large as a hen's egg, but for hen we should probably read wren, as Henry the Eighth afterwards wore it on his thumb-ring. The legend was, that Louis, at the last moment, was unwilling to part with this precious jewel, but that while he hesitated, the stone of itself leaped from the French king's ring and stuck itself firmly into the door of the shrine. The stone was said to burn at night like fire. How these carbuncles were used to light enchanted caves, we have all read in the Arabian Nights. Louis of France visited Becket's tomb in 1177, having first obtained a promise from the new saint that he should not be wrecked in the Channel passage.

It was to the eastern part of the crypt, the work of English William, as the architect was called, that Henry the Second came to perform penance four years after the murder. The tomb was then surrounded by a wall, at each end of which were two windows, for pilgrims to reach through and kiss the tomb, which was hung with votive candles and waxen legs and arms, testimonials of miraculous cures effected by the sacred body.

The king walked barefooted from St. Dunstan's church to the cathedral, and, after kneeling humbly in the Martyrdom Transept, was led into the crypt; there, removing his royal cloak, he placed his head within one of the openings of the tomb, and received five strokes with sticks from each bishop or abbot who was present, and three from each of the monks. He passed the whole night in the crypt, fasting and resting against one of the pillars, and finally departed, says an historian of the cathedral, fully absolved. That very day, Heaven smiling on penitent England, William the Lion, the Scottish king, was taken prisoner at Richmond, and, on his return to Scotland, William, remembering this act of penance, founded the Abbey of Aberbrothick to the memory of St. Thomas of Canterbury.

In St. Andrew's Tower, part of the cathedral built by Lanfranc, now used as a vestry, and formerly as a sacristy, the more privileged pilgrims used to be shown several special relics of the martyr—his pastoral staff of pear-wood, crooked with black horn,

his handkerchief stained with blood, and a black leather chest filled with linen rag, which he used as pocket-handkerchiefs as used by ordinary mortals.

Modern antiquaries, of whose researches we thankfully avail ourselves, trace many memorials of the martyrdom in the existing building, much altered as it is since the days of Henry the Second. The actual door leading into the cloisters by which Becket and the pursuing knights entered the cathedral on the night of the assassination, is still existing, with some of the original Norman walls. The wall between the chapel of St. Benedict, and the passage leading to the crypt, in front of which the archbishop fell, also still remain unaltered. The pavement in front of the wall is supposed to be the original pavement. It is made of a hard Caen stone, and from the centre of the flags a small square has been cut, tradition says, as a relic to be sent to Rome. The stone is said to have been deposited in Santa Maria Maggiore with a fragment of Becket's tunic and several small bags of his brains. Where the martyr fell a wooden altar was at the time erected to the Virgin, and called "the altar of the sword point," a portion of the saint's brains being shown under a slab of rock crystal, and the fragment of Le Bret's sword handed to the ecstatic pilgrims to kiss.

The sword worn by Hugh de Morville, says the author of Murray's guide to Kent, was for some time preserved at Carlisle Cathedral, and is still to be seen at Bragton Hall in Cumberland. The stairs which Becket was ascending when the knights called to him, have disappeared.

In spite of the gold and jewels of the shrine (two chests full) carried off by Henry the Eighth, with twenty-six carts of offerings, the saint's figure still shines in several of the windows, especially in those of the Trinity chapel. Canterbury was, indeed, the very centre of mediæval idolatry. Christ and the Apostles cowered away in side chapels, while Becket reigned supreme at the high altar. No danger, peril or necessity but this Kentish saint could remove, or, at least, mitigate. This was the first English shrine at which *Cœur de Lion* knelt, when he escaped from Austrian chains, and walked hither from Sandwich to give thanks "to God and St. Thomas." Richard's cruel brother, John, came to the

same altar full of the same faith, and here Edward the First offered the golden crown of Scotland unjustly won. Henry the Fifth came to Canterbury after the hot melee at Agincourt. Emanuel and Sigismund both knelt to the same pseudo-martyr. Henry the Eighth and Charles the Fifth came to the cathedral to seek the same idolatrous relics, with Wolsey, swollen with pride and ambition, preceding them in the same procession, on the road where, centuries before, Chaucer's merry and questionable pilgrims had ambled. Churches, indeed, says a modern writer on Canterbury, were dedicated to Becket throughout every part of Christendom.

The thirteenth century windows of the Trinity chapel are pronounced by judges to be very fine, excelling in some respects those of Bourges, Troyes or Chartres. They are excellent in drawing, harmonious in color, and pure in design. They prove the unqualified idolatry with which this mischievous prelate was regarded, ranked as he was above all other martyrs of the church, even St. Stephen, who perished by the hands of pagans and allens, whilst Becket was killed by his countrymen and by Christians. In the medallions he is seen restoring sight to the blind, and the sense of smell (no great gift in the middle ages, one would suppose) was recovered at his shrine. By English fishermen in Norway he was often seen walking on the sea in the twilight, and once when the Crusaders were in peril he descended like a flame of fire. In a window to the north of the saint's shrine a series of Becket's miracles is represented.

The son of a Saxon knight named Jordan, the son of Eirulf, is restored to life by water from St. Thomas's well, into which the saint's blood had dripped, and bottles of which water were always carried off by Canterbury pilgrims. The knight neglecting an offering he had vowed to the martyr before mid-Lent, the son sickens again and dies. The knight and his lady though stricken, like all the household, with illness, crawl to Canterbury to perform their vows, and the son is again restored. Another medallion in a northern window represents the martyr issuing from his shrine in full pontificals to sing mass at the high altar. This vision Benedick, a monk, who wrote on Becket's miracles, says he himself witnessed.

In the original great window of the tran-

sept the Virgin was pictured in "seven several glorious appearances," but in the centre of all shone the real deity of the place, Becket, at full length, robed and mitred. This insolent usurpation of the throne of the saints so provoked the Puritan zeal of "Blue Dick" (Sir Richard Culmer), the great image-breaker of Canterbury during the civil wars, that with a long pike he "rattled down proud Becket's glassy bones," narrowly escaping martyrdom himself, a malignant throwing a stone and all but knocking out his fiery and overzealous brains. The long flight of steps from the crypt under the new Trinity chapel to the choir, were always ascended by the pilgrims on their knees, and still show the scoopings produced by such repeated ascents to the shrine of this false god.

The place where the martyr's shrine once stood is uncontested. The Mosaic work still existing in the chapel of the Trinity was immediately westward of the old shrine. A groove in the pavement still marks, as it is supposed, the boundary line for the humbler pilgrims, who knelt while the prior discoursed on the jewels and other offerings to the shrine. In the roof above is fixed a wooden crescent supposed to have some reference to the hospital of St. John of Acre, where St. Thomas was specially worshipped, he having saved the city from the Saracens, as it was generally reported in monastic circles. There were formerly iron staples near this crescent, which probably supported flags and spears, won from the Paynim in Egypt and the Holy Land.

A nobler relic than proud mutinous Becket's brains is to be found, however, in the chapel of the Trinity, and that is the tomb of that brave knight Edward the Black Prince. We do not say that the wars in France in which he figured were especially just or necessary, but they were at least useful as beating into France the assurance that Englishmen were not to be easily conquered, and were enemies to be regarded with prudent respect. For the crypt of Canterbury the Black Prince seems always to have had a veneration, for he founded a chantry there at his marriage with the Fair Maid of Kent, and in his will, dated the day before his death, he directs his interment to be in Canterbury crypt. Yet, after all, he was buried in the chapel above, where his brazen effigy, once richly gilt, still keeps solemn sentinel, far from his

father at Westminster, and his murdered grandfather at Gloucester. His real armor, which shone at Poitiers in the cross storms of swords and spears, still hang above the young warrior's grave. His brass gauntlets, his leopard helm, his wooden shield covered with stamped leather, his velvet surcoat studded with royal blazonings, and the scabbard of his irresistible sword are there still. The weapon itself Cromwell is said to have carried away. Round the tomb are the well-known feathers and the prince's motto — "*Houmont*" (high courage) and "*Ich dien*." On the canopy of the tomb is an emblem of the Trinity, but without the dove. Round the tomb are hooks for the hangings left in his will: black, with red borders, embroidered with swans and ladies' heads. By the prince's own wishes, ex-

pressed in his will, his body was to be met at the west gate of Canterbury by two chargers, fully caparisoned, and mounted by two horsemen; the one to represent him as in war, the conqueror of Crecy and Poitiers; the other in black, to represent the victor at peaceful tournaments.

Immediately opposite the Black Prince lie Henry the Fourth and his second queen, Joan of Navarre. The king was buried in the cathedral by his own express wish, for he had contributed largely towards the new nave. The body was brought by water to Faversham, and thence by land to Canterbury; and the funeral took place in the presence of Henry the Fifth and all the great nobility. The tomb bears the arms of England and France, Evreux and Navarre.

MAJOR BATH'S SENSATION.

BY MIRIAM ALLEN.

ONE snowy day last winter Major Francis Bath walked into the Worcester depot, and purchased a ticket for a certain way station which I had better not name. Having established himself in a car, he fumed and fidgeted about the stormy weather and the crowd of passengers; and, in fact, a thousand other inconveniences which an irritable temperament would not fail to discover.

His frowns expanded into smiles presently, by the remembrance of an unread letter which he had taken a few minutes before from the post-office. It is necessary for our purpose that we should forego all courtesy and look over the major's epaulettes as he peruses each tiny page. It is only a sister's letter, but full enough of adoration to be a veritable "love-letter." It is quite evident that the fair writer regards Major Bath as the most magnificent officer in the Union army.

"I know, dear Frank," writes the young lady, "that you will make a *great sensation*! You were always handsome, but set off with brass buttons, you will be perfectly irresistible. I almost wish you were not my brother, so that I could fall in love with you. It will be very inconvenient to have all the young ladies in the village dying for you, and I write now to prepare you to devote yourself only to *one*.

"There never could be anything more fortunate, dear Frank! Our honorable and rich neighbors, the Kelseys, have just received a rare legacy from Germany in the form of a lovely young lady, Miss Elsie Schaeffer. You may have heard the old scandal about Dr. Kelsey's only child, Fanny—how she eloped with her music-teacher, Wolfgang Schaeffer. They fled to Germany, and how they fared the Kelseys never knew, for the few letters poor Fanny dared send home were returned unopened. In later years, Dr. Kelsey repented his unfor-giveness, and tried to find information of his daughter; but it was of no avail, and he had given up all hope of ever knowing her fate, when suddenly—just like a romance, Frank!—appears this lovely orphan grandchild, with her father's bewitching eyes, her mother's sprightly ways, and, above all, a pretty little inheritance from the Schaeffers of a hundred thousand! Is not that a catch, and aren't you a lucky fellow to possess such beauty and treasure?

"All the awkward preliminaries are arranged. Our provident parents and the Kelseys have decided that a matrimonial alliance between our families is very desirable. Miss Elsie has been apprised, and all that remains for you is to march right into the Kelsey mansion as an accepted lover.

"I shall not describe 'the fair ladye,' but if she does not satisfy even your most exacting fancy, I shall be much mistaken. You will want to hasten the wedding, for the fair Elsie is very attractive, and has already gained many admirers. I think she remains unaffected—unless it is by Friedrich Wieser, a young German, who unfortunately took passage in the same steamer that brought Elsie to America.

"I trust it is only a girlish *penchant*. Her grandparents disapprove it strongly, and blame Barbara Hoffman for encouraging this young stripling's attentions. This Barbara is a servant in Dr. Kelsey's family, and was Elsie's escort, protectress, or whatever you call it, from Hamburg; and a precious vigilant one she must have been, to allow the beautiful heiress to receive attentions from a beardless boy like Friedrich. No matter! You are the approved lover, and Elsie will be enraptured with you at first sight. I heartily congratulate you, Frank, and I wish I were Elsie.

"Come, haste to the wedding."

"Your loving sister, JULIA."

This letter was folded with a degree of complacency hardly to be imagined by one not in like circumstances. Major Bath's next performance was to raise his majestic proportions to the altitude of six feet five, so that he might add to his already pleasant reflections that of a car *looking-glass*. He saw depicted on its clear surface a dark handsome face, faultless in feature, if not in expression, a ferocious-looking mustache and silky beard, supported by a proud neck and military shoulders. All these the major regarded with infinite satisfaction, and then lounged upon his seat with the proud consciousness that no "stripling" like this audacious Friedrich could compete with him.

It would be a delightful though somewhat lengthy task to review the major's dreams. His curiosity to behold the fair Elsie was intense; but were she decidedly plain in appearance, she was invested with a *hundred thousand* charms, which, considering the state of Major Bath's gambling debts, would make Miss Schaeffer quite irresistible in his eyes.

"But Julia says she is lovely," he soliloquized. "Julia has good taste. I wish, though, she had just mentioned my wife's style of beauty. I hope she is tall and imposing. I hate these short women! They

look ridiculously tugging at a tall husband's arm in the street, or promenading a church aisle to be married."

Married! The magic word painted at a dash the brilliant wedding scene—the delicious sense of possession in "Elsie;" and, above all, in a princely Schaeffer inheritance. Already could the major read in a morning paper the distinguished marriage announcement—"In the Church of St. Stephen, by the Right Reverend Bishop Somebody, Major Francis Bath, of the Blankth Regiment of Mass. Vol., to Elsie, daughter of the late Wolfgang Schaeffer, Esq., and granddaughter of the Honorable Peleg Kelsey, M.D."

The major was not usually an imaginative man, but just now it was a very active fancy that sketched innumerable delicious scenes. Now it was a vision of the young *fraulein* rushing to his arms with smiles and blushes. No—he would prefer her more modest, on the whole. A tall imperious beauty, who must be wooed—whose fiery spirit it would be worth one's while to break.

Vision followed vision, each more charming than the last. Meanwhile, the train had been rushing over its accustomed track, dropping suburban residents at their respective stations. Not many miles had been measured, but the inconvenient crowd had already dispersed. In fact, there was but one other person remaining in the car with our hero. This person was suitably clad in a dark winter dress, "waterproof," and modest bonnet, whose heavy veil shielded the face from curious observers. Major Bath was "a curious observer" just then, and when the lady changed her position by the door for a seat near the stove, he became suddenly chilly, buttoned his elegant military overcoat closer about his manly figure, and finding that insufficient, followed the example of his companion, and sought the stove.

The young woman, who could not fail to notice the imposing major, was undoubtedly gratified when he condescended with his own hands to replenish the fire, and then kindly remarked:

"I trust, miss, you are not to travel far this stormy night?"

There was a moment's embarrassed hesitancy, then the young lady spoke in broken English:

"I will go only till the next station."

"That is also the end of my journey," remarked the major, pleasantly, starting a little at the foreign accent he had just heard.

"Are you visiting in the village?" he inquired, after a little.

"No sir—I lives there."

"Ah!"

"At Dr. Kelsey's."

"My Elsie!" almost burst from the major's lips, but he was a wily officer, and sagely concluded not to commit himself—to act the captivating gallant, but to make no further inquiries. The train soon reached the next station, and the major hastened to precede the lady. He haughtily waved aside the conductor, and claimed *his* right of assisting his companion to descend.

The snow had changed to rain, and fortunately the young lady had no umbrella. The major was in luck, and his was instantly spread. His unoccupied arm was then most graciously offered for the young lady's support.

"If you live at Dr. Kelsey's," said he, irresistibly, "we are neighbors, and must be friends. Allow me to escort you. It is very dark and stormy."

How could the young lady refuse, especially when she was confident that this was the Major Bath whose praises were daily echoed at the Kelseys?

The young officer set forth, the proudest and happiest man alive. The noisy wind prevented much conversation, but it was bliss enough to feel that he was shielding Elsie Schaeffer from the storm.

"Whatever her face may be," he thought, "she is just right for height—comes up to my shoulder, and that is really quite respectable for a woman."

It was a prosperous star that overlooked the major's destiny that night. He was favored with a glimpse of his companion's face. Reaching the piazza of the Kelseys, a brilliant glow from the open fire within gleamed through the clear windows. Just at this moment the young lady flung back her veil, revealing spirited black eyes, and a face, not *spirituelle*, but of healthy rosy beauty, quite after the major's fancy. Thoroughly impassioned now, he essayed to speak, but his companion, perhaps divining his intention, coquettishly prevented further gallantry by a courteous "Good-night, sir. Many thanks!" and disappeared within the door.

The major bore the slight disappointment as well as possible, and hastened home to recount his amazing good fortune to his sympathizing sister.

After receiving the congratulations of his family, next morning he set forth to pay his respects to Miss Schaeffer.

The storm of the preceding night had passed away, and the new phase of weather was mild, soft—deliciously like April. Open doors and windows attracted the unwonted agreeableness of out-doors to the overheated rooms within. The Kelseys, like the rest of the villagers, were luxuriating in the fine weather, and as Major Bath walked up the avenue, he saw the hall door flung wide open. It afforded a pretty view just then; for, dancing down the broad staircase was a *petite* girlish figure, swinging a gay feather duster from her little hand. This useful implement, and a little snowwhite apron, seemed to mark the young woman as a housemaid. She approached the door as if it were her accustomed duty to admit visitors; but not often such a magnificent visitor as this, spoke a sudden blush that stained her delicate complexion.

"Will you walk in, sir?" said the pretty maid.

"Thank you," responded the major, promptly accepting the invitation. "I wish to see Miss Schaeffer. Is she disengaged this morning?"

"Miss Schaeffer?" stammered the girl, while something very like mischief danced in the blue eyes.

"Yes — Miss Schaeffer?" repeated the major, impatiently. "Don't you comprehend? What am I to understand that you are waiting for, my dear?"

This insolence seemed quite unwonted to the girl. A look of superiority invested her at once with a dignity which the feather duster and work-apron did not diminish in the least.

The major, surprised at her remarkable prudery, proceeded to explain:

"I walked home with Miss Schaeffer last night from the depot, and called to see how she does this morning. Be lively, my pretty girl!"

The little maid crossed the carpet with alacrity, saying, "Here is the young lady you escorted last evening!" Then opening the breakfast-room door, disclosed a stout ruddy-faced German girl, rubbing the silver.

An awful revelation dawned upon the major. He discovered suddenly that the sprite disguised with a white apron and duster was the real Miss Schaeffer, and the heroine of one night's bright dreams, the red-faced Barbara Hoffman, was a common servant.

A glance of irrepressible mirth from the lovely Elsie convinced him that he had been victimized. He was baffled, disappointed—thrown off his guard. He exclaimed, foolishly:

"Miss Schaeffer! I have lost nothing! I never did like short women!" Then followed a most uncalled-for and ungentlemanly torrent of abuse, which revealed how base a nature may be concealed in a princely form and attractive garb.

Poor Elsie, terrified, clung to Barbara, whose vehement German remonstrances Major Bath neither understood nor regarded. Dr. Kelsey was away, but Mrs. Kelsey's age and sex should have shamed the young man. Nothing stopped his outrageous spleen, until a most opportune visitor, passing the window, and glancing at the stormy scene within, rushed to the rescue.

This was young Friedrich Wiesser, and "stripling" as Major Bath supposed him, there was something imposing in that ath-

letic figure and fresh dauntless face that made the cowardly officer shrink.

"He does not like short women," exclaimed Friedrich, scornfully. "Come to me, *Mignon*—I will protect you!"

Elsie never looked fairer than when blushing, but no longer alarmed, she rested secure in her lover's arms. At this moment the major intensely coveted her dainty beauty, regardless of the "Schaeffer inheritance"—but it was too late.

The proud officer "beat an inglorious retreat" from the Kelsey mansion, and his native village, as well. A *sensation* he had made, truly, but alas! not the sensation that his fond sister anticipated. It was hopeless to effect reconciliation between the two families. The Baths always believed, most incorrectly, that their son's mistake was a predetermined plot of that impish Elsie Schaeffer. The Kelseys would never pardon the insolent words flung at their grandchild.

Three persons, however, rejoiced in the proverb—verified in *their* case—"All's well that ends well." These three, it is not necessary to say, were Friedrich Wiesser, his beautiful betrothed, and the faithful Barbara, who rejoiced in her young friends' happiness.

STEAMSHIP AND COURTSHIP.

BY HENRI MONTCALM.

CAPTAIN JACK EVERETT, one bright December morning, stood with his cigar in his mouth and his hands in his pockets, on the paddle-box of the "Queen of the Antilles," that steamer being expected to start off for Cuba in something less than fifteen minutes. Not that Captain Everett was commander of the Queen of the Antilles. He was only a passenger, understand; and as for his title, he happened to be one of that noble army of captains, and colonels, and generals with which the late war has flooded the country. At sixteen he had run away from a luxurious home, and being tall and stout had no difficulty in securing a lucrative situation as private in a regiment just going south. A fortnight later, young Everett, being dropped down one day in the midst of a real battle, had immediately proceeded to forget all about himself and to think only of the enemy; and presently, when, in charging a battery, three officers of his com-

pany were shot down, leaving the men to do pretty much as they pleased, he pulled off his cap and flung it down just as he used to do at base ball, and the next moment he was rushing in among the enemy's guns yelling like mad for the others to follow. If they had complied, the result might possibly have been different; but being in the main a very discreet set of fellows, they chose to remain in the background; and consequently private Jack Everett, almost before he knew it, found himself on his back among a crowd of confederates and called upon to yield.

Just one thing saved him from Libby prison. The general of the division under whose command his regiment then was, at the time they charged the battery, sat watching the movement through his field glass. When he saw the young fellow dash in among the guns with not a man at his back, he got down from his horse and fairly

danced right up and down, swearing until (to use a mild hyperbole) the atmosphere about him was as blue and sulphurous as in any part of the field. Then he turned to an orderly and declared that he'd back that fellow up if he lost a whole brigade. Under cover of a cloud of smoke just then by chance created, a squad of cavalry galloped down to the troublesome battery, and somehow or other, by the suddenness and force of their onset, managed to capture the guns and recapture Jack Everett. Taken before General S——, the old man discharged a few volleys of his choicest oaths at him, and then, cooling a bit at the crestfallen demeanor of the accused—who really expected nothing less than a court-martial for his rashness—inquired with withering sarcasm if he didn't know any better than to break ranks and go flinging himself into the enemy's arms. "You ought to have a guardian appointed," concluded the veteran, solemnly. "In future I'll take care to have you where I can keep an eye on you." And, sure enough, the next week Jack found the old man had kept his word by getting him a lieutenant's commission and an appointment on his own staff.

But all this is not the story I started to tell. I was not intending to bore you with Jack Everett's entire biography, but only with a single episode of his life. Let me just say about him further, however, that he was now thirty and looked it, rich and glad of it, handsome and knew it; and that he had at least one weakness, he was an unprincipled flirt. As with Denys of Burgundy, "marriage was not one of his habits." He had passed the romantic period of life; and he cared now, not for any woman in particular, but for the whole sex in general.

It was this weakness that had well nigh got the better of the gallant captain this December morning as he strutted up and down his narrow walk on the paddle-box, watching the passengers come on board. He was plainly out of temper, and his grievance, briefly stated, amounted to this; that up to the present moment there had come on board not one single solitary woman with whom he imagined he should care to flirt. He had watched them all, old women, and middle-aged women, and young women, maidens of all manner of appearance and every period of life; but not an interesting face had he seen among them. Gracious

powers! What was to be done? A week on the ocean and not a woman to make love to! Captain Everett began to sicken of the idea of his Cuban trip already.

Suddenly, almost at the last moment, a private carriage drove down the pier, the liveried coachman threw open the door, and there emerged three persons—a boy of a dozen years or thereabouts, who leaped out and ran on board the steamer without paying the slightest attention to his companions, then an elderly woman dressed in elegant mourning, evidently the boy's mamma, and finally a beautiful and stylish young lady in sealskins, whom Everett mechanically set down to be the boy's sister, even while driven nearly beside himself at having his forlorn hopes thus suddenly revived.

On the morning of the third day out a bright sun and southerly breeze tempted the passengers on deck. They slowly made their appearance, most of them weak and haggard from the two days' struggle with the terrible *mal de mer*, a motley enough crowd of individuals travelling for health, and families travelling for pleasure; weak-minded females with protectors and strong-minded females without protectors; Spaniards and Mexicans, and Americans, and English; clergymen, and school-mistresses, and grass-widows, and defaulters, all seated together under the awning of the after-deck, and made happy and social by sudden recovery from sea-sickness, and the magical change from the chill of a New York winter to the bosom of a summer sea.

The appearance of his fellow-passengers on deck again was quite as much of a relief to our hero as it could be to them. He happened to be one of a fortunate few over whom sea-sickness had no dominion, and to him the past two days had been unconscionably dull. Ocean travel was no novelty to him, and most of that time he had spent inside pretending to read and write, but in reality pacing up and down the cabin and laying plans for storming the heart of the young lady in sealskins. For so much he had resolved upon, that he would make hot love to her to the total exclusion and envy of all other men in the ship, every possible moment of the few days the voyage was to last. With the forethought and skill of a veteran soldier, he made all preparations for the coming campaign; from the purser's books he learned the names of the

party in which his interest centred—"Mrs. and Miss and Master Randall,"—and the precise location of their staterooms; and by liberally feeling the colored gentleman in charge of the culinary department, he got his plate taken up the table to the family district and a position exactly opposite the Randall delegation. Having thus done all possible to do beforehand, he impatiently waited the second advent of Miss Randall.

After the two days of bad weather, the third morning, as we have said, found most of the passengers on deck. Among them were the Randalls, the young lady not one bit the worse for the experience of the last two days, but rather looking a thousand times lovelier than when Captain John had first seen her. As he stood gazing at her from the cabin doorway, he certainly was as near the edge of that precipice from which one falls head over heels in love as ever he had been since his foolish days. Miss Randall just at this moment was sitting with her brother, a little apart from the rest, and scanning with interested glance the long low line of Florida coast. Probably had it been any other woman in the world, Captain Everett would have had no hesitation in stepping up and, in some natural way, making her acquaintance; and with his gentlemanly appearance, assured address and, under the present circumstances—for ceremony is to a great extent thrown aside on shipboard—the chances are he would have been well received. Therefore the fact that he hesitated and finally went and sat down by himself further astern, is certainly a suspicious circumstance, and seems to indicate that his tenderest feelings were, to say the least, in a state of unusual commotion.

Pretty soon, however, comes Master Randall and begins clinking the rail near him. This youthful scion of the Randall family had rather a frank pleasant kind of face, so Everett compromised the matter with himself, by making the acquaintance of Miss Randall's brother instead of herself, for a beginning.

"My young friend," he mildly suggested, by way of opening the conversation, "don't you think it would be safer for you to take a stool and sit down?"

"O, I'm not afraid," answered the scion, positively. "Why, do you know, I'm going to truck all the masts before we get to Havana." And by way of progress, he

turned himself around and seated himself on the rail, back to the water, steadying himself by his feet and by grasping the rail with one hand, and a rope that passed over it with the other. "But you mustn't tell Laura of it, though," he continued, a sudden doubt of his new friend's discretion coming over him. "She'd lock me up in the stateroom all the rest of the trip." So her name is Laura, thought the captain, and straightway set the fact down in memory as another important item ascertained.

Now it so happened that the rope by which Master Randall helped steady himself, was attached to a moderate-sized fender which lay on deck, inside the rail, and upon this fender for some few moments past a large portly gentleman had been standing. This person, just as the boy ceased speaking, had stepped off the fender to walk away, and the consequence was that the weight of Master R. on the rope was too much for the fender alone, unassisted by the portly gentleman, and it therefore flew up suddenly. The unexpected freeing of the rope in his hands gave him such a shock, that the young gentleman's feet went up in the air all at once, and then followed his enterprising self over the rail and into the water astern. The whole thing occurred so swiftly that Captain Everett had barely had time to murmur the name of Laura sweetly to himself once or twice, when he suddenly found himself called on to make a grasp at Laura's falling brother, which, it seems, proved a failure.

John Everett was accustomed to danger, and was now perfectly cool. Half a dozen passengers had seen the accident, and they were all crowding to the rail, where already young Randall was to be seen drifting rapidly astern. Miss Randall had given one little cry and then forced her way among the others, pale and excited. She saw a handsome stranger pulling off his coat and vest, apparently with the intention of jumping overboard. He seemed to proceed in rather a business-like manner, giving a few sharp directions as he did so. "Somebody pass the word forward, quick," he said, hurriedly. "Why in thunder don't they hold up? We shall go a quarter of a mile before they stop her. Here, you (to the portly gentleman), cast off that fender and throw it overboard;"—and then he jumped upon the rail and plunged headforemost into the sea. He came up immediately a rod or so away and began swimming off without look-

ing back. In a moment he heard a splash in the water as the fender followed him.

You may be sure there was excitement enough on board the *Queen of the Antilles* during the next quarter of an hour. Great heavens! would they never stop her? Already they had left Everett so far astern that he could only be distinguished now and then as a wave brought him into sight; and they could not tell at all whether he had reached the boy. The mother stood there among them all, moaning and wringing her hands, while her daughter remained beside her, tearful and anxious but quite collected. It seemed many minutes, but in reality was but few before the steamer could be put about. Then a rush was made forward and all eyes were eagerly fixed upon the water as they went back over the track.

Meanwhile, what of our brave captain? Without a doubt, he was the least excited of anybody during all this time. For himself he had little fear; he was a good swimmer, and knew very well that with a comparatively smooth sea and in broad daylight, they would have little difficulty in finding him again. But he had made up his mind to save young Randall, and strangely enough, although there is no doubt at all that he would have jumped after him just as quickly if the boy had not had any sister, yet really the thought that lay nearest his heart as he first came to the surface was, that this would pave the way to Miss Randall's acquaintance and possibly her heart, better than anything else could have done. "By Jove!" he said to himself, as he struck out, "I'll bring that youngster back, or not come myself. I have a use for him; I want him to introduce me to his sister."

He found him at once, indeed if he hadn't he wouldn't have found him at all, for the boy's head was almost completely under, and he was spluttering, and bubbling, and taking in water by the barrel-full when Everett came up, and would very shortly have filled and gone down, a dead loss to the underwriters. The swimmer seized him and got his head out of water by taking him on his (that is, Everett's) own back, which magnanimous action the half-drowned one rewarded by clinging so tightly about his neck, as nearly to strangle him. It was worse; he could not swim with him at all as things were. In spite of all he could say or do, the frightened boy would cling to him and do nothing as he directed. He raised

himself as far as he could and looked around. No fender or support of any kind was to be seen, nor could he catch sight of the steamer. One of two things must be done, either he must leave the boy, or else in some way render him more tractable. He made up his mind at once, and did what has several times been done before in similar cases, he pushed the boy away from him, and then quick as lightning he dealt him with all his force a blow fair and square between the eyes. It seemed cruelty, but was in truth mercy. Poor little Randall gave a slight gurgle and then rolled over in the water completely unconscious. Then the captain took him in charge again, and supporting him before him without much difficulty, swam as rapidly as he could back the way he had come. In a few moments more he was fortunate enough to find the fender, and very soon after that was overjoyed, as he rose with a wave, to see the steamer in full view. He waved his sea-cap, which he had forgotten to throw off, frantically, and was quickly seen, overhauled and taken on board with his still unconscious burden.

Restoratives were applied by skilled hands, and before supper-time Master R. was running about in a dry suit of clothes, little the worse for his accident, except that he had a big bunch between the eyes, which his sister was at a loss to account for, but which he himself honestly believed to have been dealt him by a big shark, or some other monster of the deep.

Another morning dawned bright and beautiful upon the ocean. During the twenty-four hours or less that had elapsed since his exploit in the water, John Everett had made the most astonishing progress in his intercourse with Miss Randall. He had not only been thanked by her for his distinguished bravery, etc., in the most fascinating manner imaginable, but it had been permitted him to pass her meats and sweetmeats at table for three consecutive meals, all the while listening to and responding to her pleasant chat; had promenaded the deck a long while with her at sunset, and had sat in the moonlight shadows with her, and talked and looked into her eyes until late at night. One thing about Miss Randall puzzled and yet charmed him. There was a kind of simple straightforwardness about her that made it impossible to talk to her as to most young ladies of his acquaintance. As long as he confined his remarks

to general topics, books or music, or art, or even when he gradually got egotistical—as men will, you know, when talking with inexperienced and pretty young ladies—and spoke of himself, of the life he had led, of his student years in Germany, his travels and adventures, and the dangers he had met—and no man could tell his own experiences with better taste and grace than John Everett—she listened with breathless attention, looking up at him with a kind of an admiring awe that was certainly very pleasant; but when, as they stood together a little later looking over the rail into the silvery waters astern, he waxed sentimental, and murmured a few “soft nothings,” she did not seem to understand him at all, and either ignored them entirely or treated them as jests. To a man of Jack’s ardent temperament, somehow or other it was very discouraging and uphill work making love to a woman who didn’t help him at all, even by assumed indifference. As for Miss Randall, being an extremely well-brought-up young woman, and having seen very little of New York fashionable life, she had little if any knowledge of the laws of modern flirtation. Captain Everett had most nobly, she felt, perilled his own life to save her brother’s. She set him down for a hero at once; and when she presently found out that he was a very gentlemanly and agreeable hero, she did not admire him any the less, but was very friendly with him.

Then came another evening, delightful and beautiful as any that had gone before it. There had been one more day of sailing through brightest sunshine and balmy trade-winds, of laughing and talking on deck, of eating and drinking, and chatting in the cabin, and now their last evening together had come. To-morrow they would be gliding along the green shores of *La Isla de Cuba*, and before noon the pleasant company would go their several ways, and become strangers once more. The thought was rather an unwelcome one to Captain Jack Everett. Upon landing, he would be obliged to go directly across the island to Cienfuegos, and would probably lose sight of Miss Randall altogether. He had hovered about her all day, had brought her shawl for her, and arranged her seat, and beaten her at one or two games of chess; and yet he confessed to himself as he stood by the pilot-house, just after supper, he hadn’t really made much headway. In-

deed, at the table that night some harmless gallantry of his had actually seemed to offend her for a moment. And yet, notwithstanding all this, Captain Everett, with a rashness that might well call to mind the brilliant exploit with which long ago he had inaugurated his military career, had made up his mind to ask Miss Randall to marry him. It was a crazy idea, of course—which only goes to prove all the more conclusively that the man was really in love this time, and that he wasn’t used to it. The lady would certainly refuse him. Four days ago she did not know him from Adam, and it was hardly probable that she would be induced, even by his eloquent pleading, to trust her lifelong happiness to him on so short an acquaintance. Besides, she had given him not the slightest encouragement, as he knew very well.

And he did ask her that very night. O yes; having once made up his mind to it, you may be sure that he would do it. The determination of Captain John Everett was only equalled by his recklessness. He had joined Miss Randall as soon as she came on deck, and for a long while they two had walked the upper deck together, she listening most of the time, and he talking on, in an ordinary way, but in a way that entertained her. At last she stopped, and dropping his arm, remarked that it was getting rather cool, and she thought she had better go to her mother. Besides, she said, she knew Captain Everett was dying for a cigar. But he begged her to stay a little longer. It was the last night, and she must not be unkind. So he went and got an extra wrap for her, and arranged some chairs very cosily in a sheltered part of the deck, and they sat down. “Now or never,” thought Jack, desperately, and after a few moments’ silence he spoke, in a tone very skillfully lowered, and modulated expressly for this occasion.

“We shall get in to-morrow, Miss Randall. Are you not sorry?”

Miss Randall was in rather a sentimental mood herself to-night. She had been thinking of the same thing, and, inasmuch as she was sorry, she said so.

He went on: “And I suppose that you and I, who have met thus by chance, and spent a few pleasant hours together—very pleasant indeed they have been to me, at least—I suppose we shall part, and never see each other again. But, Miss Randall,

you will not forget these hours, I trust."

"You may be sure I shall not," she cried, warmly; "and much less shall I forget that terrible morning when you saved my brother so nobly. But you mustn't talk of not meeting again. We go to Florida in about four weeks, so we shall not see you this winter; but when you return home in the spring you must surely come to see us."

"Us? I'm afraid it will be *you* I'll come to see more than the rest of them," said he, making an enormous stride toward the subject nearest his heart, and doing it very clumsily, too. Then, without giving her a chance to speak, he rushed on headlong.

"Miss Randall—*Laura!* You will let me call you *Laura*?"

"Why, that isn't a privilege I usually accord my gentlemen friends. However, none of them ever jumped overboard after my brother, and—well, since we are to part tomorrow, I'll let it go to-night."

She was in an uncommonly indulgent mood to-night, and Jack took heart.

"Laura, you must know—you cannot but have seen during the last day or two that—I've something unusual on my mind."

Then he inwardly cursed himself for his cowardice. His courage had failed him at the last instant, and he had not said what he had opened his lips to say. Miss Randall looked up at him, a little surprised at his manner, but actually, even then, having no suspicion of what was coming. Jack pulled at his mustache fiercely for a moment; then suddenly, out of all patience with himself, he blurted out:

"Confound it! Miss Randall, this is a million times worse than charging batteries or jumping overboard after twelve-year-old brothers. Can't you see what I want to say? *I love you!*"

There, it was out at last, and Jack gave a sigh of relief. But Miss Randall only looked terrified and distressed.

"O Captain Everett!" she cried, "I never dreamed of this."

Jack looked down at her beseechingly.

"I know it is sudden, and I have only known you four days; but it seems as if I had loved you a thousand years."

She put up her hand to stop him.

"You must not—O Captain Everett, I tell you it is impossible. O, how could I let this happen!"

"But," Jack persisted, "why is it impossible? I am a gentleman, and I have

wealth and position, if you care for them. Let me come to you next spring, and—"

She arose, interrupting him with dignity, yet evidently pained and grieved at the unexpected turn of affairs.

"Hush, Captain Everett," she said, firmly; "you must not talk to me like that. I am engaged to be married!" And she gently and kindly laid her hand upon his arm, feeling, with her swift woman's sympathy, how mortified and overcome he must be.

Captain Everett, it may be said, had acquired a world-wide reputation for coolness and imperturbability. Had the stewardess come on deck and embraced the smoke-pipe, or had the steamer turned a double somersault—in fact, had any reasonable phenomenon occurred, he probably would have looked quietly on without changing countenance; but at Miss Randall's sudden announcement of her engagement, he certainly was taken a little aback. Engaged! Great heavens! he had never suspected that. He turned away a moment to hide his emotion. Then in a voice grown husky and tremulous, he said, "I beg your pardon. I was blind and a fool. I hope you will try and forgive me." And he gave her his arm, and without another word they went inside and separated.

Jack did not come on deck very early the next morning, and they had passed the Morro Castle, and were just abreast *El Castillo de la Punta*, when he made his appearance. Miss Randall was pointing out the white walls of the city prison to Arthur, when she heard the captain's voice at her side. He was a trifle pale, and not quite in his usual spirits. Both of them talked constantly, but with evident effort and restraint. No reference was made to the conversation of last evening till just as she put her hand in his, at the last moment. Then she said, with emotion, "I am very sorry for what has happened. I hope we are still good friends; and if you would like to—I hope you will come and see me sometime." Then quickly she was gone, and Captain Jack felt somehow as if the light had suddenly gone out of his life. He got over that, however, in a few weeks, and was as gay and nonchalant as ever; but I don't think he is quite over the mortification yet, and he is getting to be a confirmed bachelor. As for his going to see Miss Randall, he would rather take half a dozen first-class thrashings any day.



THE CHILD OF THE WILDERNESS.

A True Story of Early Life in the Northwest.

EDITED BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

CHAPTER VII.

THE MYSTERY OF THE WOODS.

THE morning of the day came that Father Paul had fixed upon for his departure. He had visited all the other settlers within three miles of us, and now with his knapsack packed with the few articles that he needed for his long foot-journeys, his haversack at his side, well supplied with the dried meats and bread which were usually his only food, and with his stout staff in his hand, he stood outside our cabin, ready to strike off eastward through the forest, for the settlement on the Mississippi which he so greatly desired to visit. He did not merely shake hands with us; he embraced us after the fervent manner of his countrymen; and we all joined in shouting pleasant wishes to him of a safe journey and a speedy return. He stopped and waved his hand before he disappeared.

"Heaven bless you, my children!" he cried. "I have a long journey and a wide circuit to make before I can hope to see you again; but, God willing, I hope to visit you here before the snow has gone. *Pax vobiscum!*" And he was gone.

I should have explained before that, since my mother's death, my father, the priest and myself had thoroughly talked over the future that seemed to lie before me. The priest had an early talk with me on the subject, and he seemed much gratified that I intended honestly to go to St. Louis, and to make an honest effort to please my grandfather.

"I shall not forget," I added, "that those were my mother's last wishes."

"You will surely succeed in pleasing him, Hallet, I doubt not," he said. "But if it should happen differently, and Mr. Eddy's age and hot temper should make it impossible for you to stay with him—then you can return to the forest, content that you have done all that your mother could wish, if she were alive. But I hope for the best. And you, Marinus, my son; what is your plan?"

"I shall go with Hallet," said my father; "but it is not likely that I can stay long in the town. The habits of my whole life are against it, and I shall float off somewhere very soon. You may hear from me up towards Hudson's Bay, or hunting buffalo on the plains."

"And don't you expect to take me, too?"

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1876, by THOMAS & TALBOT, Boston, Mass., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, Washington.]

I asked, forgetting what I had just said, in the prospect of adventure and excitement. A reproving glance from Father Paul brought me to myself, and I looked down in confusion.

"But when shall you break up here?" he asked.

"I have been thinking about that," my father answered, "and I have almost made up my mind that we may as well defer it till spring. In the first place, I intend to write a letter to Mr. Eddy, telling him of—of her death, and of what you have told us of his wishes. If he remains of the same mind, he will answer it; and we shall then have his invitation in his own handwriting, and I can judge from what he writes whether he really wants me as well as the boy. But with the irregular manner which is all the way we have to send and receive letters, it may be full two months from now before we can hear from him. It will be the depth of the winter season then, and it will be not much short of a necessity to postpone our fitting till the spring has opened. Out of regard to Debby's comfort (for I mean to take her back to her old home), I could not do less than this. And then, for all our sakes, I do not feel like making haste to break up here. It's a rude place, to be sure, and there's little that looks charming about it, to common eyes; but it's home, for all that, and I never expect to find the happy days elsewhere that I've seen here."

My poor father! He could not trust himself yet to speak of his lost one, and his voice trembled. He covered his face with his hands. I went to him and put my arm over his shoulder.

"We shall never all be together again," he continued; "and if I were to ask Gabriel whether he wanted this inevitable breaking-up to come to-morrow, or be put off till spring, I think I know what he would say."

"Put her off, sir; put her off just as long as it can be," said Gabe, in a very husky voice.

"What do you say, Hallet?"

"I'm agreed with you, sir."

"And do you think I am right, Father Paul? We have grown so used to asking your advice and aid since you have been here, that I hardly know how to make up my mind now without asking you."

The priest cordially approved of my fa-

ther's plans, thinking them just what they should be. Father began writing his letter on the afternoon of the day that the priest left, and he was busy at it a great part of the next day. He was little used to the pen, and made slow work of it; but he finished it at last, and then suggested to me that perhaps it would be as well if I should write a note to my grandfather, to enclose. And this was just what I had been dreading. It was one thing for me to consent to go and live with my grandfather whom I had never seen, and whom I had no reason to like; but it was quite another thing for me to write him a letter, and tell him that I would do so. It was not only that I hated to write to him; but up to that time I had never written to any one. My poor mother could not see that I learned everything that I should, and though I had often scribbled with a pen or pencil, English composition was something that I had sadly neglected. However, my father desired me to do it, and I made the effort. My readers will laugh; I can't help it; this was what I produced, as near as I can remember it:

"Mr. Arnold Eddy, Sir, at Saint Louis:

"You are my grandfather. My name is Hallet Cregar. You want me to come and live with you. Father Paul Duranquit told me so. I live in the woods. That's where I want to live. My mother is dead. I told her that I would go to you. I will go when you write to me that you want me."

"Written by HALLET CREGAR."

My style had one merit, certainly; it was perfectly direct, and nobody could mistake my whole meaning. Father read the note, smiled, and sealed it up in his letter without saying anything. As good luck would have it, a courier from the north stopped with us that night; and on the following morning the letter was on its way to its destination. As I do not wish to refer to this subject again, it will be best to say here that in six weeks from that time we had a reply from Mr. Eddy, expressing such sorrow and penitence, and inviting us both to come, in such urgent terms, that neither of us could hesitate any longer. Another letter was sent, informing him that we should start for St. Louis on the tenth of May.

It was the fourth day after Father Paul left us, and my thoughts were turned toward the woods. I had not been out to hunt since my mother's death, and I was

longing for the freedom of the forest. So I took down my gun, whistled to Snap, and started. Taking an easterly direction, I was soon far enough from the clearing to warrant me in looking for almost any kind of game. Presently Snap started a deer, and I had a shot at it. I knew from the way it went off that it was hit, and I was following as fast as possible, when I saw that the dog was not with me. Calling loudly to him, my voice was answered by a yelp, and the truant animal soon appeared. I showed him the deer's tracks, and encouraged him to follow; but he only answered by a mournful howl, and then ran off at right angles to the direction the deer had taken. He then stopped and looked around, to see if I was following. I was thoroughly puzzled at his conduct, and not a little irritated, as I knew I should be in danger of losing the deer if he was not freshly tracked. Never before had I known the dog to refuse to follow game.

"Take him, sir!" I shouted. He trotted deliberately up to me, took hold of my legging with his teeth, and pulled it. Then he went back in the same direction. My curiosity was now thoroughly aroused, and I gave up all thought of tracking the deer, and followed Snap. He ran on only a little way ahead of me, for a few rods, and then quickened his pace, and disappeared. I hastened after him, his mournful howls guiding me. I found him crouched by the prostrate body of a man, whose hands he was licking between his howls. I threw myself on the ground with a cry of horror, for I recognized the white and apparently dead face of Father Paul! His knapsack was fastened in its place, and his haversack was by his side; his hat was a little way from his head, and his staff had fallen just beyond his grasp. Whatever it was that struck him down had evidently seized him on his way, as he walked along through the forest. I knelt and carefully examined the body. A round hole appeared in the waistcoat; I ripped it open, and found that a bullet had entered the breast! I felt of his face, and found it cold; and there was no pulse at the wrist.

I fled in horror and grief from the scene of that dreadful mystery, and made my way as quick as possible to spread the alarm. My father and Gabriel were both at home, and both heard my horrible story. The cart was borrowed and a pony put to it, and

I guided them to the spot where Snap still remained, keeping guard over his old master. The body was conveyed back to the cabin, and placed in charge of Deborah to prepare it for the grave; and with hearts almost broken for the dear friend so rudely snatched from us, so lately with us, we sat down in silence, overpowered with grief. In a few minutes there was a stir and a bustle in the other room, the door was thrown open, and Debby came dancing out, throwing up her arms, and crying:

"Fetch him to life, fetch him to life, to life, to life! Doctor and Debby cure 'um!"

We ran to the bed where the motionless form of the priest was lying, and Debby explained to us in her peculiar jargon that she had wet a cloth with spirits to wash the face, and when it touched the nose and mouth, she heard a faint sigh.

"Heavens!" said my father. "Is it possible that there can be life in him yet? Gabriel, take the pony, and find somebody who can give him a surgeon's care."

Gabriel was ready to go, and would have gone—*somewhere*; but when he asked for directions, there were no more to give. My father and I looked hopelessly at each other, and not a word was said. There was not a man capable of extracting that ball and attending to the wound within fifty miles in any direction; and there was no time to send that distance. Whatever was done for the sufferer must be done at once. Ah—I well remember the utter hopelessness of that miserable moment, and how wonderfully Providence came to our relief! A stranger suddenly rode up to the door, and shouted for some one to come, as was the custom. My father answered his call, and the stranger said:

"I am from Fort Snelling, on my way to Saint Louis. I have got some miles out of my way, and I want to stay with you to-night."

"You may stay," replied my father, "and do the best you can; but I can't promise you much attention. We have a dear friend here who is sorely wounded, and no surgeon to attend to him."

"In that case," said the stranger, jumping briskly to the ground, and detaching his saddlebags, "I should say that I was sent out of my way to some purpose. I am the assistant surgeon at the fort. Show me your unfortunate friend."

My heart bounded for joy when I heard

these words, and I believe I laughed, clapped my hands, and jumped up and down, to relieve my feelings. Father had not mentioned the name of the wounded man, and no sooner did Dr. Snodgrass see him than he exclaimed:

"Why, God bless me—it's Father Paul Duranquirt!"

"Do you know him, sir?"

"Yes; he has been to the fort often."

"And will you save him, doctor?"

"I'll do all that my skill and love for the good man can do toward it."

So he went to work. He found that the bullet had not penetrated any of the vitals, but had glanced from a rib, and had not penetrated far. He extracted it without much trouble, after stimulating the patient so he could bear it; and so successful were the good surgeon's attentions that in twenty-four hours we had the satisfaction of seeing the priest sleeping peacefully, with a little fluttering at his wrist. The surgeon's business was urgent, and he insisted that he must go right on.

"But there's really no need of my staying any longer," he said. "All he wants now is careful nursing, and that's a business that this odd stick of yours here understands perfectly, as I see by her actions; though to judge by her looks, you wouldn't say she understood anything. The good father will stay on his back here for some weeks to come, and he won't have any strength, to speak of, before spring. The bullet made a shock that would have killed nine men out of ten; but he has one of those wonderful bodies that stand a great deal of pounding. I said nine out of ten would have died from the bullet; I should say ninety-nine out of a hundred would have died from exposure and lack of nourishment for four days out there in the woods. But take care of him now, and he will pull through."

We bade the excellent doctor a hearty good-by, and I have never since seen him. But I shall always think kindly of him. I don't even know whether he is living or not; if he is, he must be an old man, and I trust that some of the good he has done to others has returned in rich blessings on him.

Father Paul improved rapidly, and in a week was strong enough to sit up in bed and tell us what he knew about this dark affair. He had met one of the settlers near

the edge of the woods, going in the opposite direction, but not another person did he see until he woke up and found himself in bed in our cabin. He thought he had travelled an hour or more, when he heard a rifle—hot, and felt something like a blow in the breast that laid him senseless. And this was absolutely all he knew about the matter. But who could have fired that shot? The subject was talked over all the winter, in our cabin and among the other settlers, and so many different opinions were expressed that most of us who had any fixed opinions about it became confused and uncertain. Father Paul himself was, from the first, sure upon one point. Said he:

"It is all a mistake, you may be certain. Do not, for a moment, think that any one meant to harm me. *Me?* Who would wish to do that? For more than ten years have I roamed these forests, thousands of miles, in every direction, alone, and no hand has ever been raised against me. I have been among the red and white alike, preaching the same Saviour to both, and trying in my humble way to do good. I have never made an enemy, but there are hundreds, yea, thousands, who would serve me with their lives."

"No doubt of that, Father Duranquirt," said my father. "But how do you think it happened?"

"Some one—God forgive him!—has a deadly enmity to some person of about my size and figure, who is used to traverse the woods with knapsack and staff, like me. He must have lain in wait for his enemy, and, mistaking me for him as I passed, fired the shot."

No one had a better theory than this, at least to make public, and those who were not convinced kept silent.

I met Gabriel out doors soon after, and asked him what he thought of the priest's idea.

"*That* for it!" he said, snapping his fingers. "Whoever fired that bullet meant to kill the man it hit, and left him thinkin' he had killed him. There's no man about here—no, nor in all the north that I've ever been through—that looks any more like the priest in face or body than I look like the Queen o' Sheba. And who is there *don't* know him, I'd like to know?"

"Then who do you think did it?"

"I suspect—but I aint quite ready to tell yet. I've got my eye on the bloody scamp,

and you'll know as soon as anybody. But it bothers me like blazes to guess what he done it for!"

This was the most I could get out of Gabe on the subject, and I found it was useless to question him.

The winter passed on, and a cold severe season it was, with deeper snow than we had ever known before. Confined closely as we were to the cabin, it was indeed delightful to have Father Paul there with us. He regained his strength rapidly, and before the end of January he was proposing to leave us, but my father absolutely forbade it. Dr. Snodgrass had told him that if he ventured to go half a mile from the cabin before the snow was gone, he would do it at the peril of his life, and he proposed that the doctor should be obeyed. The priest yielded, and we had him with us until—but I must not tell just how long, now. I look back to the long evenings of that cold winter with real pleasure, when I think of how much I learned from Father Paul, and how much I enjoyed his stories of what he had seen in Europe. People came sometimes to see him, and among others, I remember an Indian called Walmo, who came one day, and appeared very glad to see the priest

alive and getting well. Father Paul talked with him in the language of the Sacs and Foxes, and I saw by their motions that he was explaining to him how and where he was shot. Walmo appeared astonished that a man could recover after getting a bullet in his breast; and he went away with many words which the priest told me were meant to show sympathy and affection.

The good father went to the window, when the Indian had gone, and looking out at the whirling snowdrifts, heaved a profound sigh.

"I long to be at my Master's business," he said. "Walmo tells me that those whom he governs as chief have missed me greatly, and want me among them. Poor souls, have patience!"

The winter passed on, the snow disappeared. The spring was tardy, but it came at last, and never had it seemed so beautiful. Our thoughts were turned more frequently to the day when we were to leave our cabin home here forever, and we were making some preparations. Father Paul was to leave us in two days.

On the first of May something occurred to startle us.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HUNTING A YO-HO.

BY O. A. STEPHENS.

It was quite late in the fall—November, I think—when queer reports, particularly among the boys, began to be heard in our little rustic neighborhood of a curious animal that came down from the "great woods," after nightfall, and lurked about the farmhouses. The "great woods," is the wild unbroken wilderness above us, which stretches back towards Canada; and in which are "all manner of fourfooted beasts," so at least the boys think. It is the home of bears, whence they occasionally sally forth into the clearings below, picking up stray "mutton," or holding nocturnal huskings among the soft corn in moonlight fields, skirted and overhung by the dark forest. Mornings would show the broken fragments of their banquet, and perhaps some huge footprints to be stared at by the irritated farmer.

Packs of famishing wolves have some-

times issued from its desert tracts, rabid from hunger, to gad by midnight in reckless troops. And hunters told of catamounts that watched them passing from the high treetops. In the great woods, then, as a matter of course, this new beast had its retreat. And at a husking, a few nights after, at old Deacon Sampson's, we heard no less than half a dozen different accounts concerning it. Big Sam Lufkin had been the first to see it.

Sam had recently "got grown up" into a great fellow, and was just beginning to make calls Saturday nights. He was going home from old Eastman's—Abby's father—about eleven o'clock, he said (it might have been a little later, you know), and had got down near the "meadow bridge." A mist had risen from the brook, making it dim as well as dark. All at once he saw, just ahead of him in the road, a tall pale-looking creature

standing still, as if waiting for him. The rest of the story wasn't worth much. But it came out by way of Abby, that Sam came running back there a while after he had started home, frightened nearly to death. She had to get up and let him in again, where, under her protection, he remained till daylight. One thing injured Sam's account, there were no tracks to be seen in the road the next morning at all representing the reported monster. Several looked, but the road was guiltless of anything worse than horse tracks. But about a week after, little Jemmy Nutter, the widow's son, going over to mill one afternoon, had to wait for the grist till dusk. It had begun to snow, and grew very dark as he was coming home. He said that when he had got out where Shorey's logging road comes down into the mainroad (Shorey gets down ship timber from the great woods in winter), a great animal came trotting down from the forest, and seeing him, gave chase. Jemmy was on horse-back, with a bag of meal under him, and digging his bare heels into the horse's sides, rode for dear life. It was only about half a mile further on to their house; but he had a pretty snug run. The creature was at his horse's heels, when he turned into their yard. There it stopped, uttered a long shrill cry, then wheeled about and bounded away with heavy leaps into the darkness. Now Jemmy was a plucky little fellow, and not one of the scared kind. His account made quite a sensation—much more than Sam's. Even old Mr. Shaw, who was always ridiculing the boys, was obliged to admit that there must be something—a big dog perhaps. Jemmy was not a boy to run from his shadow.

"Dog!" cried Jemmy, with indignant heat, overhearing the word. "D'y'e think I'd run for a dog? I tell you 'twas as big as the old horse, and you can believe it or not!"

Upon this Mr. Greyson, a quiet steady-going man, who lived a little out of the neighborhood, said, that as so many had seen something, he would tell what he had seen. A few nights before, he had gone out to the barn with his lantern, to feed his cattle. The little barn-window in the further end was open; and as he was shaking in the fodder, he thought he heard a sort of snort out there, and looking around saw some bright spots like eyes, staring in at the opening. Setting down the lantern, he slipped

out of the barn and ran to the house for his gun. But before he got back, the eyes had disappeared; though he had a glimpse of a large grayish creature, crossing the fields towards the woods. It looked, as Jemmy had said, as large as a horse. "Mr. Clives," continued he, "you was a hunter in your younger days, and have had considerable experience in the woods, what should you call it? You've heard our stories."

"Never saw anything like it," said Clives. "Don't know what to tell you. But when I was up in the Moosehead Lake region, the lumbermen were telling one winter of a strange animal that kept hanging about their camp. From the stories they told, it must have been something like this. They called it a Yo-ho." That was enough for us. After that we had a name for it. There was a "Yo-ho" in the vicinity! This was Tuesday night; and the following Thursday was Thanksgiving. We were to have a "shooting match." Johnny Betley was getting it up for us; and all the boys were going. Johnny wasn't a boy himself, however, but a spicy old chap who was always ready to help on a good time. We used to take a great deal of fun out of him. Well, Wednesday afternoon Betley went down to the village, some six miles below, after the fixings." Now report had often said that Johnny used to take a swallow too much occasionally. Be that as it may, this much is pretty certain, that at about ten o'clock that evening, he might have been seen riding up home much in the condition of Tam o' Shanter. And so it fell out, that he got chased in a somewhat similar manner, not by a *witch* exactly, but by a Yo-ho. He was coming up, he said—he did not know just how far up—when as he turned about on the wagon-seat, to see that the old *stone jug* had not fallen out, he saw the terrible beast walking along only a few feet behind him, snuffing the air, as if he smelled something. Johnny was still sober enough to give his old horse a string of cuts, which took him along at a great rate. But not having the reins under great control, his old thorough-brace wagon tacked, alternately, from the logs and stumps on one side the road, to the stones on the other, including both ditches. And coming presently to a turn, he tacked in the wrong direction, and went ashore completely into the old log fence, with a disastrous crash! What with the shock, fright, etc., Johnny immediately

swooned; his latest recollection being a vision of the monster, standing within a few yards of him, still snuffing. When consciousness returned, he found himself very much in the fix of "Artemus the Delicious," when he offered a bystander ten dollars "to tell him who he was and where he came from." But either from having less money, or being a more practical (man) than Artemus, Johnny at once began feeling about, and drawing conclusions from things as he found them. It was still very dark. The horse with the wagon, minus the driver, seat and cargo, had gone on. His hand fell upon logs, apparently covered with sand; (a four-pound paper of granulated sugar had burst). There were bugs, too! (the raisins for the pudding were all about him.) Finally, there came to hand the nozzle handle and upper portion of the old jug. Its familiar feel recalled the whole situation. Habit is strong. Up went the bottomless nozzle to his lips—suck—suck—and then the full extent of the disaster burst upon him. Midnight saw him groping his way homeward, whither his horse had preceded him by some hours. But strangely enough he never once thought of the Yo-ho again, the cause of his mishap, till the next day. This event, with the destruction of "the fixings," upset the shooting-match. Public indignation was loud against the Yo-ho; and to prevent the recurrence of such a misfortune, it was agreed to turn out and hunt him down. There were twelve of us; and we decided to divide into three parties—four together—and go out that very night. One party was to go down near the scene of Johnny's mishap. The second was to watch out near Mr. Greyson's; while the third, to which I had been assigned, was advised to lie in wait at the entrance of Shorey's logging road—the locality of Jemmy's ride. Both Jemmy and Sam Lufkin were of our party; the other, besides myself, being my

brother Tom. We went to our appointed places at dusk, and secreted ourselves, with loaded guns, in an alder clump, at the junction of the two roads. An hour passed; but all remained quiet. It was getting pretty cold. Muffled up in our great coats, we lay with our guns cocked and pointed. Another hour passed; I was getting thoroughly chilled and sick of the business, when we suddenly caught the sound of a distant tramping. It came nearer. "He's coming," whispered Jemmy. Breathlessly we waited, and soon saw a great dusky form emerging from the gloom. We all fired—nearly at once—and with the reports came a wild almost human cry. I heard big Sam scrambling out on the other side; a panic is contagious; Tom and I followed him. Jemmy stood a moment, and then came running after us. We had not intended to run—Jemmy wouldn't probably—but that strange cry appalled us. Down the road we went; never stopping till we came to Mrs. Nutter's. There we halted, and seeing we were not pursued, began to recover our courage.

"What a dreadful scream!" exclaimed Jemmy. "You don't suppose it was a man, do you? It sounded so piteous!"

"O, I'm afraid it was," cried Sam. "Let's go back."

Just then we heard the party coming up the road; they had heard the guns, and were coming to see what had been done. Jemmy brought out his lantern; and all together we went back almost dreading to see the result of our shots in the dark. Holding up the lantern, we peered among the tall dry mullens and fireweeds, and saw the lifeless body of a gray colt! It was all plain as day now. Its singular movements, in short, everything was enough accounted for. It had strayed from its pasture in an adjoining town, into the "great woods," become lost and wild, and finally mistaken for a Yo-ho.

MOTHER AND SON.—There is no tie in the world more beautiful than that which binds a mother and a son grown old enough to be her protector. A daughter loves her mother, indeed; but sees all her defects, as one woman always does see those of another. No doubt, with the unconscious arrogance of youth, she exaggerates them. But the son loves his mother with an ideal love

—he sees her as a man sees a woman; that is to say, through a certain halo of mystery. Reverence is in his feeling for her, and at the same time a sense of her need of his care—he is at once her knight and her son. He is proud of her and fond of her at the same time. Her image is sacred in his mind. She may not be better than other women; but she seems so to him

SCARING KITTY.

BY NELL CLIFFORD.

"Now, Earle, I hope you will take good care of your little sister. Play gentle plays with her, and amuse her as well as you can. It gives mamma so much pleasure to have you do right, my son."

"Yes, mamma, I will."

"There, kiss me good-by, Earle; good-by, Kitty darling—mamma won't stay long," were Mrs. Mortimer's parting words as she entered the carriage that was to convey her to the city to do some shopping.

The children watched her out of sight, then returned to the playroom where they made themselves happy in various ways known to little folks.

Their home was in one of those pleasant suburban villages that cluster about Boston; and was one of the dearest and cosiest in the world. Earle and Kitty were its nestlings.

Earle was brave, and Kitty timid. Kitty was afraid of the dark, of mice; indeed, it is difficult to name anything she was not afraid of. But we left them making themselves happy in their mother's absence. They played keep house, horse, circus, hide and seek, and quite a medley of amusements to be sure, and representing the tastes and employments of both sexes.

Earle obeyed his mother's bidding, and was very careful of his sister till Joe Sanderson came, when the fun grew more boisterous. Joe was coarser grained in fibre, and his sports were in keeping with his make-up. He was possessed of no nervous tremors, and consequently had little sympathy for them in others. And he had a way of laughing down what he was pleased to call girl's plays, till he made Earle's face grow red with shame that he had ever enjoyed anything soft and womanish.

Earle suggested building houses to amuse Kitty; Joe said "pshaw," with such contemptuous energy, that the lad subsided so far into his inner me for a time, that an observer would have thought he had no choice in the matter of sports.

"What *shall* we play then?"

"Come here, and I'll tell you how to have downright fun." And Joe whispered

to Earle in an animated manner, to which Earle shook his head.

"We mustn't scare Kitty; mother wouldn't like it."

"Scare fiddlesticks! Didn't you tell me she was a coward? How can you expect her to be anything else, I would like to know, if you are always so tender of her nerves? The only way to make her brave is to give her a good breaking in. It will be doing a good thing, and we'll have lots of fun beside."

It was plausible to Earle; and he consented quite readily to the hastily arranged programme that presented itself to Joe's mind. It was to hide in out-of-the-way corners and covert holes; and when timid six-year old Kitty sought for them, they jumped out at her unexpectedly and yelled hideously, which caused every nerve in the little creature's body to tremble with excitement; but her terror was changed so quickly to merriment upon seeing who they were, that Earle came to think, with Joe that it was a good way to cure her excessive timidity. Joe at last tired of so tame a method of frightening her, and set about devising other means.

"I know a capital thing we can do; I learned it when I was up to Uncle Bill Sanderson's. Uncle Bill lives on a farm and raises ever so many pumpkins. He taught me how to make Jack lanterns out of them."

"What is a Jack lantern?" asked Earle, deeply interested.

"Don't you know? Why, it is a pumpkin made to look like a man's face."

"How is it done?"

"Uncle cut a square piece neatly out of the top of a pumpkin, and cleaned out all the seeds and waste matter. Then he cut holes for eyes, nose and mouth. In the evening he put a candle in it, and shut it up with the square he cut from the top. I tell you it was splendid. It would almost have scared me if I hadn't known all about it."

"I haven't any Jack lantern," said Earle.

"I know that, you goose. I have one I brought home from uncle's. I'll go home

and get it. While I am gone, you tease Kitty upstairs till I have everything ready."

"But it aint dark yet."

"We can shut the blinds and draw the curtains in the sitting-room, and it'll be dark enough."

Joe soon had his Jack lantern over; and to make it more hideous, he improvised a body for it out of an old coat and pants. When everything was arranged, Earle stole down to the sitting-room too.

"Why, it is perfectly splendid, Joe," he said, walking around it with boyish admiration. "But let us give Kitty a little warning, for I'm afraid it will frighten her too much. She is only a girl, you know."

"Nonsense! We wont warn her a bit. This will cure her if anything will. Wont it be jolly to hear her scream though? We shall have a chance to split our sides laughing."

"It is almost too dreadful," said Earle, anxiously.

"Hark! I hear her coming," said Joe. "Hide quick." And the boys crept under the table.

Little feet came pattering down the stairway, and through the hall, a hesitating hand was laid on the door knob, and Kitty's sweet voice called:

"Earle! Earle!" For the space of a second after she opened the door there was perfect silence, then Kitty fell as one dead. She didn't scream, as Joe said, and the boys crept forth from their place of concealment, their faces white with fright.

"O Kitty, Kitty, wake up, do!" cried Earle. "We didn't mean to scare you so."

"We were only in fun," bellowed Joe.

"O Joe, I am afraid she is dead," said Earle in an agony. "I wish mother were here. What will she say to me! Dear little darling sister, speak to Earle. Joe, we've killed her;" for Kitty remained white and motionless as a corpse.

"Call Bridget," said Earle. Bridget was the maid, and at the summons came running up in hot haste.

"Och, and it is murthering the blessed Kitty you have been doing—shure it is Bridget O'Flaherty that is going raving distracted. Poor darling! the swate breath of her life just tuk out of her intirely by looking on that horrid craythure sinding out fire and brimstone from ivery fayture of his elegant face."

Bridget was a poor comforter, and poor help in this case; and Earle fairly groaned in his anguish. But at this moment Mrs. Mortimer opportunely arrived.

"What is the matter? What does it mean, Earle?" questioned Mrs. Mortimer, in a state of alarm.

"It means, mamma, that Joe and I have scared her to death." Earle's answer was broken by great sobs. "We frightened her with a Jack lantern."

Mrs. Mortimer said nothing further, but set about to restore Kitty. She dashed water over the pale face, chafed the limp fingers, yet it was long ere she succeeded in bringing her back to consciousness; and Kitty's stare was so vacant in expression that she feared for the child's reason. This continued for several days, but finally wore gradually away, though it was long ere she lost a sense of shuddering dread whenever Joe Sanderson came in her presence.

The lads were overjoyed at her recovery, particularly Earle, and he often said to his sister:

"I didn't mean to frighten you so, Kitty darling. I am so sorry for it—will you forgive me?"

Kitty kissed him and said yes, like the sweet child she was.

Earle's lesson was so severe that Mrs. Mortimer only enforced it by a few gentle grave words that he remembered all his life.

We trust the boy and girl readers of the Magazine will take this story to their hearts in such a way as to make them forever afraid of trying to frighten their nervous sensitive playmates; for it is a well known fact that the minds of many little people have been seriously injured by attempts to scare them "just for fun."

Send all communications for this Department to EDWIN R. BRIGGS, WEST BETHEL, Oxford County, MAINE.

Answers to April Puzzles.

51. Chough. 52. Rewarded. 53. Intolerance. 54. Hemlock.

55. N S
 T I T A H A
 N I G H T—S H A D E
 T H Y A D O
 T E

56. B-lock. 57. S-pear.

58. G A T E 59. M—I D A—S
 A R I D A—D O R—N
 T I D E P—A R T—Y
 E D E N

60. Turn, tun. 61. Drown, down, don.
62. "A renowned proverb." 63. Pemberton. 64. Germany. 65. Versailles. 66. Danvers.

67.—Triple Cross-Word Enigma.

In hundreds, but not in two;
In many, but not in few;
In bridge, but not in stream;
In pillar, but not in beam;
In cream, but not in curds;
Look for the names of three birds.
SKEEZIKS.

Hidden Cities.

68. If the door is not shut I can go.
69. I visit Dresden very often.
70. Dom Pedro met President Grant.
AMOS KEETO.

71.—Drop-Letter Puzzle.

H-n-s-y-s-h-b-s-p-l-c.
—an old adage.
CARRIE KEENAN.

Syncopeations.

72. Syncopate a tree, and leave masculine.
73. A color, and leave a part of the body.
74. A nobleman, and leave a building.
LITTLE BROWN JUG.

75.—Double Diagonals and Hollow Diamond.

A covetous man; to refine; a red color;
a piece of money; tenderer.
The diagonals, read down, name a musician, and something obtained from trees.
The perimeter of the diamond is a carnivorous animal.
WILD ROSE.

76.—Word Square.

A tree; a girl's name; a coin; to rub out;
an animal. CADI SHANE.

Word Anagrams.

77. Steam in cup.
78. Shady burn.
79. Dr. Thomas Long.
HUMBUE.

80.—Prize Charade.

You first with first bereft of head;
You second with the eye;
Whole well to what I have said,
When for the solution you try.
"A City Lay" for the first answer.
ROSE BUDD.

81.—Numerical Enigma.

My whole, composed of 11 letters, is meanness. My 1, 3, 5, 2, 8, is a boat; my 10, 9, 6, is a metal; my 7, 4, 11, is a plant.
BEAU K.

82.—Addition Puzzle.

Take one-sixth of a jackal, one-eighth of an antelope, one-fourth of a lion, one-seventh of a panther, one-eighth of an elephant, one-sixth of a jaguar, and one-third of a dog. Combine the letters and form an animal.
JOHN QUILL.

Answers Next Month.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

Prizes.

For the best original rhymed charade, not exceeding twelve lines in length, sent to us before May 10th, we will send twelve pages of choice vocal and instrumental music.

For the best list of answers the same prize will be given, and for the first solution of No. 80 "Rose Budd" offers a book.

Answers to the January puzzles were received from Frank E. Wyn Koop and Estelle Brown.

Accepted. — Puzzles by "Rose Budd," "Amos Keeto," "Skeeziks," "Puggy," "Little Brown Jug," "Carrie Keenan," "Towhead," E. E. Howard, "Beau K," "Cyril Deane," "Wild Rose," "Cadi Shane," "Wild Ivy," "Wilson and Wm. Grant."

Prize for the largest and best lot of original puzzles, received before the 10th of January, is awarded to "Skeeziks," Rondout, N. Y.

All have our thanks for their good contributions.
RUTHVEN.

CURIOUS MATTERS.

A WONDERFUL TREE.—Mr. Morgan, an English consul resident in Brazil, cites, in a recent report to his government, the cardouba tree, a species of palm (*copernicia cerifera*) as one of the most valuable vegetables of the country. It flourishes without culture at Bahia, Rio Grand del Norte, and other well-known localities, resists drought, and always appears green and luxuriant. Its roots possess properties similar to those of the sarsaparilla. The trunk furnishes a superior fibre. When the tree is young it yields wine, vinegar, a saccharine matter, and a species of gum closely resembling sago. Its wood is excellently suited for the manufacture of musical instruments, and for tubes and conduits for water. The pulp of the fruit is very palatable, and the only nut roasted and pulverized is a good substitute for coffee. The trunk also yields a flour similar to maizena. With the straw, hats, brooms and baskets are made, and over half a million dollars' worth of it is exported to England yearly. Lastly, a wax, used in the manufacture of candles, is extracted from the leaves.

VARNISH FOR GLASS.—Terquem prepares a varnish for glass on which drawings can be made either with India ink or with ordinary ink. Four parts of gum mastic and eight parts sandarac are placed in a well-closed bottle with eight parts of 95 per cent alcohol, warmed on a water-bath, and then filtered. When used, the glass is heated to from 122 to 140 degs., and the varnish poured over it. After the drawing is done, it is covered with a weak solution of gum. The varnish is very hard, and on warm glass it is brilliant and transparent, but when cold it is opaque, and absorbs the ink. It can be employed for putting labels on glass bottles, etc. A thin solution of gelatine applied to a plate of glass which is supported horizontally until dry makes a good surface for pen-and-ink drawings for transparencies.

A WICKED ENEMY.—The wickedest and most audacious fish of all that preys on the oyster is the drumfish. When he lights on an oyster-bed he isn't satisfied with eating the inside, but chews the oyster-shell up

also. He is a great coarse fish, like a sheep's head, and has big teeth. He mashes an oyster up the same as a small boy eats peanuts. Drumfish come in schools, and Prince's Bay is their favorite resort, East River and the bays in the sound being comparatively free from them. They don't come every year, and it is five years since a large school paid its respects to Prince's Bay. They make a noise like a drum, and a large school feeding would beat a drum corps. When they have gone through an oyster-bed they will tackle the bottom of an oyster schooner, and eat the barnacles off. Drumfish pay their visits generally in the months of September and October. They have destroyed hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of oysters in years gone by. In two weeks one firm lost \$2000 worth of oysters through them.

FOSSIL REMAINS.—A notable animal is described by Dr. A. Leith Adams as having been discovered among the fossil remains found in the caves on the Island of Malta. It is a dormouse as large as a guinea-pig; and the number of these creatures which inhabited Malta in ancient times must have been very great, as the bones of five or six specimens can now be obtained in a spadeful of mould. The remains of a swan one-third larger than any modern swan have also been found in Malta; and Professor Adams thinks the fossil evidence irresistible that the island was formerly a portion of the continent.

SOMETHING LIKE A "FREEZE."—The coldest weather experienced in the last Arctic expedition was when the sun returned, in the beginning of March—100 degrees below freezing point. During that intense cold various experiments were tried by exposing different substances to its influence. The explorers found that glycerine became perfectly solid and quite transparent, rectified spirits of wine became of the consistency of treacle, and whiskey froze so hard that they broke off a piece and ate it. Brandy and rum, when exposed in a shallow vessel, froze hard, but, when exposed in a bottle, they resembled thick honey. On chloroform the cold had no apparent effect.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

CORN BREAD.—Into a pint of yellow Indian meal pour boiling water enough to wet it; dissolve one-half teaspoonful soda in hot water, and add it with two well beaten eggs, one teaspoonful salt and a piece of butter the size of an egg; stir well and bake in buttered pans, in a quick oven half an hour.

BUCKWHEAT CAKES.—One quart buckwheat flour, one handful Indian meal, four tablespoonfuls yeast, one teaspoonful salt, two tablespoonfuls of molasses—not syrup, warm water to make a thin batter. Let them rise over night; if sour in the morning, add soda enough to sweeten the mixture.

POTATO YEAST.—Six potatoes peeled, boiled and mashed hot, with four tablespoonfuls flour, and two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and hot water enough added gradually to moisten the whole; two quarts cold water. When the mixture is lukewarm, add a gill of good yeast, and set aside in an open vessel to ferment; when it has ceased to effervesce, bottle and keep in a cool place.

HOMINY CROQUETTES.—To a cupful of cold boiled hominy, add a tablespoonful melted butter, and stir it well, adding by degrees a cupful of milk, till all is made into a soft light paste; add a teaspoonful white sugar, and one well beaten egg. Roll into oval balls with floured hands; dip in beaten egg, then rolled in cracker crumbs, and fry in hot lard.

RAISED BATTER CAKES.—Three cups Indian meal, one cup flour, one quart milk, four tablespoonfuls yeast, and one teaspoonful salt; mix and set to rise over night; in the morning, add one tablespoonful melted butter, and one teaspoonful soda dissolved in hot water; fry on a griddle.

SAGO PUDDING.—One quart milk, four tablespoonfuls sago boiled in the milk till soft; set the dish in a kettle of hot water, and let the sago swell gradually. Beat up three eggs, and stir into the cooked milk and sago; vanilla, lemon or nutmeg, and

salt and sugar to taste. Then put in the oven and bake very lightly. Sauce for this, two-thirds cup butter beaten to a cream; stir in sugar till quite thick. To a cup of boiling water, add cornstarch mixed with cold water, till the whole is of the consistency of thin starch; mix this with the sugar and butter, pour one-half over the pudding while warm, and the other half just before serving it.

APPLE MINCE MEAT.—Two pounds apples pared and chopped; three-fourths pound suet, cleaned of strings and powdered; one pound currants; one pound raisins stoned and chopped; one-fourth pound citron cut into strips, two pounds brown sugar juice and grated rind of one lemon, one tablespoonful cinnamon, one tablespoonful cloves, one tablespoonful allspice and mace; two teaspoonfuls salt, one-half pint good brandy or boiled cider. Pack close in a stone jar, and keep in a cool place for use.

FLOUR SUET PUDDING.—Three cups flour, one cup suet, one cup molasses, one cup milk, one cup fruit, one-half teaspoonful soda, one teaspoonful cinnamon, allspice and cloves, steam three hours; sauce.

IRISH POTATO PIE.—One pound mashed potato pressed through a colander, two cups sugar, one-half pound butter beaten together, six eggs well beaten, one lemon, juice and rind, one teaspoonful nutmeg, same of mace. Bake without top crust.

COCOANUT PIE.—One-half pound grated cocoanut, three-fourths pound white sugar, six ounces butter, whites of five eggs, one glass white wine, two tablespoonfuls rosewater—but wine and rosewater may be omitted; one teaspoonful nutmeg. Beat butter and sugar well; add the cocoanut with as little beating as possible; then whip in the stiffened whites of the eggs quickly and deftly, and bake in open shells.

CURRANT AND RASPBERRY TART.—For a tart, line the dish, put sugar and fruit, lay bars across and bake.

[Written expressly for Ballou's Magazine.]

THINGS PLEASANT AND OTHERWISE.

By M. QUAD, of the Detroit Free Press, who will hereafter have charge of this Department.

The man who has leading questions to ask may always be found on a passenger train or a steamboat, and his honest mind and strange ways make friends wherever he goes. One of the steamers running between Detroit and ports on Lake Huron was such a slow craft that the captain included the curses of the passengers as a regular incident of the trip, and came at last to feel lost if some one did not blast his eyes every fifteen minutes. Among the passengers who made the last trip with the boat was a long-bodied, long-nosed chap from Delaware, who was out West in search of a new home. It was his first steamboat trip for twenty years, and he was full of curiosity. He didn't know whether the craft should go four or twelve miles an hour, and was the only man aboard who did not pitch into the captain for the turtle-like progress of his boat.

A storm arose as the old tub got out of sight of Port Huron, and by-and-by everybody was being pitched about in an unpleasant manner. The Delaware man stood the bumps for an hour or so, and then found the captain, and said:

"Capting, me and the rest of us protest against any more of this. It is our opinion that you had better run into a creek somewhere!"

"Run your head out of sight, you long-bodied idiot!" roared the captain; and the man from Delaware retreated to the cabin, to play pitch and toss again.

In another hour it became apparent that the old "Sally Ann" was being worsted, and the captain informed the passengers that they must be prepared for the worst.

"Then you really think there is danger, do you?" drawled the man from Delaware.

"I do."

"You don't think this boat will go to the bottom, do you?"

"It looks that way now."

"Well, capting," continued the Eastern passenger, looking around for his satchel, "how many days do you think we'll be getting down to gravel?"

There are men living in Detroit who were in the cabin at that time, and they say that all the passengers, including three or four ladies, laughed heartily at the grave query.

Half an hour after that the "Sally Ann" went down. Her upper works were swept off, and among the half dozen clinging to the wreck was the man from Delaware. After he had come to realize the situation, he called out:

"Capting! Capting! Is the capting aboard?"

"Yes, I'm here," called the officer, who was lashing himself to the pilot-house.

"Well, capting, will this make any difference about our connecting with the train at Saginaw?" seriously queried the man.

It made a good deal of difference, but the man from Delaware made no complaints, and had only one suggestion to offer. Next day, when the storm began to abate, he called out:

"Now, capting, after this when one boat on your line starts out, I hope you will realize the need of having another follow close behind, to pick up the folks and satchels!"

I met him in Wyoming Territory, several years ago. A gang of us had been prospecting in the hills, and as we halted to devour our luncheon, we heard faint calls for help. Separating, we searched up and down for a long time, and at length discovered a man at the bottom of an old pit twenty feet deep. After a deal of trouble we dragged him out, and he was a sight to see. His clothing had been reduced to rags, his face and hands were covered with blood, and he was as gaunt as a wolf. Indeed, it was his third day in the pit without food. Water trickled through the crevices, and he had not suffered for want of that, but he was hungry enough to bite a nail in two.

We of course plied the victim with queries, but he answered none of them until he was safely out of the hole and ten steps away. Then he waved his hand, cleared his throat, and said:

"Gentlemen, I feel greatly obliged, indeed. I didn't know but you fellers would want two or three dollars for hauling me out, and I'd made up my mind not to pay a blamed cent over twelve shillings! You are liberal-hearted chaps, and I don't mind tossing up to see whether I eat all the dinner alone, or whether it is divided around!"

I was out West when the first circus reached Laramie. Being short of a ticket-taker, "the old man" asked me to go down the road with him until he could fill the bill. It wasn't many years ago, and the Indian was in his glory. Also in a dilapidated condition as to raiment. I have been trying for the last half hour to remember whether the audience was composed of one land-hunter and four hundred Indians, or four hundred Indians, two hundred wolf-skins, ten thousand dogs and an old squaw. The red man had never heard of a circus, nor listened to the notes of a brass band. When the show was ready to start up those scalp-takers fondly believed that Fourth of July, Christmas and St. Patrick's Day had all come in a heap. A complimentary ticket fixed the ruling big Injun. When it was explained to him that he could go in for nothing, he walked around with his hat on his ear, and a sort of Patrick Henry look in his eyes, and replied:

"Ugh! Woof! White man sixteen feet long!"

We took in some cash. We took in some wolfskins. We passed out tickets for jerked venison, pelts, wampum, and for Injun notes of hand running thirty years, and bearing ten per cent interest, the intention being to fill up the tent and turn the red man from the error of his ways, if the band had to blow their buttons off. They were an appreciative set. At least four hundred of them wanted to marry into the family and become "heap circus;" and as we headed for Denver, with thirty miles of awful road before us, the whole pack gathered on a hill, and sadly called out:

"Come back, my love! come back!"

Probably one of the saddest sights ever encountered by traveller came to the experience of a Michigan tin peddler one night last winter. He was driving through a sparsely settled county in the northern part of the State, and about nine o'clock in the evening he halted at a small house to ask

for lodgings. There was such a racket as he knocked on the door that his summons was unheard and unanswered. He therefore opened the door and pushed his way in. It was a farm owned by two old maid sisters, and they dwelt quite alone. There was a lone hot brick on the stove, and the two women, each partly ready for bed, were fighting for its possession. Each had clenched the other's hair, and was kicking away to kill.

"Here! What's this row about?" exclaimed the peddler, almost overcome with amazement.

"A man! A man!" shrieked the tallest sister.

"Can't help that, sister Mary!" gasped the other, putting in an extra kick; "we've got at this thing now, and I'm going to know whose heels that brick warms the rest of this winter, if a thousand men pile into the house!"

The taller one gave in and disappeared, and seizing the brick and jumping into the pantry, the victorious female called out:

"Put out your hoss, and I'll scratch some cold victuals on the table for ye!"

No man need flatter himself because he evades the payment of his poll-tax. Some assessors take the value of a man's head into account, and make no charge for an empty poll.

There is no great harm in pointing an unloaded pistol at any one "for fun," unless it goes off and shoots some one. The greatest objection is the fact that the idiot who points the weapon always escapes accident.

It is a poor man who can't do something to benefit the public at large. The man who can't think of anything better might stand at country cross-roads and explain to travellers that he never yet saw a guide-board which came within a mile and a half of explaining what it wanted to.

One Sunday last fall a Michigan minister threw away his notes and preached a sermon right from his heart. He proceeded to give his hearers a general shaking up for their apathy and lethargy, and asserted that all of them could easily become Christians, if they so desired. He said he would forgive one instance of backsliding in any con-

vert. and he made such a strong appeal that a lone stranger, in a pew near the door, arose and said that his heart had been touched. No one knew him, and his ragged clothes didn't recommend him as well as his words. He said he would make an earnest effort to be good, beginning that very hour, and the minister called out:

"Thank Heaven — thank Heaven! If you are tempted and fall, I'll forgive you, and you can begin anew."

Next night the minister's horse and buggy were stolen. The sheriff got track of the thief and soon overhauled him. He proved to be the stranger who had said he would be good. When taken to jail, the minister called on him, and said:

"I am both horrified and grieved. Only a day or two ago you said you would try to become a Christian."

"Yes, that's so," replied the man; "and you said if I backslid, you'd forgive me. I was living right up to the peg, my heart chuckfull of goodness, when I saw your pacer, and noticed that you didn't lock the barn. I backslid in just nine seconds by the watch; and now if you have a hymn-book in your coat-tail pocket, we'll begin over again."

The minister wasn't as good as his word, and the rascal went to prison.

The man who has been to the Black Hills and returned is a big gun at the village drugstore, and he feels called upon to tell nothing but the truth when narrating his adventures. Such a man, named Curt, was telling the other night how many Indians he had killed during his three months' residence in the hills. After he had talked for half an hour, one of the listeners, who had kept track of the number of killed, exhibited the figures.

"I find," he explained, "that you killed fifteen hundred savages in three months!"

"Is that all?" exclaimed the unabashed Black Hiller; "why, I believe you've left out a week's work there somewhere!"

"If you had such good luck killing Indians, why didn't you stay there?" demanded another suspicious listener.

"Well, the truth is, gentlemen, I was afraid of ruining my left eye. I'd squinted it along my gun-barrel so much that my face was being drawn all out of shape, and the sight was so far gone that I had to be led about by a dog."

"And you killed Indians while in that condition?"

"I did; though I've always felt a little mean about it. I couldn't see to shoot, and so I run 'em down and kicked 'em to death. It wasn't manly in me, and I want to ask the forgiveness of you, gentlemen, right here and now!"

There was a long spell of appalling silence, and then some one said that Eph Francis had bought a new coon-dog.

Time brings wonderful changes. The other day as an oldish man was getting on board of a Toledo Street car, he trod on another man's toes. The victim happened to be in bad humor, and he called out:

"You'd better have your hoofs pared down!"

"What hoofs?" asked the old man, as he looked among the straw.

"Them there hoofs!" continued the fiery-tempered chap, pointing to the other's feet.

"Twenty years ago," sighed the old man, as he dropped into a seat, "I was mighty sensitive to slander, and awful reckless about grammar. Time has gone on, and on, and my nature has been revolutionized. I don't care a cent now how much nor how often I'm insulted, but I shall insist that you either use good grammar or stop talking to me!"

The other stopped.

'Tis true that the longest night has an ending, but this is poor consolation when the baby howls with the colic and the paregoric bottle is empty.

It is a delicate question whether lynch law takes its name from a Mr. Lynch being the first to propose it, or from a Mr. Lynch being the first to suffer by it.

One Mr. Myers of Ohio didn't discover America nor invent the eight-day clock, but he brags of being the first person to introduce smallpox into his neighborhood.

The Ohio girl who thought it her duty to marry a Wisconsin Indian and save his soul, didn't continue in that strain for over three weeks after the marriage. During that time she cut a ton of marsh hay, was licked four times, and had most of her hair pulled out by the dusky squaws.

MR. JOBKINS, AND HIS EXPERIENCE ON THE 1ST OF APRIL



Mr. Jobkins starts for his office.



Playfully kicks a hat that covers a paving stone.



Meets small boy who tells him his office is on fire.



Dashes through the streets to save his property.



Meets with an obstruction.



And April fools the boy.

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WHOLE No. 270.

CROMWELL AND CHARLES II.



OLIVER CROMWELL.

The period of English history extending from the rise of Cromwell to the death of Charles II. was a stormy one, and full of interest to every reflective mind. The char-

acter of the great Puritan leader has been extolled by some and condemned by others, but however much studious minds may differ with regard to the purity of his motives

and the justness of his judgments, the strength of his rugged genius must always command admiration. Cromwell was one of those remarkable men who would seem to be raised up to fulfil a particular purpose, but who often mar the ultimate success of their own projects by an unruly will which leads them on to more ignoble aims than those which at first inspire them. So long as a man uses all his energies to further what he considers to be for the public good, whether he be mistaken or not, he is worthy of respect for his devotion to principle; but when continued success inspires him with mere personal ambition for crown or title, he falls from his high estate, and evil results are sure to follow, either to himself or to his successors. In Cromwell's case the blow did not fall upon himself, but upon his country, after his death; for had he been content with the form of government which he had labored so strenuously to establish, and had not aspired, as he evidently did, to gain supreme control, and even the title of king, England might have been spared the excesses of the reign of Charles II. and the reinstatement of the Stuarts. The life of more than one great man, as well as the history of the rise and downfall of more than one great nation, preaches in tones of wonderful solemnity the living truth that integrity and purity are life, and false ambition and the worship of glittering but hollow splendors are death. In the case of individuals, the disastrous result may not always come during the lifetime of the aggressor, but the penalty is sure to follow as events bring it about, and the woes of a nation atone for the faults and mistakes of a single person.

The leading incidents in the life of Cromwell are well known. He was born at Huntingdon, April 25, 1599, and died at the palace of Whitehall, Sept. 3, 1658. He was of good family, and said of his circumstances, "I was by birth a gentleman, neither living in any considerable height, nor yet in obscurity." The Cromwells were related to the St. Johns, the Hampdens, and other celebrated English families, and Oliver Cromwell was a descendant on the maternal side of that Alexander, lord steward of Scotland, who founded the royal house of Stuart. Cromwell's mother and Charles I. were eighth cousins, so that the man who was destined to supplant his sovereign was in a manner connected with the royal line.

Many anecdotes have been related of the youth of Cromwell, but very few of them are so well authenticated as to be reliable, though it appears to be very certain that he was an unruly urchin who delighted in robbing orchards and playing off practical jokes. He was not remarkable for scholarship in his younger days, but seems to have acquired a fair education later on. In 1620 he married Elizabeth Bourchier, daughter of Sir John Bourchier, and shortly afterward began to display the serious turn of mind which exerted so great an influence on his future life. That he was sincere in his professions was made evident by the fact that he restored money to those from whom he had won it, while he prayed, preached and exhorted with great fervency, and gave his assistance to the needy brother Puritans who resided near him. In 1628 he was member of Parliament for Huntingdon, and during the eleven years that intervened between the dissolution of that Parliament and the session of the next one, Cromwell's religious enthusiasm was increasing in strength, while his devotion to the interests of his political party was equally intensified. A storm was brewing that was to shake all England before it should subside, and here was the gnarled and rugged oak that could brave the tempest and outlive the shock. The "short Parliament" owned him as a member, and the "long Parliament" also. In the latter he displayed the most thorough advocacy of the principles of reform, yet was not then very conspicuous. Indeed, so little was he known to some of the famous men of the time that after one of his speeches Lord Digby inquired of Hampden who the slob was, and was answered that if ever there came a war with the king, that slob would be the greatest man in England; and the truth of those words was destined to be proven. More given to action than to talking, Cromwell displayed the greatest energy, and on the commencement of the war between the king and the commons he acted with remarkable celerity, forming the nucleus of his famous "Ironsides," a body of soldiery that occupies a place in the history of wars as proud as any ever attained. At the battle of Edgehill he was present, and was made colonel in January, 1643, proving himself to be a cavalry officer of great genius. His keen perception of the causes and probabilities of the existing troubles

between king and people led him to the correct conclusion that Parliament could not contend successfully with the king's forces unless principle were brought to bear against chivalry. There must be some animating spirit on the Puritan side as strong, and as engrossing to its followers, as were the

and formed the beginning of that army which first won the victory for the Parliament and then overturned the Parliament itself. This famous regiment was preeminent for discipline, valor, skill in arms, freedom from military vices, and religious zeal; and when Cromwell told his Ironsides



CHARLES II.

ideas of chivalrous honor to those who fought for the king. Accordingly, religious feelings were appealed to, and an enthusiasm and determination excited fully equal to any that animated the breasts of the loyalists. Cromwell's cavalry regiment, one thousand strong, was organized and alternately drilled and exhorted by him until it became unequalled for all military purposes,

that they were to oppose the king, and declared that he would as soon fire upon the sovereign as upon any other individual in the ranks of the enemy, they responded to their leader's utterances with cheers, and never failed to act up to them.

The first great victory gained by Cromwell was won at Gainsborough, July 27, 1643. The royalist troops were advancing

upon the town, and the Puritan leader threw himself in their path. The king's forces outnumbered their opponents at the rate of three to one; they were stationed upon the summit of a hill, in what must have seemed an almost impregnable position, but the indomitable commander charged up the hill and won the day. The victory was complete and bloody, and the event added greatly to Cromwell's fame as a military leader.

From the battle at Gainsborough to the time when Cromwell was declared lord protector over England, Ireland and Scotland, which occurred Dec. 16, 1653, a succession of triumphs attended the efforts of the man who proved more and more the rare quality of his genius. England, Scotland and Ireland were in turn subdued; the double-dealing of the unfortunate Charles I. brought upon him the stern vengeance of the ruling spirit of the time, and the monarch who plotted to outwit Cromwell, and bring his head to the block, was himself tried, condemned and executed. All insurrection throughout the kingdom was crushed with an iron hand, and the rising ambition of the soldier and statesman pointed to the throne itself as the rightful reward for all his labors and achievements. But here the indomitable will of even a Cromwell was forced to acknowledge obstacles. The existing form of government suited the nation well; the army was republican to the core; and though the soldiery loved and admired their leader, they were not prepared to recognize him as their king. Lord Protector he might be, and was, but no further step could he take toward the crown. Virtually, he was king; nominally, he could not be. The observances of royalty were revived as much as possible, and England groaned under a more rigid rule than any hereditary sovereign had ever imposed upon it. Denying freedom to his subjects, Cromwell gave them glory, and displayed his energy and judgment in the various wars which he carried on. Conspiracies against his life abounded, and he was forced to use the most humiliating precautions to preserve himself from murderous attacks. Had he shown more leniency, and been content to serve his country under a republican form of government, the restoration of the Stuarts might not have followed on his death; but so harsh a control galled the people into dislike of it, and really led to

the unreasoning demonstrations of joy which marked the entrance of Charles II. to his kingdom.

But the last days of the stern Lord Protector drew near; a tertian fever became serious in its symptoms, Aug. 24, 1658, and on Sept. 3, the day of the year famous as the anniversary of the battles of Dunbar and Worcester, and known as his "fortunate day," he died, at four o'clock in the afternoon, while outside the most terrible storm of the period raged, and howled, and spent its force, a fitting accompaniment to the exit of that martial spirit which had so controlled and guided in the fierce storms of battle. Buried at first in Henry VII.'s chapel, after the reinstatement of the Stuarts Cromwell's body was taken up and gibbeted at Tyburn, and then buried under the gallows. So lived and died one of the greatest men of modern history, whose influence upon the times in which he lived was marked by important changes, but who left no successor capable of filling the place left vacant at his death.

A greater contrast could not well be afforded than that existing between the characters of Oliver Cromwell, the Puritan leader, and Charles II., his profligate and easy-minded successor. As much as Cromwell was too rigid and stern in his rule, so much, and more, did the "merry monarch" err on the other side; and his laxity of morals and want of true kingly pride and integrity in his dealings with foreign countries stand out in bold relief against the background thus furnished. Charles was by no means the worst man in his court, but he was weak and self-indulgent, and so lost the glory which might have been his had his naturally fine abilities and kind heart been elevated by the firmness of principle.

Charles II., second son of Charles I., was born May 29, 1630. When twelve years old he was given command by the king of the troop of horse raised to serve as a body guard at York, and three years later he served with the royal troops in the west with the title of general. After the battle of Naseby, in 1645, which was so disastrous to the cause of the king, the prince repaired to Scilly, and subsequently to Jersey, remaining there till September, 1646, when he joined his mother in Paris. In 1649, while residing at the Hague, the news of his father's death on the scaffold reached him, and he at once took the title of king.

being proclaimed king in Edinburgh, Feb. 3, 1649, though with very slight prospect of ever ascending the throne of England. In June, 1650, he made his appearance in Scotland, having consented to the conditions imposed by the Presbyterians, and after being compelled to take the covenant before landing. He was proclaimed king of Scotland at Edinburgh, July 15, 1650, and was crowned at Scone, Jan. 1, 1651. But as Cromwell had already subdued the most of Scotland, Charles determined to march southward, and entered England Aug. 6, taking possession of the city of Carlisle, where he was again proclaimed king. The battle of Worcester soon followed, with its complete defeat for the royalist forces, and the fugitive king, after many narrow escapes from his pursuers, at last reached the seacoast, and set sail for Normandy, whence he repaired to Paris. In 1655 he left France, being forced to do so by the conditions of the peace then declared, and resided in Bruges, or Brussels, until he was informed of Cromwell's death, in 1658. The downfall of Richard Cromwell, the stern old Lord Protector's degenerate son, was of course very favorable to the interests of the Stuart party, and they eagerly watched the progress of events, ready to take advantage of any opening that might give them a foothold. In April, 1660, while at Breda, Charles succeeded in transmitting to the English Parliament, by means of the action of Gen. Monk, a document entitled the declaration of Breda, in which he gave specific assurances in regard to his future conduct and principles of government, and on the first of May his restoration was voted for. On the eighth day of May he was proclaimed king in London, and entered that city May 29, with all the demonstrations given to the most popular of monarchs. The journey to London was like a triumphal march, and the entire country through which the royal cortege passed wore the aspect of a holiday, bright with sincere rejoicing. The people who had acquiesced in the trial and execution of Charles I. at the hands of Cromwell, were just as ready to hail with acclamations of delight the restoration of his son to the throne of England. The witty monarch observed to one of his attendants, with his usual easy gaiety, that he could not for the life of him understand why he had staid away so long, when everybody seemed to

be so charmed to have him back again. No conditions were imposed upon the new king, and in the pleasure and excitement of the time acts were approved of, or at least did not meet with public disfavor, which at a different time might have caused serious trouble. But when, in 1662, Charles declared indulgence to the Catholics, and followed this by the surrender of Dunkirk, public patience was severely tried. Those who had trusted to the royal promises of clemency toward the king's former enemies found to their sorrow that such assurances were not to be depended upon; the bodies of Cromwell, Ireton and Bradshaw were exhumed and hanged upon the gibbet at Tyburn, and the execution of the Duke of Argyle in Scotland and Sir Henry Vane in England attested the reality of royal remembrance. The zeal of the powerful Earl of Clarendon for the episcopacy, and the rough cruelty of Claverhouse, caused the reign of Charles II. to be marked by a bitter religious persecution, and the moderate Presbyterians, who had believed that the king would be favorable to them, found that they had been deceived.

On the twentieth of May, 1662, Charles II. was married to Catharine of Braganza, daughter of John IV. of Portugal. This good and amiable princess deserved a better fate than the one accorded her from the hands of her husband, who was not content with leading the life of a profligate, but also brought his vices into the very presence of his spotless wife and queen. Compelled to endure the company and attendance of such women as the infamous Duchess of Cleveland, poor Catharine lived a blameless life in the midst of the most unblushing license; and it was no fault of hers if her example could not have power to check the errors of those about her. The unlimited extravagance of the court was such as to exceed in expenditure by far the liberal allowances granted by Parliament; and suspicion was rife that French money helped the unprincipled monarch to uphold his glittering and unholy state. A war with the Dutch broke out in February, 1665, followed by a rupture with France. In the summer of the same year the plague desolated London, and in September, 1666, a terrible conflagration completed the list of calamities. July 31, 1667, a treaty of peace with Holland was concluded, and soon after Clarendon was dismissed from the ministry,

to be followed by the ministerial party known as the Cabal. In January, 1688, the triple alliance between England, Holland and Sweden was effected by Sir William Temple, and this result gave great satisfaction to the nation; but unfortunately, at the same time the king was secretly entering into agreements with Louis XIV. which were to virtually subject England to French domination. Sir William Temple was for these reasons very coldly treated when he returned home, and soon withdrew from public life.

A financial panic was the result of the measures resorted to by the king and ministry to fill the royal purse. A war with Holland extended over a period of two years. Charles continued his mean-spirited policy with France to the last, and the two kings mutually agreed to make no treaties without each other's consent, French gold finding its way to the English king's pocket, which was the most that he cared for—gold to satisfy his greedy favorites and maintain his extravagant court. The marriage of William, Prince of Orange, to the Princess Mary took place, and there was great public regret at the conversion of her father, the Duke of York, to the Catholic faith,

and his union with a Catholic princess. A plot to assassinate the king was discovered, and the imprisonment and death of many eminent persons was the result, but nothing definite was brought to light. The secret treaty with Louis XIV. was revealed, and the Lord Treasurer Danby was impeached, but the principal culprit stood too high for justice. The Rye House plot, so called, was discovered in 1683, and led to the arrest of several eminent leaders of the whig party upon suspicion, though their guilt was not believed in. Yet Lord William Russell, Algernon Sidney and Sir Thomas Armstrong were successively beheaded. The Duke of York had great influence with the king, and, having given his daughter Anne to the Protestant Prince George of Denmark, was constituted High Admiral and Privy Councillor. Arbitrary rule governed England, and the dignity of the nation was lost in the eyes of foreign countries, so that even Charles's advisers began to feel some shame. In the midst of discussions and disputes the king was stricken with apoplexy, and died Feb. 6, 1685, after avowing his belief in the Catholic faith, and receiving the religious condolences of a Catholic priest.

HOUSES IN DAMASCUS.—The private houses of Damascus are a theme of wonder and admiration throughout the Orient. In a land in which a moist spot is called a garden, and a canal bordered by willows a paradise, the fancy constructs a palace of the utmost splendor and luxury out of materials which in a less glowing country would scarcely satisfy moderate notions of comfort. But the East is a region of contrasts as well as luxury, and it is difficult to say how much of their reputation the celebrated mansions of Damascus owe to the wretchedness of the ordinary dwellings. The exterior of a private house gives no idea of its interior. Sometimes its plain mud wall has a solid handsome street door, and if it is very old, perhaps a rich Saracenic portal; but usually you slip from the gutter, lined with mud walls, called a street, into an alley, crooked, probably dirty, pass through a stable-yard, and enter a small court, which may be cheered by a tree and a basin of water. Thence you wind through a narrow passage into a large court, a parallelo-

gram of tessellated marble, having a fountain in the centre, and about it orange and lemon trees, and roses and vines. The house, two stories high, is built about this court, upon which all the rooms open without communicating with each other. Perhaps the building is of marble and carved, or it may be highly ornamented with stucco and painted in gay colors. If the establishment belongs to a Moslem, it will have beyond this court a second, larger and finer, with more fountains, trees and flowers, and a house more highly decorated. This is the harem, and the way to it is a crooked alley, so that by no chance can the slaves or visitors of the master get a glimpse into the apartments of the women. The first house we visited was of this kind; all the portion the gentlemen of the party were admitted into was in a state of shabby decay; its court out of repair, its rooms void of comfort—a condition of things belonging to everything Moslem. But the ladies found the court of the harem beautiful, and its apartments rich in arabesques.

MONKEYS AND THEIR TRICKS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE GOLD HUNTERS' ADVENTURES," "THE BUSHRANGERS," &c.

Some years since we were landed at Anjier, in the island of Java, with certain written instructions, which we were to carry out if it were possible for us to do so, and every attempt was to be made to comply with the orders of the firm, always provided not too much money was required for the purpose. In fact a corner was to be formed in Java coffee, and all the crop, which was not a large one, was to be bought up and shipped to Boston if the matter could be arranged in a satisfactory manner, and at prices which would pay for the investment and the trip. We had letters of credit to two well known firms of Batavia, from Baring Brothers, asking for one million of dollars at sight; but the money was not to be called for or the drafts mentioned, unless we could see our way clear in the speculation, for fear the Dutch traders would become alarmed and put up the price of coffee to such an extent that no money could be made in exporting to our native city one or two cargoes. The reason we were selected for such a delicate and difficult mission was because the junior partner of the firm, by whom I was employed, flatly refused to quit Boston for the long voyage, having been recently married and not wishing to leave his young bride for a year or more; and the lady swore by all the oriental pearls that graced her pretty white neck and shoulders, that she would see all the nasty ships owned by the firm sunk in the ocean, before she would take passage in one with her husband and be seasick, and have no opportunity of wearing some of her nice wedding garments, and thus make the unmarried girls of her acquaintance mad with envy and jealousy. Besides she had heard that all ships were infested with cockroaches, and ate clothes and toenail, for the want of something better, and she wouldn't have such things near her, not if she knew it; and in fact she made such a confounded row that her father, who was at the head of the firm, told her she might dry her tears and sleep in peace, for her own Charles should remain at home, and some one else go in his place; and that is the reason we were promoted from a high stool and a dull set of

books, to be an active agent of the great East India house of Boomey & Co. of Boston. It was all on account of nice clothes and a decided fear of cockroaches. We had been in the employ of the firm for ten years and was reputed trustworthy and industrious, and as we were single, not in love, only twenty-five years of age, and desired to see the world at some one's expense, and earn a larger salary, we were not long in accepting the generous offer which was made to us, and in a week's time we were packing away our dunnage on board of the clipper ship Julia, eighteen hundred tons burden, and the fastest craft that Boomey & Co. owned, and they had about twenty vessels which sported the private signal of the firm, and not one of them but cost over forty thousand dollars.

The Julia cleared for Hong Kong with a full cargo of assorted Yankee notions, such as had always found a ready market there; but the master was instructed to land me at Anjier, on the plea that my health was too poor to continue the voyage, and then proceed to his destined port, discharge cargo, clear for Manilla, as though to take a freight of sugar and hemp, but in reality to shape his course for Batavia and pretend that a gale had blown him out of his course, and he had determined to see what could be done in the way of freight at Java before proceeding to the Philippine Islands. All this secrecy was for the purpose of throwing off the track the many consignees of Hong Kong, who always watched the movements of Boomey's ships with the greatest interest and followed where they led, certain that money could be made where they dropped anchor. Even our own consignee was not entrusted with the great secret, for fear that some one in his counting-room would get hold of it and thus spoil the nice little corner that was to be made.

Well, according to agreement we were landed at Anjier on the supposition that we were ill, but a more healthy passenger never stepped on shore, and the captain laughed as we shook hands on the beach, and told me to tone down my appetite or the physicians of Java would swear we were a fraud



ROBBING A JAVA PLANTATION.

and unworthy of belief. After taking on board fresh water, fruit and chickens, the Julia spread her wings and sailed the same day that anchor was dropped, for her port of destination.

Anjier is a dull little seaport, so we had

no desire to remain there longer than possible. We made application to the Dutch authorities for permission to journey overland to Batavia, and as our passport was all right we had no trouble on that score. The only difficulty was in finding a good guide

and horses. Through the aid of the officials, however, all these were provided, and the next morning at daybreak we were off, intending to reach a plantation sixteen miles from Anjier, where a rest was to be taken during the heat of the day, and fresh horses and guides were to be procured for the next stage of our journey. We were provided with a circular letter to all the planters on the route, from the authorities of Anjier, so were sure of a welcome and freedom from suspicion of being regarded in the light of an intruder, as the Dutch are very jealous of their little but profitable island, and don't care to have strangers traverse its length and breadth. We might tell many strange adventures of that long and tiresome journey, but have not the space in this article. We met with wild animals, beautiful birds, musk deer, angry buffalos, troops of monkeys, who made faces at us and mocked us as we passed along under branches of sweet smelling trees, and once in a while we saw huge snakes basking in the sun and waiting for a breakfast of monkey or deer. But we escaped all danger, and at nine o'clock arrived at the plantation, owned by a Mr. Heckler, an honest old Dutchman, who raised coffee and children, and who smoked a long pipe and wished he could once more taste real fresh beer.

He and his family were just sitting down to breakfast when we arrived, and after he had spelled through our letter of introduction, welcomed us to his house and home as heartily as if we were an old friend of the family. He gave us an excellent breakfast, and swore that we must remain all night at his house, and would not give an order for horses and guide until we had consented. He wanted to hear news of the world, and so did his family, and they kept our tongue on the move until after sundown, but while at supper we managed to ask a few questions.

"Do the monkeys ever annoy you?" we said. "We saw hundreds on the road between here and Anjier."

"Got in heben," was the answer, "dey raise de difil wid my dings. Dey do all sorts of mischief, I no help mineself. I kill 'em and dey stay away for one while and den dey come again, vot shall I does wid em, I don't know."

Of course I had no advice to give, for it was a question I did not understand, but the next morning Mr. Heckler came to my

room just about daylight, and wanted me to get up.

"You comes wid me," he said, "if you vonts to see de damned monkeys as more den you eber sees afore. Dey is raisin' dunder with all my dings. O mine Got, what a lots of 'em."

We were dressed in a few minutes, and followed our host to a portion of his plantation, where mangoes, oranges, lemons and other fruits were growing in profusion, and there saw a sight which we shall never forget. On every tree and on the ground were monkeys, large vigorous fellows, a species of the orang, engaged in stripping off the fruits and removing them to a place where they could be carried off at leisure. They did not seem to care much for our presence, but gave us some evil glances, and showed their long white teeth when we ventured near them. They worked in a very systematic manner, for while a portion of the troop tore the fruit from the trees others gathered it up and carried it off.

"Mine Got, dey take all," muttered the Dutchman. "Vot shall I do?"

"Shoot them," we replied.

"Yaw, but mine gun is at de house."

We had two revolvers in a belt around our waist. We drew one of them, took aim at a big fellow in a tree, just handing down a number of oranges to a companion. The shot struck him in a vital part, and with a yell of agony down he tumbled to the ground.

There was a chorus of yells, screams that sounded like those of human beings in distress, and the next moment Mr. Heckler and the writer were alone. The monkeys had gone and carried their dead companion with them.

We returned to the house for breakfast, and after an ample repast our host furnished us with horses and guides, called us a nice "vellow as ever dar vas," and away we went for the next station.

But we have not time to relate all of our adventures on the road. We arrived at Batavia in safety, after a long and fatiguing journey, found that coffee could be bought for less than had been calculated on, took all that was offered, and then had the satisfaction of loading the Julia and another ship with what we had purchased; and the very day that we sailed for home in the Julia, a score of coffee speculators arrived to buy up the crop, but they were too late.

Messrs. Boomey & Co. made a pretty good thing out of the operation, and they made us a present of five thousand dollars for serving them so well. Some time or other we hope to relate the second expedition we made for the same house, in the columns of

our Magazine, but when we can't tell just at present. An editor's time is not his own, and even the space which he sometimes marks out for his own articles has to be thrown aside for a story that is appropriate for the time and season.

SKETCHES FROM NATURAL HISTORY.

We have taken for our first subject and illustration the otter, under which general name several species of the family exist. These animals are distinguished by their broad blunt heads, which are flat above, with small ears, far apart, by their thick and elongated bodies, short webbed feet, and a tail that is long, round, flattened toward the tip, and flat on the under surface. They are found scattered all over the globe, and the different species are not easily distinguished from each other on account of the similarity of their colors.

The American otter measures about four and one half feet in length, of which three feet is the length of the body, and will weigh from twenty to twenty-five pounds. A considerable part of the muzzle is bare, and the nostrils are wide and open; the eyes are very small, and very far forward; the neck is long, and the legs are short and thick, giving good indications of strength. The upper part of the body is a dark glossy brown, a little lighter beneath, while the lower surface and sides of the head and neck are of a dusky white. Although somewhat clumsy and awkward in its motions when on land, it is quite at home in the water, being an expert diver and rapid swimmer. It is very voracious, and will often remain more than a minute under water in search of food; having caught its fish, it will retire with it to some half-sunken log or the shore to enjoy its meal.

The otter prefers clear and running streams or large ponds, and makes a burrow in the banks, lined with leaves and grasses, the entrance to this abode being under water. Otters have a singular habit of sliding down wet and muddy banks or icy slopes, apparently for sport, and of this frolicsome inclination, the shrewd hunters take advantage by setting traps at the foot of the slide; these animals are also taken in sunken traps baited with fish. If killed in the water the body sinks, owing to the weight and solidity

of the bones. When captured young they are easily tamed and domesticated. They bring forth a litter of two or three, between February and April, according to latitude. Otters are found in almost every section of North America, and possibly exist in a portion of South America; they are rare in the Atlantic States, and are not abundant anywhere in the settled regions, but are most plentiful in the British possessions, whence several thousand skins are yearly carried to England. The fur is of two kinds, like that of the beaver, one variety being short, soft and dense, the other longer, coarser, and scattered through the first, and it is held in high estimation as material from which to fashion caps and gloves.

The *lontra*, or river wolf of South America, has the muzzle entirely hairy except around the nostrils; its color is a yellowish brown with the throat whitish; its length is about three and one half feet. These otters live in troops, and will frequently rise to the surface of the streams, snapping like dogs. The European otter is about three and one half feet long, the tail measuring fifteen inches in length. It resembles the Canada otter in its colors and habits, and has a valuable fur, while its flesh, in common with that of a number of other aquatic mammals, is allowed as food by Catholics during Lent. It exists throughout Europe and northern and temperate Asia, and its hunting affords great sport. The Pondicherry otter, a variety of the common species, is quite often domesticated, and taught to drive fish into the nets, or even to catch them in their teeth and bring them to its master.

The *P. Sambachii*, from Demerara, is of a liver-brown color, with chin and throat yellowish; its length is about twenty-eight inches, of which the tail is twelve. This species is peculiar to South America, and is distinguished from the *enhydra* by the greater size of the fore and the lesser of the

hind feet. An otter was discovered at the Cape of Good Hope by Delalande, which has no claws on the fore feet, and mere vestiges of them on the hind ones in the adult condition, and of this variety Lesson formed the genus *aonyx*. The clawless otter is larger than the European otter, with longer legs and less palmated feet, the color is chestnut brown above, grayish on the head and shoulders, and whitish below.



A FRESH WATER OTTER.

The sea otter—*enhydra marina*—bears more resemblance to a seal than an otter; the head is short and very broad, the ears very small, the nose with a naked muzzle; the toes of the fore feet very short, bound in a thickened membrane, densely haired and covering the claws; in the hind feet the outer toe is the longest, and these extremities are far backward, as in the seals. The body is very long covered with a thick glossy fur; tail less than a quarter the length of the body, strong and flattened. The length of the adult is more than five feet, of which the tail is one. This variety is of a chestnut brown, but black in the adult in the proper season, and there is a grayish tint about the head and neck; the fur is exceedingly fine and long. It inhabits the coasts and islands of the north Pacific and about Kamtchatka, coming down on the American coast as far as Monterey; it is essentially marine in its habitations, usually keeping near the coast, and is shy and timid, being hunted from boats. Formerly, the skins were an important article of commerce between the Russians and the Chinese and Japanese. It is found on the northwest coast of America, but is now comparatively rare. It feeds upon fish, lobsters and cephalopods. It is stupid and inoffensive, and trusts for escape from its pursuers only to its speed in swimming. But the habits of this animal are little known, and perfect skins and skulls are

rare either in public or private collections.

Our second engraving represents the familiar form of the weasel. These little animals have elongated bodies and short legs, and this conformation gives them a peculiar gliding serpentine motion. They are very active, preying upon small quadrupeds and birds, and so eager for blood that they kill indiscriminately all the animals they can overpower, usually breaking in at once the

skull of their victims. They are sometimes destructive in the poultry yard, their slender form rendering their entrance possible through very small openings. When irritated or alarmed they exhale a disagreeable odor. Our common or least weasel is only six inches long, with a tail of one inch, slender and

not tufted nor tipped with black. It is dark brown above, the lower parts, inside of limbs, and upper lip white, this color extending high up on the sides; according to Richardson, it becomes white in the fur countries during winter, but remains brown above all the year in the United States. It is found from New York to Minnesota and northward.

The common European weasel, the *la belette* of the French, which is the species represented in our engraving, is six or seven



THE WEASEL.

inches long, with the tail two inches or more. Above, it is reddish brown, with the upper part of the tail like the back, but lower surface white. This variety is also said to become all white in winter in the far north. It exists through temperate Europe, and generally makes its home near the abode of man. It is very active, swift and bold, and feeds upon moles, mice and small birds, and is more of a benefit than an injury to the farmer. It closely resembles the preceding species, but is lighter colored, and

has a longer tail. The bridled weasel is eleven and one half inches long, chestnut brown above and yellowish white below, nearly black on the head, with three white marks, one between the eyes and in front of each ear. It abounds in Texas and Mexico, near the Rio Grande.

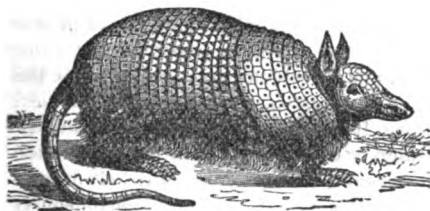
Another family of the weasel tribe is known under the name of Ermine. The Ermines inhabit the northern parts of both hemispheres, and in winter exchange their brown color for a white livery more or less pure. The European ermine is about ten inches long, with the tail half the length of the body; in summer it is reddish brown above, whitish below, with the tip of the tail black, and in this dress it is called the stoat in Great Britain. In winter the upper parts become white, with a yellow tint beneath, the tip of the tail remaining black at all seasons; in this color the fur was formerly highly prized, especially for ornamenting garments pertaining to royalty and the offices of dignity, and its snowy whiteness was considered the emblem of incorruptibility and integrity. This animal is widely distributed in Northern Europe and Asia, and ranges to the highest latitudes visited by man. Its habits are sanguinary, like those of all the rest of its kind, though from its smaller size it does less mischief in the farm-yard than the polecat; it attacks and kills rats, mice, moles and young poultry, sucking their blood, and it often domesticates itself in houses, where its destruction of rats and mice compensates for its damage to the farmer in the henhouse.

There are at least five North American weasels entitled to the name of ermine. The species called ermine by Audubon and Bachman, and believed by them to be the same as the European, would seem to be a distinct variety. The color in summer is chestnut brown above, whitish below and on the inner surface of the limbs; the edge of the upper lip is white, and the tip of the tail is black. In winter, in northern latitudes, the hairs are snowy white from the roots, except on the end of the tail, which is black for about an inch and three quarters; south of Pennsylvania the color remains brown throughout the year. It is a graceful, quick and fearless animal, living under logs and heaps of stones, and in holes in rocks. It destroys rabbits, grouse, and domestic fowls much larger than itself; and when satiated with the blood of a single

victim, it kills all within its reach, from an instinctive propensity to kill. It has been known to destroy forty fowls in a single night, and from its peculiarly-shaped body it is able to pursue hares into their burrows, and the field mice into their galleries. Although occasionally destructive to poultry and eggs, it is much more a benefactor to the agriculturist by killing the mice which devour his grain, potatoes and grasses; it will soon rid a granary of the largest rats, and a field of the wheat-loving ground-squirrels. It is easily taken in any kind of a trap, but is not common anywhere; it prefers stony regions, and is solitary and nocturnal in its habits, though occasionally seen at all hours of the day. There are other varieties of the weasel tribe, a description of which would occupy more space than we can devote to the subject.

The engraving of the armadillo, on page 517, shows the curious coat of mail which nature provides for the comfort and protection of these singular animals. This coat of armor consists of three bony bucklers, composed of small polygonal plates set in juxtaposition to one another, but neither connected by joints nor separately movable. The bucklers which cover the rump and shoulders of the animal, each forming as it were a single solid piece, are capable of little pliancy or motion save what is allowed during the life of the animal by the partial elasticity of the thin shell or crust lubricated by the animal oils which penetrate it. These bucklers, however, are connected by a number of transverse movable bands, composed of similar plates with the principal bucklers, which are themselves connected by the soft and pliant inner skin of the animal, and thus admit of the most rapid motions, being situated immediately above the loins. The buckler or helmet which defends the head has no connection of any sort with the armor of the shoulders, so that the neck is left perfectly free, while it is at the same time completely protected by the projection of the skull-piece. The legs of the armadillo are extremely short and stout, covered with scaly plates, furnished with powerful claws for burrowing in the ground, and guarded as far as the knees by the defending bucklers; these descend so low as to form a complete defence to the belly of the animal, and a partial one to the thighs and knees. Except in one species, the armadillos are devoid of hair, except a

few straggling bristles, which proceed from the inner skin, between the jointed plates of the lumbar region. The tails of all the species but one are armed with annular bands similar to those connecting the bucklers, and in all are adapted to a notch cut out of the posterior buckler in order to receive them. The teeth of the armadillos are of simple cylindrical form, varying from seven or eight to seventeen or eighteen in



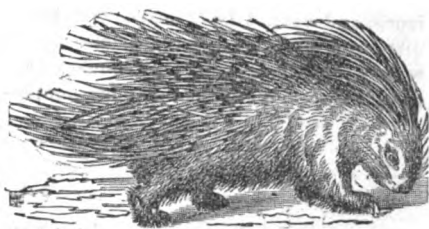
THE ARMADILLO.

number, on each side of each jaw, and when the mouth is closed shut one into another. The different species have four or five toes on their forefeet, and invariably five on their hindfeet. Their eyes are small, their ears erect and pointed, and they have elongated snouts. They are mostly nocturnal in their habits, though a few of the species go abroad by day. They are perfectly inoffensive, and are never known to bite, or attempt any defence; but when pursued, they at once commence burrowing, which they do with such power and rapidity that they easily evade their pursuers. The usual food of armadillos consists of fallen fruits, roots, worms, ants and carrion. Their grinding teeth enable them to feed only on soft substances, and therefore they cannot devour flesh except when putrid. Abundance of this food they find at all seasons on the pampas of South America, where cattle are slaughtered for the sake of their hides alone. On this food the armadillos become immensely fat, and are then esteemed a great delicacy, and are served up roasted whole in their shells. All the armadillos are inhabitants of Central and South America, being found dispersed from Mexico, over the pampas of Buenos Ayres, and south as far as Paraguay. The armadillo runs with remarkable speed, easily outstripping a man.

Our fourth engraving, on this page, of the crested porcupine, introduces us to an interesting class of animals, some varieties of which are found only in America.

The old world porcupines, or *hystricina*, dwell on the ground, living in burrows or

caves in the rocks; they have five toes on each foot, and the soles are naked and smooth. They are found in Southern Europe, Middle and Southern Asia, and Africa. The crested or common porcupine is found in Southern Europe, where it has come from North and West Africa; it is about twenty-eight inches long, and the tail about eight inches more; the muzzle is large and obtuse, sparingly clothed with small dusky hairs, with scattered longer and coarser ones on the upper lip; anterior and underparts and limbs with spines not more than two inches long, with which are mixed some coarse hairs. The crest is composed of numerous very long bristles, extending from the crown to the back, sixteen inches long and curving backward. The hind parts of the body and tail are covered with quills, some slender and flexible, twelve to sixteen inches long, others shorter, stouter, and very sharp, a few on the tip of the tail are hollow, generally open and blunt at the end, and supported on a very slender stalk about half an inch long. The prevailing color is brownish black, with a white band on the fore part of the neck; the longest quills have the terminal fifth white, and the rest variously ringed black and white. The bristles of the crest are dusky with long white points, some all dirty white; the feet are black; the quills vary considerably in color, but are generally grooved with several delicate lengthwise channels. This is the *porc-epic* of the French, the spiny pig, so called from its heavy piglike look



THE PORCUPINE.

and its grunting voice. It lives in rocky crevices or in burrows, becoming torpid in winter; its food consists of various vegetable substances, and its flesh is well flavored. It can erect its quills at pleasure, but has not the power to discharge them. Besides its grunts, it also makes a rattling noise by shaking the tuft of hollow quills on the tail, and it also strikes the ground with its feet like the hares.

The American porcupines have been separated into two divisions called the *cercolabina* and *hystricina*. The *cercolabina* live almost entirely in trees, and their feet have generally only four nearly equal toes, with long, compressed and curved claws. There are sometimes five toes on the hindfeet, and the soles are thickly studded with small flattened warts. The best known species is the Canada porcupine, which is about two and one-half feet long, and weighs from twenty to thirty pounds. It appears to be larger than it really is, from the length of the hair and spines. The fur is usually of a dark brown, soft, woolly, and grayish next the skin, coarse and bristly in some parts, six or seven inches long on the back, the coarse hairs in most cases having dirty white points which give to the whole a hoary tint. The spines, which are more or less hidden by the fur, and abundant on the upper surface of the head, body and tail, are two or three inches long, white with dark points. The tail is about ten inches long additional of the above length; the front teeth are of a deep orange.

This animal is very clumsy, has a back much arched, a thick swelled snout, short round ears, and a tongue that is rough with scales. It exists between Northern Pennsylvania and latitude 67 deg. north, and east of the Missouri River. It is a great climber, though slow; and though it cannot escape from its enemies by flight, it is far from being destitute of means of defence, and cannot be attacked with impunity even by the largest animals. Dogs, wolves, the lynx and the cougar have been known to die of the inflammation pro-

duced by its quills, which are loosely attached to the skin and barbed at the point, so that they easily penetrate, retain their hold, and tend continually to become more deeply inserted. When irritated it erects its quills, and by a quick backward movement of the tail strikes its enemy, leaving the nose, mouth and tongue beset with its darts; but it has no power of shooting the quills. The food consists of vegetable substances, especially the inner bark and tender twigs of the elm, basswood and hemlock, and it seldom quits a tree while the bark is uneaten, except in cold weather, when it descends to sleep in a hollow stump or cave. As it kills the trees which it ascends, the mischief which it does is sometimes serious. It is often erroneously called hedgehog in New England. The nest is made in a hollow tree, and the young, generally two, are born in April or May. It is nearly the size of a beaver, and is eagerly hunted by the Indians, who eat the flesh and use the quills for ornament, often dyeing them with bright colors. It is very hard to kill, and does not hibernate as the European porcupine is said to do. This animal shows conclusively that the quills are only modified hairs, as it presents quills on the back, spiny hairs on the sides, and coarse bristly hairs on the under surface, passing into each other in regular gradation. The yellow-haired porcupine is smaller than the preceding, blackish brown, the long hairs of the body tipped with greenish yellow; it is found west of the Missouri to the Pacific Ocean. Other varieties present interesting peculiarities, but our space will not admit of reference to them.

WAITING.

BY LOUISE DUPEE.

Time, carry off the wintry hours,
As fast as you can go,
Till swallows sing the roses ope,
And sunbeams steal the snow.

Sleep, keep me long within your arms,
So soft, so still, so white;
I would not wake and miss her eyes
That are my morning light.

So, till the south winds bring her back
O'er the glad April seas,
Cambridgeport, January, 1877.

Here let me stay, and dream a dream
Full of sweet mysteries.

Nor hear, nor heed the hurrying storms
That fill the nights with woe.
Your rosy curtains hiding day,
And shutting out the snow.

Let naught but echoes of her voice
Be with the stillness blent;
Naught but her picture gild the gloom,
And I can wait content.

RALPH HUNTINGTON'S TRIAL.

TRANSCRIBED BY MARY A. DENISON.

CHAPTER XI.

SUSPECTED.

PRESENTLY the doctor came. My mother had done the best she could, bathing the white face, using stimulants, and there was yet life in the poor girl's frame. Doctor Wyatt was a small fussy body, who always made a great deal of noise over his patients.

Occupied in my own gloomy thoughts though I was, I could still hear him through the open door.

"Scandalous! — shameful! — shameful! Bad wound—very bad wound. I'm afraid it's mortal—yes, yes, mortal, certainly—yes, yes, sure to be fatal. Poor thing! Who hated her so? Poor little thing! Great favorite of mine, Lettice—scandalous thing! Haven't any clue yet, eh? Don't let the grass grow before you find one. Hunt, search. Ah! an ugly wound! In good hands, though, Mrs. Huntington—in good hands, I'm sure. 'Fraid she'll have to stay here a day or two—wouldn't do to have her moved. Don't let the neighbors come in. There's a chance that she may become conscious before she dies; she—"

"Then you think she will die?" queried my mother, in an unnatural voice.

"O yes—next to impossible that she can live, with that wound. Have heard of such cases, though—but next to impossible. Did she have any company, madam? Could it have been jealousy? I'm surprised; I didn't know poor little Lettice had an enemy in the world. Can you account for it, madam?"

"Indeed I cannot," my mother responded, her voice shaking. It went to my heart, thinking what her suspicions had been—thinking that only the night before Lettice had behaved in that extraordinary manner, in the very room where she was now laid so near to death.

"Boys, keep this matter still for a while," said my father, coming out again. "It's best for Mr. Windle not to hear of it, as the doctor says his system is very much deranged. And it would shock Miss Rose ter-

ribly, she thought so much of Lettice. I myself will take the proper steps to inform the authorities. We don't want the grounds thronged all day with thoughtless crowds—at all events not till the girl dies. They would be sure to press about here and disturb her last moments."

The men promised, and went their way. The thing was sure to be known, however, before long, even if they were silent, and it was not very likely they could be.

Meantime I was tormented by doubts as to the propriety of disclosing what I knew of the matter—vague enough to be sure. If that scene had not occurred on the previous evening, when my father all but lost the control of his temper, I certainly should have told what I knew; but now a certain fear held me back. I knew that his own well-conquered mental sufferings had rendered him more liable to irritation—had weakened in his naturally strong mind his powers of judgment, and the smallest evidence would be taken against me.

I would go up to the house and see Rose—yes, that would quiet my nerves, perhaps, and after that it would be better to tell of my miserable midnight, or rather morning, stroll.

I went in. My mother sat by the sufferer. The doctor had advised that she should not be moved. Her clothes had been cut away from the wound. A light white counterpane had been thrown over her. How very white—and yet how beautiful! Her countenance seemed to wear the sweet repose of sleep. Her hair hung, all unbound, over the couch, and streamed nearly to the floor. My mother had pressed it back from her forehead.

"She does not suffer," I whispered.

My mother gave me one quick frightened glance. I remember now there was a horror in it—an undefined, unspoken horror.

"No, I think not," was the reply.

"Poor girl! a hard fate!" I murmured.

My mother shuddered.

"Mother, I'm going to see Rose," I said.

She bowed her head, mutely. "I shan't speak a word to her of this, of course—you think I had better not."

"I think you had better not."

She was so absorbed in her task of watching for the slightest return of consciousness, that I forgave her her coldness of manner—never thinking—

I hurried up stairs. I had not spoken of the handkerchief—I had unwisely kept silence. Now I went with a vague feeling that I would hide it, or burn it—shuddering at the thought of even touching it again.

It was not to be found—neither that nor the clothes I had huddled together. I looked in my clothes-press. My camel cloak hung there, intact, but the handkerchief, the white linen trousers, were gone. Great Heaven! I had never thought to examine them—never dreamed that the sanguinary crimson might have blotted them. I stood still and trembled like a child. Who could have taken them? Nobody, I felt certain, but *my mother*. She had gone very early to my room, then, much earlier than was her wont. What vague suspicion had she that should lead to that result? I went slowly down the back stairs, a very coward now. I did not dare to face my mother; I did not wish to meet my father's eyes again. I knew now what were the awful suspicions that they would not for worlds have whispered to their own hearts. Stealing out at the kitchen door, there I saw my handkerchief, spread on the grass, every stain obliterated, and hanging on a hastily improvised line, were the trousers I had worn the day before, guiltless of any spot.

It had been my mother's doing, then—and by their condition (they were nearly dry), she had washed them before the body of that unfortunate girl had been brought to the house. What had led her to my apartment so very early—what suspicion? She could not surely have learned that I was out of my room, out of the house, as I had been, on my foolish bootless tramp.

I went by a circuitous path toward the house, stopping shudderingly at the pool. No one was there yet, for a wonder. The water still looked sullen, but it seemed to me as if its dark hue had changed to red. I peered round for my knife. It must be found, or what horrible lie might it not fasten upon me? I searched hither and thither, supposing myself the only person there, carefully avoiding the suspicious spots

and trails of down-trodden grass. My search was utterly in vain; so I continued my walk perplexed and agitated.

Rose was in, just in from a drive to the town. Her cheeks were bright with health and youth. She sent me word that she would see me for a few moments, just for a few moments. When had she ever before sent such a message as that?

I went in, listless, anxious, but concealing my depression—met her with a smile. She had thrown her hat aside on a table, and was just pulling off her gloves. I thought her an unnecessarily long time about it.

"What a beautiful day it is!" she exclaimed, as at last she sat down beside me. "I have been shopping."

"I am to presume, then, that your headache is gone," I said.

"O yes; it was very bad last night. I could scarcely get to sleep. I heard the clock strike three."

"Indeed." I could not repress a start. I too had heard the clock strike three.

"It is very bad to lose sleep—at least for me. I should have been very dull to-day but for my drive. I've been buying some worsted—Lettice promised to knit me one of the new-style shawls, and I'm quite anxious for her to begin."

Well that she had risen up to fetch the worsted that I might see the beautiful colors, or she could not have avoided noticing how that little speech shook me.

"Are they not pretty?"

"Very pretty indeed."

"It seems to me—are you ill, Ralph?"

"Why should you think that?" with a nervous little laugh that I tried to make careless.

"Why, your hand trembles so—and positively you are quite pale—white, I might say."

"Do you suppose your sex monopolizes all the headache in the world?" I asked.

"O, I'm so sorry!—of course not—only men never *will* tell; it has to be forced from them, and we silly things are so ready with our complaints. Hear my birds. Are they not splendid?"

I dared not tell her that their blithe music almost drove me wild.

"Now do you know I'm going to set Lettice to work immediately? Maunna does so monopolize her! But then she suits both of us so well! Ralph!"

I started for answer.

"Well, indeed I think you have a headache, and are nervous into the bargain. Do you know I think Lettice is in some silly trouble or other?"

I started now for answer, as I had started before. I could not trust myself to speak.

"Yes, she is very much altered, and I can't find out just how it is; only I know—I think—yes, I know she has some lover who is not acting quite honorable towards her. She told me as much last night."

"She told you as much last night?"

"Yes, after you had gone she came in. I never saw such a looking creature. It seemed as if death would not have altered her in the least. She had been out, too; so I suppose it was she we saw skulking, though she wouldn't own it was. O Miss Rose," said she, "I'm in a great deal of trouble! O, if I only had a mother to go to!" I pitied her, indeed I did. She is an orphan, poor girl! and has been ever since she was five years of age. But then I tried to laugh it off, too, because I'd seen for a long time how hysterical and nervous she had been. "Why, Lettice, you can't have a lover now, can you?" I asked. Lettice is ten years older than I am, you know, and five years older than you. Not so very old, either, I suppose, only it seems so. And she is a pretty girl, rather—don't you think?"

"Yes, Lettice is a fine-looking girl," I found voice to say.

Rose dropped her eyes.

"Then she began a long story. Some one—some one that *I knew*"—her eyes were raised again—"was persecuting her dreadfully. She couldn't bear to think, or to speak of such wickedness, but in justice—but she thought it was time she should now. She had grown afraid for her life, and she believed he was not sincere, whoever he was; she believed he was bent on destroying her peace—everybody's peace. And when I asked her who it was, she grew red and burst into tears. 'Ask Mr. Ralph,' she said, 'ask him—he knows, and he will tell you.'"

Had the lightning struck me, I think I should not have been more stunned. Rose was looking at me now, straight in my eyes, an anxious appealing glance in hers.

"So I ask you, Ralph—to tell me who is troubling poor, innocent, orphan Lettice, in this miserable manner—who?"

"Before Heaven, Rose," said I, solemn-

ly, as soon as I could collect sufficient breath, "you ask me a question I cannot answer. I do not know—how should I know, dear?"

"But Lettice was so positive! O Ralph! Ralph!" She seemed to restrain herself, drew a long heavy sigh, and edged herself a little way from me.

"But, Rose, my darling, is not my word as sacred, as much to be relied on, as that of your servant Lettice? You have known me a great many years—did I ever do or say a false thing? Answer me, Rose."

Her eyes were full of tears. I had taken her hands in mine. She struggled a little, then her head fell forward on my breast. I felt myself miserably unhinged in all my faculties. Had I given way then, I should have cried with her like a baby.

"O Ralph! I had a wild wicked suspicion. Forgive me!"

"Is all the world in league against me?" I cried, with sudden passion, springing from my seat.

"O Ralph! don't look like that! Forgive me—do forgive me—don't think of what I said. But she put it into my head—not my heart, Ralph—it never reached my heart. There I am true to you—there I will never, never believe one word against you!"

I turned to her; my face felt like stone.

"Rose," I said, "I will tell you so far as I believe to be the truth. I do think—it is not my egotism, God knows I have little reason now to be gratified with the thought—that the poor girl thinks more of me than she should—and this foolish wicked passion, if such it is, has perverted her mind, till she has made herself believe that I have let her think that I care for her. I am sorry for her, but, Rose, God above us knows that I never dreamed of giving her one of the least of my thoughts. I never addressed her with one word which I am ashamed to remember. I never thought of her, or any woman, with one thought that would bring a blush to the cheek of even my pure Rose. Believe me, Rose, believe me, if you would not kill me with doubts. Whatever happens, under whatever cloud I may be, still believe this, my darling."

"I will—I do believe you, entirely," said Rose, "and I am troubled to see you looking so pale."

"I have reason to look pale, Rose."

"I do assure you nobody shall ever lisp a doubt of you again. And to show you how

little I think—" she rang the bell near—" of this matter, I'll—"

A servant came, opened the door.

"Tell Lettice I want her."

A strange sound caused us both to look up hastily. The woman had ventured in a little further, showing a red face and swollen eyes.

CHAPTER XII.

LETTICE MISSED.

"WHAT is the matter, Margaret? Toothache again?" called Rose.

"O no, miss."

"What, then?"

"O, it's trouble, miss!"

"Do you want me—to see me alone?"

"O, if you please, no, miss; but—but."

"Well, you can order Lettice here, can't you."

I felt as if all the blood in my body was surging toward my brain.

"Don't stand there so stupid, Margaret."

"O miss—but, miss—Lettice aint here."

"Well, where is she?"

"She—she—"

"Never mind, Rose," I said, hastily rising. "Perhaps Lettice is missing."

"Hasn't she been in the house all night, Margaret?" Rose was now alarmed and had arisen. I believe in my intensity of dread I cursed them both, almost.

"No'm, I believe not," blubbered the woman, bursting into tears again.

"You are all so stupid!" cried Rose, in a pet. "I'll see what this means. I'll go down to the servants' hall—"

"No—Rose,"—I started forward now in an agony of fear. "Don't go; trust me—I—I will go and see what it means."

She stood quite still, trembling, though. I could see that.

I quieted her, however, bade her not stir from the room, and went out, half delirious. Where was this to end? So, as I feared, Lettice had told her. Dying or dead, I cared not, but felt a degree of bitterness towards the girl, such as I hope never to feel towards any human being again.

The cool breeze was grateful to me as I stood in the hall door, for my head was throbbing and burning painfully. What to do I knew not. I determined first to ascertain how far the murderous assault was known, and so went myself among the ser-

vants. They eyed me askance. It was evident that Gordon, who had met me with the lantern in the early morning, had sowed the seeds of suspicion in the breasts of his fellows—not because he particularly disliked me, but there was no other object so definite to pitch upon; so he had narrated how he had talked with me—about the fire, and other foolish things. "And why were I out at that time, eh? Something more than a dream, ye'll better believe—and he and Lettice has acted strangely this time past." Yes, the servants knew it, one and all, and had already thrown their suspicions in the first convenient direction.

I assumed a quiet I was far from feeling as they stood around me.

"And what be your opinion about it, if I may be so bold?" asked one of them.

"My opinion is, that you'd all better be on the track of the murderer, than standing round giving *your* opinions," was my tart answer. Very unwise it was, too—as I considered when it was too late. But I felt irritable and half angry at what Rose had told me—quite undecided, too, as to what I should say on my return, for return I must, as she was waiting for me. I would have unsaid it if I could, as I saw their discontented faces and lowering eyebrows, but could not now.

I walked slowly back to the house, a prey to the gloomiest forebodings, not because I might be implicated, not that, exactly, but all the circumstances with which I was surrounded were gloomy and depressing. But yesterday I had seemed treading the very courts of heaven, and now did I feel like one on the very verge of destruction. True I was perfectly innocent of all wrong intention, even; but my being out, and seen in the mid hours between night and morning, the words of Lettice herself, told to my mother, my father, Rose and I knew not who beside, filled me with a kind of undefined terror, a vague feeling of danger.

I went as slowly as possible up the steps, considering what I should say to Rose. She sat in the same position as when I left her, the worsted on a little table by her side. I paused before accosting her. How very lovely she looked, the warm sunlight goldening her hair and almost glorifying her face! She must have felt I was there, for presently she turned with a sad smile.

"See, I haven't moved. Haven't I been good?"

Yes, you have, darling—you are always good, I expect."

She shook her head.

"I ought to be, I have so few trials. But of course I'm not. But what about Lettice? Can't they find her?"

"O yes, they have found her."

"Where is she?" growing pale again.

"She is at the cottage."

"What! at your place?—at Mr. Huntington's?"

"Yes, my love."

"Well—I don't see why—she is there. I was afraid last night she would do something dreadful. She has not, I hope—she—"

"Rose, you must promise to be calm. I have delayed the information purposely, that you might expect sad news, and bear it with more fortitude."

"O Ralph! Ralph! how could you? What has happened to poor Lettice?"

"An accident."

"She is killed!" she cried, passionately; "she is killed! my poor dear Lettice!"

"No, Rose; there is life yet, and—and perhaps hope—I dare not say. We wished to keep this sad news from you for a while, till her fate was decided, but it was impossible."

"Tell me more," cried Rose, restraining her tears, "tell me all about it."

"There is nothing to tell, dear, only that she was—found—injured."

"Then—she did not try to kill herself?"

"I believe not, Rose."

"O, this is all very sad! I never expected to hear such news. Dear Lettice—do you know, Ralph, she seems just like a sister to me. O, you must take me to her, Ralph. She would rather see me than any one, I know."

"I cannot consent to that, Rose. I am sure your father would not—I am sure Mrs. Windle would not. Be calm, my darling, and you shall hear from her, whatever happens."

"Ralph, did somebody try to murder her?" Her eyes were wide with horror.

"It looks like it."

"Where did it happen?"

"You will have it, Rose. Down by the pool."

"Blackmere pool—O, I always hated it. How did you know?"

I shivered and grew pale in spite of myself, though her eyes were upon me.

"I know because that is where the men said they found her."

"O, it is frightful! too frightful! And she may die—poor Lettice may die—may be dead! Let me go instantly—I must go!"

"But, Rose, indeed you must listen to reason; it might be fatal to her to see any one now. I think the doctor would not allow it."

"Ralph, you *must* let me go, if no further than to the steps of the cottage. O my poor girl! my poor Lettice! If I had only kept her by me; if I had only taken her into my own room, and comforted her, she seemed in such bitter trouble. Come, I am going."

"I protest against it, Rose; but since you will—why—you must."

She put on bonnet and shawl with nervous haste, her cheeks flushed, her eyes glittering, her fingers trembling; stopping every now and then to wipe the great tears that gathered on her lashes, and which I longed to kiss away, but did not, grown suddenly a very coward.

CHAPTER XIII.

ROSE AT THE COTTAGE.

"I CAN'T bear the beautiful day!" Rose said, impatiently. "I wish the birds would stop their singing, they stun me."

I had felt much the same, so that I could hardly rebuke her. I saw she was taking the path by the pool.

"Go by the other road, Rose, I beg you; don't go by that shocking place."

"Why! is there anything there?" she asked.

"Of course not, only some marks of—of the—it sickens me to think. I came that way; I had rather return the other."

"But I must go by the pool," said Rose, resolutely. "I am not afraid, if you are; take the avenue, and I will meet you."

That stung me.

"I am not afraid," I said; "but if you had seen—well—no matter—go on."

"Has it disfigured her?" asked Rose, in a low voice.

"No; she looks just the same as ever, only white and weak."

"There it is," with a long shuddering breath. Some of the servants stood round. They huddled together as Rose and I passed, giving humble obeisance to the little lady, who was loved by everybody. The news was gaining hearers. Down the path, in the direction of the cottage, stragglers were

making their appearance. The men suddenly ceased talking till we were gone. Presently we came in sight of the cottage.

"Let me take your arm," gasped Rose. "I feel so faint."

"I knew it would be too much for you. I am angry with myself for letting you come."

"No one could have hindered me," was her quiet answer. And I felt certain that she was right; she would have come alone.

And now we were almost there. I trembled with excitement.

"Poor, poor Lettice!" escaped Rose's lips now and then. "I wonder if she can be dead?"

My father came out of the cottage, and walked slowly back and forth upon the porch. He did not appear to see us till we were almost upon him. I never saw him take so little notice of Rose, his favorite, before.

"What is the matter with your mother?" he asked, hoarsely. "She has not been herself to-day. I wish they had not brought Lettice here. She can't be moved now, they say, and I'm sure *she's* not fit to take care of her."

"I will help," said Rose, cheerfully. "Ralph and I. It's my right. But will *she* live?"

My father shook his head.

"Can't you prevail upon her not to go in?" I asked my father.

"Not if *she's* made her mind up. I wouldn't try."

Rose had made her mind up, but, notwithstanding, she shook like one in an ague fit. So I let her enter the cottage. My mother looked up, her haggard face never altering. Rose began to moan, as if the sight was too much for her.

"Is she alive—are you sure that *she's* alive?" Rose queried. At the same instant she was answered. The eyes of the wounded girl opened slowly, and were fastened upon Rose, with a wondering grieved glance. "O Lettice!" Rose threw herself down beside her, notwithstanding my mother's caution. "But you must keep up a good heart, and you'll be sure to get well."

The grieved lips quivered a little, the eyes moved slowly in their sockets. I was standing behind Rose, a little at the side, and away from Lettice, but I caught her glance. Instantly a look of the deepest loathing, horror, fear, changed her counte-

nance. She gave a long low cry, and fainted again. Rose looked slowly round at me, a reflection of that same expression on her face. My mother sank to the floor, strengthless for a moment, her face buried in her hands; then at Rose's cry that Lettice was dead, she roused herself, and began to apply restoratives.

"O Ralph! what did she look at you so for? O Ralph! it was terrible, terrible!" moaned Rose.

I felt that it was terrible; the glance had gone to my very soul. But why she should signify such mute horror, I could not tell. Her accusations had been false enough, her conduct most criminal and capricious. Did she also wish to accuse me of her death?

"She is probably delirious," said my mother, controlling her voice. "I think you had better both leave the room. I am sure the doctor would not approve of any intrusion."

"May I not stay here, somewhere?" Rose asked, meekly.

"No; this is no place for you." And an unwonted sternness displayed itself in voice and manner.

"But Lettice was in my service; I loved her like a sister."

"Rose Windle! you *cannot* remain here," said my mother; and there was almost passion in her tones. "If Lettice lives, and should get strong enough to bear the removal, she shall be brought back to you, and you can then do as you please, of course; but while she is here, I shall follow the doctor's instructions, and admit no one. I wonder Ralph was so thoughtless."

"It was not Ralph—don't blame him," retorted Rose. It was the first time I ever saw haughtiness in her gesture. "Good-morning, Mrs. Huntington. If Lettice does recover, she shall be brought home."

"You must remember the great shock it has been to her," I said, soothingly, as we left the house.

"I will not, I will *never* forget it. Your mother has no right to speak that way to me," she retorted, passionately. We walked on in silence, she weeping. I did not answer her, for I felt that my mother had been hard and stern, all unlike her usual self. And yet who knew so well as I what reason she had for seeming so cold and altered?

We reached the house by another road, the main entrance.

"Good-morning, Rose," I said, quietly. "I will return if there is anything favorable to report."

"O Ralph! are you angry with me, too?" she asked, penitently.

"Angry with you! that would be impossible," I said; "and let me beg of you to excuse my mother; it was her intense fear that both you and she would suffer more. You know my mother, Rose; it is not like her."

"She did right, perfectly right. I should have been in the way, and perhaps worried and irritated both her and that poor girl. You won't stay away long, Ralph?"

"I'll come up this evening," was my reply.

CHAPTER XIV.

AN INTERVIEW.—THE KNIFE FOUND.

BACK again through cross paths to the cottage, unable to fix my mind on any one thing. There was plenty to do, but my will seemed totally inert. I thought of the knoll my father had spoken of as the site of a future dwelling, and strolled thither. It was a most desirable piece of ground, overlooking the river on one side, giving a view of the distant city from the other, its spires glittering in the far blue distance; a most desirable spot. Would the house ever be built? I remembered my father's description of his childhood home; it would cost a great deal of money to build such a mansion in America, but then he had the money. I had not been idling all this time, and fully meant to do my share of labor, though my father was a rich man, and I his only heir. I had been studying law, and had of course my ambitions, which were at times colossal. No want, privation or sorrow had ever troubled me from my childhood. My desires had been moderate, and the vices of my fellow-students I had the courage not to emulate. Still, as I thought of these things, and felt that I had a fixed character for good, which, in all my past relations with men, none could throw the shadow of suspicion upon, Lettice, lying there upon the lounge in our keeping-room at home, came up like some spirit of evil, and shadowed every pleasant fancy.

There was a path ran through the place where I was standing, a path only defined by well-trampled grass, and the large trees

scattered here and there served to hide the person whose footsteps I heard approaching, as I stood there lost in contemplation.

At last we met. One glance of surprise, not exactly cordial, perhaps, and I went forward.

"Frank Bassett, you here?"

"Ralph Huntington!" And he extended his hand stiffly.

Frank had been my companion at college, till I first tired of, then despised him for his weakness of character and his vices. He was a handsome fellow, and exceedingly vain, without, it seemed to me, any moral stamina whatever. His talents were good, and his social qualities always made him friends; but me I had thought he hated, too much ever to be familiar. In my earlier years I had often brought him to my father's, before I learned how destitute he was of principle. He had always admired Lettice, and she, I fancied, had liked him. He and I had had a fierce quarrel once on her account, for I saw that his admiration must of necessity lead to unpleasant consequences, as I knew he would never make a girl in her position his wife. He was an excellent mimic, and the life of society, but of late years I had avoided him.

"I'd not the most distant idea of meeting you," I said.

"I suppose not." He spoke rapidly. "I only stopped here yesterday, going further on to an uncle of mine, who lives up in the hills. Well, this is a most unfortunate thing. I hear that pretty girl whom I used to admire so much has been foully dealt with."

"How did you hear?" My question was abrupt.

"The fellow that went after medical help spread the news, I suppose. Is she dead?" he asked.

"No."

"No?" with an accent of surprise. "O! I heard she was. Very singular, wasn't it? Who could have done it? Some unfavored lover?"

"I never knew she had any lovers but you," I said, bluntly.

He turned pale, then scarlet.

"I her lover? nonsense! She had a pretty face, and I am fond of pretty faces, but as to anything serious—pah!"

"You ran after her somewhat persistently," said I, angered at the recollection of his many dastardly tricks; "and, as you

confessed yourself, your intentions were anything but honorable."

"I see you have not got over that disagreeable trick of speaking your mind," said he, with a touch of the old savage temper.

"No; I think it grows upon me," was my reply.

"You're an impertinent fellow," he exclaimed, with an oath; "and I think you'll have a bone to pick in a few days that will trouble you some. There's a rumor about that you were sweet upon the girl yourself, so look out that it don't get you into trouble."

He walked hurriedly away, and I turned off in another direction, wondering why I had not thrashed him, as he deserved. I went direct to the cottage on my return. My father was now the centre of a group of excited men. What was that that flashed so in the sun, that my father looked on with compressed lips and a pained ghastly brow? I knew, it was *my knife*! They had found it, read the initials upon it, and brought it to the cottage. My knees knocked together—a cold sweat broke out over me. Inno-

cent as I was, I have no doubt but that as one and another faced me I looked like the veriest guilty coward alive. I shook off the weakness in another moment, however, and stepped upon the porch. My father literally gaped as he turned to me, his brow flushed red, then the blood receded.

"This is your knife, Ralph!" There was pity as well as sternness in his voice.

"Yes sir; that is my knife."

"You see there has been blood upon it."

"I see it looks stained."

"Can you guess where it was found?" The servants pressed nearer.

"I know where it was found."

"You know?"

"Yes, by Blackmere pool; I lost it there."

"When?" My father's face grew sterner.

I hesitated. Should I tell all before these low fellows?

"I will tell you. I don't care about telling it here, just now."

My father saw that I was calm, that my decision meant something. He dismissed the men. I went into the house with him, and into my own chamber.

[CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

A FOUR LEAF CLOVER.

BY PERTINE.

She stood beside the garden gate,
With the willows bending over,
And the light wind bent the branches down,
Till they touched the tops of clover.

A shadow rested on her face,
Her smile was tinged with sorrow,
For I would sail across the sea,
Before the dawn to-morrow.

One hand lay on her spaniel there,
His tawny head caressing,
If I'd but touched her garment's hem
I'd counted it a blessing.

She bent and plucked from out the grass
A perfect four leaf clover,
Then said, "If you are still my friend,
When the long voyage is over,

"Bring back the gift I offer now,
Although so slight a token,
I promise if the leaf be whole
My word shall not be broken."
Clinton, Conn., Nov., 1876.

Four years, four long long years have passed;
At last the voyage is over,
And still upon my heart I wore,
A perfect four leaf clover.

Once more I stood beside the gate,
With the willows bending over;
But only the spaniel came to greet
His lady's wandering lover.

Startled I took from off my heart
My darling's simple token,
I looked, and O, God pity me!
Behold a leaf was broken!

They told me, but the words they said
I never could remember,
For suddenly the sweet June day
Was changed to bleak December.

I stood within the darkened room,
I leaned her coffin over,
She held within her snowy hands
A perfect four leaf clover.

HULDAH.

BY JOHN. A. PETERS.

A GIRL, a slim thing of fifteen, with hands clasped, and face working, stood leaning against a giant boulder jutting out from a shelving bank, watching the rolling waves of the great deep as they throbbed and beat tumultuously against the cragged shore. A weird child she was; uncanny, the fishermen living along the shore called her. Small and straight-featured, with a dark face and great restless gray eyes that burned and flashed underneath their lengthy lashes of black; that were woefully passionate or calmly prayerful, just as the mood of their erratic owner changed. A small determined mouth, the lips thin and compressed, now apart and glowing, showing two rows of teeth whitely even as seed-pearls. A broad monarchical brow, too high, perhaps, to realize a painter's idea of beauty, but denoting intellect, if cultivated, of no common order, from which were pushed back, as if they wearied her, two oppressive braids of midnight hair.

The shades of night were settling fast over the earth. Slowly in the west the sun was sinking to rest amidst an oriflamb of golden splendor. Yet still Huldah Brown leaned, or crouched rather, against the projecting boulder, troubled with restless ambitious thoughts, such as girls of fifteen are rarely ever troubled with. But then, Huldah was dissimilar to any other child I know of; and even at that early age a longing to escape these quiet scenes and plunge into the very heart of the great city, in the midst of its turmoil and confusion, where change is the order of the day, and not this tedious monotony which she hated with her whole heart, possessed her. Nothing around her cared she for save the sea which was never quiet, which alone could still the cravings of her heart at times, and where she often came for rest, especially at twilight, and where she would lean as she did now against the mammoth rock, or crouch down beside it, and lay her head upon it, sometimes sobbing, sometimes quiet as the dead.

"O, to think," she cried, beginning to pace the strand with quick impetuous steps, "that I must pass my days here, must be

tied down to this uneventful life, when my whole soul revolts at the thought. And I so young—but fifteen! Must it be? O Heavenly Father!" raising her brown face aloft, "if thou dost exist, I beg that thou wilt change my course of life; make it a more tumultuous one. Relieve it, I pray thee, of this intense quiet which is killing me—driving me mad! Anything, I beseech thee, but this deathly stillness! If not, I will rebel—will defy fate—and, in spite of the chains that hold me downward—spite of everything that tends to keep me from the world I worship, I will yet plunge into it, though I make myself miserable by so doing; for I cannot—cannot bear it! I long for action—for power—for wealth—for everything that is denied me! O poverty! thou greatest of curses heaped upon man, why didst thou not attack some one in my stead? Do so yet, I beg. Seize some one else in thy talon-like clutches. Discrown her, and enthrone me. Let her feel the gnawing pangs I have been forced to feel, and let me enjoy the luxuries that wealth alone can purchase for a while. What a change it would be for me and good patient grandfather! No more willow baskets to weave—no more hickory canes to fashion out and to carry and sell to the fine ladies and gentlemen who come and spend the summer season at H—by the sea. How I envy them—the ladies, robed in trailing silks, decked out with jewels that flash and strive to emulate the stars in brightness; their showy carriages drawn by splendid steeds; their beauty, and the adulation they receive; and, most of all, the access they have to books. I thirst for knowledge, and fight for it! Why should I not be well educated, and soar above the common mass of people? There is that within my ambitious heart which would make me rise, if I but had an opportunity. I am possessed of a superior intellect, and 'tis too bad, altogether too bad, that I'm doomed to such a life. I say 'tis not right. I can't and won't recognize a law that will shower one man with blessings and deprive another even of the common necessities of life. If there be a God—but no, I'll not proceed in my blasphemy

—there must be one, else how came the restless sea I love so well here? these stupendous rocks that rise out of the earth so firm and bold—these granitic hills that tower aloft, medallioned with flowers, studded with trees; and the luminary in the heavens that gives light and heat to this mysterious world which I almost worship for its beauty? Ah yes! it must have taken some power superior to man's to have created all these things, and yet—" She relapsed into silence, with the thought uncompleted.

Unconsciously she had been uttering her words aloud, as she was in the habit of doing when alone in this secluded spot, where but few of the gay fashionables from the neighboring watering-place ever came. She checked her walk, and sat down beneath the shadow of the rock, drawing the scant dress low over her bare feet, heeding nothing, seeing nothing, not even the sea which dashed its white spray over her. And but a few feet from her, hidden from observation by the umbrageous branches of a low brown-bodied tree, seated on an old moss-covered stump, was a man scanning her every movement, studying her with eyes afire with eagerness—with the most decided interest—himself a curious study. He was a man of thirty, perhaps older, as it was hard to determine his age by his looks. A great massive form, which many a man might envy for its grace and strength; a swarthy face, illumined by piercing black eyes, in whose fathomless depths dwelt a gleam of evil, with tangled brows meeting above; a grand dark brow, unfurrowed by a wrinkle, overshadowed by damp clusters of purplish-black snakelike hair. A face of strength, of beauty, where good and bad blended inseparably—such a face as Lucifer might have owned before he became entirely hardened in his sin. Not a happy face, anything but that, but one that would attract you as a volcano about to burst might a precipice preparing to tumble, a Titan oak ready to topple over when the last telling blow upon it is struck. His mouth was nearly hidden by a mustache black as Erebus—a sneering, cynical mouth, whose lips rarely ever parted in a smile, but when they did it transformed his whole countenance wonderfully.

Below, the water babbled, cried and shrieked aloud as if it were mocking the wretched girl whose aspirations could never

be realized; above, in the whispering trees that trailed like an arch over the man's head, the birds flitted in and out like thoughts that come and go in contented hearts; and away in the distance Phœbus was slowly sinking to rest, glorifying the earth radiantly ere he disappeared. The scene maddened the man whose eyes had roved from the girl's powerful face—the thundering water, the sinking sun and the caroling birds, and his features writhed as he sat there.

"Ah, that water," he said, "it sounds like the voices of demons, like the one jeering within me, ever inhabiting my breast. It brings up recollections in my youth that I would fain forget, but which I cannot, cannot; down to the grave will they go with me. Ah, my life! what a miserable failure it has been; how I am shackled down by—just as yonder girl is by poverty! Poor unsatisfied thing, how I pity her! for with her insatiable cravings is she not akin to me? Can I not alter the fate she believes she's destined to? Lift her from the slough of despair—from hated poverty—to the position she prays for? *Ma foi!* but she's a queer little thing. How vehement and ambitious she is, and how her eyes blaze—for all the world like leaping flames; and how her hair coils about her head—as a big reptile might. A bizarre, overbearing child with a touch of cruelty, a tinge of atheism about her, also a nature as restless as the moaning sea. And yet I pity her, for unless she is delivered from the poverty she scorns—unless she has something to occupy her mind besides weaving willow withes in baskets, her life is a complete wreck. She has a taste for literature, too, judging from her bitter sayings, and her colorless brow, which a potentate might envy. If only that obstacle were removed from my path I would—But pshaw! why dream of what's impossible? I believe I'll accost yonder Naiad, though, if only to see her eyes scintillate and arouse the scoffing imp within her. 'Pon my soul, I'm really interested in this girl who weaves baskets and longs for power."

He suited the action to his words and walked toward her with long rapid strides. She saw him not. With hands locked over her knees, with a world of misery looking out of her great gray eyes, she sat still as a statue hewn from stone, her black locks falling over her brown frayed-out robe, her feet peeping out brown and bare underneath.

"Little girl?"

The deep, musical, yet sarcastic voice fell upon her hearing; she started, glanced up, and beheld the man before her. She rose to her feet. "Well?" The monosyllable was jerked from her lips as she stared him in the face, a nameless fear centering at her heart as she felt rather than saw the magnificent eyes riveted upon her. In that one moment she recognized the man who was to prove her bane or blessing henceforth. She did not stop to argue how foolish and senseless the idea. She only knew that the something stealing over her, intangible as a shadow, uncomfortable as a presentiment, and horrible as a nightmare, was true; that he, and no other, was the person who would elevate her to the seat of honor she craved. Whatever sent the thought there she could not tell; she was mad to place confidence in it, yet she did. It might be the fabulous legends, the strange superstitious tales her grandfather oft repeated to her at nightfall, when the wind shook their tiny cabin and the snow fell and drifted around it; she could not tell; she knew if it were not true she had no desire to burden the earth longer—that she had far rather be buried beneath the moaning waves. Down drooped the lashes over her eyes, veiling them from view; tighter locked themselves together the symmetrical brown hands as she awaited what she felt was coming.

"Resume your seat, child," he said, with a gesture; "I have much to say to you. You are not afraid of me?" as she obeyed not his mandate, but smiled wearily.

"Hardly, sir." But as she sank on the seat indicated by him fear grappled at her heart.

He flung himself full length down by her side, resting his leonine head upon his doubled-up arm. "Uncanny mortal," he began, playfully, "art thou of the earth, earthy? or art thou a mermaid dwelling in a cool coral-lined cave below those waters, only come ashore to comb out these elfish locks of yours and get a breath of fresh air? My! your robe is saturated with brine, and some alga is adhering to it."

"Do talk sense, or go away," the girl retorted, a bit impatiently. "You are making fun of me, and I won't have it. The sea splashed its drops over my dress, and the seaweed I gathered myself."

"Indeed?" Aside. "The little despot!" Then to her. "Your explanation is satis-

factory, Child of the Sea. You have a name, I suppose?"

No answer.

"And it is—"

"Huldah, if you will have it. Do go away, and don't bother me."

"Huldah," and to the listening girl his voice was sweet as pattering raindrops, "listen to me. I have been eavesdropping. I overheard, gratuitously, your monologue upon blasphemy."

"You did?" she said, without a trace of anger; "you must have been agreeably entertained."

"I was, child, for I recognize in you a kindred spirit. As in me, good and bad struggle and war in your soul like enemies, and, as in me, the bad asserts its supremacy and is paramount. You are so constituted that you can no more subdue your unsatisfied longings than the traveller on the heated desert his insatiable thirst. I do not blame you. And so," he queried, "you are tired of this life of stagnation, and wish a change?"

"Wish a change!" She turned her brown face upon him, passion leaping in her eyes. "God alone knows how much I wish it. Rather than end my days here, I would throw myself into yonder mighty deep, and allow the billows to chant a requiem over my departed soul. Listen to them now; they roar as if in quest of prey."

She beat a tattoo upon the ground with her foot, and still Maro Remington leisurely surveyed her. "Heavens!" he murmured, "I could love this girl, if— But a truce to such nonsense! Why, she is a homely, unformed thing, with a nature wild as the lion's of the forest, the tiger's of the jungle. Still, I cannot be mistaken; she has in her the material for a magnificent woman, and will yet be heard of in the great world she would fain plunge into. Huldah!" he cried.

"Yes," her eyes never raised to his; off to the sea were they again wandering, yet every nerve was on the *qui vive* for what was coming, coolly as she appeared to receive the intelligence.

"I'm about to make a proposition to you, so strange that it will carry you back to the dark ages—about to give you the means to lift you from poverty to wealth. All I shall require in payment is a single promise, that you'll give me what I may exact from your hands when the proper time arrives, which

I give you my word shall not be until you are fully prepared for it. Will you do it?"

"What is it, may I ask?" Eager was her tone, devouring was the surprise she felt.

"That I cannot tell you. It must be kept a secret till the right time comes for its disclosure. You can make the promise or not, just as you choose. If you make it, however, you must keep it to the letter; will you?"

"Huldah Brown never perjures herself, sir; she knows what it is to break her word;" and a smile of scorn crept across the thin lips. "Yes, I'll make the promise, and keep it," she added, recklessly, "no matter what it may prove to be, if you will but provide a way for me to escape from my present surroundings, which I detest. O, words are too tame to tell how much! Can you do it? Are you rich?"

He laughed sardonically. "Ay, Huldah, I have more of the root of evil than I know what to do with, which is a strange thing to assert in this grasping, avaricious world, where money is the idol men and women bow down to and worship, and cannot get enough of. I am a millionaire." He spoke bitterly, scoffingly.

The great eyes of the maiden opened wide. "How happy you must be," she said, simply.

"Happy? If a creature upon earth realizes what it is to be miserable, I'm that person. My life is one perpetual torment—a desert without an oasis."

"I am sorry for you, sir." And Huldah laid her wee brown hand in sympathy upon his giant white one resting on the rock. Its dainty touch sent an odd thrill of delight electric-like through the man's entire being. Like one intoxicated he bent above her, his swarthy face alive with passion, his bearded mouth quivering, the brilliance of his eyes so dazzling that the untamed thing before him for the first time in her life was afraid, and she buried her face in the one hand at her disposal; the other he was crushing unwittingly in his. The idea he had formed became a settled one.

"Huldah," he asked, "have you any living relative beside your grandfather?"

"None that I know of, sir. Grandfather and I are all alone in the world."

"Good! I'm glad there are no incumbences. Now listen. I have an aunt, an aged spinster, residing in Boston, who depends upon me somewhat for her liveli-

hood. She lives in grand style, is a highly cultivated woman, and will do anything in her power to please her graceless nephew, meaning myself, of course. I shall send you and your grandfather there, providing we can gain his consent to your plan. If he'll not be dependent upon me, I'll contrive something whereby he can obtain his living. For five years I shall not look upon your face; shall not inquire even in the most indirect manner concerning you; to me you shall be as one dead in all that while. But in the meantime you must be improving yourself, studying with might and main, so that when I return from foreign lands, whither I'm going, you'll be in every sense of the word an educated woman. Already you are far more intelligent than the majority of girls of your age; your speech is grammatical, and devoid of the provincialisms of the neighborhood. How's that, child?"

"Because I am not akin to the people here, and never associate with them in the least. My grandfather is a gentleman, was recognized by the world as such years and years ago. He was rich at that time, but became involved in speculations which turned out disastrously; and when all his wealth was swept from him, he removed to this quiet place with me—my parents being dead—where he has lived the life of a recluse since. We make baskets, and I sell them, so we do not starve. During the winter, when blockaded with snow, grandfather gets out his precious books, of which he has a store, and superintends my education, for he's determined I shall not grow up an ignoramus. I can speak French and German quite fluently; at least the visitors of H— tell me so when I carry them baskets and am obliged to speak in those tongues; have some knowledge of Latin, and ever since I was ten years of age grandfather has compelled me to pore over musty old encyclopedias and histories, so I have amassed some, if not much, useful knowledge. But withal," bitterness creeping in her voice, "I am as ignorant of the ways of the world as a very babe."

Riotous feelings were now raging within and making a Pandemonium of her young bosom. How dissatisfied she was with her present condition!

"Huldah," and the wee hand fluttering in his grasp was crushed more tightly, yet she felt not the pain, so absorbed was she

in what he was saying; "I can imagine somewhat your feelings; waters of Marah are continually overwhelming your soul. But from this time your life shall be metamorphosed. Bury your wicked seditious thoughts so deep they can never be resuscitated. I, your guardian, don't fancy a scoffing girl for my ward. And now a few remarks further before we go and see grandfather, and put the premeditated plan in the way of accomplishment. While I am absent I don't want you converted into a thoroughly fashionable woman; rather than that I should prefer you to be a trifle *outré* in appearance, as you are now. Above all things, don't neglect your health. Take good long morning walks as a matter of hygiene, and grow up with a strong unbroken constitution, for no woman can be correctly termed handsome, Huldah, unless endowed with perfect health; and your features are undeniably plain."

"And yet, sir, I prophesy when you return I shall be an attractive fascinating woman. I covet beauty so much it cannot be denied me. O, I am sure I shall be beautiful!"

She spoke confidently, as some prophetess of old might have spoken—not proudly, but triumphantly, with a feeling of elation in her tone, inspiring him who heard it with an implicit faith in her prediction.

"Well, I hope so, child, for your sake. Now perhaps we had better hasten to your grandfather's cabin, and have the business transacted at once. But say, Huldah, a word. Until the five years come around I shall not anger you with my presence, as I stated before, but just five years from tonight—mark well the time—at eight o'clock, if alive and well, though an insurrection of the elements be going on around me, though wind and rain, thunder and lightning struggle together, and make night hideous, I will be with you. If dead, then in ceremonies will I rise before you. Will you come?"

"I will. If not in body, then in spirit. Some manifestation of my presence will be with you."

"I believe you, Huldah. Now will you kiss me?"

"No sir."

"Nor shake hands with me?"

"Yes—if you desire it."

He did, evidently, for he wrung the hand she extended until she cried out for very

pain; then releasing it, they wended their way to the cabin. Nestling lazily underneath a panoply of trees, it stood. The door was open, and through it they beheld a man sitting on a heap of willow branches, with withes in his hand. They accosted him. He answered not; he was dead. Whilst Huldah and the dark-browed man were entering into a compact of good or evil, his soul had escaped from its frail tenement and winged its way to the beautiful realms of light above. Forgotten now were all Huldah's wicked dreams and aspirations. With a wail that rang through the cabin and resounded over the hills, the girl flung herself down by the dead. Useless those sots, those maddening kisses; never again would his eyes smile upon her in life—never his pale lips unclosed to address her. Poor ambitious Huldah!

II.

THE five years have passed—gone with preceding ones to be annexed to the annals of history. In the thatched cabin, nestling sleepily like a witch's abode in the depths of a forest, where the roar of the sea could be plainly heard, knelt a woman—the child, who, five years ago, had entered into that queer compact with Maro Remington. 'Twas the day to witness the consummation of her rash promise. Already daylight was fast verging into dusk. Now and anon came to Huldah's ears the hoot of an owl; only a short time was allotted to her. She knelt before the open window with a face growing colder and whiter with every passing moment. Now, as the time was approximating so swiftly, she began to realize what a foolish thing she had done—sworn to fulfil whatever this man, who was a perfect Shylock for aught she knew, should exact of her. She laughed a horrible blood-curdling laugh; she believed for the moment she was going mad. Up from the floor she started, unable to remain longer in that quiescent condition. Insupportable thoughts were crowding fast upon her; her head was throbbing with direst pain. To and fro she paced, her scarlet shawl slipping from her magnificently-rounded waist, and trailing like a serpent of flame adown her dress of black. Her head ached defiantly; a cruel gleam in her big gray eyes. Grandly beautiful she was, in a peculiar style all her own.

and fantastically had she arrayed herself for the occasion when she was to sacrifice, good God! *what!* A proud dark face, pallid even to ghastliness, save where a line of vivid crimson dashed athwart the clearcut lips; gray eyes, now calm in their expression as a mountain tarn, anon cruel and fierce all splendid as the flames that leap forth from an incendiary's fire; a brow so cabalistically traced over with power that a conqueror could not have sneered at it, crowned with a coronal of dusk braids, more oppressive still than those belonging to the girl five years ago, looped up, falling down, escaping in tresses all about her as if striving to be released from their fashionable thralldom. They really seemed too heavy for the small regally-turned head they graced. A tall form, willowy yet commanding, draped with black grenadine; barbaric awkward loops of gold swung in her shell-like ears; in the night braids of hair, glowing with the splendor of stars as she moved, were precious stones; and at her throat blazed a carbuncle. Her movements were as easy and graceful as the untamed leopardess of the forest. Indeed, she put you in mind of that beautiful beast now, ready to spring upon and tear and rend into pieces an enemy she feared if—she but had the opportunity. She is the kind of a woman men lose their reason and imperil their lives for—a woman who, in bower or hall, church or mart, must have drawn all men's eyes upon her. Noble, with much of wickedness in her yet. Such is the ward of Remington, who is to meet him to-night to fulfil her word. For five years he has not been out of her thoughts. What will he require of her? Something impossible, or— She could not proceed; the thought was too horrible to entertain.

"But I deserve to be punished," she cried, "for I have entered into a compact such as no sane woman would. Well, I'll keep my word inviolable, for guilty as I am, foolish as I have been, Huldah Brown is still noble enough to regard it in the same light as the Medes and Persians of old did their laws. And why should I complain? My ambition has brought this upon myself. But O, to be the slave of a man; to be obliged to perform his bidding, no matter what! O, what will he exact of me—of me who for the past two years have been the leader of the fashionable world, to whom *savans* have bent the knee, upon whom

grave metaphysicians have smiled and bestowed much praise? Ah me! 'tis very hard; but I acknowledge 'tis just. My belledom is gone, my palmy days are over, I fear. I may be disrowned, I may be— But no, I'll not pursue the theme. Honor and fame are now mine, but to-night they may be swept from me. I am called the rising star amongst the shining constellations of artists; my paintings are awarded a conspicuous place in the galaxy of art, and I am proud of the honor conferred upon me. To-night I may be stripped of all. Well, every moment the time is drawing nearer, and I'm anxious for it to come. Already the signals, the screams of nocturnal birds, the hoots of owls are heard, and I am arrayed as some Egyptian princess to receive my doom. What'll it be? O what'll it be?"

Than Huldah Brown a prouder woman never lived, and galling it was to her to know that she was obliged to obey her master's behest, no matter what he solicited of her. For two years she had been treading the path that leads to fame—placing on canvas all that pleased her capricious fancy, and she had attained not only distinction but wealth. Still she was miserable. The obligation she was under to Remington gnawed at her heart as the vulture on the liver of Prometheus. Her home was still with Miss Griffin, Remington's aunt, who was much attached to the gifted artist, but only on condition that she would accept every year a certain sum of money, now that she was in a way of earning it, to cover her expenses while an inmate of her house, which the lady unwillingly agreed to. Various and conflicting were her opinions concerning Maro Remington. Now she looked upon him in the light of a satyr, anon she regarded him as her benefactor to whom she owed the enviable position she had won.

Faster fell the shadows; oftener was the scream of bird, the hoot of owl repeated; and Huldah prepared to set out for the trysting-place by the sea. As she opened the door to go out, a fierce blast assailed her; trees shook by it. As she stepped out she noticed a myriad of rebellious clouds lying low in the heavens, and the world grew almost as dark as it was before created. No moon, no star—not a light to guide her on her way. Superstitious, Huldah regarded this as being ominous to her; God was visiting his wrath upon her for the crime

she had been guilty of. But she turned not back. Though the rain came from heaven in a flood, and I knew I was never going to reach my destination, still would I proceed," she muttered. So steadily on she went, firm, unfaltering as Mary Queen of Scots, when she ascended the scaffold to meet her death. Acquainted with the path, her footing was sure; no stumbling, no deviating from it. Fiercer blew the wind, above it she heard the tumultuous roaring of the raging sea; a crash of thunder and glimmer of lightning, and down came the rain. The woman kept her usual pace, however, never slackening, never increasing; each step was as if measured, so near alike were they.

"He said he would be there; if not in body, then in spirit. What if he should be there in his grave-clothes, a corpse! Will he?" Imbued with a tinge of German mysticism, she almost expected to see something not mortal rise up and confront her as she neared the rock—an Egyptian death's head for aught she knew. But no such awful sight greeted her view. Instead, a man, uplifted and great, came from under the shadow of the rock to meet her, pulling her under its ledge.

"You have come," he said, "as you promised. I, too, am here, in body and flesh—a substantial terrestrial being as you perceive, with nothing of the celestial about me. Did you expect me?"

"I did, sir. That you should fail to keep your appointment with me at this place was something too good and mythical for me to entertain for a moment."

"Indeed! But why, thoughtless mortal, come you unprotected against the elements? You are drenched to the very skin. Let me envelop you in this."

He was about to fold about her his heavy travelling shawl, but she stepped back with an air of hauteur, the lightning showing him a scornful face, white as if carved from marble.

"One would judge by your conduct I was freezing. I am hardy, sir, and as accustomed to the cold as a hyperborean. If there be any truth in the metempsychosis of the Orient, I must have been a polar bear in the animal stage of my existence."

Humph! a beautiful pantheress, rather," he sneered. "But we will not argue the point at present, Miss Brown. You cannot stand out here in the storm, crouching under this cavernous rock for shelter, for the

rain drips obliquely downward, and you will be saturated. I noticed a mere apology of a hut squatted a few rods from here, untenanted save by owls and creeping things—a hut occupied probably at no distant day by some miserable family, where we can in a measure be shielded from the wrath of the tempest. We will seek it."

He hurried her forward as he spoke, holding an umbrella he had brought with him over her head, the other hand grasping a lantern which as yet he had not lighted. Into the door of the low-browed hut they passed, he stooping in order to do so. One room with a hard-beaten floor of earth, littered over with hemlock branches; a broken window, through which beat the rain; and in one dim corner, where beetles and long-legged insects struggled for life, was a rickety old settle, the only piece of furniture to be seen. A match had been struck by Remington, and a little ball of fire was now glowing in the darkness, chasing away the shadows and attracting numerous winged things. He motioned Huldah to a seat on the settle, but she declined it with a gesture indicative of contempt.

"Very well," he said, quietly; "I should prefer you to stand. I want to see your face, and as the light is insufficient to penetrate this baffling darkness, I will, with your permission, hold up the lantern and look upon it. Have you gained any beauty in the years that are passed? Do you come up to your expectations?"

"I do. I am more beautiful than any woman I know of."

His *insouciant* manner provoked her beyond endurance, and in turn she wanted to provoke him, and render him disgusted with her. He penetrated her *ruse de guerre*, and smiled inscrutably as he held up the lantern before her mobile face and carefully scrutinized its every lineament, while the storm raged about them, while the rain fell and beat upon the cabin, while the lightning flashed in blinding sheets of brilliancy across the ink-black sky, converting night into day, and making the multitudinous leaves on the trees quiver, and shake, and look as if tipped with flame; while the sea roared, while around them tore the wind as though gone mad, and the thunder boomed like the explosion of cannons. With his right hand steadying aloft the lantern, Maro Remington studied the girl's *bizarre* face till her loveliness wellnigh intoxicated him. Never

had he gazed upon such a face. He drew hard his breath.

"You are right, Huldah; no mortal woman's face can equal yours. 'Tis glorious!"

"Yes, yes," she said, somewhat impatiently, "I know all that. But tell me, Shyllock, why I'm summoned here to-night? What will you have of me? Tell me, tell me quick; I'm burning with impatience."

"Yet for years you have waited seemingly patiently enough. Can you not allay your feverish impatience a few moments, Miss Brown? Whatever my mandate is you are bound to obey, remember."

"Yes," she replied, inexpressible bitterness rippling through her voice, "I understand but too well. As a slave obeys his cruel master, so must I obey you; I am to be perfectly passive in your hands. Is it not so?"

He laughed until his massive frame shook. "It is," he said, coolly; "you have the idea exactly; only, Miss Brown, I do not want you to be the mistress of a seraglio. Now return the compliment, pray, and study my face even as I have studied yours; see what you think of me. I suppose you regard me in the light of a monstrosity?"

Burning with anger, white with rage, with flames leaping from her eyes, yet essaying to mask her true feeling and not let him guess how he provoked her, she did study his face, far different from the face she had once seen; whilst unconcernedly he stood before her, his colossal form drawn up to its mightiest height, the bearded lips parted in a smile that transfigured his swarthy face, the gleam of evil disappeared from his fathomless eyes. Fascinating the woman found it. Breathlessly she studied it, as one might some glorious landscape, or some picture drawn by a master-hand. She forgot herself contemplating it. Fast throbbed her pulse, loud beat her heart, her brain grew dizzy, for—she loved this man—she recognized the power he wielded over her. Now she was conscious that he had been the incentive which spurred her on to fame; that to convince him she was not moulded from ordinary clay she had determined to make herself a name in the world—had made it. But when did her love for him commence?—now, whilst peering in his face beneath the branch-roofed hut—or years ago when he lay down beside the rock? A woman of the world, she controlled herself, and said, icily enough:

"Not at all, sir. *Au contraire*, you appear to me simply what you are, a presumptuously self-reliant, preeminently handsome, unprincipled man, a *villain* a truer woman might correctly term you."

"The dickens! What authority have you for applying that infamous epithet to me, Miss Brown? Why am I a villain?"

"Otherwise you would not have taken a mere child at her word, and bound her by a promise she would loathe to fulfil. What is it? *O, what is it?* I can't and won't wait longer! I must hear it now! what do you require of me?"

She was kneeling supplicatingly at his feet, white hands and whiter face uplifted, this haughty young thing whose scorn many a man had felt, the scarlet shawl twisting a serpent of fire down her dismal dress of black.

The sea cried and shrieked as if in pain; the wind howled like a pack of famishing wolves, causing the trees under its fell influence to writhe as Laocoon in the folds of reptiles; above it the man's voice rose full of pity.

"Rise, Miss Brown," he said; "do not desecrate yourself thus by kneeling to mortal man. Reserve that act of homage for Deity alone. I require nothing at your hands."

He attempted to lift her up, but she rejected his proffered help, and sprang to her feet, erect. "Nothing, nothing! I do not comprehend. Do I hear aright? *Nothing*, Mr. Remington?"

Dazed-like she repeated the words. As one under the influence of a narcotic she heard them, yet could not take in their meaning.

"Nothing, Miss Brown," he reiterated. "Now I'll tell you what plan I concocted in reference to you when we stood near this spot five years ago. I'll show you what a diabolical man I was then. Girl, at that time I was a married man—entrapped into marriage by a woman beautiful as a Venus, guileful as a Messalina, who sullied by her conduct the unblemished escutcheon of Remington. I expostulated with her in vain. Fond of adulation and the men, she flirted outrageously, and I left her, making over to her a fortune sufficiently large to allow her to continue her reckless mode of living—to keep up her lavish expenditures. There was no divorce. I could not harbor the idea of dragging my unhappiness into

count although she was disgracing my name more and more with every passing day. Besides, I do not believe in divorces. If I had procured one I should not have considered myself any freer than when shackled with the marriage-tie. But enough. I came here to the sea, hoping to find rest. Sitting one day listening to the singing of the waters, you attracted me by your uniqueness, and the way in which you spoke to the waves, as if they were human beings that could sympathize with you in your bitterness. Then forth from your lips burst a string of denunciations against fate, poverty and your sedentary life. I immediately conceived the idea of adopting you, and, when old enough, making you my wife. There, don't start so violently. You have no reason to be afraid of me now. Be quiet. Other men have committed polygamy, and never been discovered; why not I? I meant to be true to you, meant to transplant you to a fairer clime, where never a breath of infamy should reach you. I trusted you would love me, if only from a sense of gratitude. Do you despise me, Huldah?"

"People do not customarily despise their benefactor, from whom accrues the boon they covet; neither do they always love him for having it in his power to confer benefits upon them," she returned, evasively. O the concentrated bitterness and scorn in her voice, despite the fact that she pitied him as she had never pitied being before.

He went on as if there had been no digression. "I meant to look out that no interruption should occur at our wedding, as at the nuptials of Rochester and Jane Eyre. Rebellious as you were, I recognized in you something noble, after all. Two years swept by on leaden wings. My wife died. 'T would be mockery to say I mourned her death. I rejoiced rather—the impediment in my way was removed; the clog that dragged me downward gone. Another year passed. I fell sick, nigh unto death. For weeks my life was despaired of, and lying at death's door I had time and cause to view the misdeeds of my life. I was overwhelmed with shame; I learnt how wickedly I was acting towards you. I repented, and rose from my bed of sickness a well and better man. Yet I could not bring myself to release you from your word, or my aunt from the vow I made her take never to entertain you with a page of my life's history. Has she?"

"She has been still as death on that point, cruel and secret as the grave. She has never mentioned your name to me in all the years dead and gone."

"And in all that time I never heard of you. I returned to Boston three days ago. The city was ringing your praises—you were the belle, the rage; sought after by all; a rising star amongst artists. I have seen some of your pictures. You have wonderful genius, Huldah."

She responded not; indeed, if she had wanted to she could not have spoken; an iron hand seemed grasping at her throat.

Silence fell between them. Fiercer blazed the lightning, faster rattled down the rain-drops, while the uncanny wind and the roaring thunder made the night fearful to the last degree.

Instinctively, Remington drew nearer the woman who attracted him.

"This terrible storm, Huldah—does it not frighten you?"

"Frighten me!" she laughed; "I love it. Since I was a wee tottling child I have worshipped it—listened to it as I do now to the sublime rhythm of a Miltonic poem. The lightning seems His smile, the thunder His voice. Have you any suggestions further to advance, Mr. Remington?"

"Only this, Huldah. You are released from your promise; you are free. Not but that I am selfish enough to wish I might take the idol of Boston in my arms as my wife, but I want no unwilling woman for my mistress. Yet I love you, unfeeling supercilious girl; I adore you for the nameless something clinging to you, making you different from other women. You have no respect for me, Huldah?" he pleaded.

"None, sir. How can I, after your confession? You would have treated me infamously if you had not repented. I despise you!"

He groaned. "It is but just, my punishment," he said, in a voice wailing as the crying wind, not knowing she spoke falsely, that she respected him far more since his confession than before, now recognizing the noble soul prisoned in him; only it hurt her pride, her innate sense of honor, to know he would have done her an irretrievable wrong—this man she loved, who loved her, and who, forgetting himself, flung his arms about her, kissing her once, kissing her many times.

"Thanks," she said, indignantly, as he

released her; "you are a gentleman!"

He took no notice of this stinging taunt. Baring his white forehead reverently, as a *preux chevalier* might have done in those chivalric days of old when parting with his lady-love, he said, humbly enough:

"Forgive me, Huldah; I forgot myself. Now that our interview is ended, shall I see you to the place where you are stopping? The rain is ceasing to fall."

"No, thanks; I am not afraid, and prefer the companionship of my own thoughts to your company. I am staying alone in the cabin where grandfather died."

"And I have taken up my quarters at H—by the sea. Well, as you refuse my escort, accept the use of my travelling shawl, umbrella and lantern; otherwise," as she hesitated, "I shall follow you home."

As there was no other alternative, she consented; and with one lingering impassioned look at the bewildering face, with its mobile mouth, he bowed low, and went forth in the night.

III.

ONE cold autumnal day Huldah rose from her easel, her task finished at last. All might come and see it now—she was ready. They came; artists, lovers of art, and mere society people, all prepared to criticise; and with the rest came Maro Remington. Greedily they gathered round the picture, all but Remington, who stood aloof till the crowd, growing denser each moment, should begin to thin. This is what they saw: A stretch of crag-beaten shore, with white-crested waves lapping it, over which shone a cloudless sky, with a ball of fire sinking in the distance. Strewn over the shore were peaked and jagged rocks, upon one of which sat perched a lonely seabird, its head turned in the direction of the sea. Brown-bodied pines and scraggy shrubs were in the background, and down by the side of a black boulder, with torn and fretted sides, under the shadow of its precipitous ledge, with grotesque shadows photographing hieroglyphics at their feet, were the two figures that gave life to the painting. A child, a girl with berry-brown face, sat upon the ground, her brown frock not lengthy enough to hide the naked arened feet, over which the thundering spray was pattering, handfuls of alga scattered over her lap. Her head was bare,

without covering, save for the snaky black locks that fell in blinding folds about her face, straying thence to the whitened ground. Her eyes! ah, they burned beneath her curling lashes like campfires as they gazed with passionate longing, with maddening love, into the face of the man reclining at her feet, his colossal head resting upon his doubled-up gigantic arm. A man with the frame of a Hercules—sinewy and grand—with the swarthiest, most powerful face one can imagine, with bearded mouth, and lofty brow, and eyes in whose fascinating depths dwelt the least perceptible gleam of evil. Entrancing the gazers found it, reading in it something more than a mere picture placed there on exhibition. 'Twas the history of a girl's heart laid bare, with her soul revealed. Long, long they gazed, recognizing in the prostrate figure and passionate face, Maro Remington; but that uncanny creature—the Naiad of the surf—who, who was she? Two or three imagined they detected a resemblance in that barefooted weird child to the artist who had drawn it, but their hearers laughed to scorn the idea of comparing her to the elegant world-renowned Miss Brown.

The crowd ebbed at last—slowly Huldah's admirers and detractors moved down the steps. Maro Remington stalked out from the shadows up to the picture, before which stood his quondam ward.

"Huldah!"

A face chilling as Greenland snows, with never a bit of warmth in the perfect lips, she turned upon him, two or three black locks which had stolen loose from their golden fillet, fluttering about her.

"Well!" That one interjection, nothing more.

"What am I to understand from this picture?" he asked, watching her intently.

"The truth." And a smile chill and radiant as the aurora borealis trembled across her lips, vanished altogether.

Something like hope crept into his eyes. "And what is the truth, Huldah?"

"Can you not read it," she said, a trifle impatiently, "when it is written in the child's eyes—when her very face proclaims it? Is not the painting lifelike enough?"

"Ay, so lifelike it almost speaks. Is that which looks passionately out of the child's eyes love for the lone man at her feet?"

She did not flush, neither did she pale, for that would have been impossible; her

face was white, white as the blossoms of the Guelder-rose; but she trembled—trembled like a fragile exotic before a chilling blast. Yet she answered, steadily:

"It is—love in its deepest sense."

"O Huldah, is it possible, and will you be my wife?" He came a step nearer, and would have enfolded her in his arms, but she recoiled from him in consternation.

"O Maro—Mr. Remington, do not ask me that. I'm not worthy to be called your wife now; and—and I did not mean to force that declaration from you. I only meant to humiliate myself to the dust because—because I treated you the other night as if you were not a human being—as if you were devoid of sensitiveness. 'Tis your turn to scorn me now. I love you, unwomanly as it is for me to tell you so, but—but do not ask me to be your wife out of pity. I couldn't bear that!"

"Neither, Huldah, do I ask you out of pity. I ask you because I cannot live without you. Is it yes or no, Huldah?"

He held out his arms, and she, as any other woman in the same circumstances would have done, entered them and was clasped in a fervent embrace.

"It is yes, Maro—my Maro."

He bent his kingly head over the woman in his arms, and a shower of kisses fell upon the white face, which flushed under

his ardent caresses a burning scarlet. Happiness shone in her eyes.

"O Maro," she said, brokenly, "I am so ashamed of my conduct toward you the other night! But my pride was touched, and I could not help saying those bitter words, though all the while I loved you. You have not been out of my thoughts for five years. How could you, when you did so much for me—when you even cared for poor dead grandfather, and erected a monument at the head of his forest grave? O, I have so much to thank you for—Maro, dear Maro!"

The haughty girl's pride was strangely humbled; love, more potent than aught else in the world, had conquered her.

"Nay, Huldah, 'tis I who should seek forgiveness instead. I intended doing you a wrong if God in his providence had not ordered otherwise. Let us give thanks to whom thanks are due for bringing matters to such a joyful crisis. Morning, noon and night let us remember him. Here in this spot, now, let us thank Heaven."

And together they knelt at the foot of the painting, his arm thrown around her caressingly, one beautiful ray of sunshine drifting in and resting on their bowed head, as they poured forth their souls in praise to him who had been so kind to them.

MY REBEL AND I.

BY EMMA N. NELSON.

I WAS sixteen, and an orphan, when the white-winged messenger, Peace, spoke to the troubled waters of the nation. My mother died in giving me birth, and my father received injuries in a railroad accident that caused his death before I was old enough to remember him. I have been told that my parents were greatly attached to each other; that they were earnest Christians and staunch abolitionists.

My father was a physician, practising medicine in a quiet country village nestled in one of the most beautiful valleys ever made by grand everlasting hills. Before his death he gave his property, which was not very large, to his only brother, Thomas Latimer, who resided in the same beautiful valley, just out of the village, on the old homestead, with a request that he

would be a father to his little orphan Ruth. Of this home I have the most pleasing recollections, and thither do the soft silvery chimes of memory's bells oftenest call me. So kind to me were this uncle and his good wife that I never realized what it was to be an orphan.

My uncle had three children: a son several years my senior, a daughter near my own age, and a son three years younger. Such a happy peaceful home as ours was! Would earth were full of them! Uncle and aunt never allowed trials and misfortunes, and they had their share of them, to break the sweet harmony of their home life.

Cousin Grace and I conceived a strong attachment for each other from the first, and were constant companions. We attended the same school, and sat on the

same rude bench in the old red school-house. Together we braved the fierce cold and snows of winter, sought for the early spring flowers, and appreciated and enjoyed the long bright summer days.

At the time of which I write we had already been a year at the academy in Groton, and were enjoying our first summer vacation at home. My cousin was a perfect blonde, gentle and loving, with one of the sweetest dispositions ever given to mortals. I had great black eyes, an abundance of raven ringlets, a dark complexion, and a proud fiery nature. Neither of us was a great beauty, but each had a fair share of good looks and common sense, and with these we managed to extract much of the sweetness from the beautiful flowers springing up in our pathway. I have often wondered how two natures so totally different lived together in such sweet accord. It was not because my cousin's gentler nature yielded to my stronger one, for, when she differed with me, in her quiet way she was as firm as a rock. There seemed to be a tacit agreement that nothing should ever break the strong bond of friendship which bound us together.

The summer days were passing rapidly away, when one morning as we were seated at breakfast, Nancy, the maid of all work, handed me a letter, and, excusing myself, I was soon lost in its contents. It proved to be from a classmate, and informed me that our preceptress, a lady of high culture and refinement, had resigned and was going South to teach the freedmen; also that two or three of our school-fellows were going.

Now it had been one of the cherished dreams of my childhood to sometime go South as a teacher, and it seemed to me that the way had unexpectedly opened. Impulsively I threw down the letter and cried out, "Uncle, please let me go too?"

"Go where?" came from all sides of the table.

Then I made them acquainted with the contents of my letter, and whither I wished to go. When I had finished Gracie looked up and said, "Father, I should like to go too."

A shade of sadness swept over uncle's face as he replied, "I thought I had sacrificed enough for my country, but if you really wish to go with a motive to do good, I shall not withhold my consent."

We all knew he was thinking of the brave

young captain, his firstborn, who fell nobly fighting in the second year of the war.

"But," added uncle, after a short pause, "as I hold that those just beginning to toil in the schools—no matter how ignorant and depraved they may be—need teachers of the most thorough education and training, I cannot consent that you go until you have finished your course at school."

I was a little disappointed at this delay, but felt that uncle was right, and that there would be as great need for teachers three years hence as now. So it came to pass that we went back to school, where we labored faithfully until one quiet June evening we found ourselves receiving our diplomas and the congratulations of friends.

In the meantime my gentle cousin had won the affections of a gifted young minister, who persuaded her that he and his people needed her more than did the freedmen of the South, and she had consented to become his wife in a few months.

I was still bent upon carrying out my long-cherished plan of going South as a teacher. The papers were thrilling with Ku-Klux horrors and the unsettled state of affairs at the South, so that my good uncle and aunt had many misgivings about my going. Nevertheless, uncle wrote to Colonel Winthrop—an old friend of his and my father's, who had bought a large plantation, and settled on it, near Columbia, S. C.—asking him if he thought it would be safe for me to come South and engage in teaching the freedmen.

In due time a reply came, saying that I would run no great risk in coming now; in short that he needed my assistance to carry out a pet plan of his own. The good colonel then went on to say that near his plantation was a settlement of poor whites, more ignorant and in a worse condition than the freedmen; and since so much was being done for the latter class, he had resolved to turn his attention to the former. He had already built a schoolhouse, and was only waiting for a teacher, in order to begin his labor of love; and if I would come and take charge of the school, and live with them, I would add much to their happiness, and no doubt make his plan a success.

Colonel W. was a retired merchant, and fully able to carry on a school of this kind without pecuniary assistance. Accordingly, when I read his invitation, accompanied by the offer of a liberal salary, I resolved to

go. It was therefore arranged that my cousin should be married early in October, and accompany me as far as Richmond on her bridal tour.

These arrangements being fully carried out, one lovely autumn morn I found myself tearfully bidding the young bride and her husband a sad farewell, ere I started on my journey southward. Nothing of interest transpired during the remainder of my journey, which terminated on Saturday morn'ng.

I expected to see the colonel's genial face among the crowd gathered to see the train come in, as he had written that he would meet me in Columbia. I was disappointed, however, and concluded that he had been detained in some unexpected way, and would soon make his appearance. Becoming tired of waiting, I thought I would venture out and take a look at this sad city. I told the clerk to tell Colonel W., if he came before I returned, that I had gone for a short walk and would soon be back.

The day was one of unsurpassed loveliness, and I wandered on in a dreamy sort of way, admiring the broken columns and magnificent ruins, that told so plainly how beautiful the city must have been before the fire swept over it. There were beautiful magnolias and other evergreens abounding in the yards of lovely residences, and the most beautiful streets had three rows of trees, one in the centre, and one on either side. There was a delicious balmy softness in the air; there were glimpses of a long bright summer, where the snows of winter tarry not, and the Ice King ruleth never.

But suddenly, while my enjoyment was at its height, I heard a strange voice say, "Lady, take care!"

I instantly turned and beheld a large creature, driven by two full-grown boys, coming rapidly toward me. Each had hold of a rope fastened to the creature's head, and they were doing their best to keep him within bounds. But, maddened by the ropes, the goading of the boys and the heat, the infuriated beast was ready to tear in pieces whatever came in his way. One glance sufficed to show me this, and that the beast had caught sight of me, and was ready to cool his angry blood by demolishing me. I hastily turned to seek refuge in the nearest gate, when another voice cried out, "There's a dog in there!"

However, I tried the gate, which to my

dismay I found locked. Not knowing what else to do, I turned to face my foe, now so near that I could almost touch his bent angry head, when suddenly I felt myself lifted from my feet and carried through the gate. My deliverance was so unexpected that I should hardly have been surprised to see some supernatural being standing by my side; but instead I beheld a tall fine-looking man, with long flowing sandy beard; hair of the same objectionable hue; large blue eyes — in whose tender light shone the man's true nature, in spite of his fiery locks; a broad white brow, and a voice of peculiar richness of tone, as I discovered when he asked me if I would go into the house and have a glass of wine, adding, however, that he believed that ladies preferred a cup of tea to anything else in great emergencies.

I thanked him for his kind hospitality, but declined to accept it, as I drank neither tea nor wine.

By this time the morning was far advanced, and, being anxious to return to the depot, I turned to my unknown friend and expressed to him the lifelong obligation under which he had placed me, and added that if he would show me out of his grounds, I would trouble him no further.

He started at once, saying, with true gallantry, that it had afforded him great pleasure to be of service to me; that he was reading on the veranda when he heard the lad admonish me to beware, and seeing the danger, had come to the rescue at a most opportune time. He then opened the gate and bowed me out after the manner of a true cavalier.

I hurriedly retraced my steps to the depot, where I found Colonel Winthrop much excited over my long absence; and not until we were safe in the good man's carriage did I tell him of my strange adventure. He looked very grave until I began to describe the man who had so suddenly snatched me, not from the horns of a dilemma, but from those of a bull; then I saw a merry twinkle in his eye as he asked if the gentleman had red hair, and if the house were white, with pillars in front.

I assured him the house answered to his description, but the gentleman's hair was not red, but a beautiful auburn.

"Humph! you," said he, "with your radical ideas and training, and unsparing dislike of Southerners, getting cross because I happen to assert that one of them has red

hair. Why, you innocent little puss, that man is Professor Arlington, as stanch a rebel as South Carolina affords."

Somehow I felt disappointed at this intelligence, for in my fright I had no time to think whether this stranger were a loyal or disloyal Southerner; for a Southerner I concluded he was from his speech and bearing.

"Well!" said I, "at all events he is a true type of Southern chivalry; but I suppose if he had known I was a Yankee schoolma'am, he would have let the angry animal kill me."

"No indeed!" said the colonel; "he is too noble a man for that."

"Ah," said I, "you defend him like an old friend."

"We are stanch friends," said he. "Our acquaintance began when he was our prisoner of war, and a braver, truer man I have never met."

By this time we had reached the Congaree River, over which we were ferried in a rope ferry, the bridge having been burned, I was told, to hinder Sherman's march to the sea. We were now in the country, and to my eyes everything looked new, wild and strange. There was much woodland, and many bridle paths. We would ride a long way without meeting teams or anybody but a solitary horseman, or a colored person with a bundle of "light 'ud" on his head.

I enjoyed the ride immensely, and therefore was surprised when the colonel turned and welcomed me to his home. Mrs. Winthrop ran down the carriage-way to meet me, and greeted me so cordially that tears came unbidden to my eyes. She was a sweet old lady, with an abundance of gray hair combed smoothly away from a wide low brow, underneath which a pair of mild gray eyes gave you a glimpse of the true woman's heart within.

They during an epidemic had lost seven lovely children, and I never saw sweeter submission to, or stronger faith in Him "who doeth all things well," than was daily evinced in their walk and conversation.

Colonel Winthrop's home was on the bank of the Congaree, and was just my ideal of a country residence south. There were long windows and wide verandas; high rooms and plenty of sunlight. No grand old trees stood so near the house that their great branches covered with foliage

made the house shadowy, damp and sickly. Trees there were, and shrubs; vines, sloping lawns and flowers; but everything was arranged with a view to health and enjoyment. The beauty of the place was due in a great measure to the taste of the gentleman who had formerly owned the plantation, though the colonel had made a few changes.

Once having safely reached my destination, I was anxious to begin my work. I therefore signified my willingness to open the school the next week. The colonel wished me to have a week or two to myself, in order to get rested, but my journey had not been in the least fatiguing, and I was young and enthusiastic. Due notice therefore having been given that the school would open, on Monday morning I repaired to my little schoolhouse—also situated on the bank of the Congaree—with a light heart.

This little house with its belfry, desks and school apparatus, was really a pocket edition of a town schoolhouse. Eagerly I opened the door, but at the first glimpse of my pupils I started back aghast. Had some lone graveyard given up its dead to furnish a school? I had read and heard of clay-eaters, but my imagination had never pictured anything like the little creatures now before me.

There they sat with corpse-like complexions, dull expressionless eyes, half-open mouths and bloated bodies. I ventured to speak to them, and undertook to give them a lesson; but I very soon discovered that, if I were going to accomplish anything, I must turn myself into a dietetic reformer, and in order to do this I would have to become acquainted with the parents and homes of these children.

Time would fail me to tell of the discouragements met in the beginning of my work; but by unwearied patience and kindness I got the parents to prohibit the use of snuff and clay among their children, so far as they were able, and by winning the love of the little ones entrusted to my care, and watching that they were not destitute of necessary food, in a few months I had the satisfaction of beholding a decided change in the physical and mental condition of my pupils. Colonel W. and other friends of the school aided me immeasurably in the supply of food and clothing.

Thus the autumn and early winter—to

me, accustomed to deep snows and fierce cold, there had been no winter—wore rapidly away, when one morning the colonel turned to his wife and said, "Fred has come home; I saw him in town this morning. He sent kind remembrances to you, and said he should be out here in a few days. Now I warn you." turning to me, "little schoolma'am, not to lose your heart to my rebel friend."

"You seem to be very intimate with rebels," said I; "and I don't know as I shall be surprised if I hear you declaring in favor of the 'lost cause' some day in the future. As to losing my heart, allow me to inform you, sir, that when I get ready to enter the ranks matrimonial I shall not look among Southern chivalry for a companion to conduct me thither."

So saying I rose, made a mocking courtesy, and left the breakfast-room. Thence I proceeded to my little schoolroom, now a really delightful place in which to linger. My pupils, thanks to the new regimen, were beginning to look like genuine flesh and blood creatures, and were doing as well in their studies as I could wish or expect.

That afternoon, after an unusually pleasant day with my scholars, as I sat dreamily watching the tireless waters of the Congaree rushing over its rocky bed, and the white fleecy clouds leisurely moving across the clear blue sky, a desire came over me to go in search of wild flowers, of which there was now an abundance in field and wood. The great sun going rapidly to his red home in the west admonished me that I must start at once if I would be home before the night shadows fell. Therefore, without saying a word to any one, I caught up my hat, called Nero—our great shaggy Newfoundland dog—and was off for the woods where the yellow jessamine was blooming in great profusion.

I followed one of the bridle paths so frequent in Southern woods, and soon came out to the highway. There, right before me by the roadside, were some of the most beautiful jessamines, twining around a tall shrub that grew right behind the stump of a fallen tree. In an instant I decided to possess some of these beautiful flowers, and hastily mounting the stump, I was soon oblivious to everything but my coveted possessions. I had gathered nearly all the flowers I wished, when I espied some perfectly beautiful ones, growing just beyond

my reach. I caught hold of the vine in order to bring them down within my reach, and in so doing bent down a treacherous blackberry bush, which was concealed by the entwining flowers, and it, as if to avenge the loss of its lovely, loving neighbors, laid hold of my veil, my hat and my hair, in that inextricable way known only to a brier bush.

While I was endeavoring to extricate myself from its thorny grasp, a low growl from Nero told me some one was approaching, and pausing in my fruitless efforts for freedom, I distinctly heard the clatter of hoofs coming down the road. I made one more frantic effort to be rid of my foe, but found that only time and patience could work my deliverance.

Since escape was impossible at present, I hoped by quieting Nero to remain unobserved; but imagine my dismay, when the solitary horseman appeared in view at a bend in the road, to see Nero spring up with a glad cry, and with recognition wagging from every part of his shaggy frame, bound forward to meet him riding leisurely along. I heard him speak kindly and call Nero's name, and still hoped that the dog would prevent his noticing me; but what should that villanous old Nero do when they drew near but run barking to me!

There I stood on a stump, with flowers strewn all about me, my hat and veil torn from my head, a part of my hair standing up, a part falling over my face, and the rest looped up by a relentless blackberry bush, wreathed with jessamines.

Talk about turning the colors of one's country! I not only turned red, white and blue, but most of the new neutral tints too.

Looking up in the midst of my confusion, I saw a pair of blue eyes regarding me so roguishly that, forgetting dignity, and recognizing the ludicrousness of my position, I burst out in a merry laugh, and the stranger relieved himself in the same happy way.

Soon he found voice to say, "I think I can assist you, madam;" saying which he speedily dismounted, and was soon carefully loosening my dark locks from the grasp of the bush. I remarked that he had my permission to be as expeditious as possible, since the hair all grew from my scalp, and having had it pulled for the last ten or fifteen minutes, I was quite hardened to such treatment.

In due time I was set free, but left in

such a ridiculous plight that we again made the woods echo with laughter, much to the astonishment of dignified old Nero, who, however, condescended to wag his tail and look very innocent.

Before I had time to thank the stranger for his timely assistance, with true gallantry he mounted his horse, and as he touched his hat, said, "I hope the next time you take the stump for a flowery campaign, you may find fewer thorns in the field;" and then rode rapidly away.

I remembered distinctly where I had met him before, but I was at a loss to know whether he had recognized me or not. Slowly, with mingled feelings of amusement and vexation, I gathered up my flowers, descended from my high position, and started for home. I would have boxed old Nero's ears soundly, if he had not taken the precaution to run off with his old friend.

Arriving at the gate I saw that there was company in the house. The colonel's three years' residence had insured him many warm personal friends, among both Northern and Southern people. I opened the gate, when whom should I see sitting on the veranda but the gentleman who had seen me in that unlucky plight only so short a time before! Silently closing the gate, I stole around to the back way, and succeeded in entering the house unobserved.

Once in my room I resolved to leave it no more that night. Presently Perdita, Mrs. W.'s little maid, came up to my room saying that Mrs. Winthrop had sent her to see if I were in, and to ask me to come down to the parlor. I bade her say to Mrs. W. that I was too tired to come down, and that I wished to be excused from appearing at the tea-table. Good Mrs. W. came herself to see what was the matter, and I frankly told her I was not in the mood to meet strangers, especially a hero of the "lost cause." The kind lady kissed me tenderly, stroked my disordered hair, and said I should have my own way. Left alone I had a good cry, then ate a light supper, wrote a few letters, went to bed and slept soundly all through the long night.

The next morning "Richard was himself again," and hurrying down stairs before the breakfast-bell rang, I tripped gayly into the parlor in search of the colonel and his lady. I greeted the master of the house with a saucy bow, and turning to Mrs. Winthrop, impulsively threw my arms around her

neck, kissed her on either cheek, and was on the point of telling her what had so disturbed me the night before, when I heard the colonel say, "Miss Lattimer, mother and I are not the only persons in the world; allow me to present Professor Arlington, my friend, of whom you have often heard me speak."

I turned and met the calm gaze of the man I dreaded most to meet. Neither by word nor look from him would one have known that we had ever met before, but my self-possession was entirely gone, and I was conscious of having acquitted myself very badly during the ceremony of introduction. Fortunately the breakfast bell made conversation on my part unnecessary.

The professor took Mrs. Winthrop in to breakfast, and I was escorted by the colonel, who bantered me on my confusion, which of course failed to put me at my ease.

Our guest was seated at the right of the hostess, and as there were only four of us, was my vis-a-vis. The conversation was carried on chiefly by Mrs. Winthrop and the professor, and from that I learned that he had been very ill, and as soon as he was well enough to travel, had gone to spend a few months with his mother, who was a widow living in Petersburg, Va.

I decided, moreover, that this was the Fred of whom the colonel had spoken only the morning before, and against whose charms I was to stand immovable. To me the breakfast passed awkwardly and uncomfortably. Three times I had met this man, and each time the circumstances had conspired to show me at a disadvantage. I ate my breakfast in silence, and as soon as I could decently do so excused myself. I believed I had made an unfavorable impression, and there was no use to try and mend the matter.

The morning was one of those that drop so softly, sweetly beautiful from Southern skies, but I sought my schoolroom with a heavy heart. I fancied I was getting homesick and pining for old scenes and faces. Surely I had no need to feel lonely. I was not in the least isolated from society, but on the contrary had been kindly and politely received in this land of strangers, and had thoroughly enjoyed my first winter South.

I remembered how the teachers of the freedmen in Columbia had told me that they had no society outside of the "Home;" that Northern people ignored them quite as

much as Southern. I thought of all these things as I walked along the bank of the nolay river, while the birds twittered in the morning sunlight all about me, and I decided that too many bright things had come to me in this land of warmth and flowers, to let the consciousness that I had unfavorably impressed a stranger make me unhappy. So with a lighter heart I opened the door of my schoolhouse, and entered cheerfully upon the duties of the day.

The morning was far advanced, when, in response to a rap, one of my little boys opened the door, and ushered in Professor Arlington. He came to my desk with the easy and courteous manner of a gentleman, and I—well, my schoolhouse was my kingdom, and I was not easily disconcerted in it—consequently, I was able to receive him for the first time in a calm and dignified manner. After chatting a few moments I asked him to be seated, and then went on with my duties as though no one were present.

I only had one session with a short recess, and my school closed at two o'clock. The professor staid until the last pupil had left the room, and then rose and congratulated me on the flourishing condition of my school, adding that he did not know that he had ever so thoroughly enjoyed visiting a school before. He seemed to have expected to find pupils of another color and motion, and expressed himself as greatly astonished to find such children among the class known as "poor whites." From school matters we drifted into other topics, until presently I found myself sauntering leisurely by his side in the direction of home.

After that I saw him frequently, for he came often to the plantation, and I never thought of avoiding him any more than I did any visitor who came to the house. So it came to pass that we had many rides together, oftenest on horseback, through the wild strange country in South Carolina. I enjoyed these excursions immeasurably, and was as happy and gay as though there were no labor and sorrow in the world.

There were moonlight walks up and down the lawn, and along the banks of the Congaree, and this stanch Southerner and I, an equally stanch Northerner, had often warm discussions politically and otherwise. He had been nurtured in the hotbed of slavery, I, in the hotbed of abolitionism; yet we learned to respect each other's prejudices,

and got on famously together. As we rode through the wild beautiful South, where the gray moss hung in graceful festoons from splendid old trees, and flowers grew in rich profusion, I could not help admiring the beauty and desirableness of the climate.

"If," said I, "you were not so far behind the times your country would be a perfect Eden."

"Well," said he, "granting that we are a trifle slow. I think that we get more real pleasure out of living than you Yankees, who are so eager in the pursuit of wealth that you never have time to enjoy life until you are broken down in health, and consequently unable to enjoy anything."

I was strong in my denunciation of the Ku-Klux, and the treatment people from the North received when coming to live South. He looked at me sadly with his large blue eyes as he replied:

"You in your north-land know nothing of the desolations of war. You laid your loved ones and your money on the altar of your country, 'tis true—but we gave not only our loved ones and our means, but our country was invaded and our fields and homes laid waste. I would not excuse the Ku-Klux, but in a conquered country there are always lawless men whom war and defeat have demoralized and brutalized. I know it has been often said that the Ku-Klux have been upheld by the best class of people South, but this is false. No one deplores the existence of these lawless men more than I do, and I but speak the honest sentiments of many of my countrymen. As to Northern people living among us, I don't believe any nation or people would be overjoyed to have their conquerors settle among them. You will have to acknowledge that a large percentage of those coming to dwell among us are mere adventurers. They are attracted here by office, and perhaps the beauty of our climate; they care nothing for the negro only to secure their own political advancement. Men, who at home would never have been elected to the office of squire, come here and together with a lot of ignorant darkies, are elected to fill the highest offices in our land."

"Then," said I, "if you acknowledge your colored people are ignorant, why are you so averse to having them taught; and why are ladies of culture and refinement, who come here to do a noble work, treated like dogs? Some of them are wealthy and

self-supporting; some come from the lower walks of life; and some have not nobly fulfilled their mission; yet is that any reason why they should have been hooted at in the streets, rudely stared at by men lounging on the street corners, and spit upon by ladies under whose balconies they were passing?"

"None of our *true* ladies and gentlemen have ever treated strangers thus. Though they do not wish to recognize them socially, or even at all, they are above direct insult, and feel that he or she who risks his reputation for the sake of doing good gives the highest proof of moral heroism. We cannot feel towards the negro as you do. To us of this generation, and perhaps the next, they will be very much inferior to the white race."

I told him of my original intention to come South as a teacher of the freedmen, and he laughingly replied that he was glad I did not, though he did not doubt that if I had we should have been just as good friends as now, provided we had ever come to know each other.

Thus our conversation drifted from troubled waters into the smooth ocean of a summer's day; and thus the professor continued his visits at the farm, until I found myself eagerly looking forward to the coming of this rebel, in whose society I found real enjoyment. Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop had a way of excusing themselves and leaving us much together. Neither of us expressed any regret or concern at their conduct, which proves that we were satisfied with each other. Now too my rebel friend began to have a way of looking at me that caused my eyes to droop and sent the rich blood to dye my face crimson. Once, as he took my hand to bid me good-night, he retained it a moment, then giving me a look I shall never forget, drew me in o his arms, whispered, "You must know I love you, Miss Lattimer," kissed my lips and was gone. I do not know how long I stood just where he left me—not completely overcome at his sudden and unexpected declaration of love, but trying to analyze my own feelings—and I was forced to acknowledge that without the slightest intention of doing so I had given this man my heart.

A few days after this the officers of the Union army gave a May ball in the city. Colonel and Mrs. Winthrop, stanch Presbyterians though they were, consented to go for my sake. I was to wear a simple mus-

lin and a few wild flowers—no ribbons or jewelry. I was young; I loved to dance; my heart was light, and my simple costume exceedingly becoming. As our party entered the ballroom brilliant with light and flowers, Professor Arlington came eagerly forward to greet us. He was all politeness and attention; brought and presented to us the belle of Southern society, a Miss Davis, who was once such a hater of Yankees that it is reported she said she would like to wear a shawl dyed with Yankees' blood. She was a small sylphlike creature, very pretty, and richly and elegantly attired. Nevertheless she was very affable toward our party, so much so that it amounted almost to patronage.

The professor had brought her to the ball, and she had that irresistible way—to men—that all of those tiny creatures have, of getting close up to him and snapping her eyes up in her face; perhaps I was jealous, I don't know;—at any rate I had a delightful time until a young lieutenant, with whom I was chatting, called my attention to the graceful waltzing of a couple not far from us, who were Miss Davis and the professor.

"He is very much in love with her I suppose; at all events they are to be married in September," continued my loquacious companion.

For an instant the room seemed whirling around, then I recovered myself, and was greatly interested in the whole affair.

"Married in September?" questioned I.

"Yes, her brother told me all about it. She is very wealthy, and he is poor; they go abroad for a year or two."

If ever I was brilliant or fascinating it was during the remainder of that night spent at the party. I caught the professor regarding me with looks of wonder not unmixed with admiration, but I gave him no chance to come near me. O! would this party never end? How thankful I was when I found myself in the carriage with Colonel and Mrs. Winthrop. I just wanted to lean back in the carriage and think, but they petted, praised and flattered me all the way home, and I was forced to be gay. How much of life is an outright lie, thought I. Once alone in my room, I threw myself into a chair and put a wet compress of tears on my aching heart. With relief came a feeling of indignation toward the man who I believed had deliberately sought my love with the intention of casting it back again

for no other reason than to conquer and humble a Yankee. Well, thought I, he shall learn 'that a Yankee's heart can bend without breaking. To be sure I was not a genuine Yankee, but to Southerners all people from the Northern States are Yankees.

The professor came regularly as before the ball, but I was always away doing missionary work among the poor whites, or too busy or tired to come down if I happened to be caught at home. Colonel and Mrs. Winthrop rallied me on my change of behaviour, but drew no confession from me.

Thus the month of May passed, and June, the last month of the school year came, and I was to go home for the long vacation. I was longing for the time to come, for I was not quite happy, and the heat was becoming excessive. In all this time I had not had a half hour alone with the professor, and did not mean to have ever again, for he would be married and gone when I returned in the fall, and that was the end of my romance.

One day as I was returning home after a long and dispiriting walk to visit a sick family, whom should I encounter in my lonely walk but Professor Arlington? I had resolved that no show of manner on my part should indicate any change of feeling toward him, so I greeted him as of old, and we chatted gayly on indifferent topics until we reached the colonel's grounds.

The professor paused before the gate, and turning to me said, "Miss Lattimer, will you not come with me to the rustic seat on the bank of the river? I want to have a talk with you."

Reading a refusal to grant his request in my face, he quickly added, "Give me but half an hour of your company, and I'll never make a similar request if you do not wish it."

I turned wearily towards the river and he followed. I sat down in the rustic seat while he stood before me and spoke as follows—"Did I so much offend you that night when I let my heart speak, that you have persistently avoided me ever since? or did you take that course to show me that the attachment was all on one side? or have I unwittingly offended you? if so, as your friend I have a right to an explanation."

"Offended me?" cried I—and I think if ever a pair of black eyes flashed, mine did then—"have you ever intended to do anything else but grieve and insult me? Have you not, for the sake of a personal spite to-

ward my countrymen, stooped to try and win a woman's love, for the pleasure of humbling and subduing her, and then calmly to toss back her love as a useless toy? I do not deny that I have liked you; I have found pleasure in your society, and the night you said you loved me was the happiest of my life. Take this knowledge and with it enrich your triumph; but do not think my heart will break, or that I will be accommodating enough to shuffle off this mortal coil, for even the sake of making your triumph complete. I expect to stay here and teach a great many years, while you and your bride are testing the sweets of domestic bliss. Your little game is played, and I congratulate you on your approaching marriage. You have chosen wisely; with Miss Davis you have youth, beauty and wealth, whereas if your attachment for me had been real you would have had to dispense with the beauty and money."

All this time he stood with folded arms, regarding me with a grieved astonished look, until I began to talk of bride and Miss Davis, and then I saw the troubled look leave his face, and a happy light steal into his blue eyes. When I had finished he simply said, "My brother is professor of Greek and Latin in Columbia College, and he is to marry Miss Davis in September, and go abroad for a year or two;"—then held out his arms and said "come."

My heart leaped to obey its master, and in an instant I was in his arms crying, sobbing, and begging him to forgive the cruel things I had said.

"My darling, I have nothing to forgive," said he; "I do not wonder that you thought I was a monster when you heard I was engaged to one woman, and knew I had been making love to another. By the way, who posted you so wrongly?"

"Why, Lieutenant Gleason at the ball told me that the brother of Miss Davis had told him that Professor Arlington and his sister were to be married in the fall, and he thought he meant you."

"Well," said he, "ours is an impoverished house; I have only my salary to live on; but my heart is full of love for you and I want you to be my wife. Do you love me well enough to share my altered fortunes?"

I let my heart speak and told him I did, and that I would do my best to make him happy. But talking under such circumstances is difficult, on account of "refresh-

ments" having to be taken so often. Suffice it to say, before we left the bank of the river it was arranged that he should come for me in the autumn, and that henceforth his "people should be my people, and his God my God."

Returning to the house we met Colonel and Mrs. Winthrop on the veranda, and I, coward that I was, ran up stairs and left Fred to make explanations. The good couple were delighted, having only one regret, which was for the school.

So it came to pass that I was led to the ranks matrimonial by one of the Southern chivalry, and can only excuse myself for saying one thing and doing another, by reminding my friends that all of us at some time in our lives find ourselves doing some-

thing we once declared we would not do. We have now been married six years. I love my Southern home, and have found warm friends among the Southern people.

Two beautiful boys, one five, the other three years of age, are the light of our home. Sprung from a union of North and South they will be taught to love their country and honor the dear old flag. My kind old uncle is dead. In his will I shared equally with his children, and when I demurred at this, aunt and the children would have it so — so I took the five thousand dollars falling to me and purchased a home, and here we will kindly take leave of you, informing you that the colonel's school is still flourishing, and fitting men and women from the lowest walks of life for great usefulness.

A NEW LIFE.

BY EMMA J. THOMPSON.

Too long I've dreamed and doubted,
Too long I've feared and wept;
I should have walked more bravely,
And never basely crept.

My faith was always wanting;
I'd ever reason *why*
Must I do this or that thing—
Why walk instead of fly?

I could not be contented
To work without a goal—
O, whither am I going?
Was the query of my soul.

A new life now upspringeth,
A purpose firm and true,
A dreadful foe to conquer
Now cometh to my view.

Myself is this dread foe;
No greater will I meet;
And cowardice and fear
Shall have their winding-sheet.

My past shall all be buried—
Its sore and bitter woe;

Norwich, Conn., December, 1876.

No more my soul shall tamper
With scenes of long ago.

I'll bravely toil and struggle,
And faith I'll try to make
Both staff and trusty weapon,
And nevermore forsake.

A faith in Love Divine,
In greater, wiser powers,
That can and do assist us
In many darksome hours.

A faith, too, in self-power,
That a strong and dauntless will
Can oft great deeds accomplish
The throbbing heart oft still.

To help the poor and needy,
To calm the troubled breast,
To prove a life immortal,
And lift the soul oppressed—

Shall be my constant duty—
No flagging must there be;
And, surely, there'll be *something*,
Some peace at last for me.

FORTUNE-TELLING.

BY KATE PUTNAM.

"You actually believe in ghosts! Let me look at you. I never heard of such a thing before." And Lou Barrington scanned Allie Duncan with the air of one who indeed had found a curiosity.

"Yes," answered Allie, in a somewhat fearful voice, at the same time looking apprehensively around, as if she stood in momentary awe of seeing the cheerful sunshine burn brimstone blue, and a sheeted spectre arise from the shade of every rustic pillar that supported the piazza. "Yes, I do believe in ghosts."

Three gentlemen smoking on the further end of the veranda threw away their cigars, and joined the young ladies, having overheard the loud exclamation of Lou Barrington, and feeling a decided interest in the subject under consideration.

All three were young men; Walden Bourne, a handsome fellow, with big black eyes, and hair, and mustache—and, some whispered, temper to correspond; but, nevertheless, good-hearted, and a general favorite; Ford Grafton, his antipodes in all save personal beauty, blue-eyed and fair-haired, with face and head of that type which brings out the commonplace in others, as might be seen by contrasting him with Harry Marsh, the last, and—shall I say it?—least of the trio, a young man distinguished for champagne suppers, fast horses, unlimited card-playing, and some deficiency of brains, yet wilful moving in good society, and eminently a person to know.

As they approached Allie cast a reproachful glance at Lou, whose demure innocence was really edifying.

"You have come just in time," she said, addressing no one in particular, and the three gentlemen in general; "you have come just in time to hear Allie repeat a thrilling ghost story, for she declares she believes in them, and of course has some foundation, probably in a personal experience. When was it, where was it, how was it, Allie?"

That young lady blushed and pouted to have so many eyes simultaneously directed at her; then, the ghastly terror returning,

again she glanced nervously about, for her curly head was filled to overflowing with superstition.

"Ten to one, Miss Lou," said Harry Marsh, who could not well speak without drawing his illustrations from the turf or the gaming-table, "ten to one, *you're* not afraid of anything, spiritual or substantial, as my philosophy used to have it."

"Of course not," laughed Lou; "and why in the name of common sense *should* any one be? And only to think of this foolish little creature, who no doubt dreads her own shadow, or to be alone in the dark!"

"Her shadow! why, 'twouldn't be large enough to be perceptible. I'd as soon think of mentioning a humming-bird's shadow!" said Walden Bourne, looking down at Allie Duncan, who, by dint of standing on tiptoe, might perhaps come within half a foot of his shoulder; and whom, partly in consequence of her diminutive size, partly because she was such a pretty simple little thing, every one treated like a child. Nevertheless, she held in her childish keeping more hearts than she could well reckon, and among them those of Walden Bourne and Ford Grafton; which perhaps explained their following her like puppets pulled by a string, as teasing Lou Barrington declared.

"Now, Allie," exclaimed Lou, impatiently, "aren't you ashamed to keep us waiting! Come, little Queen Mab, was it a gigantic grasshopper or a furious bumble-bee which threatened your majesty?"

"Yes, Miss Allie, what was it? went you tell *me*?" said Walden Bourne, persuasively, with a slight emphasis on the pronoun, sufficient, however, to make Ford Grafton cast upon him as black a look as his blue eyes were capable of bestowing.

"Why yes," said Allie, softening suddenly; "I'd tell you if there was anything to tell, but it was only this: Lou and I were talking, and she told me I looked as pale as if I had seen a ghost; and I said, O, please do not speak so, and she asked me if I believed in them, and I said yes, and then you came, and she's been teasing me ever since—"

"And, and, and?" interrupted Lou Barrington; "what a pitiable case! And one more 'and'—you're the most superstitious little goose in creation."

"If you call me names I'll go into the house," said Allie, indignantly.

"There, there! so I would! only something might happen to it. Something always does to little folks that go off in a pet."

"Something always does to such adepts in teasing as you, Miss Barrington," said Bourne, with a laugh; then turning to Allie, "Don't mind her; she's only trying to frighten you, but I won't allow her. There are no such things as ghosts. Won't you believe me?"

Again the slight emphasis, and again a black look from Ford Grafton, who held himself apart from so absurd a conversation.

"You're my very best friend, I know," exclaimed Allie, impulsively; "and I'd believe you sooner than any one else;" whereupon Mr. Bourne looked protectingly down at her, and darted a queer little look at Grafton from his black eyes.

"But then," added Allie, after a little hesitation, "though to be sure I never saw one, there are so many stories of their appearance, which must be true, that I may see one at any time," concluding with a shudder, that brought Bourne a trifle nearer. He felt half tempted to frighten her, but, seeing that these foolish fears were no laughing matter to her, he not only refrained from any aggravation, but very considerably attempted to dispel them. In this laudable endeavor Harry Marsh joined, Lou Barrington laughing heartily, meanwhile, and Ford Grafton sulkily silent, affecting great interest in a carriage passing on the high-road, some rods distant.

But all argument failed to convince Allie Duncan that her *bete noir* was imaginary. From childhood, when her nurse had filled her ears with tales of supernatural events, she had been the most superstitious little creature living. Everything had its significance, its omen. Not a dog could bark, nor a bird peck on the window, nor that harmless little insect, the death-watch, sound its tick-tick in the walls, but it straightway sent little Miss Allie into a preternatural solemnity.

Ford Grafton, tiring of the monotonous occupation of gazing after a carriage, and

stroking the head of his little terrier, here joined in the conversation.

"There," said Lou, who ordinarily disliked him, but greatly respected his reasoning powers, "the Oracle is going to speak. I hope he may convince you, Allie, for I have lost all patience with you."

"Miss Barrington," said Grafton, gravely, "I am sorry to say that I could not convince her, as my argument would only strengthen her belief."

Chorus of astonished voices: "What! you believe in ghosts!" and an amazed "By Jove!" from Harry Marsh.

"I certainly believe in the supernatural," replied Ford Grafton, with undisturbed composure, despite the dawning frown on the forehead of Walden Bourne. "In every age we have, I think, sufficient evidence that not only are such things possible, but that they have actually occurred. Don't understand me to say that they are frequent, or that I credit one thousandth part of the rubbish that has been said or written about them, but simply that superstition is as natural an instinct as love or hate, and as well-founded."

Lou Barrington's eyes were like saucers; Allie Duncan was trembling, Bourne angry, and Harry Marsh "deuced bored," as he would have phrased it, for the existence or non-existence of the supernatural element was to him a matter of supreme indifference.

"This element," continued Grafton, who had a profound disbelief of what he was saying, but certain reasons, nevertheless, for his argument, "has existed in every age. No nation has been free from it. The witchcraft of the colonial day had as solid a foundation of truth as the spiritualism of the present."

"Just about!" interposed Walden Bourne, but Grafton went on, unmoved.

"Where once there were magicians, we now have mediums and fortune-tellers; most of whom are, of course, charlatans, but I hardly see how a rational mind can entertain a doubt that a small proportion really have the insight which they claim. Now, for instance," he continued, looking at Allie, on whom no word was lost, but who sat with her eyes riveted in an awful fascination upon his face, "there is in this very place an old woman whom the villagers style 'Marm Woodbury,' who professes fortune-telling, and who is said actually to

ne able to foretell the future, having predicted many events which have afterwards transpired."

Looking up, the speaker experienced no small annoyance to see that Allie, with very pale cheeks, had drawn up nearer to Walden Bourne, who, with his tall figure and broad shoulders, certainly looked as if, could strength avail, he might protect one from any danger, supernatural or otherwise.

"Have you ever seen this sibyl?" asked Lou, incredulously, of Mr. Grafton.

"Yes, I saw her yesterday, washing clothes in one of the most picturesque places I was ever in. The contrast annoyed me so, that I inquired whose house—so called *par courtesie*, as it is only a hovel—it was by Elton Brook, and was informed that 'Marm Woodbury' lived there. Asking further, I was told that she 'knew a sight, and could tell fortunes.' So, Miss Lou, if you wish for a sibylline leaf, we will go there this afternoon. I suppose that Miss Allie would hardly dare to venture, however."

Now, of all things, Allie longed yet feared to have her fortune told, as Ford Grafton very well knew, for she had been fairly in a quiver ever since the subject was mentioned.

So it was arranged that Mr. Grafton should accompany Miss Barrington and her friend Miss Duncan to the house by Elton Brook, on that very afternoon, the time having been carefully chosen by Ford, who happened to be aware that a previous engagement would prevent Walden Bourne from forming one of the party.

"Wont it be fun enough, Allie?" exclaimed the former; "but come, it's time to dress for dinner."

And the ladies left the piazza; whereupon Walden Bourne found the company uncongenial, and departed also.

"Confound it, Grafton!" said Harry Marsh, "you were a fool to trump your own trick. Bourne stands twenty pegs higher than you in little Duncan's estimation, all through your frightening her, take my word for it."

"Your wisdom is as infallible as your vocabulary is select." And Ford Grafton turned on his heel with a contemptuous smile, as he could well afford to do, possessing twenty times the cleverness of Harry Marsh.

The latter gentleman, left alone, gazed after his companion with a "whew," and took out another cigar. His solitary smoke was enlivened with meditations oddly mingled, concerning the disposition to shy manifested by his tandem leader, the points in his last game of euchre, and the twinkling feet and altogether bewildering "style" of Lou Barrington. In which profitable revery we will leave him.

The afternoon found the trio at "Marm Woodbury's" miserable hovel, undeserving the name of "house," with which it was dignified by her neighbors. Ford Grafton was cool and self-possessed, as usual, Allie all a-tremble with blended fear and excitement, while Lou, animated by the spirit of frolic, was on the *qui vive* for the fun of the adventure. That fun, however, so far as concerned herself, proved rather small; for, before uttering a single prediction, the grim seeress required a solemn vow that her oracle should be implicitly obeyed, a vow which sensible Lou had no notion of taking. So, the fortune-teller and her visitor being equally obstinate, the latter was forced to content herself with the prospect of listening to the recital of Allie's destiny. Here again, however, she was doomed to disappointment; for, although that little lady did not hesitate to vow the performance of something to which she felt certain the fates would compel her, the sibyl, mysterious beyond most of her weird sisterhood, would not repeat the fortune aloud, according to the common fashion, but, after closely scanning Allie's pretty palm with many unintelligible mutterings, very secretly wrote something upon a slip of paper which none were allowed to see. Enclosing the paper in a sealed envelop, she gave it to Allie, with instructions to read it exactly one year from that day, until which time no mortal eye, not even her own, must rest upon it. Then, reminding the half-frightened child of the vow of obedience, she dismissed her visitors.

"Well, Mr. Bourne, would you like to know the result of our call on Mr. Grafton's famous sibyl?" exclaimed Lou Barrington, who, ever since their return, had been grumbling over her disappointment.

"Of all things," replied that gentleman, who did, indeed, look genuinely interested. "I was meditating the propriety of asking some particulars, but was afraid of frightening Miss Allie, she looks so pale."

"I'm sure I don't know what she has to look pale about," rejoined Lou, impatiently, "unless 'twas the sight of such a vision of dirt and ugliness as one can't expect to see twice in a lifetime! As for anything more, why, 'twas a complete imposition."

"You forget, Miss Barrington," interposed Ford Grafton from behind the pillar where he was lounging, watching the deepening shadows, "that you cannot claim anything at her hands, as you would not agree to follow her directions."

"Who, that had seen her, would!" exclaimed the young lady, contemptuously. "Surrender my will to such a creature as that? No indeed, Mr. Grafton, not I!"

"O, Miss Lou, I have not the slightest intention of defending the woman's personal appearance. Granted that she would not shine in polite society, but, after all, what does that prove? I believe it is not upon record that those most distinguished for supernatural gifts have been conspicuous for either beauty or elegance."

"O, that's all very well for argument," said Lou, who had listened impatiently to his specious words; "but do you mean to say, Mr. Grafton, that you yourself actually believe it in the power of that low ignorant creature to foretell Allie's future, as she pretended to do?"

Out of his shadow Grafton cast a glance at Allie Duncan, whose face, revealed by the moonlight, was strained and eager, while her eyes were opened wide in anticipation. Biting a smile into the corner of his mustache, he answered, gravely:

"As you know, Miss Lou, I had no better opportunity than yourself for judging of the probability of this special prediction, but that the prophecy, whatever it may be, contained in that paper will be fulfilled, I do most sincerely believe. But why appeal to a third person? Ask Miss Allie what she herself thinks."

Whereat, Allie, being set upon vigorously, was heard at length in a very tremulous tone to declare her faith that the prediction embodied in the mysterious paper would every word come true. Upon which Lou lost all patience, and accepting Harry Marsh's oft-urged invitation, went off for a moonlight drive, in the course of which she was to tell his fortune. Presently Ford Grafton, feeling, perhaps, tolerably sure of his game, did not care to follow it up too closely, rose and sauntered into the house,

saying, with a supernivious smile, as he passed Walden Bourne:

"I will leave you to try your arguments with Miss Duncan, Bourne. I trust you may be successful."

The tone, and the slight emphasis upon certain words, left no doubt of the double meaning of this innuendo. Bourne looked after him with an expression seeming to indicate that the arguments he would incline to try with *him* were more forcible than pleasant. Then he turned to Allie.

"Now, Miss Allie, you are going to tell me your fortune, aren't you?"

"O, I don't know it myself," she replied.

"What, do you really mean that you haven't looked at that paper yet?"

"Of course not," with simple astonishment.

"Then we'll read it together. Perhaps there's something about me in it, you know, Miss Allie."

But, unheeding this hint, Allie shrank back, alarmed by the thought of disobeying the fortune teller's directions.

"What, won't you trust me?" said Bourne, reproachfully.

But Allie, very pale, begged him not to urge her to what she dared not do.

"At least let me see the outside."

And, with many injunctions, she drew from her pocket the treasure, which she placed in his hand. Of course his solicitations began again, and, with the paper in his grasp, he commenced a serious expostulation upon the folly and danger of a belief in such absurdities. But, pettishly snatching it from him, she restored it to her pocket, and ran up stairs, without bidding him good-night.

Walden Bourne sat a few moments where she had left him, engaged in some deep meditation, then, rising, turned to enter the house. He had not taken two steps, however, when something gleaming white in the moonlight arrested his attention. Stooping, he picked up what proved to be the identical paper containing Allie Duncan's fortune, which she had snatched from him three minutes before, and which, missing her pocket, had evidently fallen unperceived to the ground.

The young man sat down again, to consider this new development. His wish to read the paper had arisen from far more than mere curiosity. Something in Ford Grafton's look, tone and manner had al-

ready excited his suspicion, and, knowing how easily Allie's superstitious fears could be played upon, he fancied that there might have been foul play in connection with this fortune-telling expedition, conducted with secrecy and caution so unusual. In his hand he held the key to solve this mystery, and, after due deliberation, he did not find it inconsistent with his honor, scrupulous as it was, to cast aside the means of saving this simple child from the toils of an adversary so unequally matched as wily Ford Grafton. So, without further ado, he opened the envelop, the seal yielding readily, and, with darkening brow, read, by the aid of the clear moonlight, the following lines, written in a hand which, though feigned, he recognized as Ford Grafton's:

"ALICE UNDERWOOD DUNCAN, — You have dared to seek the dread knowledge of your destiny, and sworn to abide by the revelation of the spirits through their medium. Know, then, that your marriage will take place in fifteen months from this date, on the 10th of September, 1864. Within a week after you read this, your lover will ask you to be his wife, down by the river, under the great maple. You must answer yea, and marry him on the day appointed. He is a tall gentleman, with blue eyes and fair complexion, and his name is Ford Grafton. He loves you dearly, and will make you happy. If you abide by your vow, the blessings of the spirits will rest upon you. If not—beware!"

The face of Walden Bourne, as he read this precious epistle, was a study, expressing the conflicting emotions of anger at Grafton, love for Allie, and amusement at the whole affair.

"This is the nineteenth century, and such absurdities exist!" he thought; then, reflecting that there was no time to be lost in musing, he considered a moment as to what course would be best to pursue under the circumstances.

If he handed it back to Allie, the foolish child, whatever might be her inclination, would not dare to act otherwise than in accordance with the commands ordained therein. If he did not restore it, she would miss it, and the result would be simply another visit to that "confounded old hag," as Bourne vengefully termed "Marm Woodbury," and the lost paper would be replaced by one precisely similar, as Ford

Grafton would be sure to know of whatever transpired.

Now Walden Bourne had a reasonably definite idea, if Allie Duncan had not, what one of all her lovers stood first in her affections, and had been tolerably secure as to the final disposition of the prize equally coveted by himself and Grafton. So, after another moment of deliberation, his course was decided—namely: to leave the fortune unaltered, with the exception of the passage containing the name and description of her lover. This he changed, to read as follows:

"A tall gentleman, with *black* eyes and *dark* complexion, and his name is *Walden Bourne*."

This being done, he tore a leaf from his notebook, hastily copied the original, in an effectually-disguised hand, and, having torn the first paper in shreds, placed the second carefully in the envelop, and sealed it as quickly as might be, for he now heard Allie Duncan's step upon the stair.

Down she came, all in a flutter; she had just missed the cherished paper, and, forgetful of everything else, hastened to seek it, with her hair, a most disordered halo of golden curls, reaching nearly to her waist, for the discovery of her loss had interrupted the process of brushing it out. Pretty enough she looked, with the tangled ringlets flying, and her little bare feet thrust hastily into her slippers. Seeing Walden Bourne, her first impulse was to give a little scream, as she recollected the disorder of her dress, and her stockingless feet. He bit his mustache, to restrain the smile that rose to his lip, but hastened to reassure her, thinking, meanwhile, that he had never seen anything so pretty as this little frightened fairy.

"Did you miss your paper, Miss Allie? I found it a moment ago, among the bushes, and have kept it for you."

"O, thank you—thank you a thousand times, Mr. Bourne! I could not have slept, if I had not found it; and you were so honorable not to open it!"

Bourne colored a little as he replied:

"I am glad to restore it, as I am not sure I could long resist the temptation to read it. I would advise you to keep it safely under lock and key for the future."

"I will, indeed," she answered, as she placed it in her pocket. "And now good-night."

"Good-night, little one. I hope you have

not taken cold, standing here. Meantime preserve the precious fortune. In a year I may know."

The expression in his eyes was peculiar, and, blushing, she snatched her hand away, and hastened to her room, undergoing, on its very threshold, a mock-severe lecture from Lou Barrington, just returned, for conversing with Mr. Bourne in such a costume.

After that things went on much the same. Other visitors were added, but driving, dancing and flirting formed the principal amusements still, and the season wore away without affecting any of our party particularly. Harry Marsh went home to New York; Lou Barrington was to visit some Southern relatives; Ford Grafton, secure in his remembrance of Allie's fortune, which he regarded as a masterpiece of strategy, spent the winter in Cuba, not grudging Walden Bourne his proximity to "little Duncan," whose residence was in Baltimore, which city Bourne discovered to possess more attractions than all the world beside.

One thing was arranged, however—that, far as they were sundered now, the next summer should find them again in Weston, a meeting to which all looked forward with varied anticipations, but equal pleasure.

Passing over the intervening time, with which we have nothing to do, we find ourselves again in Weston. Down by the river, under the great maple, a promise has just been spoken, and the betrothal ring slipped upon a little frightened finger. For last night Allie Duncan read her fortune, and kissed the paper that contained his name; and to-night, in a happy flutter, she came down the river-path to meet her fate.

"Now don't you believe in fortune-telling, Walden?" she asks, triumphantly, as she shows him the paper.

And, as his eyes rest upon it a second time, he answers, holding her closer yet:

"Yes, darling; and I *will* make you happy—so help me Heaven!"

All the party had arrived, with the single exception of Ford Grafton, who made his appearance a day or two later. With a pleasant smile at Bourne, he requested Allie Duncan to walk down towards the river with him. His rival considerably relinquished Miss Allie, and the two went off together.

The result of that interview was never known. When they returned, Ford Grafton's face revealed nothing, but Walden Bourne said, mercilessly:

"Grafton, I am quite of your opinion as regards fortune-telling. I believe there *are* those to whom it is permitted to know the future."

Grafton evaded the subject, and, for some reason, shortly left Weston, to take up his permanent abode in Cuba; but Walden Bourne and Allie—now his wife—visit Weston every summer.

Lou Barrington declares that Allie has become sensible, and Harry Marsh seconds his *fiancee's* assertion with a—"Deuced pretty, but what a little fool she used to be about ghosts, and all that sort of thing!"

Now the truth is, that shortly after marriage, Bourne made a complete confession to his little wife, which, in view of her love for "dear Walden," she easily forgave, shuddering to think of what a destiny she had narrowly escaped. So, by degrees, she gave over her foolish superstition, particularly as "Marm Woodbury," who had become tired of the *role* of fortune-telling, assured her that, "as far as she knew, there warnt nothing in the whole thing, from beginning to end."

And so ended Allie's fortune.

A TRUE LADY.—Beauty and style are not the purest passports to respectability—some of the noblest specimens of womanhood the world has ever seen have presented the plainest and most unprepossessing appearance. A woman's worth is to be estimated by her real goodness of heart, and the purity and sweetness of her character; and such a woman, with a kindly disposition and a well-balanced mind and temper,

is lovely and attractive. Be her face ever so plain and her form ever so homely, she makes the best of wives and the truest of mothers. She has a higher purpose in life than the beautiful yet vain and supercilious woman, who has no higher ambition than to flaunt her finery in the streets, or to gratify her inordinate vanity by attracting flattery and praise from a society whose compliments are as hollow as insincere.

THE HEIRESS AND HER GUARDIAN.

A TALE OF ENGLISH COUNTRY LIFE.

BY MRS. H. LOVETT CAMERON.

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CHAPTER XXII.

FACE TO FACE.

THE fine morning, as Colonel Fleming had said to himself had tempted him out from his hotel for a turn in the Park. Possibly there was some other reason as well that attracted him there; for, once among the gay crowd along the footpath by the side of the ride, he looked eagerly about him for one face which he longed to see again. Presently he took a chair, for he was not very strong or well in those days, and sat still to watch the crowd go by.

He saw her not. With a great relief, and yet with a strange pang of disappointment too, he caught sight of Lord George Mannersley's handsome face, and saw that the lady with him was not Juliet Travers. Then he looked for her among the riders; but, though many fair dames and maidens on their sleek well-kept horses passed him, the woman he sought was not among them. With a sigh he rose and turned his back upon the crowd. Some one, a little dried-up old gentleman who had been leaning forward over the railings, flew after him and intercepted his retreat.

"My dear Colonel Fleming!" cried the little man, shaking both his hands in eager greeting—"when did you come home? I am so delighted to meet you; it is indeed pleasant to see an old friend again. You don't remember me, eh?—I don't think you quite remember me?"

"Yes, indeed I do—it is General Chutney," said Hugh, and he responded to the little man's greetings very cordially.

"When did you come home? Leave, I suppose?"

"Sick leave, I am sorry to say. I have had a baddish bout of fever; but I hope a few months at home may set me to rights."

"Ah, that's bad. You know, after that fever at Futtleyghur—I dare say you remember how bad I was, and Mrs. Chutney quite broke herself up—"

"Yes, yes, I recollect it very well," said Hugh, quickly, in dread of one of the general's long-winded stories. "By the way, how is Mrs. Chutney?"

"Thank you, she is well, my dear sir—in health, I may say, quite well;" with rather a dubious emphasis, as if to say that there were some points in which Mrs. Chutney could not be said to be well. "Perhaps, colonel, you will look in upon her; she would be very pleased, you know; and if you would drop in and take pot-luck some day at dinner-time—just as you are, you know—we should both be very glad to see you and talk over old days."

"Thanks very much," said Hugh, as he prepared to make his escape from his garrulous and hospitable friend; "I will certainly do myself the honor of calling upon Mrs. Chutney some day soon." And then he went his way, smiling to himself as he remembered how he had been inveigled into that visit to the far recesses of westernmost Notting Hill on a previous occasion.

It seemed only yesterday that General Chutney had met him in the East India Club when he had come up from Sotherne, and coaxed him in almost the same words to call upon his wife.

But when Major-General Chutney had gone home, and imparted to the wife of his bosom the details of that same "pot-luck" invitation, great was the wrath and indignation of that portly matron. For what housewife, even the most talented, can abide that dreadful "dropping-in" system, which men think so very simple a proceeding!

"As if I could ask Colonel Fleming to sit down to hashed mutton or curried rabbit!" exclaimed Mrs. Chutney, indignantly, when her lord faintly remarked that he had meant it for the best, and that he was sure that Colonel Fleming would be quite satisfied with a mutton-chop. "Mutton-fiddlestick!" cried the lady, with a toss of her head; "who ever heard of such rubbish! No, of course, as you have been so foolish and improvident, I must keep myself prepared

every day till he comes with a suitable dinner—only don't complain, general, if the bills are high—it will be entirely your own fault, remember, if they are!"

So for the next fortnight the little general fared sumptuously every day, greatly to his own satisfaction, but the expected guest never made his appearance.

Meanwhile Hugh Fleming had made his way across the unfrequented corner of the Park—struck into Great Stanhope Street, and sauntered slowly up South Audley Street—and here it was that at a corner very suddenly he came face to face with Juliet Travers.

They both stopped short, Juliet with a little exclamation of surprise; and then she recovered herself the first, as women generally do—and held out her hand.

"Colonel Fleming! this is indeed a surprise. I thought you were in India; how long have you been home?"

The forced coldness of her voice, and her manner, and her commonplace words galled him beyond expression. Hugh Fleming was not a man to make an uncalled-for display of feeling; he answered her in the same tone:

"I came home only last week. Which way are you walking, Mrs. Travers? Pray allow me to accompany you. I hope Cis is well?"

"Quite well, thanks; he will be very pleased to see you again."

And then a somewhat awkward silence fell upon them both.

Juliet reached the shop to which she was bound, went in and made her purchase, Colonel Fleming standing beside her and holding her parasol whilst she did so; and then they turned back together in the direction of Grosvenor Street.

Juliet was somewhat pale, her lips were set hard together, and her eyes never strayed to her companion's face. A cold stubborn pride was in her heart. All the yearning, all the longing for his presence, which she had felt when she believed him on the other side of the world, had gone out of her, and had left only an angry indignation towards him. This was the man, she said fiercely to herself, to whom she had once humbled her pride to make an offer of herself and her love, and who had rejected and scorned her, and then left her with a cruel heartless silence to her fate!

"You live almost entirely in Grosvenor

Street now, I hear from Mr. Bruce?" said Colonel Fleming, breaking the silence.

"Yes, almost entirely."

"You don't often go down to dear old Sotherne?" he asked.

"Very seldom. I am not very fond of Sotherne."

"Indeed? You used to be very fond of it."

And Juliet answered hurriedly, "I am never well there—the air is too keen for me;" and in order to change the subject she added, "Are you home for long, Colonel Fleming?"

"I hardly know; it depends very much upon my health. I am home on sick leave."

And then Juliet looked up at him with a sudden pang.

"You are ill!" she exclaimed, falteringly, and for the first time he heard her voice with its natural ring. "How selfish of me not to have asked you before! Yes, you look ill. What is the matter? have you had good advice?"

"It is nothing now," he answered, smiling at her with one of his old half-tender smiles. "I have had a bad fever, but I am much better; I dare say a few months at home will set me up again completely."

They had reached Grosvenor Street by this time.

"You will come in and have some lunch, and see Cis, wont you, Colonel Fleming?" said Juliet, as she stopped at her own door.

Hugh Fleming stood for a moment half uncertain—he looked away down the street and then back again into the beautiful face he had loved so long ago and so often yearned to see, and could find no good reason why he should not go into her house, and a great many reasons why he should. He was on the point of accepting her invitation, when a slight noise in the balcony above caused him to glance up. Lord George Mannersley had pushed aside the muslin draperies of the open window, and stepped out for a minute among the geranium and fuchsia-pots to look down upon them.

Lord George Mannersley was evidently at home in Mrs. Travers's drawing-room; he had probably an appointment to see her, and was waiting for her to come in. Colonel Fleming did not know that Mrs. Dalmaine was also ensconced up stairs.

He lifted his hat very coolly to Mrs. Travers. "Thank you, not to-day, I think,

I shall hope to call upon you some day soon, when I may possibly be fortunate enough to find you disengaged;" and with a slight bow, he left her.

Juliet, who had noted his upward glance, went into the house with a smile that was almost triumphant upon her face.

There is not a woman born, I believe, who can resist the temptation of making the man she loves jealous. It is a dangerous game, but women have this much, if no more, in common with "fools," that they "delight in playing with edged tools." The man may adore her, be devoted to her, spend his life in her service, and she may know it perfectly—but if she can make him jealous, she will do it. Her power over him seems to her to be incomplete unless she can cause him some amount of pain; that he should be angry and hurt and sore seems to her a stronger proof of his love than all his devotion and kindness; she acts her little part, and lays her little traps, and the man falls into them for the most part over and over again, with a blindness and an unsuspectingness that are absolutely astonishing.

As Juliet went up stairs, she said to herself, "Sol he is jealous!—very well, I can easily work that a little more!—and surely, if he is jealous already, he must care a little for me still!"

"Whom on earth were you talking to, Mrs. Travers?"

"An old friend, Lord George," she answered, somewhat shortly, "who has just come home from India, and whom I was trying to persuade to come into lunch. Did you find it very hot out, Rosa?"

"Suffocating!—and such a crowd! But who is your 'old friend,' Juliet?"

"Colonel Fleming—he was my guardian," she answered, coldly, taking off her bonnet.

"A guardian!" cried Mrs. Dalmaine; "how alarming, and how dull! and I who detest the whole race of parents and guardians, grandfathers and grandmothers, uncles and aunts, unless they die and leave me their money; then I can bless their memories with tears in my eyes and wear decent mourning for them—decidedly I am very glad your old gentleman did not accept your invitation to lunch, Juliet! What a providential escape we have had!"

"I don't think you would have called this guardian an 'old gentleman' if you had peeped at him from behind the blinds as I

did," said Lord George, who was taking Juliet's gloves and parasol from her hand; "he seemed to me a very good-looking fellow—more of the cousin genus—eh, Mrs. Travers?"

"What rubbish you are both talking!" cried Juliet, impatiently—the idle chatter jarring strangely upon her. "Do let us come down to luncheon—I am starving; and do find something more amusing to talk about! Whom did you see this morning?"

They sat down to luncheon—and the usual gossip and scandal became the theme of the conversation. Presently Cis sauntered in silent and moody, and ate his luncheon almost without speaking—although Mrs. Dalmaine, who took a pleasure in tormenting the "young bear," as she called him behind his back, made a point of addressing a great many questions and observations very politely to him, which Cis, who always suspected her of laughing at him, answered with surly monosyllables.

"What do you know about this pianiste whom Juliet has engaged for the twenty-sixth?" she persisted in asking him—having discovered, by heaven knows what arts, that the subject was a singularly distasteful one to Cis.

"I have heard her play—she plays well; there is nothing else to know about her, I suppose," answered the master of the house, somewhat savagely, for it was not the first time that his unlucky recommendation of Gretchen had drawn upon him the somewhat close questionings of his wife's friend.

"Well, you know, Mr. Travers," continued the lady, "as I was saying to Juliet, we really never have done your musical taste justice. I always thought, you know—you mustn't be offended—that you were one of those matter-of-fact, soulless people, on whom music has no effect whatever—who could not tell the March in Faust from the Old Hundredth Psalm, for instance; and do you know, it is a delightful surprise to me to discover that you really can understand and appreciate musical talent—that there is *some* music that affects you. "Music hath charms," you know, 'to soothe the savage breast,'"—this last with a delicate intonation of fine-lady impertinence which Juliet, who was talking to Lord George, did not hear.

"I don't know what you are talking about," said Cis, who knew he was being laughed at, and resented it, but had not wit

enough to answer his opponent in her own weapons; "I don't know anything about music, and I hate it!" digging savagely into the cheese as he spoke.

"In-deed!" exclaimed the fair Rosa, uplifting her eyebrows with well-affected astonishment. "Then really, Mr. Travers, may I ask—allow me to ask *what* it is that makes you recommend Mdlle. Rudeubach so very highly?"

"How should I know? I haven't recommended her particularly. Juliet wanted a player, and I told her the name of one. Where is the occasion to make all these mysteries about it, Mrs. Dalmaine?"

"No mystery?" continued his tormentor, playfully. "O, then I *know* she is pretty! and you knew her before you married! O fie! fie! you naughty man!" reproachfully shaking her finger at him.

"Nothing of the sort," stammered Cis; and then got so red, that Mrs. Dalmaine at once perceived that she had gone unconsciously very near the truth; and the idea tickled her so much that she burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter.

"What are you two making such a noise about?" said Juliet, looking up from her talk with Lord George at the other end of the table.

"Q nothing, dearest Juliet!" cried Mrs. Dalmaine, still in convulsions of laughter; "only—my dear—your husband is quite—the most amusing man—I ever met in my life!"

At which piece of information Juliet looked profoundly astonished, and Cis proportionately irate.

After lunch, when Lord George had taken his departure, and Mrs. Dalmaine was established in her friend's barouche—for, having no carriage of her own, she generally managed to be taken out in Juliet's—the little woman observed to her friend, as they rolled luxuriously down Piccadilly:

"That quiet husband of yours is rather sweet upon the piano-player, my dear Juliet!"

No woman, however little she may care for her husband, likes to have that kind of thing said to her. Juliet felt very angry. "I think you presume upon your friendship with me, Rosa!" she cried, indignantly, flushing up.

"Don't fly out, Juliet. I always say what I think, and it is only meant as a hint to you. Bless you, my dear, we all have to

come to it! Why, my old man has been dancing attendance on Lady Featherbrain any time the last eight years, and it doesn't lie very heavy on my heart, does it?"

"I don't think you have any right to say such things about Cis," persisted Juliet, angrily—"especially to his wife."

"Very well, dear; I wout say it again," answered Mrs. Dalmaine, with perfect good humor. "Only, if it gives you any amusement to watch, you will probably find it out for yourself. Let us change the subject, as it is one you don't seem to like, and do tell me what to wear at your party; will my blue and chocolate do, or must I have a new dress?" And thus the first seeds were sown of a great deal of mischief, which afterwards grew up and flourished.

During the remainder of the week Juliet watched anxiously and feverishly for Colonel Fleming's promised call. She had mentioned his return, as in duty bound, to Cis, upon whom the fact had not seemed to make much impression, and who had merely observed that she had better ask him to dinner.

Juliet, who could hardly mention Hugh's name without a beating heart and a painful sensation of self-consciousness, could not understand how it was that Cis had never guessed her secret in the faintest degree, although he must have known from her words to him when they were first engaged that some one had already possessed her affections.

But Cis Travers had no great acuteness of perception, and his sensitiveness was too keenly awake to his own feelings and thoughts to be very much alive to those of another, even though that other might be his wife. He was vaguely and somewhat peevishly jealous of such men as Lord George Mannersley, who hung about and engrossed the attention of his beautiful wife; but when, with changing color and averted eyes, she spoke to him of Hugh Fleming, he failed to read the signs of real danger in her face, and only thought that the guardian's return was rather a bore to himself, as he remembered to have stood somewhat in awe of the man whose mind, and breeding, and knowledge of the world were so infinitely superior to his own.

"Come home, has he! O, well, you must ask him to dinner or something, I suppose," he had said, carelessly; and Juliet, who on this topic alone felt almost humble with her husband, knowing how much her heart

wronged him every hour that she lived, had been thankful to escape so easily, and to have said all that her conscience demanded of her upon the subject.

When Colonel Fleming did call in Grosvenor Street, he came at an unfortunate moment. The room was full of people—Lady Caroline Skinflint, who was a great chatter-box, was taking up all Juliet's attention with a vivid description of how one great lady had turned her back publicly upon another before everybody at Lady Somebody's ball, and how she, Lady Caroline, had seen the whole thing from beginning to end; and in the middle of the story Colonel Fleming was announced.

Lady Caroline put up her eyeglass for a moment at the new-comer with wellbred curiosity, and then seeing that it was a stranger, and that she did not know him, she dropped it again, and went on with her story with fresh animation.

There were two other ladies present, old Sotherne neighbors, whom Mrs. Dalmaine, leaning languidly back in her chair, had been endeavoring to entertain with vapid remarks on the weather and the academy, whilst with one ear she was listening with all her might to catch some fragments of Lady Caroline's spicy story. These two country ladies were none other than our old friends Mrs. Rollick and her daughter Eleanor. Miss Arabella had long ago been taken to bless a good man's store—a very humble store, derived from his captain's pay in a line regiment.

Good Mrs. Rollick, who began to find that, with Juliet entirely engrossed with her fashionable acquaintance, and Mrs. Dalmaine vouchsafing only a few inattentive remarks, her visit to Mrs. Travers was a very uncomfortable one, hailed Colonel Fleming's entrance with positive delight.

She shook hands with him with effusion, and although for the first moment Colonel Fleming hardly recollected her, she soon recalled herself to his memory.

"You don't remember me, Colonel Fleming—Mrs. Rollick, you know—and my daughter Eleanor—the *only* Miss Rollick now. My dear Arabella is Mrs. Wilson now, and has such a dear little baby boy. And how long have you been home, Colonel Fleming? How pleasant it is to meet an old friend so unexpectedly! Yes, we still live down in the old country, but Eleanor and I come up for a few weeks in June,

just to see the world and the picture galleries, for, as my daughter Mrs. Wilson says—" and here Mrs. Rollick went off into sundry quotations from the sayings and doings of "my daughter Mrs. Wilson," who, in virtue of her matrimonial dignities and the existence of the juvenile Wilson aforesaid, was evidently a great authority, and an unfailing cause of pride and glorification to her fond mother.

Meanwhile more visitors came in, and Lady Caroline took her leave; and Mrs. Dalmaine, having affectionately escorted her ladyship—to whose dinner-parties she coveted an *entree*—to the door, came back and took a chair near Mrs. Rollick, with a wonderfully quickened interest in that good lady's somewhat uninteresting chatter.

"I can't leave that nice-looking man to the tendermercies of that fussy old woman," she said to herself. "By the way, he doesn't look much like one's idea of a guardian. How sly of Juliet to talk of him as if he were an old man!" Whereupon that astute observer of human nature decided that she would keep her eyes open, and observe carefully the proceedings of this same slight soldierly-looking guardian, whom her own imagination, far more than anything Juliet had said, had pictured as something wholly different from what he was.

Mrs. Dalmaine thought she would try a little fascination upon him herself, but was surprised to find that Colonel Fleming seemed infinitely to prefer to her own sweetest smiles and glances, Mrs. Rollick's commonplace accounts of all the changes and chances that had altered the neighborhood of Sotherne, interspersed with anecdotes and remarks relative to "my daughter Mrs. Wilson."

Presently, seeing it to be hopeless to wait till all her visitors had gone, Colonel Fleming got up and took his leave of Juliet, who had not had one single word of conversation with him, and who could only manage hurriedly to engage him to dinner as she shook hands with him.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A MUSICAL PARTY.

"THE plot thickens!" said Mrs. Dalmaine to herself, as she peered out from under the shade of her coquettish little white parasol at sundry events which were passing in front of her nose.

"Hum! there goes number one in a rage!" as Lord George Mannersley, with a very ill-tempered face, strode quickly past her, stumbling over her dress as he does so. "He needn't tread on my toes, though! What a fool Juliet is to throw him over! he's a much more creditable man than the other—younger, and more the fashion. Number two is not bad, either. I wonder if he is an old love—and yet she does not seem to care about him, either; she is looking as cross as poison at him now. I can't make her out at all!"

Neither could Colonel Fleming make her out. He was standing by the side of her pony carriage, where she had drawn it up in the shade at the Row. She was leaning back, not looking at him, but playing with her whip.

A fortnight had gone by since Colonel Fleming and Juliet Travers had met each other in the street—a fortnight, during which, from standing a little aloof from her at first, he had gradually become more and more attracted to her presence, until now he saw her daily.

It was in order to protect her against the attentions of that good-for-nothing young lord that he haunted her side, he had said to himself at first. Poor child! she was so surrounded with frivolous and unprofitable friends, her position and her beauty so exposed her to the envious voices of slander, and her husband was so utterly unable to shield her, or to guard her fair name; it would be cowardly indeed if an old friend like himself, who, from his old relations with her, was indeed the first of those who were bound to take care of her, were to stand aloof from her, and to leave her to her fate.

All this, and much more in the same strain, he had at first argued to himself. But by degrees these flimsy excuses faded away even from his own mind, and he began to know that it was for his own sake more than for hers, for the hungering and thirsting for one of the old looks in her dark eyes, for the yearning and longing that he had to know if indeed he were wholly wiped out of her heart—for the craving for some of the old love which she had once brought and laid at his feet—for all this, and for nothing less, that he hovered more and more about her—that he could not keep away from her. For Juliet Travers was not to him what Juliet Blair had been. She

was cold and distant to him, often bitterly sarcastic. Sometimes, even, when some chance word seemed to soften her for a moment towards him, a something, some harsh thought, some angry recollection, seemed to sweep suddenly across her, and place an insuperable barrier at once between them.

He could not in any manner get back to the easy familiarity, the pleasant confidence, the playful friendliness which had distinguished all their intercourse in the old days. There seemed always a wall as it were between them, whenever he made the slightest attempt to overstep the most ordinary commonplaces of conversation. There was something about her which puzzled him entirely. He could not make her out!

So he stood talking to her, and Juliet, not looking at him at all, listened—listened not so much to what he was saying as to the sound of his voice—listened with a secret happiness and joy which no one would have guessed at from her perfectly impassive and somewhat absent face.

"You are more altered in five years than I could have believed possible," he had ventured to say to her, as he watched her beautiful but listless face.

"Possibly—I have had a good deal to alter me—" she answered, dreamily.

"You would be very angry, I suppose, were I to tell you what, if I had not known you so well, I should now imagine to be your character?"

"Well, I will try not to be so very angry," said Juliet, with a half laugh; "essays on one's character are sometimes rather amusing. What—if you did not know me so well, as you say—what, then, would you think of me, Colonel Fleming?"

"I should think from your manner that you were a woman who had absolutely no heart."

"How delightful!" she answered, scoffingly. "A woman, or indeed a man, without a heart, is more to be envied than a millionaire. You are quite right, Colonel Fleming; I have no heart—I am too worldly; and I never yet heard of any one being the happier for the possession of that inconvenient organ. Pray, let us talk of something more lively. Are you coming to my musical crush to-night?"

"Certainly—but remember, Mrs. Travers, that I did not say you had no heart, only

that you have that sort of reckless manner that looks as if you wished to be thought heartless. I am such an old friend, that you must forgive my saying these things to you."

"O, say anything you like," she exclaimed, impatiently; "I have long ago ceased to care what people say of me. But you must excuse me for leaving you; it is too hot for moral dissection—I literally have not the strength for anything so exhausting—it is nearly two o'clock, and here comes Mrs. Dalmaine to be driven back to lunch. Good-by, Colonel Fleming. I shall hope to see you this evening!" And as Mrs. Dalmaine took her place in the carriage by her side, Juliet nodded pleasantly to him, touched her ponies, and drove off.

He turned away from her with a sigh. Utterly shallow, and worldly, and frivolous, what was there left of the woman whom he had loved? And yet—strange contradiction!—Hugh Fleming loved her better than ever!—he felt so sure that she was but acting a part, that she was not showing him her real self, that her heart had become a locked casket, of which he alone held the key.

Had he seen her happy in her husband and in her home, Hugh Fleming would have said to himself "Thank God!" and have resolutely turned his back upon her. But she was not happy—it needed no wonderful powers of divination to perceive that Juliet Travers was by no means a happy woman.

Her husband had no influence, no control over her, no power to claim her affection or her respect. And yet this was the husband whom Colonel Fleming had himself recommended to her, whom it had once seemed his duty and his honor to urge her to accept. Most fatal error!

He saw her unhappy, hardened, striving to smother her better feelings in a whirl of dissipation, and amongst the most frivolous and unworthy companions—he saw her thus in her daily life, in which her husband had sunk into a peevish nonentity, for whom she hardly kept up a pretence of affection—and for all this Hugh Fleming justly felt himself to be in a measure answerable!

And then, he loved her—loved her as he had never loved even that pale bride who had died on her wedding morning! The

sweet, pure first love, blamelessly perfect, innocently holy, who was still as a saint and a religion to him, had yet less hold upon his heart than this woman, with all her strong passions and glaring faults, with her proud rebellious heart, and all her very human imperfections.

Strange contradiction! that we love most what is the least worthy of love—that the very faults in some people attract us more than the virtues in others!

That evening, Mrs. Travers's drawing-rooms were crammed and crowded with the best and most select of London society.

And not only were the drawing-rooms crowded, but out into the landing and down the staircase into the hall struggled the well-dressed throng—treading on each other's dresses and toes, thumping their elbows into each other's chests, crushing, crowding, fighting their way up inch by inch, with much the same doggedness, and very much the same manners minus the oaths, as the commoner crowd of their fellow-creatures, who, dragged and shabby, hustle together on the sloppy pavement on Lord Mayor's day, or crush in nightly at the pit-doors of the theatres.

"What a crush!" "We shall never get into the room!" "I wish people would not push so!" with a savage look behind her. "Really, madam, it is not my fault!" answers the very fat man who is glared at, and who is perspiring freely and mopping his bald head with his handkerchief. "Fancy calling this pleasure!" "Mamma, I feel sure I shall faint!" "Don't be a goose, Ellen; take hold of my arm—we are nearly up." Such are some of the exclamations to be heard from the strugglers on the staircase.

On the landing stands Juliet in her diamonds, shaking hands mechanically with every one who comes up, whilst intimate friends whisper as they pass her, "Dear Mrs. Travers, what a success your parties always are!—*everybody* here!" And then push on into the rooms to remark audibly to a friend, "Perfectly awful, my dear! People should not be allowed to crush up their friends in this way, with the thermometer at boiling point; and half my dress is torn off from my back, I assure you!"

A well-known tenor singer has just finished "Il Balen" amid a murmur of well-

regulated applause from those immediately around the piano, for the crowd is so dense that in the second room no one has been able to hear a note.

Some one whispers the name of the young pianiste, as Gretchen stands up for a moment beside the piano.

There is a certain affectation in the high gray dress in which she invariably appears in public, only that now-a-days the old merino has been replaced by the richest corded silk; there are Glorie de Dijon roses in her hair and in the white muslin fichu that is folded over her bosom, and she carries more roses in her hand—roses about which perhaps the master of the house knows more than any one else.

Gretchen looks rather nervous as she stands pulling off her gloves; she is not generally nervous, but the sight of Cecil Travers's wife in all her blaze of satins and diamonds, the consciousness that it is in her house that she is to play, had made her heart flutter ever since she came in. Just before she begins she looks down the room, and through the sea of faces catches sight of Cecil's; a half smile passes between them, and then Gretchen sits down, strikes her first chord, and forgets to be nervous.

There are not many performers on the pianoforte who have the art of silencing a mixed chattering audience after the fashion that Gretchen Rudenbach had.

When a player sits down to the piano, it is generally the signal for conversation to wax fast and furious; many a *soi-disant* lover of music, who would think it a sin to speak above a whisper during the feeblest warblings of the weakest of Claribel's weak ballads, will nevertheless consider himself quite entitled to discuss his politics or his horses in a somewhat louder tone than usual if the music that is being performed, however good it may be, is "only playing."

During the first dozen bars that Gretchen played, no one listened, and every one talked; and then one said "Hush!" and another said "Hush!" and the sound of talking became fainter and fainter, till at last one old gentleman was left declaiming alone about South American stocks and his own bad fortune therein, a communication which was meant to be of a confidential "aside" to his neighbor, but which,

owing to the sudden cessation of the buzz of voices around him, came out, to his own amazement, at the very highest pitch of his voice.

There was a suppressed titter, and then his wife, who was young and musical, made a rush at him, and he subsided, very thoroughly ashamed of himself, into a corner.

After that you could have heard a pin drop among all that breathless, silent audience.

Gretchen played without music—and almost without knowing what she was going to play—a strange weird mixture of Beethoven, and Schubert, and Bach, and a dozen other great composers, whose works were all familiar to her from her childhood, and which she blended one into the other with a completeness and harmony that of itself bespoke her real genius.

And the girl's face as she played was not the least part of the attraction of her performance.

Her wide-open blue eyes, with fixed gaze, seeing nothing of what was before them, but wrapt in visions conjured up by her own sweet music; her whole face absorbed, entranced, beautified, by a devotion to her art which amounted to a positive passion,—it was no wonder that every eye was turned admiringly towards her, and every ear enraptured by the pathetic soul-stirring harmonies which her slight fingers had power to draw from the keys of the instrument.

Standing in the further corner of the room, half-concealed by the draperies of the window-curtains, was a small middle-aged little lady in a very unpretentious mauve-silk dress, and with an eyeglass up to her eye.

There was nothing remarkable about this little lady in any way. She had a kindly, but neither clever nor striking countenance, pleasant brown eyes, and smooth dark hair, already flecked with gray, drawn back under a neat but somewhat dowdy lace cap, whilst the whole of her attire was thoroughly unfashionable and countrified.

When Gretchen Rudenbach's playing came to an end, amid a tempest of applause, this unobtrusive little lady put down her eyeglass, and, turning to her next neighbor, who happened to be our good friend Mrs. Rollick, said:

"It is singular how certain I feel of having seen that young lady before."

"Isn't her playing lovely?" cried Mrs. Rollick, enthusiastically. "I never was so delighted in my life! Just that little bit of Chopin was so lovely, wasn't it?—and my daughter Mrs. Wilson plays it quite as well, I assure you; doesn't she, Eleanor? It is wonderful what a touch *Mdlle. Rudenbach* has, and such expression and feeling; and then, as my daughter Mrs. Wilson says—"

"I wonder where I can have seen her?" says her companion again, interrupting the course of Mrs. Rollick's maternal admiration.

At this moment Juliet, moving slowly through her crowd of guests, came up to her country friends. "Have you been pleased, dear Mrs. Dawson?" she says, pressing the hand of her old friend kindly.

"Delighted, my dear. But it is so curious that I feel sure I have seen that girl before, and I cannot remember where."

"Probably you have heard her play at some concert; she goes about a good deal, I believe."

"No! I have never heard her play; it is her face I remember so well: those large blue eyes, and that sort of fixed look—it is perfectly familiar to me. I feel sure that it was at home, not in London at all!"

"At home at *Sotherne*!" repeated Juliet, in astonishment. "Can she be a *Sotherne* girl? Dear Mrs. Dawson, surely you are mistaken?"

And then all at once Mrs. Dawson remembered; remembered Juliet's wedding-morning, and the strange girl who had come by the early train and crouched down behind the pillar of the church, with her white scared face, and her big wide-opened eyes, and her look of misery as the bride and bridegroom passed out.

Remembering this, Mrs. Dawson remembered also her own commentaries on the event, and what she had thought this poor girl to be.

"O yes, I remember now," she said, and stammered and got rather red as she said it.

But Juliet wanted to know; her curiosity was excited.

"Well, where was it, Mrs. Dawson?" she persisted. "Surely not at *Sotherne*?"

Mrs. Dawson was an honest little woman; it flashed through her mind quickly that she had no right to point out the possibility of evil, and that to hesitate or to turn

away the question would be but to arouse Juliet's suspicions, and to make her think she was hiding something of importance from her; so she determined upon speaking the truth:

"Why, my dear, it was in the church at your wedding."

"At my wedding?" repeated Juliet, in amazement, whilst a quick blush reddened her face for an instant.

"Yes! it was in the church. No! of course she was not a *Sotherne* girl, only a stranger come in from curiosity; I noticed her when I went in first to arrange the flowers, and her face made an impression upon me, that is all. It is curious I should have recognized her again."

"Are you quite sure it is the same girl?" asked Juliet, earnestly, in a low voice.

"Yes, quite. It is rather odd, isn't it? Perhaps she was giving music lessons in the neighbourhood. It is singular I should see her here again."

"Very singular," repeated Juliet, mechanically.

Just then Mrs. Dalmaine passed by, and whispered in her ear:

"Do look at that wicked young husband of yours, my dear, flirting with *Mdlle. Rudenbach*; didn't I tell you he was sweet upon her? and no wonder, I am sure, for she plays like an angel. I should say there is no wild beast nor husband she could not tame if she chose."

And Mrs. Dalmaine passed on with a laugh. Juliet turned with a start, and looking towards the piano saw, in fact, Cecil bending over Gretchen and talking to her in an animated way quite unusual to him. He was touching the flowers in her hand, and from his expression, and the smile on the girl's face, Juliet felt convinced that they were her husband's gift.

A light seemed to break in upon her all at once; the meaning of many things in Cecil's conduct became plain to her. With a sudden indignation it struck her that he must have known this woman before his marriage, and that the whole of his early affection for her was but a sham and a delusion; and, alas! a motive for such a sham was easily supplied by her own wealth. That even on her wedding-day, and during the utterance of his marriage vows, this girl should have been actually present, was a shock to her pride and self-respect which Juliet could not but feel acutely.

She turned round to Mrs. Dawson, and said, rather coldly:

"One sees such strange likenesses occasionally; but I feel sure you must be mistaken, Mrs. Dawson. Have you had an ice yet? Will you not go down and get one?" And then she moved on, and coming face to face with Hugh Fleming among the crowd, she could not even smile at him.

"They are all false to me," she said to herself, very bitterly. "The man I have married has never loved me at all, and the man I loved cared for me so little that he deserted me!"

And as she passed among her guests, smiling, flattered and envied, the beautiful Mrs. Travers felt that her life was scarcely worth having, and that she had not a single friend on earth.

Mrs. Travers's musical crush was a success; the tenor sang again, first a solo, and then a duet with a high soprano, whose voice, Mrs. Rollick was heard to declare, reminded her so much of "her daughter Mrs. Wilson's!" Then, of course, Gretchen played again twice, and each time she was more rapturously applauded. And then the guests began to go.

Some were off to other similar entertainments, others to balls, a few to their well-earned night's rest. In a very few minutes the battling, fighting crowd had all vanished and melted away, and only a few intimate friends remained.

Coming down stairs when almost every one had left the upper rooms, Juliet saw a few persons in the supper-room, and went in there to join them.

"Come and sit down, Juliet, and have some champagne and some chicken," cried Rosa Dalmaine, from among a little group by the door, dragging her friend down into a chair; and just then Cis came up behind her.

"Juliet, wout you come and say good-by to Mdle. Rudenbach?—she is just going."

Juliet looked at him for a minute strangely; then a sudden impulse came into her mind.

"Certainly," she answered; "where is she?"

"In the hall, waiting for her carriage;" and they went out together.

Gretchen stood ready cloaked for her departure.

"I will see," said Juliet to herself, "whether Mrs. Dawson was right."

And then she went up to the pianiste with outstretched hand.

"I hope you have had some supper, Mdle. Rudenbach. Are you sure you have had everything you want? will you not have another glass of wine before you go?—for I am sure you must be tired. No?—well, I must thank you much for your very beautiful music; everybody has been delighted with it. I am glad to have made your acquaintance, especially as I hear that you know my part of the world. Perhaps you come from my county—do you?"

"No. Mrs. Travers. I don't think I know it," answered Gretchen, wonderingly, and half turning to Cis for explanation.

"That is not likely, Juliet; what makes you think so?"

"O yes, Mdle. Rudenbach, you have been at Sotherne, for there was a lady here this evening who said she remembered seeing you in Sotherne Church."

"In Sotherne Church!" repeated Cis, in genuine amazement.

But over Gretchen Rudenbach's usually pale and placid face there leapt suddenly a bright burning blush, flushing vividly from her brow to her neck.

"There is your carriage," said Juliet, with a little laugh; "I will not detain you; but I think I must be right about your having been at Sotherne. Good-night, and many thanks for your charming music!"

When Cis came back from handing the lady to her carriage he found his wife still in the hall. "What do you think of that for a telltale blush?" she said to him, with a short little laugh.

"I don't know what you mean," he answered, angrily. "What on earth do you suppose Mdle. Rudenbach should be doing down at Sotherne?"

"Ah, that I should indeed be puzzled to say; perhaps you can enlighten me, Cis?"

But Cis, with an angry exclamation, brushed past her, and slammed his study-door in her face. And Juliet went back into the supper-room.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A PAIR OF LOVERS.

THE rays of the afternoon July sun were beating down fiercely upon the blaze of geraniums and calceolarias on the lawn at Sotherne, where the parrot was swinging

violently backwards and forwards, with screams of joy, in his cage, and where Andrews, the under-gardener, toiled and sweltered painfully up and down after the mowing-machine. The striped sunblinds were all down in front of the drawing-room and library windows on that side of the house, so that not a ray of sunlight could creep into those two rooms; then came a hedge of laurel close up to the house, and beyond it another window, unprotected by blind or curtain, wide open, and not looking on to the lawn at all, but on to a straight gravel walk which led from the back regions into the gardens.

The prospect from this window was not a cheerful one—just that short bit of walk bounded on either side by thick laurel and holly bushes, and another evergreen in front—a dark dismal-looking yew tree, which completely shut out any further view.

On a hot day like this the little dark corner of the shrubbery was, perhaps, not unpleasing to look at; suggesting, as it did, coolness, shade and tranquillity; but one could not help thinking how dismal it must be on the many days of the year when it rained, or blew, or snowed from morning till night. There was not much inducement, one would think, for the occupant of that ground-floor room to look out of the window. And yet at the present moment the window is, as I said, wide open, and a young woman, with both elbows on the window-sill, is leaning idly out of it, and looking down the very bounded limit of the gravel walk in front of it.

Time, since we have seen her last, has dealt gently with the fair Ernestine, for it is none other than our old acquaintance who so leans and looks from her workroom window. Her brunette skin is as clear, her black dickey-bird eyes are as bright and piercing, her figure is as trim and natty as when we last saw her, five years ago. But Ernestine looks considerably bored. There is a heap of finery on the table, and a dinner-dress belonging to her mistress, at which she ought to be working, lies on the floor behind her, where she has cast it impatiently from her with an evident intention of leaving it there for the present, while she pursues the course of her meditations.

"*Mon Dieu!* how dull it is here now!" exclaims Ernestine, aloud, to herself, with

a despairing sigh. "Never one goes to Londres! never one sees any young persons! and the messieurs that come here, never they bring any valets! If it was not for the money I must get some day from madame, I would not stay here one day—not one day! it is *triste a faire mourir*. Why, it was better in the days of Madame Travers, Mademoiselle Juliette, and that *gentil* Colonel Fleming!—*ce pauvre* Colonel Fleming! *Que madame l'a donc joliment triche!* *Après tout*, if Mademoiselle Juliette had married him, they would perhaps have come here often, and we might have had a little changement. Now, never I get an *affaire du cœur* except with that stupide Jams—*ah ça! qu'il est donc bete, ce Jams! mais enfin*," with a shrug of her shoulders—"*mais enfin, faute de mieux!*" and Ernestine sighed again, dolefully. "No amusements, no intrigues, no excitements, nothing now but *ce gros monsieur tres-laid*, who makes some faces at me every time he does meet me on the stairs, as if I was the *diable lui-meme!* and only the stupid Jams to talk to; but where can he be, that Jams! is he never coming to-day, I wonder!"

At this point of her reflections there was a step on the gravel walk, and James the footman—the old original James, from whom long ago she had wheedled the key of the letter-bag, and whose constancy to the object of his affections had remained unshaken ever since that time, appeared round the corner with a simpering and somewhat sheepish grin on his mutton-chop whiskered face.

"Ah, mam'zelle, you are watching for me!" he exclaimed, delightedly.

"Ah, yes, cruel!" sighed Ernestine, sentimentally; "you are so late to-day. Where is Heegs?"

"Mr. 'Iggs is a-sunning 'imself in the kitching garden, and a-refreshing on himself with his missus's wall-fruit," replied James, facetiously, seating himself on the edge of the window-sill, and striving in vain to imprison one of his fair charmer's hands.

"*Laissez-moi tranquille!*" exclaimed Ernestine, slapping at him playfully. "I have some serious things to say to you, Monsieur Jams. What do you think of it all?"

"Of all what, my hangel?"

"Why, of *ce monsieur* who is here, of course?"

"O, old Lamps?" cried James, for so he

respectfully was in the habit, behind Mr. Higgs's back, of denominating the Rev. Daniel Lamplough, who was Mrs. Blair's present guest. "Old Lamps? O, what should I think of him, except that he's a mean beast? he was here a fortnight last year, and he only give me two-and-six when he went away, and I had cleaned all his boots, warnished the shabby old clumps up till they looked like a gentleman's almost, besides a-packing and a-unpacking of his portmanty—and a raggeder, wus-made lot of shirts I never did see in a gentleman's wardrobe in all my born days! What should I think of him, my dear, except that he's a stingy old bloke?"

"Ah, but I think much more than that, Monsieur Jams?" said Ernestine, shaking her head solemnly.

"What do you think, mam'zell?"

"Listen: I do not think that this monsieur—what do you call him?—Lamplough will wish to marry Madame Blair?"

"No-o-o!" faltered James, in amazement, while his mouth fell very wide open.

"Yes, I am sure—you will see," said Ernestine, nodding her head sagaciously and solemnly; "he does want to marry her, and madame will not say no; it is affreux that your pretres should marry themselves!"

"Them's your popish notions, my dear!" here put in her swain reprovingly.

"But nevertheless it is so," continued the lady, scornfully ignoring the interruption. "And madame will probalement marry herself to this fat monsieur; and then, my poor Jams, what will become of you? you will lose your place; the house here will be all broken up, the servants will all go, you will have to get another place."

"But you, mam'zell?" cried James, aghast at this dismal picture—"you?—what will become of you? Will you go and live with Mrs. Lamplough in London, and be diwid from me?"

"I!" cried Ernestine, indignantly: "I go and live in the house of a married cure, and be made to go to his miserable church, and to do what a fat ugly monsieur tells me! I!"

"Then you'll come along with me and marry me, my dear?" cried the ardent lover, rapturously.

"Marry you! and upon what, if you please, Monsieur Jams? can one marry upon *rien de tout* but love? No, Monsieur

Jams, when these things do force me to leave Madame Blair," continued Ernestine, rising from the window with a tragical air, "I do go and bury my sorrows in the bosom of mine own country—in my beautiful France! There is the carriage coming home, Monsieur Jams; go to your duties!"

And the unfortunate James, aghast at his lady-love's eloquence, and at her rejection of his tender advances, was perforce obliged to leave her suddenly by the same way that he came, lest Higgs, returning from his airing in the kitchen garden, should unwittingly run up against him and discover the way in which his subordinate was accustomed to waste his time when he imagined him to be polishing the spoons and forks.

The sleepy old horses jog-trotted up to the front door after their hour's drive, which, except under very strong pressure, was the utmost extent of time which the coachman—also an old servant, and as much a character in his way as was the great Higgs—would ever allow them to be out.

James, still slightly ruffled with his parting words with Ernestine, hastened to open the carriage door and let down the steps; and from it there alighted our old friend Mrs. Blair, followed by an elderly man who was none other than the reverend gentleman whose matrimonial intentions Ernestine had been so well able to fathom.

Last year, when Mr. Lamplough in his newly widowed woe had been brought down by a mutual friend to stay at Sotherne for a week or two for the benefit of his health and spirits, nothing could exceed the sweetness of the consolations which his hostess had all day long poured like balm into that bruised and stricken soul.

With gentle sighs she had often gazed at him fixedly, and then murmuring "dear friend!" had raised her handkerchief furtively to her eyes as though her feelings were too much for her. Frequently she told him that she too had suffered—that she too had sorrowed—that only a woman who had lost a beloved husband can truly sympathize with a man who has been bereft of a dearly beloved wife; that such sympathizing souls are sent into this world to console and to comfort each other; that now for the first time she had found that companion soul who was able to respond with perfect sympathy to the sorrows which she had borne alone for so many years.

And then the attentions, the *petits soins* with which Mrs. Blair encompassed her guest were unceasing and endless.

How she studied his fancies and his pleasures, how attentively she drew the curtain behind his chair lest he should feel the slightest draught, how assiduously she hunted out his favorite books and sent for his favorite papers and magazines, and, last but not least, how carefully she piled his plate with the choicest morsels and ordered the most *recherche* dishes to tempt his appetite, and almost went on her knees to persuade Higgs to bring forth the best old port after dinner!

In all this Mrs. Blair had an object in view; for she, like Ernestine, was getting tired of the dullness of Sotherne, where she could just afford to live, but which she could not afford to leave even for a month's trip to London in the season. And was not the Rev. Daniel Lamplough incumbent of the district church of St. Matthias, situated in the very heart of Belgravia?—where his eloquent and somewhat violent denunciations against his holiness the Pope, and the somewhat hazy female connected with that prelate whom he was in the habit of designating as the “Scarlet Lady,” attracted rich and crowded congregations, whose pew rents brought in a very comfortable income to their worthy vicar.

Mrs. Blair did not think the position would be altogether a bad one; and then she calculated that she would probably be allowed to retain Sotherne as a country residence as well. Juliet had said no word of ever ejecting her from it; and she seemed to care so little now for the home of her childhood, of which she had once been so passionately fond, that it did not appear likely that she would wish to return to it herself.

To be the wife of a popular London preacher, residing during the greater part of the year in a well-appointed house in Lower Eccleston Street; to talk of Sotherne as “my country place,” and to be able to spend the autumn months there; to play the country Lady Bountiful at Sotherne, and the woman of fashion up in town—was an existence which presented many charms to Mrs. Blair's vivid imagination.

The lover, on his side, had also been making his calculations. He had noted carefully the comfort and luxury of Mrs. Blair's surroundings at Sotherne. He knew, indeed, that the place did not belong to her

but to her stepdaughter, but he imagined that she rented it from her. He saw her surrounded by many servants male and female, with a carriage to drive about in, and hothouses and vineries to keep up; he appreciated her excellent cuisine, and tasted the first-rate wines which appeared upon her table. All these things, Mr. Lamplough knew, could not be had without money; widows generally have fat jointures—indeed, what is a widow without a jointure?—therefore it was not surprising that he should give Mrs. Blair credit for one.

The mutual friend who had introduced him to her had not known much about her private concerns; there was no one else to tell him; and certainly Mrs. Blair herself was not likely to divulge to him the fact that the establishment was entirely kept up by her stepdaughter; that carriage, horses, gardens and servants did not cost her one farthing; that the good old wine was allowed her by Juliet's liberality whenever Higgs could be induced to bring it forth; and that, in fact, her own living, and that of her guests, and Ernestine's wages, were the only things which came out of her own pocket. Mr. Lamplough knew none of these things, and Mrs. Blair knew that he did not, and she was not in the least likely to enlighten him.

Of course, during his first visit to Sotherne, in the character of a forlorn and heart-broken widower, it would have been in the highest degree indecorous had he alluded, however faintly, to the possibilities of consolation which life might still contain for him; but when, after an interval of eight months, during which time these “companion souls” corresponded freely and regularly, Mr. Lamplough again returned to Sotherne, he came with lavender instead of black gloves, with a hatband four inches wide in place of the eight-inch width of woe; he came as a widower, indeed, but as a widower to whom happiness is again possible—he came, in short, to woo and conquer. Mrs. Blair seemed to him to combine every requisite for duly filling the position which he contemplated asking her to occupy. She was still a most elegant and pretty-looking woman, with pleasing manners and a knowledge of the world, and she was, he believed, devotedly attached to him.

There was only one point upon which Mr. Lamplough felt some uneasiness, and where his religious scruples threatened to

sternly bar the way to the impulses of his heart. It seemed to him that Mrs. Blair's religious views were most lamentably popish in their tendencies. She worshipped weekly, and professed to delight in Sotherne Church, where divine service was conducted in a way that Mr. Lamplough did not at all approve of. There were a cross and candlesticks on the altar, and a memorial window representing the Virgin and Child, in memory of Mr. Blair's first young wife; good Mr. Dawson preached in his surplice, and had daily morning prayers throughout the year—all which things were an abomination in Mr. Lamplough's eyes.

But a worse offence even than this was the presence of Mrs. Blair's French Roman Catholic maid. How Mrs. Blair could suffer an emissary of the Pope, a Jesuit perchance, to remain, in all her unconverted iniquity, under her very roof, was a fact which filled the righteous soul of the Reverend Daniel with pious horror whenever he thought upon it. He never passed Ernestine upon the stairs or in the passages without a secret shudder, and without privately ejaculating, "Get thee behind me, Satan!"—an expression which, however, he would not have dared to repeat aloud, as, had he done so, the vivacious-looking waiting-maid would have been quite capable of boxing his ears, or tearing out his hair, or otherwise inflicting some bodily injury upon him with her strong little brown hands.

Nevertheless, Mr. Lamplough felt sure that the lady of his affections sinned from ignorance only in this particular. Were the horrors of the popish faith once pointed out to her by an earnest Christian like himself, he felt sure that she would at once see and lament the error that she had unwittingly fallen into in harboring this daughter of Babylon for so many years in her household. Mr. Lamplough was well determined that no such blot should mar the fair Protestantism of his own establishment. On the very day that Mrs. Blair consented to resign her happiness into his keeping, he decided that Ernestine should take her departure.

It was after dinner—that genial hour when, having well fed and well drunk, man is at peace with himself and all mankind. The coffee had been served, the lamp brought in, the curtains drawn lightly over the still open windows; there was no

chance of any further interruption from Higgs until ten o'clock.

Mr. Daniel Lamplough leaned back in a luxurious satin-covered armchair, rested his hands one on each of his knees, and smiled benignly at his hostess. He was not a pleasant or romantic-looking lover certainly, and Mrs. Blair could not help thinking so as she glanced up at him from her work. Time was when she had dreamt of other kinds of men, of tall soldierly men with refined faces and polished manners—men, for instance, like Colonel Fleming had been. But those dreams were all over for her now—she was obliged to smother them away with a sigh; when a woman is past forty, she must take what comes in her way and be thankful.

And the man that had come in her way was not prepossessing in appearance. Mr. Lamplough was fat, and even greasy-looking in the face; his cheeks, of a dull red hue, hung down in flabby fleshy bags upon his neck, and were adorned with long straggling yellowish whiskers flecked with gray; his eyes were small and piglike; his nose was wide and rather red; and his hair was lank and long, and smelt of the free use of hair oil. Nor were his clothes put on with that neatness and care which invariably pleases the female eye: his coat was wrinkled, shiny and shabby; his boots were large, thick and clumsy; his shirt and voluminous white tie were never of the cleanest, and always gave indications of that "healthy action of the skin" which doctors say is such a desirable condition of the body, and which Mr. Lamplough apparently enjoyed in a very high degree.

The real fact was that the man was not a gentleman—he was essentially vulgar. And Mrs. Blair had lived quite enough among men who were thoroughbred to be perfectly conscious of this failing in her would-be lover. But, after all, a woman of her age cannot afford to be too fastidious!

Mrs. Blair herself was to the full as elegant and well-preserved a woman as ever.

Her fair hair was still done up in the same mysterious and innumerable bows and puffs over her high white forehead, her eyes were still fringed with the strikingly dark lashes, and the carmine upon her cheeks and lips was as vivid as it used to be; but then these are things in which art so far surpasses nature.

As she sat in a faultless evening toilet by

the shaded lamp, with some plain work in her white hands—it was a checked print frock for a little village child, a style of work she had lately adopted in deference to the serious profession of the man whom she was desirous of captivating—Mr. Lamplough gazed at her admiringly, and thought that she certainly was a very pleasant object to look upon, and that she would be a great ornament to his home in Lower Ecceleston Street.

“How industrious you are this evening, dear Mrs. Blair!” he said, in that gentle cooing voice which he always adopted when addressing the fair sex.

Mrs. Blair smiled blandly. “I am anxious to get this little frock finished to-night; it is for little Susan Snuggs in the village. That is a very sad case, dear Mr. Lamplough; seven little children and an invalid mother—and the father gets such poor wages! If I can do some little trifle for the poor things, I am always so glad.”

“Always tender-hearted, always occupied in good works, dear friend!” murmured Mr. Lamplough, tenderly. “Ah! where is the limit to lovely woman’s influence when she gives her time to clothe the poor and to comfort the broken-hearted! A ministering angel thou!” added Mr. Lamplough, carried away by an effusion of feeling; though whether the ejaculation was addressed to Mrs. Blair in particular, or to the whole of the female sex in general, was not quite clear.

“Dear friend, you over-estimate my poor efforts; you are over-indulgent to me!” murmured the widow, bending over her work.

“Not at all, my dear lady, not at all. Do I not know your worth? have I not watched you daily in your home, where you so gracefully and in such a Christian spirit fulfil all the varied relations of mistress, of hostess and of friend? have I not learnt to appreciate all the sweet graces and the pure virtues of your character, dear—may I not almost say, dearest?—friend?” And here Mr. Lamplough rose, not without an effort, from his low chair, and, carried away by the enthusiasm of his feelings, dropped with a thud upon both his fat knees in front of his innamorata.

With ready presence of mind Mrs. Blair had, by a dexterous whisk, swept her delicate muslin flounces away just in time to save their being crumpled by the substan-

tial knees of her prostrate lover, and now, with a pretty flutter, she appeared to be overwhelmed with modest confusion.

“Dear Mr. Lamplough, pray rise—I entreat you; if any one should come in—” she stammered.

“No one will come in; Higgs has already brought the tea,” said Mr. Lamplough, with practical bathos. “No, dearest Mrs. Blair, never will I rise—never will I move from this spot—until you deign to give a favorable answer to my prayer; until you promise to comfort my lonely heart, and to bless my lonely home!”

“Mr. Lamplough!” murmured the widow, hiding her face behind her lace handkerchief.

“Sweet sympathizing spirit, deign to listen to my suit; let us join our hearts, our hands, and I may say our fortunes—may I not call you my own, my Maria?”

“Mr. Lamplough!” again murmured the lady, in a fainter voice.

“Nay, why this formality? call me Daniel, *your* Daniel!” tenderly whispered the lover, who began to be tired of kneeling. For a man of his size and age it was a trying posture, and began to make his back ache, in spite of his previous vows of remaining there for an indefinite period. “Call me Daniel!” he exclaimed; and with a view to speedily bringing about the conclusion of this physically painful scene, he further proceeded to place his arms around the coy form of his beloved.

Mrs. Blair, after uttering a faint protesting cry, whispered “Daniel!” as she was told, and let her head sink gracefully down upon his shoulder. Mr. Lamplough afterwards discovered several smeary streaks of white and pink powder upon his coat where that fair cheek had lain—a discovery which filled him with great curiosity and unbounded amazement, for he had believed in Mrs. Blair’s complexion as firmly as he did in her money.

That discovery, however, was only made at a subsequent period. Nothing occurred to mar those first few moments of bliss.

As soon, however, as the lovers had a little settled down, and Mr. Lamplough had regained the secure comfort of his easy-chair—which, however, he wheeled up considerably nearer to the lady of his affections than it had been before he had declared his intentions to her—he at once took occasion to establish the mastery which he intended

to assume over her by broaching the subject that lay upon his conscience—concerning the dismissal of the “Babylonian woman.”

“There is one little sacrifice, my love, which I must ask your affection to make for me,” he began.

“Vanity!” cried Mrs. Blair, who had already assumed the playful coquetry suitable to an affianced maiden. “Vanity! as if you did not know that there is nothing I would not do for you, Daniel?”

“Dearest!” murmured he, pressing her hand tenderly, “I know you love me too well to refuse the trifling sacrifice I must ask of you, especially when I point out to you how unsuited to the high Christian calling of a Protestant minister’s wife such an attendant is—my love, I must ask you to send away that popish French maid at once.”

“Send away Ernestine!” gasped Mrs. Blair.

“Even so, my chosen Maria; the association of a Christian Protestant lady with an idolatrous papist savors too much of offering of meats to idols—”

“What possible harm can poor Ernestine do?” cried Mrs. Blair, with more sharpness than is generally admissible in the sweet converse of affianced lovers. “I never heard her talk of religion at all, and I am sure she doesn’t care where she goes to church; I cannot get on at all without Ernestine, I am so used to her; and she has been with me so long, and understands my ways so well. No, really, Mr. Lamplough, I cannot send away Ernestine—I will do anything else that I may please you, but not that.”

“And yet, dear friend,” said Mr. Lamplough, in that gentle voice which was never raised in anger, and in which might yet be discerned a certain ring of determination which augured badly for Mrs. Blair’s chances of having her own way—“and yet that is unfortunately the one thing which my conscience is obliged to ask of you—the one thing, I may say, which you must give up to me as a proof of the sincerity of your affection.”

There was a moment’s silence, during which Mrs. Blair bit her lip in vexation. She saw plainly enough that Mr. Lamplough made the dismissal of Ernestine the *sine qua non* of the engagement between them—that she must either give up the offending waiting-maid, or else her newborn

hopes of a second marriage and an establishment in Belgravia.

It would be dreadful work, doing without Ernestine, who knew her so well—who understood so many cunning arts in hair-dressing and in face-decorating; how she should get on at first without her, she could not think; but then, it would be still more dreadful to give up those dreams of London seasons and London gayeties which she seemed to have but just secured within her grasp. No, Mrs. Blair felt, anything but that; it was very possible that she might find another maid, English and Protestant, who would be as clever in the mysteries of her profession as was Ernestine, but it was hardly possible that she would have another chance of a second marriage, and that with a man who possessed a house in Lower Eccleston Street.

With one great gulping sigh in homage to Ernestine’s varied talents, Mrs. Blair gave in.

“Of course, Daniel, if you make such a point of it, I must do what you wish—but the girl is very clever, and will be a great loss to me; still, if you really insist upon it, of course I am only too happy to please you.”

“There’s my own sweet Maria!” cried Mr. Lamplough, lapsing again into the fond lover, and pressing his betrothed’s hand tenderly to his lips. “And you will send her away to-morrow, my love?”

“To-morrow!” cried poor Mrs. Blair, in dismay.

“Yes, my love; I can no longer allow a child of Belial to rest under the same roof as my promised bride.”

“But surely not to-morrow. What excuse can I give for turning her out of the house like that after she has been with me so long? and what shall I do for a maid? Pray allow me at least to give her a month’s warning; consider the inconvenience—the injustice—”

“Say no more, my love—the girl is very frivolous, and her manner to myself is full of disrespect. There is a very nice modest-looking housemaid, who can surely wait upon you for a week or two until you can find another maid. You will, I know, do as I wish, my love; give her a month’s wages to-morrow morning, and let her go; the sight of that popish woman is abhorrent to me!” And, as if to close the discussion, Mr. Lamplough, after once again

pressing Mrs. Blair's hand most tenderly within his own, took up the *Record*, out of which he proceeded to read aloud such choice extracts as he thought might interest the future wife of the incumbent of St. Matthias's Church.

And Mrs. Blair smothered her discomfiture as well as she could, endeavoring to console herself with dreams of the select entertainments she would give when once she was established as mistress of that house in Lower Eccleston Street.

CHAPTER XXV.

ERNESTINE'S REVENGE.

"But, madame?"

"It is of no use your saying any more, Ernestine. I tell you I have quite made up my mind; here is your month's wages, and you can have the cart to take your box to the station so as to meet the four o'clock train."

"But, madame, to send me away like this after so many years! it is unjust, it is infame!" stammered poor Ernestine, almost in tears. It was in Mrs. Blair's little morning-room, after breakfast, that this conversation took place. "Have you no fault to find with me, madame, and yet to send me away like this?"

"Yes, Ernestine; it is because Mr. Lamplough says you are impertinent to him—"

"Aha! so it is *ce gros monsieur* who does this for me!"

"That is not the way to speak," answered her mistress, angrily. "I wish that Mr. Lamplough shall be spoken of with the greatest respect in this house—and, my good girl, I will give you a frstrate character; you will easily get another place."

"It is not that, madame," answered Ernestine, indignantly; "*certainement*, that I shall get another place I am not at all afraid; but it is the cruelty of madame to send me away like this after that I have served her for seven years, and done so many things for her which no one else could do; it is madame who will suffer, not myself."

"Very true, Ernestine," almost whimpered Mrs. Blair; "I don't know how I shall manage without you. But I can't help myself. Do go, like a good girl, without a fuss."

"Is madame then determined to sacrifice

me, an old servant, an old friend like me, to Monsieur—Monsieur Lamplough?"

"I must send you away, Ernestine—don't look so savagely at me—" For Ernestine, whose southern blood was well up, stood looking almost menacingly at her mistress. "Here, go up stairs and get that black silk dress with the bugle trimmings I had last winter. I will give it you, Ernestine; and for goodness' sake let us part friends," added Mrs. Blair, almost imploringly.

"Bah!" exclaimed the girl, with a little snorting laugh of contempt, "what do I want with your old black silk dress that is all frayed at the flounces, and worn to holes at the sleeves! Keep your dress, madame—*je m'en fiche bien!* and I go, madame, as you order me; but remember," she added, turning round at the door and looking back at her, warningly, "remember that you will be very sorry for this; you will perhaps wish, some day, you had not turned Ernestine out of doors like a chien!"

"Most impertinent!" exclaimed Mrs. Blair, rising from her chair, trembling with passion; but Ernestine had already left the room.

With a beating heart the girl ran along the passage. She had talked lightly but the day before, it is true, of leaving Mrs. Blair's service, but it was a very different thing to be thus turned away at a moment's notice from the house which had been to her a very comfortable home for so many years. And then Ernestine had always thought that Mrs. Blair would do something substantial for her when she left—give her a sum of money sufficient to enable her to start a shop, or to buy the goodwill of some dressmaker's business. Nor had her expectations been altogether unreasonable.

During the course of her seven years' service, Ernestine had done many things for her mistress which did not come strictly within the duties of a lady's-maid. There was that little incident of the letter, for instance; and there had been many little watchings and spyings, and faithful reportings of overheard conversations; in all of which transactions Ernestine had stanchly adopted Mrs. Blair's interests as her own, and had carried through the little intrigues demanded of her with the utmost discretion and with a secrecy which, considering her sex and her class, was perfectly miraculous. Mrs. Blair had frequently hinted to her

that some reward for these many faithful and valuable services would one day be in store for her.

"When you want to marry or settle down in life, Ernestine, you will find that I shall be your friend," she had said more than once to her; thereby raising many hopes in her attendant's bosom—hopes which had now been so cruelly and ruthlessly blighted.

Running along the passage, she all but tumbled into the devoted James's outstretched arms.

"Whither away?" said that gentleman, poetically—quoting from the last number of the penny journal which he had just been studying.

"Ah, do not stop me, Monsieur Jams! I must go and pack my boxes."

"Pack! why, who's a-going away?"

"It is I myself!" cried Ernestine, pointing tragically to her chest. "I go—I am sent away this very day—I know not where I shall repose myself this night! Alas, my poor Jams! you may well look *au desespoir*, for here you see a terrible instance of the ungratefulness of those we serve. Madame has sent me away."

"Sent you away, mam'zell?" stammered James. "What for?"

"Ah, you may well ask," said she, shrugging her shoulders; "*car, moi, je n'en sais rien*. I know not—it is what I have told you, it is *ce scelerat* Lamplou."

"Old Lampl! what has he got to do with it?"

"He does hate me—he is going to marry madame, and he is determined to ruin me."

"I'm blessed if I'll brush his clothes or black his old boots any more!"

"But I blame not him;" said Ernestine, spreading out her hands with fine Christian magnanimity; "I blame not him—it is only an animal! but it is madame who does turn me out, it is she who has made me the blood to boil. *Mais je m'en venge-rai!*" added Ernestine between her teeth, and clenching her little brown fists savagely. "Don't you stand staring like that; go and order the cart to take me to the station, and let me go up stairs,"—and with that she brushed quickly past her dismayed admirer.

Half-an-hour later Ernestine was in her little attic room in the midst of her disordered wardrobe, with all her worldly goods around her on the floor. She sits on the ground in front of her trunk, turning the

key in a little common cedar-wood money-box, the contents of which she has looked at before.

Inside she first deposits her month's wages, just given her by Mrs. Blair, and then carefully counts over her savings. Twenty-three pounds seven shillings and twopence—not much, thinks Ernestine, ruefully, on which to begin life afresh. If that were all! but then, fortunately, that is not all. Ernestine's money-box holds another valuable object, which she thinks is as good to her as a check on the Bank of England.

Turning rapidly over the yellow bundle of French love-letters, the faded bunch of shrivelled violets—the gift of the dead soldier lover—which even at this moment she remembers to raise hurriedly to her lips, and the case of jewelry which she reflects can be pawned or sold if the worst comes to the worst, she comes upon a small flat parcel in silver paper at the bottom of the box.

"Aha!" says Ernestine aloud, with a triumphant smile, "*te voilà, mon ami!*" you have waited long enough, but now at last you are to be of some use to me. This is what comes of a little prudence and forethought; another, less wise, might have spoken of it before! What a good thing I did keep him all this time!" And with a chuckle of delight Ernestine slipped the paper into her leather purse, which again she placed securely in an inside pocket of her black hand-bag; then locking up the money-box again, she packed it up in her trunk.

A few hours later the French lady's-maid had turned her back forever upon Sotherne Court and the old life that had become so monotonous, and yet, by force of habit, so familiar and so homelike to her.

Juliet Travers was sitting alone in her little morning-room. The writing-table was covered with the morning's unanswered letters, bills, notes, invitations, of all kinds and sizes; her pen was in her hand, but she was not writing. There was on her face that bitter, hopeless expression which had become so familiar to it of late, and which had replaced the old eager impulsive look which had once made it so singularly attractive. The very droop of her head, the languid fall of her nerveless hands, the set scorn in her full red lips, all told the same story of the eternal battle going on within—the battle of pride against a hopeless

love. In front of her lay a monogrammed note highly scented with patchouli. It could not be called a love-letter, and yet there was a spirit of adoration and devotion in every line. Juliet took it up and read it over:

"I see nothing of you now; you are so surrounded by new friends, that you don't seem to care for your old ones. What have I done to offend you that you are so cold and distant to me of late? Twice when I have called you have denied yourself; dear Mrs. Travers, there must be some cause for this change in you.

"I want to get up a water party to Maidenhead for you. Choose your own day and your own party—any one you like. We will row up to Cookham and back in the cool of the evening to a late dinner at Skindle's.

"I have enlisted Mrs. Dalmaine in your cause, for you refuse to do anything that I ask of you now, and perhaps she will persuade you. Don't be so cruel as to refuse me this. Yours devotedly,

"GEORGE MANNERSLEY."

"I suppose I must answer it," said Juliet aloud, as the note dropped wearily from her fingers; "what a bore this sort of thing is! I used to find these parties and flirtations rather amusing a little time ago. I used to fancy they distracted my mind and took off my thoughts; but now I think they only make me worse. No: I really cannot go—Lord George is so wearisome; and since he has taken to this lover-like frame of mind, and reproaches me for neglect—for neglect of him! what a joke!—he is really quite insufferable. Here is some one to interrupt me. Come in!—who is there? Ah, it is you, Rosa; good morning!" and Mrs. Dalmaine, in a deliciously fresh toilet of palest pink muslin, entered.

"My dear Juliet, have you heard from Lord George this morning? because I have."

"Yes, I was just going to answer his note. Here it is." And Juliet calmly handed the note to her friend, who read it through with great interest.

"How devoted the poor man is!" she exclaimed; "and you really have behaved very cruelly to him, poor fellow! Well, what day are you going to fix? and whom are you going to have for the party? It must not be till next week, I think—at least, I have not a free day before, and I

suppose you are going to allow me to come!"

"My dear Rosa, how you jump at conclusions!" said Juliet, laughing. "I am just going to refuse it altogether."

"To refuse?" exclaimed Mrs. Dalmaine, aghast, sinking down into a low chair, and throwing up her little pink-gloved hands in dismay. "Impossible, Juliet! what can you be thinking of? Why, I made so certain of your going, that I stopped at Madame Dentelle's on my way, and ordered a boating suit on purpose!"

"I am very sorry, Rosa; but you can easily stop on your way back, and counter-order it."

"But, Juliet, you must be mad. It would be the very jolliest thing of the whole summer! I had settled it all; we would have just two boatfuls—six bachelors and six married women—no girls, they are always a nuisance. It would be the greatest fun; we wouldn't have anybody slow—all our own set, you know. You would enjoy it so much. You never will be so stupid as to refuse!"

"I am very sorry to disappoint you, Rosa," said Juliet, a little coldly, "but I have not the least intention of going. Such parties always get women talked about; one gets called fast, and perhaps worse."

"Yes, by slow, spiteful women, who never get a chance of any fun themselves!" said Rosa, with a toss of her head.

"No, not only by women: I don't believe that men—nice men—think any the better of one for doing those sort of things."

"But last year you did just as fast things. Don't you remember that day at Richmond—only you, and I, and Lady Withers, and all those men?"

"Yes, and I was very sorry for it afterwards; but I think very differently now about things; and besides, in any case your party would not do for me, because I have asked my young sister-in-law, Flora Travers, to stay with me; and I could not take her to that sort of thing, could I?"

"O, if you are going to take up with bread-and-butter girls in their teens!" pouted Mrs. Dalmaine.

"Don't be jealous, Rosa," said Juliet, playfully; "you know I am not given to 'taking up,' as you call it, with anybody."

"No, only with that horrid Colonel Fleming. I believe he is at the bottom of this proper fit that has come over you; he

always seems to think everything wrong, and looks daggers at me, as if he thought I was a shocking bad friend for you, and was corrupting your morals."

"Very likely he is right," said Juliet, dryly; and, dipping her pen in the ink, she began to write; "but I had rather not hear you abuse him. He is an old friend of mine."

"Yes, so I have heard you say before." And there was a little silence between the friends, during which Juliet wrote away steadily, refusing Lord George Mannersley's invitation; and Mrs. Dalmaine bit the end of her parasol, and looked as cross and ugly as a pretty little woman can look when she is in a bad temper.

"I am sorry for your disappointment, Rosa," said Juliet, presently, as she leant back in her chair and fastened up her note. "You must not think me unkind, and I will do anything you like to make up for it. Would you like me to give a dinner at Hurlingham?"

"Well, yes, that would be rather nice," said Rosa, softening a little, and reflecting that nothing pleasant or profitable could accrue from prolonged sulks. "Of course it depends upon who your party is."

"Well, I would have any one you wish for, only I will get CIs and one or two husbands, if you don't object much," said Juliet, laughing. "I won't ask yours!"

"Heaven forbid!" ejaculated Mrs. Dalmaine, fervently.

"And of course I must have little Flora Travers."

"And will you ask Lord George?" asked Rosa, a little timidly.

Juliet laughed. She had knowledge enough of the world to know how readily a "bosom friend" will pounce on an admirer out of favor.

"O yes, by all means, if you care about him—you are quite welcome to him," she added, a little scornfully.

Mrs. Dalmaine flung herself on her knees at her friend's side and kissed her rapturously.

"You darling! you really are a brick, Juliet; and don't you really mind my flirting a little wee bit with him?"

"Not the least in the world?"

"One thing more, Juliet—you won't go and ask that solemn old colonel of yours, will you? he would quite spoil all our fun."

"I have not the least intention of invit-

ing Colonel Fleming," said Juliet, rather coldly, pushing back her friend's rapturous embraces. "I don't think he would enjoy himself in the very least in our set!" she added with a bitter scorn that was quite unintelligible to her hearer.

A knock at the door, and the footman entering announced that "a young person" wished to speak to Mrs. Travers.

"The dressmaker, I suppose," said Juliet, rising. "Post these letters, William, and tell her to come up stairs: I will see her here."

"I am sorry to turn you out, Rosa, but I have a good deal to do this morning, and I must get this dressmaker's business over as quickly as I can; I will call for you to drive at five o'clock. William, open the door for Mrs. Dalmaine, and then ask the young woman to come up."

And Mrs. Dalmaine went.

"One minute, Miss Richards," said Juliet, not looking up from her writings, as the door opened, and the rustle of a woman's dress announced the entrance of the "young person." "Wait one minute, please, and I will attend to you."

"Madame?" said a hesitating voice behind her with a pure Parisian ring which certainly did not belong to honest little Miss Richards.

Mrs. Travers turned round with a start.

"Ernestine!" she exclaimed in amazement, "what has brought you to town? has Mrs. Blair come up, or—you look very strange—is your mistress ill?" she added, hurriedly.

"No, madame; Madame Blair is quite well, or was yesterday morning when I last saw her."

"Then, what have you to say to me, Ernestine? You look very uncomfortable standing there by the door—won't you sit down?"

Ernestine did indeed look strangely nervous and uncomfortable. She accepted Mrs. Travers's offer, and sat herself down on the edge of the high-backed chair nearest to the door.

"Madame," she began, hesitatingly, "I have come to you in great trouble. Madame Blair has yesterday sent me out of her house without a moment's warning: only just time to pack my clothes and be off."

"Indeed, Ernestine, I am very sorry to hear it," said Juliet, gravely; "you must, I fear, have committed some serious fault."

Tell me, my poor girl, what it is, that I may see if I can help you."

And then Ernestine began to cry.

"Indeed, madame, I have done nothing," she gasped out between her sobs, "*absolument rien!* Madame would not even tell me why she sent me away; she has said she would give me a good character, but she would not let me stay one day longer, and she would not tell me why I was to go: some evil persons have poisoned her mind against me, I think."

"This sounds very strange, Ernestine!" said Juliet; but, from her knowledge of Mrs. Blair's character, it did not appear to her so very unlikely that some sudden caprice might have set her stepmother against her former favorite.

"She has given me but my month's wages, and not one sou more, after all these years that I have so faithfully served her!" sobbed Ernestine.

"My poor girl, I am very sorry for you," said Juliet, compassionately. She had never much liked Ernestine, but she had liked Mrs. Blair still less, and she could readily believe in her injustice and harshness to an old servant. "Don't cry, Ernestine; I will do all I can to help you to get another place."

"How good you are, madame! but, alas! I must not stay here, for troubles never come alone, and the very day I left—yesterday, it was—I heard from *ma pauvre mere*—*ma pauvre mere!*" she added, sobbing bitterly. Ernestine's mother had been dead ten years. "She is very old, *cette chère mere*, and she writes to me to say that she can no longer do her work, and the *officiers de police* have come and seized all her furniture—and she has not even a bed—think of that, Madame Travers, not a bed! and she past seventy!"

"Dear, dear! Ernestine; this is very sad," said Juliet, much distressed. "What can I do?"

"I must go to Paris at once, madame, and I have only just enough for my journey, not one sou to relieve my aged parent when I get there!"

"My poor girl, of course I will lend you—give you, I mean—anything you want!" cried Juliet, rising and reaching out her hand to take her purse off the writing-table, for she seldom stopped to inquire into a case of need. Juliet was generous and open-handed to a fault.

"Stay, madame!" cried Ernestine, rising with the air of a tragedy queen, and stretching out her hand to ward back the proffered charity. "Never shall it be said that Ernestine Guillot came to any member of the family she had served so long—to beg! No, madame, I will have no gift from you; I ask but for a fair price, madame; I have something to sell!"

"To sell? Well, if you are too proud to borrow, Ernestine," said Mrs. Travers with a smile, "I will do what I can to buy from you. Is it some trinket that you have?"

"No, madame, it is no bijou;" and, after much mysterious fumbling among the folds of her dress, Ernestine proceeded to draw forth from her pocket a small flat parcel in silver paper.

Mrs. Travers stretched out her hand for it, but Ernestine did not give it to her. "*Non pas, madame!*" she said; "I first must know what you will give for him?"

"How can I say unless I know what it is? Name your own price; what do you think it worth?"

"Would madame give me fifty pounds?" inquired Ernestine, not without hesitation.

"Fifty pounds! Why, what can it be worth so much?" said Juliet, considerably taken aback.

"It is a letter, madame!"

"Fifty pounds for a letter!" cried Juliet, in amazement. "My good girl, you must be mad! Who would give fifty pounds for a letter?"

"I think that you will, madame," answered Ernestine, calmly. Something in her voice and manner struck Juliet as singularly strange. Her face was bent, looking down at the packet in her hands, which she slowly and with a good deal of ostentation unwrapped from the two or three papers in which it was folded.

"This letter, madame—or rather, this part of a letter, for it is but the half that is left—was written more than five years ago—for the date is still here—to you."

"To me?"

"Yes, madame, to you. Madame Blair did steal it and tear it up; and yesterday as I was turning out all my old boxes to pack up my things, I did find this half left in the lining of an old dress she did give me three years ago, and which was so worn and *en chiffons* that I had never even picked it to pieces—it was not worth anything but rags—and there I did find your letter, madame."

"Let me see the handwriting," said Juliet in a faint voice, making a step towards her—whilst the room seemed to swim in front of her eyes.

Ernestine held up the fragment of the letter firmly in both her hands.

"Fifty pounds, madame, and it is yours!"

One glance, and Mrs. Travers turned rapidly away to her writing-table, unlocked the drawer, pulled out her check-book, and hurriedly filled in the fifty pounds to Ernestine Guillot or Order.

"Here is the money," she said, sternly. "I do not believe your story about your mother—but take this check, give me my letter, and go back to your own country, and never let me see your face again."

Bowing her head with a murmured remonstrance, Ernestine passed out of the room, as she passes out of this story, and Juliet saw her no more. And Juliet Tra-

vers stood motionless in the middle of the room, grasping the torn yellow fragment of her past life in her hand.

Before her dazed eyes, upon the faded page, the words of love and devotion, seen now for the first time, trembled all blotted and blurred through her tears; dear words of tender entreaty, of passionate love, of undying devotion; words that she had waited and pined for so long in vain, with such mad hopeless longing, and that had lain so long unanswered and unheeded.

With a bitter cry Juliet flung up her arms.

"Too late! My God, it comes too late!" she cried, and then fell forward across the table, with the letter clasped against her heart in a passion of despairing tears.

The footman once more opened the door and announced:

"Colonel Fleming."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HER FIRST AND THIRD HUSBANDS.

BY W. H. MACY.

IN the house nearly opposite to my father's, in the days of my boyhood, lived Captain David Russell, a retired mariner, who appeared to be in comfortable circumstances, and to enjoy life as a hale hearty man of sixty odd, who is happy in his domestic relations, as he ought to be.

He had two sons, the elder of whom was in active service at sea as mate of a ship, while the other, who was about thirty, kept a small store down town, and lived with his wife and one little fairy of a girl in a part of the same house with the old folks, though making a separate family. The name on his sign door down town read, "J. Bunker Russell," and I observed that the neighbors in speaking of him often called him "John Bunker," as if that were his full name. Even my own mother, though she took pride in being very correct as to the use of names, would sometimes forget herself and send me on an errand to John Bunker's store. I could not help thinking this very strange, and one day, on my return, I determined to know whether there was any good reason for it.

"Mother," said I, "isn't his name John Bunker Russell?"

"Why yes, child. What makes thee ask?" My mother was a birthright Quaker,

and from the force of education and habit generally used the plain language to her children, though she did not insist upon our doing the same, but left us quite free in this respect.

"Why, you most always tell me to go down to John Bunker's store."

"Do I? Well, what of it? That's his name, or at least a part of it. But if thee is so particular, I must try to remember and say Russell every time."

"O, I am not very particular, mother, but *you* are in every other case but this."

Mother laughed. "Well, I'll tell thee," she said. "His name *was* John Bunker, and the Russell was added after he grew up. Now don't bother me with questions about it, for I couldn't tell thee the whole particulars of the story."

"Then of course," said I, "he isn't David Russell's son?"

"I didn't say that he *was* or *wasn't*," answered my dear mother. "There now, let me alone."

"And as Captain Paul Russell is older than John Bunker," said I, puzzling over it, "of course Aunt Judith Russell, as we call her, isn't Paul's own mother."

"Yes she is, too. Now ask thy father, when he gets back from New York, and he

can tell thee all about it, for he knows the names of the different places, and the ships, and all about it."

My father was then absent, being captain of a coaster; but I did not fail to get the whole story of the Russell family from him on his return. And now, at this distance of time, when all the principal parties in the drama have passed on, I can tell the story in my own way.

On a Sabbath morning in 1805, David Russell and Judith Swain stood side by side in the Friends' meeting-house at Nantucket, and solemnly pledged themselves, each to the other, as husband and wife, after the manner of their sect. Both were young and ardent, full of hope for the future, and rich in love for each other, if not in worldly goods and chattels. David had already shipped when he plighted his faith to his bride, and the honey-moon had not yet waned when he sailed on a voyage to Walwich Bay as mate of the good ship *Leo*, whereof his old acquaintance and neighbor, Aaron Bunker, was master.

The ship held her course across the Atlantic towards the Azores, intending to touch at one of these islands before proceeding on her southern voyage, and when nearly up with the longitude of Flores, a heavy gale was experienced, compelling the ship to lay to for safety. During Russell's watch on deck one night, and when the gale was at its height, a strange sail was seen close aboard, driving directly down upon the *Leo's* quarter, under scudding canvas. Owing to the blackness of the night and the rate at which the stranger was moving, she was so near when the alarm was given that there was no time to get the ship headed off to avoid a collision. Russell, in a voice of thunder, ordered the tiller to be jammed hard up, and then jumped upon the taffrail just as the strange ship's jibboom, high in air, passed across, sweeping away the *Leo's* spanker gaff and all the gear attached, as if it had been cobwebs, while the bluff of the bow, striking a spare spar which projected through the stern-hawse of the *Leo*, snapped off like a mere pipestem. But both ships were saved, for it was but a glancing blow. The danger had been perceived just in time by those on board the scudding ship, but the helm had been forced hard a starboard. At the instant of contact, she was swinging rapidly in obedience to her rudder, and as

the spare spar broke, the two vessels cleared each other by a very touch-and-go.

The little whaler, despite her helm, was forced up into the wind, and narrowly escaped foundering before she could be got back to her former course. When this was fairly done, all on board breathed more freely, but shuddered as they thought of the hairbreadth escape from total destruction. But where, O where, was Mr. Russell? The last seen of the young mate was when he jumped upon the taffrail, the last sound heard from him was his stentorian cry to those on board the strange ship, "Starboard! Hard a starboard!" His fate, like that of thousands of brave seamen and soldiers, was to be summed up in the one awful word, "Missing!"

All that could be known of the stranger was that she was a very large ship, and apparently a man-of-war, and some had heard voices shouting in great excitement, but seemingly in some foreign tongue. At daylight the next morning the gale had somewhat abated, but no sail was in sight from the *Leo's* masthead, and so without material damage, save in the loss of her chief mate, she made sail, touching at Fayal, where a new officer was shipped, and then proceeded on her cruise in the South Atlantic.

Meanwhile, the young wife, in her quiet home at Nantucket, had settled down into the matron, enrolling herself in the ranks of those whose missions seemed to be, in those days, to wait like faithful Penelope for the return of their long-absent lords. But she had not to wait long for the fatal tidings; for the early arrival of another whaler from Walwich Bay, which had spoken the *Leo*, set the dreadful truth beyond all doubt, and the bride of a few short months was a widow, even before the beautiful seal of maternity had been set upon the fair brow.

In due time the *Leo*, deeply laden with oily treasure, arrived home.

The sight of her lost husband's shipmates only stirred anew the wound in the widow's heart; yet there was consolation in the sympathetic visit of Captain Bunker, and his generous praises of his lost mate. The *Leo* was to be fitted out again immediately, and the captain's stay on shore was very brief. Time works wonders, as we all know, and it had already begun to exert its healing influence. Aaron Bunker, though on the verge of thirty, was thus far a

bachelor, and to the surprise of both matrons and maidens, he seemed determined to remain so for the present. And so, when he had made more voyages, and five years had elapsed since the fatal night of the collision off the Azores, it was a matter of no surprise to the staid and prudent members of the Society of Friends that David Russell's widow stood again in the meeting-house, to exchange vows with her second husband. She had done well, everybody said: little Paul would have a kind father, and as for Aaron, he, too, had certainly chosen wisely.

And Judith was, indeed, happy in the new marriage relation, though as Captain Bunker had more voyages to make, she was still forced to continue the part of waiting Penelope. Two more years passed, and the long train of grievances endured by our seamen had led to a rupture between our government and that of Great Britain.

It was a heavy hour for Judith Bunker when the news of the declaration of war reached her island home. Captain Bunker had sailed but a few months before on a voyage to the Pacific Ocean; he was away on the other side of Cape Horn, and his return not to be looked for under two years. Would the Ardent run the gauntlet in safety? was now an anxious question, for, in addition to the ordinary dangers of the seas, it was now predicted by those who ought to know, that the enemy's naval cruisers would infest every sea, the Pacific as well as the Atlantic. But like a brave little woman, she tried to hope for the best, and while she prayed for the safety of her husband, she strove to do her whole duty by her two boys, so unlike each other, and yet so equally dear to her mother's heart. As she looked upon Paul, now a stout stripling, and already talking of the time when he, too, should go "round Cape Horn," a tear would sometimes escape her, as a tribute to the memory of him to whom the freshness of her first love had been given. But this was over in a moment, for her heart told her that he was gone forever, and that her duties were with the living present and the anxious future.

The story now returns to David Russell, who, although mourned as lost, and believed to be at the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean, had been preserved by one of those strange chances which seem little short of miracles, and which are yet not so uncom-

mon in the career of the sailor or soldier. At the moment of the collision when the strange ship's jibboom was very nearly over his head, he had been thrown from his balance and lost his footing. Clutching wildly in the air, he seized upon some rope, he knew not what, but supposed at the instant it was the spanker rang of his own ship. More rapidly than he could think, he was lifted and swung out into the darkness, while his only safety lay in clinging desperately to whatever he had laid hold upon. A moment more, and he realized that he was far away from the *Leo*, and among the bowsprit gear of the other ship. Her jibboom had been carried away in the conflict, but he had been fortunate enough to escape without bodily injury. As soon as he found his footing, and partially regained strength, he made his way in over the ship's bow, when he found himself surrounded by a crowd of rough bearded seamen, talking in a language which he did not understand, but which he knew well enough to be French.

From the size of the ship, and the great number of men on her deck, he supposed that she was a man-of-war, and he was soon taken in charge by a young officer who spoke good English, and escorted aft to tell his story to the captain. That potentate thought the story sufficiently marvellous, but as he could not doubt the tale with the living evidence before him, he only shrugged his shoulders and expressed his astonishment in pantomime, as Russell's statement was interpreted to him. The vessel was the formidable, line-of-battle-ship, which had been with several others of her class on the West India station, but was now returning, to join the combined French and Spanish fleet. She had been separated from her consorts before the gale came on, and was now making the best of her way to the home rendezvous. Beyond the loss of her jibboom, the ship had sustained no material damage in the collision with the *Leo*.

Russell was well treated on board the Frenchman, but the prospect before him was anything but cheering to a young man of his character and nationality. His voyage, which he had begun with such high hopes, was of course broken up and lost. All Europe was in a state of war, and the chances of returning to his own country for years to come were very uncertain, even if he were permitted to be a free agent. But

every able-bodied man, and especially every able seaman, was wanted in these troubled times; the fleets of both English and French *must* be manned, and those in authority were not wont to be over-scrupulous as to the means made use of to get recruits. From the hour he set foot on board the man-of-war, Russell was beset with solicitations to enter his name as a volunteer in the French navy, but all offers and blandishments were steadily refused. His determination, kept always in view, was to make his escape and get back to his own country as soon as any opportunity presented itself, and he resolved that if he served under any other flag than his own, it should be under compulsion, and never as a volunteer.

In due time the *Formidable* safely ran the gauntlet of the English blockading squadron, and joined the combined fleet in the Bay of Cadiz. But Russell was not permitted to go on shore, and though he succeeded in gaining the ear of the French admiral, he received no satisfaction from the interview, for the truth was, he was too fine a man to be lost. He was urged, coaxed, solicited, and even threatened, but he steadily refused to enlist, and returned to the *Formidable* as a sort of prisoner, though on duty. He preferred duty of any kind, however, to a life of sulky inaction, so he resolved to be quiet and submissive, and to bide his time.

In a few days the whole fleet put to sea, and soon after gave battle to the ships of Nelson off Trafalgar. In the great conflict, Russell found himself bearing a part, though with little heart or soul in that result; but the *Formidable* was one of the captured ships, and he became a prisoner in the hands of the English, thus literally jumping out of the pan into the fire, for notwithstanding his straight-forward story, confirmed by his French shipmates, little heed was given to it, and it was apparent that England expected every man—who spoke good English—to do his duty.

He was transferred and changed about from one ship to another, until his original statement and his identity were entirely lost sight of. When he attempted to remonstrate, he was charged with being a renegade Englishman, and threatened with hanging at the yardarm; for he was assured that it would not be difficult to find those who would swear to him as a deserter from

the British navy. There was no help for it but patience, and he submitted to his fate, but always doing duty as a pressed man, and stoutly refusing to enroll his name as a volunteer. Thus seven years of the prime of his life were worn away, with no opportunity for escape from his thralldom. He was seldom allowed to go on shore in any port where it was possible to desert successfully, and was always under watch and guard as a pressed man, and one not to be trusted out of sight.

He had several times written letters to his wife, and to others in his native island, but none of these ever reached their destination. Two or three attempts at desertion had proved failures, and had only served to make his situation the harder, and to cut off the little liberty which had before been allowed him. Swallowed up in the insatiable maw of the British navy, he had nearly settled down into the most hopeless, aimless existence, when the war was declared in 1812, and he found himself compelled to serve actively against the land of his birth. But still a little gleam of hope stole into his benighted heart, when he learned that he, with others, was to be assigned to the *Ringdove*, sloop-of-war, and sent on a cruise to the Pacific Ocean.

The chances of communicating with his home, and even the chance of final escape, would be much improved if he could get into the South Sea on the further side of Cape Horn. With this hope to live for, he became more cheerful, and did his duty so well that he soon rose high in the estimation of the commander and officers of the *Ringdove*, being valued as one of the finest seamen on board.

After doubling Cape Horn, the sloop-of-war proceeded to Valparaiso to refit, finding no American vessel in port on the arrival. Russell, having completely won the confidence of his commanding officer, was allowed liberty on shore with his watchmates, and he now determined to make a bold push for freedom. He bargained with a Chilean, who agreed, for a certain consideration, to stow him away in his own house, and keep him snug until the *Ringdove* should be far away in blue water. But as his watch was likely to have another turn on shore before sailing, he meant to defer his attempt until this last day on land, when the ship would be ready for sea. He saw no one in his wanderings about the port whom he could

recognize as an old acquaintance, but having learned in the course of his inquiries that the captain of a Nantucket whaler was lying sick in the marine hospital, he went without loss of time to find him. He was admitted according to his request, but was cautioned not to talk to the sick man, who was prostrate with fever, and not in a condition to bear any fatigue or excitement. Still he was not considered to be in danger, the attendant said; only "comfortably sick." "What was his name?" The official did not remember, but it was down on the books somewhere.

Russell approached the bedside eagerly, for he felt almost sure he could recognize any shipmaster of those who claimed Nantucket as their birthplace.

Nor was he mistaken in this instance, for eight years of active service, and a long fit of sickness, had not so changed the looks of his old friend and comrade Aaron Bunker but that he was instantly known. Russell's first impulse was to rush to him, to grasp his hand, to take him in his arms; but he restrained himself, and stood waiting to see what effect his apparition, as if from the dead, would have upon the captain. The sick man, who appeared to be quite clear in mind, at first turned his glance mechanically and with an air of indifference upon the man in English man-of-war rig, but gradually his dull eyes dilated, and strange emotion made itself visible in his haggard face. He placed his thin hand over his eyes, as if to get a better view.

"He never had a twin brother, that I knew of," he muttered to himself. Then suddenly he cried, in great agitation, "Speak, man! Are you David Russell, or his ghost?" Then, as if ashamed of this emotion, he closed his eyes, muttering again, "No—no—he went to the bottom of the Atlantic eight years ago. Besides, if he were alive, he never could wear that rig."

His hand was seized with a strong hearty grasp, which made him start up from his pillow. There was no attendant near to interfere, or the interview might have been cut short at this point.

"I am David Russell, in the flesh, and no ghost at all. It's a long story to tell how I come to be here, and sailing under these colors; but you may, and you *do* know, Aaron Bunker, that it is not of my own free will, and I trust to break my chains very

soon. You are the first man from old Nantucket that I have looked upon for eight years. But I must not excite you while you are so weak. Be calm now, and tell me all about home and the dear ones I left there."

His heart was so full that he could not yet utter the name of the one dear one, dearer than all else besides. But he was entirely unprepared for the terrible agitations of this old friend, whom he thus exhorted to be calm.

"Calm, calm!" repeated the sick man, in almost a shriek of agony. "David Russell, you— But no, it is all a dream, and yet it is not, for I am in my right mind. How in heaven's name did you— But no matter, it's enough that you are here alive, and telling me to be calm!"

Russell thought he must be wandering in mind, and did his best to quiet and soothe him. But the one question he must have an answer to.

"My wife, Aaron? Tell me that my wife is well, or *was* when you last left home. Tell me this, Aaron, and I will not excite you more. I will leave as soon as you have answered this question!"

"Leave! No, sit down, man. Sit here, close at my side, for you must know all," said the sick man, with forced calmness. "Your wife? How can I tell you? and yet I *must*. My God! David Russell, do you know? No, of course you do *not* know that your wife has been *my* wife for the past three years!"

The grasp of the hand relaxed. Russell's face dropped upon the side of the bed, and his strong frame shook with the agony of the first shock. Both men were silent for two or three minutes.

"She mourned you truly, David, and gave five full years to your memory. I made three more voyages in the *Leo*, always waiting and hoping before I spoke to her of love. I have been very happy with Judith, and I have been faithful to your boy, David—for you *have* a boy, and a noble one, too—as I was to my own, who is still but an infant. Both boys call her 'mother,' David, and she loves them equally. But if she knew what you and I know at this moment, I think her dear heart would be broken."

Another shudder went through the powerful frame—the last one—and Russell raised his face with an expression stern and

yet tender. He seemed to have seen his way clear, and to be strong with high resolve.

"Her dear heart shall not be broken, Aaron, for she need never know the truth. I confess that for eight years I have cherished the hope of meeting Judith again in this world; but that is all over now. Go back to your wife, Aaron, and be happy; for although she is also my wife, it could bring nothing but misery to her to know that I am living."

"But you must know, David, that the legal claim is yours."

"If it is mine, I waive it now and forever. I shall try to escape as soon as I can from this accursed British service; but I shall never make myself known to any townsman of mine. There is room enough somewhere in the world for all of us. This secret is yours and mine, Aaron. I know that you will keep it inviolate for *her* sake."

"And you have no blame either for her or me?" asked Captain Bunker, in a choking voice.

"Blame! no; my wife—our wife, Aaron, is above all blame. There is no blame attaching to any one in such a case; and yet strange it is that this very fact makes it the harder to bear for all three of the parties. Keep the secret, Aaron, to your grave! I only ask that you will do your duty by my boy, as I know you have done it heretofore, and let me be forgotten."

"I would gladly promise all this to you, David, for I know and feel that you are right. Yours is the best and only true solution of such a problem, whatever the law may say about it. For the sake of *her* peace—though I hope not from any more selfish motive—I could make you the promise you ask for, and keep it, too. But in this case, David, the problem will work out its own solution in a better way even than you have suggested. I feel that such promises on my part would be idle, for I shall never live to fulfil them. They say that I am getting better now, but I know that my strength is failing day by day, and feel that my time on earth is very short. No, you need not tell me that I am foolish, or that I alarm myself without good cause, for I see it in your face that you are going to say something of the kind. I think I know my own condition and chances of life, and I feel sure that I never shall see Judith again. Now I want you in your turn to make a

promise to me. If you break away from the forced service under the English flag, which I think you will do very soon, make inquiries about me, and as soon as you know that I have ceased to live, return to your wife. For she is lawfully and truly your wife, and will love you, if you returned under those circumstances, even as she now loves your memory, believing you dead for years. David, we both love this woman, and are studying her happiness; if you love her well enough to conceal from her the knowledge of your existence, that she may be happy with me, you must certainly love her well enough to promise that you will do as I desire, in case you hear of my death."

"I will!" answered Russell, solemnly. "But if I should escape, as I hope to in this port, the chances are that I shall return to America penniless. You have not thought of that."

"Indeed I have," answered Aaron Bunker. "I have left something behind, for I have been moderately prosperous in money matters, and meant, when I sailed in the *Ardent*, that this should be my last voyage. Judith is not penniless, by any means. By my will, executed before I sailed, all that I leave goes to her during life, and after her, to your child and mine, in equal shares. Promise me *this*, too, David—that you will be a father to my boy, as I have been and always intended to be to yours."

The promise was given by Russell with as much emotion as if his friend had been really at the point of death.

"I feel very happy in this promise, for we know that, as old shipmates, we can rely upon each other's word. Give me your hand upon it, David. Mark what I say, I am nearer the end than you or the doctors think—but I am not afraid to die, for I have kept a fair record; and though I married your wife, it seems, yet I have done no wrong, knowingly, to man or woman. With this promise from you, I may say that I am quite content, and stand ready when the time comes. And now let us talk of other matters. My ship, the *Ardent*, is nearly full of oil—at any rate, she has a good voyage in her hold already. She is now out here on a short cruise, in charge of my mate, Joe Barnard; you know him well. Joe is a good whaler and a worthy fellow, but he is not the man I would desire to leave in charge, if I had any choice in the matter. He will follow anywhere, if

somebody else will lead, but he lacks confidence in himself as soon as he is thrown upon his own resources. I only wish that you, David Russell, were on board the *Ardent* and had command of her."

"Do you expect her in here soon?" Russell asked.

"No, I hope not, for she would run into the very jaws of death before I could get on board myself, weak as I am now. I told Mr. Barnard to look in at Talcaluana first, and to find out there whether any man-of-war was in this bay before he started round here. I gave him these orders because I had heard a rumor that your ship, the *Ringdove*, and several others were coming round in this station, hoping to capture David Porter, who is scouring the Pacific in that saucy frigate the *Essex*."

The attendant belonging to the hospital here hurried in with a very anxious face, like a night-watchman rushing up after a row is all over. But seeing the sick man evidently so calm and happy, he returned again, and the two held another hour's conversation together. Russell related the story of his miraculous escape on the night of the collision, and something of his subsequent adventures; and Captain Bunker went more into detail concerning a hundred matters at home, in which the long absent wanderer was deeply interested. He was still full of anxiety about his ship, and from time to time returned to that subject. He himself owned a quarter of the *Ardent* and her cargo. She was a great traveller, and with a fair start, he did not fear the *Ringdove*, or any other British cruiser; but there were the chances of the elements, and his want of confidence in his mate's firmness.

At the hour of parting they mutually renewed their promises concerning the woman they loved and her children.

"But," said Aaron, again, "my promise amounts to nothing, because I shall never live to carry it out. When you come ashore again, call here before you start up country for Santiago. I may have more to say to you. If I am not living, I will leave a written message for you."

When Russell got his last liberty day on shore, some ten days later, he lost no time in making inquiry at the hospital. But the shock to his feelings was terrible when he learned that Captain Bunker had been buried the day before. His words had been

indeed prophetic, and he was nearer his end when he uttered them than even he himself had supposed. A package was delivered to Russell by the steward of the hospital, and on opening it a considerable sum in ready money was found, with three letters directed by the feeble hand of the dying man. One of these was for Russell himself, another for Judith, and the third for his mate on board the *Ardent*.

Russell could be of no further use at the hospital, and his duties at once called him elsewhere. He sought his Chilean friend, and having exchanged his man-of-war clothes for the dress of the country, they mounted their horses for a ride inland. But just then a courier came up from the southward with a report that a ship, supposed to be a whaler, was in sight, coasting along towards the port. A word to this guide, and still better a dollar displayed to his view, served to change their direction, and they rode at breakneck speed along shore to the southward.

A ride of three hours brought them abreast of the ship, and Francisco, further stimulated by another dollar, was not long in finding a friend who was ready to carry them out in his fishing-boat. As the wind was light, they soon succeeded in heading off the *Ardent*, for Russell knew her well enough from Aaron's description.

"Where's Mr. Barnard?" demanded Russell, as he jumped in on the quarter-deck.

Mr. Barnard was below, suffering from severe injuries, having been hurt by a whale a few days before. The second mate now had charge, and knowing little of navigation, had got hold of the land, as he expressed it, and was following it along towards the Bay of Valparaiso.

"You are rushing right into the enemy's hands," said Russell. "You had better bring her to the wind, and work off again as fast as you can, for the *Ringdove* is in the bay, and her boats will be out after you, as they have got the news before this time. It was lucky that I heard it before the English officers did. But I must see Joe Barnard at once. I have a letter for him, and I hope he is able to read it."

He was able to read, though suffering from severe injuries, and the reading of the letter, written by a dying man, who was master and part owner of the ship, and delivered as it was by an old acquaintance

risen from a watery grave, had wonderful effect. Russell found himself at once in a post of honor, fully authorized to act, and, in fact, commander of the *Ardent de facto* if not *de jure*. For both the crippled and suffering mate and the young inexperienced second officer were glad to be relieved of the responsibility.

While the Ringdove's boats were waiting at the mouth of Valparaiso Bay, to board and capture the *Ardent* in neutral waters, and the police were hunting far and near for the deserter Russell, the stout little whaler, with the deserter in charge, was speeding away under a crowd of canvas, laying her course for Cape Horn—homeward bound.

It was a day of great rejoicing among the good people of the island when the news spread abroad that a deeply-laden ship, known by her distinctive flag to be the *Ardent*, had successfully run the gauntlet of the hostile cruisers, and was coming to anchor off Nantucket Bar. It was not until the swift whaleboat lowered from her sides touched the beach at the Cliff Shore,

that the truth was known concerning the death of Captain Bunker, and the resurrection of David Russell from his supposed ocean grave. He did not present himself before his wife until she sent for him, but the letter of Aaron, with the seal unbroken as he received it, was delivered to her by a trusty hand, and its contents, sacred to her eyes alone, made all things clear, and prepared the way to happiness. Upon the first interview between Judith and her long-lost husband, not even the pen of the novelist has a right to intrude.

After a suitable interval of time David and Judith remarried, and entered upon a new career of happiness. After peace was proclaimed the captain made two more successful voyages, taking his boy Paul with him, and then returned with a competency. By special act of the General Court, little John Bunker had the name of Russell added, and until grown to manhood knew of no other father than the man who is still equally dear to him and to his sailor brother, and who was thus strangely their mother's first and third husband.

CONSOLATION.

BY ALICE B. BROWN.

I saw the poplars in the gloaming shake,
And heard the rain drop from the mossy eaves,
Drop downward on the yellow grass and make
A sad weird music midst the fallen leaves.

The roses that I loved were brown and dead,
Save one that beat against my window-pane,
And all its petals, once so bright and red,
Were heavy with the bleak November rain.

The garden that of late with beauty beamed,
Retained no trace of summer's brilliant bloom,
And in that hour my lonely spirit seemed
In perfect keeping with the scene of gloom.

Some joys, that tender warmth and radiance shed
Around my life, I felt were dying fast,
And mourning o'er my perished hopes, I said,
"O heart, weep for the summer that has passed!"

"Gone are those days with love and joy untold,
And gone, alas! like them, my purest trust;
The years that lie beyond no brightness hold,
No roses red can spring from out the dust."

In bitterness I wept, when one who long
Had battled with life's fiercest grief and pain,

Broke forth in clear triumphant waves of song,
And Jesus' mercy was the sweet refrain.

"O blessed Christ!" I murmured low; "if she
Who sees the billows of affliction toss,
Can look beyond the gloom and sing of thee,
For thy dear sake I'll gladly bear my cross."

'Tis often thus—when clouds of grief and pain
Shut out the golden sunlight, and we feel
That life has darkest grown, some tender strain
Of melody into our hearts will steal.

God's blessed rainbow, Hope, its brightness lends
To every child of Christ, however small;
Then let our songs of praise to him ascend,
Although the winds may blow and rains may fall.
Jackson, Mo., January, 1871.

A CHRISTMAS EXPERIENCE IN JAPAN.

BY DR. CHARLES H. CAMPBELL.

THE Christmas of 1876 I spent some eighty miles from the European settlement of Yokohama, in Japan. I was one of a party of five, who had resolved to take advantage of the laxity allowed to commercial men at this season of the year, to escape from the monotony of settlement life, and to have a few days' shooting before the new year. We all knew each other well—very essential in parties of this kind—and we were all tolerably good shots; so that we looked forward to our trip, and our Christmas in the wilds, with no small degree of pleasure.

At this time a continual war was being waged between the foreign consular bodies and communities on one hand, and the government on the other, concerning the vexed question of travelling in the interior. The officials were determined to place every obstacle in the path of foreigners wishing to explore the country, and the foreigners were equally determined that the spirit of the original treaties between the Japanese government and European powers, in allowing great, though limited, liberty of intercourse, should be maintained. Hence the greatest difficulty in starting for a sporting or exploring trip was the procuring of passports. The limits beyond which foreigners could not go were so jealously defined and guarded; the vigilance of the native police, backed up by popular prejudice, so great; that no European left the settlement on a distant excursion entirely un-

hampered by doubts as to the success of his trip.

However, we got our passports apparently in order; our provisions had been sent ahead, a day or two previously, to an appointed tea-house—provisions which, amongst preserved delicacies, included, of course, the English Christmas beef and a regular English pudding; and, light in heart, we jumped into our "jinrickishas" on a keen, sunny, frosty morning, and started for our trip, resolved, come what might, to make the most of our brief holiday.

No adventures marked our progress to the half-way house, a pretty hostelry, situated on the banks of a winding river, some twenty miles north of the great capital. The local officials paid us a visit as we were discussing our midday meal, examined our passes, affixed divers important-looking seals and stamps thereto, and allowed us to proceed. On the evening of the third day after our departure from Yokohama, we arrived at our shooting headquarters, found our coolies with our dogs, traps and provisions awaiting us, and prepared for the sport of the morrow.

No lighter hearts than ours could have been found amongst the English exiles in Japan, as, early on Christmas Eve, we started for our excursion amongst the game. Everything seemed propitious. Even nature, clad in the sombre hues of winter, smiled beneath the genial sun, which lit up

every thicket and bamboo grove, and shone with dazzling brilliancy on the snowclad sides of the distant holy mountain, Fuji, which stood sharply and clearly out against the deep pure blue air so characteristic of Japan in winter. Luck favored us; for, although the birds were strong and wild in this district; the cover terribly dense; the hills steep and numberless; by midday our five guns had bagged twenty brace of fine birds; and, with the appetites of giants, we made straight for our selected luncheon-spot—a quaint little old temple, built on a hillside, and, although at this season thrusting its brown thatch above the thicket, in summer entirely buried in a nest of giant cryptomeria, camellia and azalea. The romantic spirit of our little party had picked out this resting-place; and, as we toiled up the little woodman's path leading to it; stumbling over tree roots, and crashing through thickets of thorn; he dilated in glowing terms on the beauty of the spot in midsummer; when the frozen rivulet at our feet dashes merrily along between leafy banks; when not an inch of ground can be discerned for the wild luxuriance of the foliage; and when the great, calm, cold mountain rises behind the range of purple hills, vast and serene as a monarch in repose. Suddenly the unromantic one, who had hitherto preserved a strict silence, exclaimed, "Bobbies!"

As we came in to the little plateau we saw them, sure enough—half-a dozen little men, dressed in the orthodox uniform of his imperial majesty's police-force, smoking and chatting with our coolies, who were keeping guard over the long-dreamt-of cold pies and salads. "What's up?" was the general exclamation. Had we trespassed? Had we wandered unwittingly into some great landowner's preserves in our search for game? Was the comely damsel we chucked under the chin at the tea-house the daughter of the mayor? Had we thrown stones at an especially sacred dog? Had we allowed our own dogs to slake their thirst at the holy-water basin of a shrine? These and a thousand other possibilities presented themselves to our minds, as we beheld the little cordon of guardians of the public peace drawn up, now in military order, with the sergeant, hat in hand, waiting to address us. Not one of us dreamt of passports. The seals and signatures of various public officers had been affixed to them

in such profusion at the "Saibansho," or police-office, in Yokohama, that we had never dreamt of the possibility of their being tried in the balance and found wanting.

So, however, it turned out to be. The sergeant, addressing us in the most abject humility, and with, apparently, the most exquisite grief at having to perform a disagreeable duty, informed us that, on the very day after our leaving Yokohama, the passport system had been altered, that the treaty limits had been rearranged, and that it was his duty to see us safely back to the foreign settlement, we being at this time about eight hundred yards beyond the line of demarcation.

Here was a blow to our hopes! In vain we plied the stern official with bitter beer, and flowers of persuasive eloquence; in vain, like the preacher in the Bab Ballads, "we argued right, we argued left, we also argued round about." He was inexorable. There was nothing left to us but to submit with a good grace, and take our revenge in the public papers on arriving at Yokohama.

We made a sad and silent meal, and prepared for the retreat. But we were not without our scheme of revenge. On duty, in Yokohama, the police invariably wear boots of European make; but in the country districts, where foreigners are rarely seen, they still adhere to the native straw sandal. As we were prisoners of no ordinary importance, our captors were in full costume—ill-fitting tunics, heavy hats, and boots of the stiffest Blucher pattern, fresh, hard and unseasoned. We knew well that their pride would prevent the policemen from showing, before foreigners, that to walk in boots would be a purgatorial operation, as severe to them as it would be for a West-End "swell" to "do" the afternoon park in a suit of steel armor; so we resolved to give them a dance.

Off we set—coolies, dogs and all—at a good swinging pace of four miles an hour, our guards behind us. To give them due credit, it must be said that they kept up well for a mile or so—though at what cost in the shape of pinches, gallings, blisters and sprains, they themselves only knew. The distance between us, however, rapidly increased, till, at length, the smallest and puniest was obliged to stop, from sheer inability to proceed further, to take off his boots, and put on his own sandals, which he had slung round his neck. One by one

the others followed his example; but it was not till within a half mile of our tea-house that the sergeant condescended to do the same. As we arrived at the tea-house in a body, we found the entire population of the village drawn up to receive us, not as heroes, but as laughing-stocks; but, after all, we found out that the poor policemen, with their raw and blistered toes, came in for the greatest share of public ridicule.

We were permitted to sleep, as it was late; but the village mayor in person informed us that we were to depart at daylight the next morning—Christmas morning—under escort, for Yokohama. Slowly and sadly we packed up our traps, and tried to be jolly under adverse circumstances. The evening meal passed off heavily; we could not eat our Christmas dinner on Christmas Eve; yet we knew full well that, on the morrow, there would be but little opportunity for anything like a festive celebration of the great holiday.

Before daylight the next morning we were politely aroused by our guards—a new relay, wearing, as we saw by the dim lantern-light, their native sandals, having, without doubt, been warned by their predecessors of the consequences attendant on attempting to escort, in new boots, a party of sturdy Europeans. We had not the heart even to take the game we had shot with us, so we gave it to the tea-house keeper. The weather, too, had changed; a steady perpendicular down-pour of some hours' duration had converted the road into a quagmire, and was now doing its best to turn the quagmire into a sea. Not a "jinrickisha" could be had for love or money; so, looking more like a funeral procession than a party of jolly sportsmen, we set out on our homeward journey.

Our custodians never quitted us for a moment. If one of us loitered behind on the pretence of getting a cup of tea at a wayside booth, one of the policemen would halt to lace up his sandal, keeping, the while, a sharp eye on the European loiterer. At about midday we were startled by a crash. The rain had soaked the straw mat-

ting in which our provisions had been packed on the back of one of the coolies, and the whole concern, containing the essence of our intended Christmas repast, had come to the ground. There was the lordly pudding wallowing in a hundred pieces in the road, side by side with the choice sirloin, and a box of bottled beer. This was the last straw which broke the camel's back of our hopes. We might have improvised a Christmas feast at some roadside tea-house. We might have snatched a few minutes to drink "Absent Friends," and "The Old Folks at Home;" now all was gone, and we cared not how soon we arrived at the capital. So we plodded on. On Christmas evening, with some preserved meats, some half-soaked bread, and a solitary bottle of champagne, supplemented by Japanese dishes, washed down by Japanese wine, we attempted to carouse; but at the first chorus, the opening of one of the sliding doors of our apartment reminded us that we yet carried fetters, and our merriment fell as flat as had our dainties on the road previously.

To cut a long story short, we arrived in Yokohama by rail on the evening of Boxing Day; and, although the native authorities had deemed us sufficiently punished by our pilgrimage, and did not press matters further against us, we felt as if we had lost a Christmas from the calendar of our lives, as we heard friends in all directions talking of the jovialities of their respective meetings, and compared them with our dismal experiences of the Christmas of 1876.

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GOSSIPING IDLERS.—The idle levy heavy tax on the industrious when by frivolous visitations they rob them of their time. Such persons beg their daily happiness from door to door, as beggars their bread, and, like them, sometimes meet with a rebuff. A mere gossip ought not to wonder if we evince signs we are tired of him, seeing we are indebted for the honor of his visit solely to the circumstance of his being tired of himself. He sits at home till he has an intolerable load of *ennui*, when he sallies forth to distribute it.

BACK NUMBERS OF BALLOU'S MAGAZINE.

We are constantly receiving letters asking if back numbers of **BALLOU'S MAGAZINE** can be obtained at this office, as none are for sale at many of the periodical depots. We can supply, on application, all the back numbers of our Magazine from the first of January, 1873, and parties wishing them have only to write us, enclose the money, and receive, postpaid, what they ordered, by return of mail.

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THE CHILD OF THE WILDERNESS.

A True Story of Early Life in the Northwest.

EDITED BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

CHAPTER VIII.

SEGURM'S WARNING.

ON that day Gabriel and I left the cabin for a hunt. Deer had been seen along the shore of the lake, and we took our way there. Approaching the shore cautiously, we were gladdened by the sight of three of the graceful creatures. They were standing in the water less than knee-deep, drinking, and often throwing up their heads, and sniffing suspiciously towards the shore.

"The distance is long," said Gabe; "too long for your gun. But we can't get any nearer; they've got a little the wind of us now. I'll try that buck; you hold your fire, and if the other two come any nearer when they break, let 'em have it."

He took a long steady aim, and fired. The buck jumped clear out of the water, staggered to the shore, and then fell. It was a long shot, and a good one. But I was not to have a chance. The two does sprang off down the shore, and were speedily out of sight.

The buck was dead before we reached him. Gabriel cut his throat; and taking advantage of some small trees that grew near the water, we hung the deer up to a

branch, and began to skin him. We were both busily engaged at it, when I chanced to cast my eyes up into the tree. I have often been astonished in my life; but never quite so greatly as then. I could not speak; I could only nudge my companion, and point my finger. He looked, and saw an Indian in the branches, ferocious with war-paint and feathers, looking coolly down at us!

Just stop and think of *that* situation! Both Gabriel's gun and mine lay on the ground, a rod off; and his was not loaded. I was holding the carcass of the deer, to steady it, and he was stripping off the hide. This was the condition we were in when we looked into the tree and discovered the Indian. He held a rifle in his hands, and so near us did he sit, that he might have touched one of us with the muzzle of his gun, by simply reaching out his hand. And there we stood—and there he sat—and stared at each other for a full minute, without a motion made, or a word said on either side. Then the Indian spoke in his own language, and held up both hands above his head, leaving the rifle lying across his legs. I did not understand his words, but the sign I knew to be of peace and friendship.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1876, by THOMES & TALBOT, Boston, Mass., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, Washington.]

Gabriel knew the language of the Sacs and Foxes almost as well as he did his own, and immediately responded. The two then went on with a long conversation, the first of which I understood, as I knew some of the Indian words; but as they continued to talk, they spoke so rapidly, and I became so excited by what I did understand, that I could get little of it. Gabriel first asked him what he was doing in the tree, and the Indian replied that he had seen us coming at a distance, and that after we shot the deer, he had hidden there, so that he might speak to us without any one seeing him.

"Do not look this way," I heard him say in Indian, "for there are sharp eyes among our warriors, and some of them may be watching me. Keep on skinning your deer, and do not look at me. When you are done, leave this place, and go to your home; and do not look back. If I should be seen talking with you to-day, it might cost me my life."

We both obeyed his directions, and Gabriel and the Indian continued their strange talk. Such words as "white men," "kill," "scalp" and "Black Hawk" occurred frequently; so often that I had no trouble to guess the nature of the communication that the Indian was making. Gabriel suddenly picked up his gun, and said:

"Come, Hallet; let us go home as fast as we can."

"But shall we not take some of the deer-meat with us, and tie up the rest in the tree?"

"No — we can't wait for that now. Come."

He set off on a great stride, so that I had to hasten to keep up with him.

"Tell me all about what you heard, Gabe," I said.

"I will, when we get home. You'll all hear of it together."

He was not disposed to talk, and so we hurried on in silence. We reached the cabin, and there found my father and the priest together, and with them a courier, named Dubois, who had often stopped with us before. We greeted each other, and then Father Paul went on with a story which our entrance had interrupted. Gabriel hardly waited till it was finished before he asked:

"Dubois, where are you from?"

"All the way from the Great North Pines, and the settlements along the way."

"Did you see any Injuns?"

"I should think so," said the courier, laughing. "A thousand or two. Nothing strange in that."

"Any with war-paint on?" Gabriel persisted.

"War-paint? No. What on earth would that be for? There are no signs of any troubles, are there?"

Gabriel did not answer, and the courier repeated the question to my father.

"None that I know of," was the reply. "I am sure I do not know what Gabe is driving at. What is it?"

"Within three days from this time, the whole Sac and Fox nation are goin' to rise and butcher every white man, woman and child they kin lay their hands on. Black Hawk himself, and a great troop of Injuns a-horseback, are goin' to cross the Mississippi; and kill, burn and destroy as far as they can git. That's what I'm driving at."

If a rock of a ton weight had suddenly crushed through the roof, and right down among us, it would have produced no greater astonishment. Although I was prepared for something of the kind, yet the announcement struck a chill to my heart. The three men sprang from their seats and looked at Gabriel as though they did not know whether to regard him as drunk or crazy.

"Keep cool," said Gabriel, "and I'll tell you all about it. I've got to speak out before you all, so that you'll believe me; but not a word must be said out of this room about who told me. There'll be a hatchet in his head whenever he's suspected of it! Mister Cregger, do you know an Injun named Segurm?"

"Yes," replied my father, promptly; "although I have not seen him in a long time."

"Did you save his life once?"

"Yes; twenty years ago, at least. He was swimming in the lake, and was seized with cramps. I jumped into a boat and pulled out to him, but he had sunk; and then I dove and brought him up."

"He came to me privately jest now out by the lake, and warned me of what I've been telling you. He declared he only did it on your account, as he wanted to pay off his debt of gratitude to you; and he advised me to get south without delay."

There was a blank silence for a few moments following this statement. Each man looked in dismay at the others, and all hesitated to speak.

"It seems incredible," said the priest, at last. "As much as I have been about among the Indians, I have seen nothing, heard nothing that would look like an outbreak."

"Nor have I," said Dubois.

"But if this surprising news is true," said my father, "it is only in keeping with all we have ever learned of the Indian character. Their blow is long meditated in secret, and at last falls as suddenly and unexpectedly as the lightning-stroke."

"This is certainly the first intimation we have had of any such horrible purpose," said the priest.

"I must deny that," said Gabe. "It was an *Injun* bullet that almost ended you last fall."

"Are you certain of that?" "What have you learned about it?" "Explain yourself, Gabriel."

Such were the exclamations that greeted this new and surprising revelation.

"Here is the bullet," said the hunter, producing it from his pocket. "I got it of the doctor, and saved it. I noticed that it had a queer nick like the letter S, where the neck was broken off at the mould. Thinks I, that may help me find the bloody rascal; and by thunder'n lightning, it did! Now you remember when that ill-looking redskin, Walmo, came here last fall, to visit Father Paul? I listened to every word he said, and it struck me that he was most anxious to find out if you would be laid up in the house all winter. The skunk was certainly pleased when he found you would be. While he was talking, I managed to get my fingers into his pouch, and slip out a bullet. There are the two; you can't tell one from the other."

The speaker held them up; and then they were passed around and inspected. It was even as he said; both the bullets bore the peculiar S mark, and both were plainly from the same mould.

"But what earthly motive could he have?" the priest asked.

"Jest s'pose a case," replied Gabe. "S'pose there was an *Injun* plot to kill all the whites—what white man would be the likeliest to find it out, or at least to suspect somethin' of it?"

"You've hit the truth, Gabe," said my father. "I have no doubt, now, that you were to be murdered, Father Paul, merely because it was not thought safe to let you

live, when you had such good opportunities to find out the truth."

"That's it," said Gabe.

"And what next?" the priest asked.

Ah—how well I remember that memorable day, and even that hour of it! It was near noon, and the bright May sun shone in through the open window and door. The trees were bursting into leaf, the air was full of the song of birds, and across the clearing I saw a peaceful thread of smoke ascending from one of the cabins. We heard the sound of an axe, and the barking of a dog; all was rural peace and quiet; and I could not realize that this was the scene that was threatened with all the horrors of savage massacre.

"You ask, what next?" said my father. He spoke with his old fire and spirit; the crisis that had come found him still the leader. "I will tell you what next. There is nothing left for us but flight to the south; and that flight cannot be too speedy, nor commenced too soon. For my own part, I have not a doubt that the warning of Segurm is to be relied on. He can have no object in giving us an idle fright; and his gratitude to me for saving his life would lead him to take just such an occasion to show it. The great caution with which he acted, and his fears of being surprised while talking with Gabriel, show that he was in earnest. Now as for the time of this uprising. Gabriel's information is that it will occur within three days; but I should say it is just as likely to be within twenty-four hours. Why—Segurm had on his war-paint at the very time he gave his warning! And then some of these infernal red devils may discover that he has warned us, and so strike earlier than they had intended. We must leave this place before night; and God help us to baffle the pursuit of our blood-thirsty enemies."

His words impressed us all with a sense of our great peril, and with the necessity of urgent haste.

"You fill me with alarm for the safety of those below here," said Dubois, rising and putting on his belts. "I will ride post to the south, and alarm all the settlers."

"Do so by all means," said my father. "Tell them to arm and collect together as rapidly as possible, and then to stay together, and move together, when they do move. It is their only chance for safety; if they scatter, they will be cut off. The Indians

have plenty of horses, and will travel rapidly."

The courier hastened away, and we instantly turned to the work before us. My father issued his orders rapidly and clearly, and we were all glad to abide by them.

"After what we have heard," he said, "I think there is no more safety for Father Paul than for any of the others. He and Deborah must both go with us; they can ride the pony by turns. We can take absolutely nothing more than the clothes on our backs, our arms, and a few articles of food, with a small kettle to cook with. Debby, Father Paul, and I, will pack what we can on the pony; and you, Hallet and Gabriel, hasten through the clearing, and alarm our neighbors. In an hour we will rendezvous at the big pine, on the east side of the clearing; I will start then at once, with all that are there. Tell them that there can be no delay; the delay of one hour longer may give every one of us to the tomahawk. On reflection, it will be better to shape our course toward the Mississippi. The distance is about sixty miles, and I think we shall stand a better chance to fall in with others, and so combine for mutual defence. If our neighbors are all prompt, we shall start with about a dozen rifles—no weak body of men, after all, considering how used they are to the weapon, and to the hunting-knife."

Gabriel and I understood his plan thoroughly, and we hurried off on our mission.

CHAPTER IX.

THE COURIER.

WE did not forget that we were not to return to the cabin, and we provided ourselves with a good supply of necessaries. Those were not the days of fulminating cartridges, when ammunition was carried in a very small compass; nor had we any copper caps. We refilled our great powder-horns, and our pouches with bullets, and laid away some extra flints, and some greased patches which we used to ram home with the ball. Then there was a good quantity of bread and dried meat put away in each haversack, to which was hung a small cup for drinking. My compass was not forgotten; but this I always carried in my pocket. Thus we were ready to leave our homes and take to the woods.

"Good-by, old cabin-home!" I cried, as we passed out of sight of it; and without more delay, we made for the opposite side of the clearing. In half an hour we had notified all of the danger and the proposed flight. We found them all at home, as this was dinner-hour. There was not a man of them who was not surprised beyond measure by the startling news, nor one who had suspected the Indians of any hostile intentions; but they all had the utmost confidence in my father, and after the first shock of astonishment, they were ready to obey his directions. The scene among the women and children I cannot attempt to describe; their terrors at the threat of an Indian massacre, and their tears and bewailings at this summary and cruel abandonment of their homes. Gabriel had a great silver watch in his pocket, which the priest had handed him for safe-keeping just before we left the cabin; and consulting this, I saw that it lacked fifteen minutes of the time that my father had appointed for the rendezvous at the pine-tree. More by chance than from design, as we were busily discussing the situation, and the chances of our reaching the Mississippi in safety, we walked a little way into the forest. The hum and bustle of the settlers, as they hurried to and fro, could almost be heard, although we could not see them or their cabins. We paused for a moment.

"How do you feel, boy?" asked the hunter.

"Since the first fright was over," I said, "my spirits have been rising, and I feel now a good deal as though we were going on a hunting excursion."

Gabriel shook his head. "We are likely to have close times, boy. You may need all your grit, and all your manhood, before we get safely through. Hallo—what the dickens is that yonder?"

"A man, I should think," I said.

"A white man, certainly. Let's meet him half way, and see if he knows anything of this business."

We advanced toward him, but he remained motionless. He appeared to be standing against a sapling, leaning over a low branch. As we approached nearer, we recognized the cockaded hat of Dubois the courier.

"I say, old fellow," cried Gabriel, "why are you waiting? I s'posed you was four or five miles south, by this time."

He made no answer. Gabriel ran up and clapped him on the shoulder. The arms fell from the branch, the body rolled on the ground, and the hat fell off, exhibiting to our horrified eyes the evidence that the unfortunate courier had been scalped as well murdered.

CHAPTER X.

THE BLOW FALLS.

ALMOST stunned with the horror of this sickening discovery, Gabriel and I gazed into each other's faces, pale and speechless with fear. *With fear?* Ay, why not? In after years, when I was a soldier, and learned to do a soldier's duty in a storm of bullets, I found that a brave man could be just as brave as need be, even if he were afraid of the danger. So I do not hesitate to say that I, a mere boy of fifteen, coming suddenly upon this ghastly proof there in the forest, that Segurn's warning was true, and that the danger was closing thick and fast about us—I don't hesitate to say that I was afraid. Gabriel was, I guess, though I never could get him to own it; anybody would have been afraid. Hardly an hour before Dubois had left us; here he was now, murdered and mangled by the savages, and his body set up in hideous sport!

But we did not stand there long, gazing at it and each other.

"We'll be marked in a minute, if we aint now," Gabriel whispered. "Down in that grass there—quick!"

A luxuriant patch of grass grew, three feet high, where there was a small opening in the trees near by; and into this Gabriel dropped. It completely concealed him from sight.

I stood irresolute for an instant. What did this mean? Were we to abandon our friends to their fate, and seek our own safety in concealment? I was about to ask the question of Gabriel, when from the distance I heard a terrible sound which echoed through the woods. I had never heard it before; but I knew instantly that it was the Indian war-whoop!

"Down, you fool, down!" Gabriel whispered. I dropped beside him in the grass, and found myself perfectly concealed.

It was not an instant too soon. Peering out cautiously from our concealment, we saw the woods were swarming with painted savages, crawling, crouching, dodging from

tree to tree, all making their way to the clearing. We had evidently not been seen, as no attention was paid to our hiding-place. Once a brawny Indian, with his rifle slung on his back, and his tomahawk in his hand, came stepping softly with his moccasined feet through the grass where we were; but it was only because he did not wish to go around it, as I supposed. But what if he should step on one of us? I looked at Gabriel; he had his knife ready in his hand, prepared to bury it in the intruder's body the instant he should discover us. Thank heaven, that frightful danger passed! He moved on, without stepping on or seeing either of us. In another instant came a second war-whoop from the clearing; and then the Indians burst from the woods and answered it with one awful whoop. I do not know how many of the savages we saw passing through the woods; I should judge there were over fifty. The crash of rifles followed, sometimes half a dozen together, and then as many separately. There were yells and shouts mingled with the whoops; and now and then I plainly heard what made my very blood run cold; a woman's scream!

I could bear it no longer; I started up, rifle in hand, and was about to rush out, when I felt myself seized firmly by the leg. It was Gabriel, and he threw me down before I could lie down again.

"Want to lose yer scalp the fust thing, don't yer, you young idiot?" he growled.

"O Gabriel, this is dreadful!" I cried. "Must we lie here while those demons are killing our friends?"

"I s'pect we must," he coolly replied.

He spoke so carelessly that I looked at him in anger, thinking that he really had no feeling for them. But this was not so. His fingers were working nervously on his gun-barrel, and his teeth were gritting together; he was working hard to restrain the impulse that was urging him to rush to their aid.

"But can't we do something?" I urged.

"What can we do? The Injuns are six to their one, I should say, from what we've seen of 'em; and after we'd taken a hand in, and shot an Injun or two, off would go the top of our heads, and nobody the better."

"We might go to the edge of the woods, and pick off some of the Indians from behind the trees."

"We'd be caught at it, chased up, and killed in five minutes! If we wait long enough, we may escape ourselves, and maybe help some one else; but to show ourselves now, would be a fool's own folly."

I knew he was right; but O, what agonies did I endure all that afternoon, while we lay there in hiding! In half an hour the last shot had been fired, the last cry and whoop uttered; and then all was still; a dreadful silence. I could not doubt what it meant; I knew that the settlers, overpowered by numbers, although not entirely surprised, had been overcome, with that horrid penalty that always goes with an Indian victory. And could I hope that my father or the priest had in any way escaped the massacre? I asked the hopeless question once of Gabriel, but he only shook his head and refused to answer. My poor father! All these direful events had crowded so upon me that I was quite unmanned; and the thought that I should never see my father again was too much for me. I threw myself at length in the grass, and wept long

and bitterly. Don't blame me; I could not help it. In all my stirring later years, when I bore a man's full share of the world's burdens, I don't think I was any the worse for that cry in the grass. Before I had quite finished, a hard hand took firm hold of mine, and Gabe's rough but kindly voice interposed:

"Don't think too much about it just now, Hallet. I'm here, boy; we'll see it out together, you know."

"Thank you, Gabe," was all I could say; but I felt better for his rude but hearty sympathy.

The afternoon was now well gone, and there were no more sounds from the clearing; nor had any of the Indians returned this way. I felt certain that they had all gone; but Gabriel's caution would not allow him to show himself while there was any chance of detection; so we remained close hid for two hours longer. It was nearly sunset when we left the grass and crept cautiously toward the clearing.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE YOUNG MAN OF PRINCIPLE.

A YOUNG man was in a position where his employers required him to make a false statement, by which several hundred dollars would come into their hands that did not belong to them. All depended on this clerk's serving their purpose. To their vexation he utterly refused to do so. He could not be induced to sell his conscience to any one's favor. As the result he was discharged from the place. Not long after, he applied for a vacant situation, and the gentleman, being pleased with his address, asked him for any good reference he might have. The young man felt that his character was unsullied, and so fearlessly referred him to his last employer.

"I have just been dismissed from his employ, and you can inquire of him about me."

It was a new fashion of getting a young man's recommendations, but the gentleman called on the firm and found that the only objection was that he was "too conscientious about trifles." The gentleman had not been greatly troubled about too conscientious employees, and preferred that those intrusted with his money should have

a fine sense of truth and honesty; so he engaged the young man, who rose fast in favor, and became at length a partner in one of the largest firms in Boston.

"A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches." Even unscrupulous men know the worth of good principles that cannot be moved.

A gentleman turned off a man in his employ at the bank because he refused to write for him on Sunday. When asked afterward to name some reliable person he might know as suitable for a cashier in another bank, he mentioned this same man.

"You may depend upon him," he said, "for he refused to work for me on Sunday."

A gentleman, who employed many persons in his large establishment, said, "When I see one of my young men riding for pleasure on Sunday, I dismiss him on Monday. I know such a one cannot be trusted. Nor will I employ any one who occasionally drinks liquor of any kind."

"Honor the Sabbath and all the teachings of the Bible, and you will not fail to find favor with God and with man also."

Send all communications for this Department to EDWIN R. BRIGGS, WEST BETHEL, Oxford County, MAINE.

Answers to May Puzzles.

67. Eagle, Snipe, Umbre. 68. Utica.
69. Denver. 70. Rome. 71. "Honesty is the best policy." 72. Maple, male. 73. Black, back. 74. Baron, barn.
75. M I S E R 76. A L D E R
C U P E L L A U R A
R o S e t D U C A T
D I n A R E R A S E
N i c e R R A T E L
77. Pneumatics. 78. Husbandry.
79. Stronghold. 80. Hearken.
81. Parvanimity. 82. Leopard.

83.—*Charade.*

My first a science will bring to view;
My second surely is not you,
Nor can it be your mother;
If you my third you lose your breath,
For people sometimes third to death;
My whole's a plant—none other.

CADI SHANE.

84.—*Hour-Glass Puzzle.*

Across.—A form of belief; a girl's name; a consonant; to bend the head; troublesome things.

The *centrals* signify a mistake.

The *diagonals* from left to right are bands, and from right to left what are often found in stockings.

CYRIL DEANE.

85.—*Word Square.*

Overhead; a rank of nobility; the path of a planet; sound emitted by the mouth; to initiate.

WM. GRANT.

Anagrams.—Names of Birds.

86. Argue stock. 87. I'll go mute.
88. Deuce rid K. 89. True luv.
90. Hen sold a page ten.

WILSON.

91.—*Prize Charade.*

Abbreviation for a State in the West;
Was a marshal of France, when alive;
While some with a goodly share are blest,
Others for a livelihood must strive.

A copy of the "Lakeside Library" will be given for the first correct answer.

ROSE BUDD.

Curtailments.

92. Curtail a reptile, and leave novel.
93. A country, and leave a coin.
94. A country, and leave a part of the head.
E. E. O.

95.—*Double Cross-Word Enigma.*

In post, but not in rail;
In dungeon, but not in jail;
In France, but not in Spain;
In frank, but not in plain;
In mitre, but not in hat;
In young, but not in fat;
Whole—two birds or fowls.

SKEEZIKS.

Decapitations.

96. Behead to seize, and leave an animal.
97. A bird, and leave a vessel.

S. S. B.

98.—*Numerical Enigma.*

I am composed of nine letters.
My 1, 2, 3, is a crime; my 4, 5, 6, is an opening; my 7, 8, 9, is metal.
My whole is a city.

AMOS KEETO.

99.—*Double Diagonal Puzzle.*

To rove reversed; a musket; a bird; fierce; a water-nymph.

The diagonals signify bright, and a kind of nut.
GOOSE QUILL.

100.—*Diamond Puzzle.*

A consonant; a serpent; worthy; a liquor; a vowel.

LITTLE BROWN JUG.

Answers Next Month.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

Prizes.

For the best original charade, not exceeding eight lines in length, sent to us before June 10th, we will send a comic book.

For the first solution of No. 91, "Rose Budd" offers a book.

For the best list of answers we will send twelve pages of choice vocal and instrumental music.

Accepted.

Puzzles by Puggy, Skeeziks, Live Oak, Hoodlum, Amos Keeto, Wild Rose, M. E. M., Beau K, Wm. Grant, Towhead, Rose Budd, Cadi Shane, and Lizzie and Mary L.

February Prize Winners.

Rose Budd, New York City. Cadi Shane, Washburn, Maine.

Answers.

Puzzles in the February number were solved by M. E. M., Eunice E. Howarth, Stella Brown.

CURIOUS MATTERS.

TURKISH BEAUTIES ON A DRIVE.—Nothing impresses a stranger with the difference between this city by the Bosphorus and even the smallest western town more forcibly than the almost total absence of carriages, and the contrast between those that are seen and any that have ever been met before. Says a traveller, "Our party falling short of John Gilpin's complement of 'precious souls,' five of us were packed with some difficulty and much laughter within the vehicle, whilst our cavaliers accompanied us on horseback. Just after starting we met a gay native coach—a *telekah*. In it four veiled ladies were seated, of course, *a la Turque*. The carriage was resplendent with yellow, and the canopy decked with numberless red tassels, which were repeated, with the addition of bells, on the harness of the mule. From after experience I can aver that a more thoroughly uncomfortable machine in which to go a pleasuring than a *telekah* can hardly exist. The occupants of this *telekah* excited and evidently reciprocated our attention. The eyes alone of these houris could be distinctly seen. The rest of them was enshrouded in veil and robe. Those almond-shaped, long-lashed eyes were certainly bewitching, and their lustre was increased by the kohl or antimony with which the under lids were stained. The eyebrows were painted so as to appear to meet over the nose, which would be considered a disfigurement among ourselves. It was easy to see, through the almost transparent *yash-maks*, that the fair dames added an artificial hue to their cheeks. The narrowness of the road, which obliged our carriage to come to a standstill while other passed, alone enabled me to make these observations."

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S PLUME.—The royal plume of three feathers is of Mogul origin, and probably of very remote antiquity. The Mogul emperors of Hindostan wore a plume of three black heron's feathers when they took the field—a fact of some political significance now that her majesty has become Empress of India. Sir Thomas Roe, who went on an embassy to the court of the Emperor of Jehangire, in the reign

of James I., describes the plumes worn by the Great Mogul when leaving Ajmeer for an expedition into the Deccan. Tavernier, the traveller, describes a similar plume worn by the Ottoman Porte. It was, undoubtedly borrowed from the Moguls, who were the ruling tribe among the Tartars, and probably the descendants of the Royal Scythians described by Herodotus. The plume had a military meaning; it was the symbol of command. On taking the field, the Ottoman Porte gave one of the plumes to the Grand Vizier, who was then acknowledged as Commander-in-Chief. The identity of the Prince of Wales's plume with that worn by the Great Mogul is also of ethnological interest. The theory that the Moguls are descendants of the Verdic Aryans is ventilated, and the Mogul people of Burmah still cherish the traditions and worship of the Verdic deities, and preserve the sacred language of Pali, which is distinctly Aryan.

POWER OF SIGHT IN BIRDS.—The swallow, which plunges with such reckless impulse through the air, will nevertheless, seize a small insect as it dashes along, with almost unerring certainty. Usually the prey is so small that the wonderful powers of the bird displayed in the chase cannot be observed; but sometimes, when the insect has large wings, this dexterity may be seen. The writer has seen a swallow seize, while in a headlong flight, the beautiful, scarce, swallow-tailed butterfly, and sheer out its small body from between the wings, and let them float severally down; and then, not satisfied with a feast so little proportioned to the splendor in which it was dished up, glance around and seize the several pieces before they reached the ground. How, then, is a long sight, and a keen short sight, to be obtained from the same eye? This is done mainly by the aid of bony plates so disposed that the edge of the one is capable of sliding over the edge of its neighbor; and when the fibres of the muscle that unites them contract they compress the eye all around, and make it more tubular, while the humors of the eye, thus subjected to the pressure, cause the cornea to protrude more, also the retina to be removed further from the lens.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

PUMPKIN PIE.—One quart stewed pumpkin, strained through a sieve; nine eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately; two quarts milk, one and one-half cup sugar, one teaspoonful cinnamon and mace. Beat well and bake without top crust.

HONEY CAKE.—Take four pounds of flour and dry it by putting it in a pan in a very cool oven. Rub together one-half a pound of white sugar and one-half pound of butter to a cream; then mix in it one quart of honey very slowly; beat well; one nutmeg, one teaspoonful of ginger; put four teaspoonfuls of baking powder in the flour and mix in the other ingredients, leaving out flour enough to roll out the cakes, which are cut out like ginger snaps, but must be twice as thick.

APPLE MERINGUE.—Pare, slice, stew and sweeten ripe juicy apples; mash smooth, and season with nutmeg or lemon-peel; fill a deep pie plate with an undercrust, and bake till done. Then whip whites of three eggs for each pie to a stiff froth, with a little sugar, one teaspoonful to an egg; beat till it stands alone, then spread over the pie three-fourths of an inch thick; return to the oven three or four minutes to brown; to be eaten cold. Dried peaches or canned fruit, of any kind, may be used instead of apple.

HAM A LA CROQUEMITAINE.—Melt a small piece of butter in a stewpan till it is browned, and put into it as much ham finely minced as will cover a large round of buttered toast; add as much gravy as will make it quite moist; when thoroughly hot, stir in quickly with a fork one egg. Place it on the toast, which cover with it, and cut it into any shape according to taste.

LIGHT PASTE FOR TARTS AND CHEESE-CAKES.—Beat the white of an egg to a stiff froth; then mix it with as much water as will make three-fourths of a pound of fine flour into a very stiff paste; roll it very thin, then lay the third part of half a pound of butter upon it in little bits; dredge it with some flour left out at first, and roll it up

tight. Roll it out again, and put the same proportion of butter, and so proceed till all be worked up.

CHARLOTTE'S MUFFINS.—One quart of flour, three eggs white and yolks beaten separately, three cups milk, a little salt. Beat thoroughly and bake quickly.

BROWN BREAD.—One pint of rye flour, one pint corn meal, one tablespoonful salt, three heaping teaspoonfuls Boston Yeast Powder. Stir the above thoroughly together; then add one cup of molasses; mix and add water until like corn bread, and steam three hours.

BAKED POT PIE.—A pan two inches deep needs only an upper and under crust filled with apples; a deeper pan needs a middle crust; sprinkle a little allspice and nutmeg, with water enough to cook it; let it bake an hour, or till the apples are done, and eat with sweetened milk. Dried apples make equally as good a pie, by first stewing them.

CORN BREAD.—One pint of flour, one pint corn meal, mixed thoroughly while dry with three heaping teaspoonfuls Boston Yeast Powder; one cup sugar, two eggs, a little salt and shortening. Mix with a quart of milk or water.

CUSTARD PUDDING.—Four eggs beaten with four tablespoonfuls of sugar, a little salt, a teaspoonful lemon, and a little ground cinnamon; add one quart milk; set it to bake in a moderately quick oven, and watch very carefully that it does not whey.

TOMATO SALAD.—One can of tomatoes, same quantity of chopped celery, three eggs beaten light; season with salt and pepper; boil tomatoes and celery together until they are thick, take off the fire and stir in the eggs, and when nearly cold add one tablespoonful of mixed English mustard.

COOKIES.—One cup of sugar, half cup of butter, half cup buttermilk, one teaspoonful of saleratus, nutmeg.

[Written expressly for Ballou's Magazine.]

THINGS PLEASANT AND OTHERWISE.

By M. QUAD, of the Detroit Free Press, who will hereafter have charge of this Department.

When we were mining in Screaming Creek, California, in '57, the boys in our gang used to be very fond of practical jokes. It was thought a "rich thing" to put a bullet through the lobe of a man's ear, and forever destroy the beauty of that particular auricular organ, and some of the jokes were even more serious. One day a miner called "Old Graveyard" was heard chuckling around a good deal, and when asked what was up, he replied that he was going to bring out the biggest joke yet. That night, when the dozen of us were seated in the cabin, most of the boys playing cards, the idiot was detected just as he was about to toss a three-pound package of powder into the fireplace. Had the powder reached the fire, the roof of the hut would have been lifted in a hurry, and perhaps half the men killed.

"What I wanted," explained the man, as the rest stood ready to strike him, "was to see the boys strike the roof and bound back agin!"

"But how about yourself, you fool you!" they exclaimed.

"Waal, I'll be chawed!" he gasped, as he looked around the crowd.

He had not stopped to reflect that he incurred any part of the "fun," and when he came to realize his position, he said:

"Boys, I'm a fool, and you know the programme when we find a fool out here! Let the crowd form in procession and march past me, and the harder you kick the more I'll feel obliged!"

The boys did form in procession, and they did kick, and "Old Graveyard" was a very humble man after they got through with him.

One day when the old man Flyer was publishing a weekly paper in Indiana, a stranger entered the sanctum in a brisk manner and brusquely saluted:

"Are you the editor?"

"Supposed to be," quietly remarked Flyer.

"Well, sir, would you like to publish some old recollections by an Ohio man?"

Flyer looked at him for a long minute, remembered where he had seen him before, and replied:

"I guess I would, provided that among the 'old recollections' spoken of you recollected the fact that you once borrowed five dollars of me to take you out of Cincinnati!"

The stranger denied the whole thing, called Flyer a liar, and on his way down stairs he neatly dodged every stick of wood hurled at his head.

"Now, there is a plain case of animal instinct," said Shepard, pointing to a turkey roosting on a fence. "If the bird stood up, his feet would be cold. By sitting down he makes his feathers warm them."

"Yes, that's so," softly replied Brown; "but in the turkey's case the body is larger than the feet!"

Shepard looked down at his No. 10's, coughed dreadfully, and there was no further turkey talk.

They say that men are prone to ride strange hobbies and to indulge in unreasonable theories, but when you come to sift their actions you will find good reasons for their strange departures. The other day the old man Hopkins cornered a mechanic of more than ordinary intelligence, and confidentially remarked:

"Mr. Plane, I am about to form a new society. I believe that the world is flat; that all the lakes are drying up; that the moon is inhabited by bobtailed dogs fourteen feet high; that as soon as we die we take the body and movement of wolves; that if we drink saleratus-water we shall live to be 1000 years old. All this I believe, Mr. Plane, and all other members of the society must believe it."

"Pooh! What a set of fools you will be!" exclaimed the mechanic.

"Not so fast, Mr. Plane. It will be a

very rich society, and while I shall be president, it is quite probable that you will be elected treasurer, at a salary of a thousand dollars a year."

"Is that so?" mused Mr. Plane, as he cleared his bench of shavings. "Well, now, to be honest about it, I always did believe in what you say you do, and what the society must believe in, but I didn't care to speak the fact! Yes; I'd be willing to act as treasurer!"

When the lamented General Atkinson started his newspaper in Virginia City he was a stranger to the ways of the West. He was a peaceful-minded man, and had never had a lawsuit or struck a man in his life. The first issue of his paper seemed to please everybody, but soon after the second came out the postmaster waited on the general, and said:

"There's a chap named Bill McClure coming around here to-day to shoot you full of bullets!"

"He is, eh?" exclaimed the excited general. "Why, I haven't said anything about him—never even heard of him!"

"No, you haven't; but Bill is opposed to newspapers on general principles. The great object, of course, is for you to kill him before he can kill you."

"My God! but I can't shoot a fellow-man down in cold blood!" gasped the colonel.

"Then he'll shoot you. It's my private opinion that Bill McClure is weak in the back, though he has an awful reputation as a fighter. Now, then, stand here by the door with your shotgun, and when he comes up stairs shoot him in the leg. As he drops you want to pile on to him with your bowie-knife and gouge out his left eye. Then leap back and break his arm by a kick. You'll have him sort o' crippled then, and if you stand right up to the work you can make him promise to limp off and behave himself."

"Great heavens! but I can't do such a thing!" choked the general.

"Then hire one of the printers to do it for you. Here, let me call out one of the boys."

The postmaster opened the door leading to the composing-room, beckoned to the foreman, and as the man came out the postmaster explained:

"You know Bill McClure? Well, he's

coming up here to shoot and stab. The general ought to get the start of him, but he rather claws off. He's willing to hire, however, and now how much do you want to finish Bill off in neat style if he comes up?"

"Well," slowly answered the foreman, taking some time to think, "Bill is a distant relative of mine, and I don't know as I'd care about the job for less than three dollars!"

"It's a bargain!" said the postmaster. And when the money had been paid over the foreman took his seat on the top stair, shotgun ready for business, and the general in his sanctum shaking like a leaf.

In about an hour Bill McClure made his appearance at the foot of the stairs, having a revolver in either hand, and the foreman promptly blazed away at him, lodging two buckshot in his neck, but throwing the rest away. Bill backed out, satisfied that the editor had backbone, and was for years after a liberal patron of the paper.

"As I didn't kill him, according to contract," said the foreman, as he handed the gun into the sanctum, "I suppose a dollar of this goes back to you."

The general pressed him to keep it all, and the foreman was heard to remark that such liberality would soon bankrupt the Herald, or kill off half the town.

Experience is a wise teacher, and lots of us are learning something new every day. That red-headed girl living near Petosky, Michigan, fell in love with a young man living four miles away, without ever suspecting that she could have made a better choice. There were three feet of snow on the ground in January last when he agreed to be on hand of a certain Sunday evening. It began snowing Sunday morning, and at noon the girl was nervous. The storm abated not, and at dusk she was growing pale. At seven o'clock in the evening she was desperate, and getting a long pole, she stood in the door and measured the snow. The old man came in from the kitchen as she was "taking soundings," and called out:

"Gal! gal! what on earth are ye up to!"

"I'm gittin' figgers to convince myself that a gal like me is a fool to love a chap five feet high in a country where they have six feet of snow!" was her grim reply.

OUR PICTURE GALLERY.



"Rest for the weary."



"The vacant chair."



"Life on the ocean wave."



"Lobes of my youth."



"Spirit of '76."



"I'm afloat! I'm afloat!"

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